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THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY

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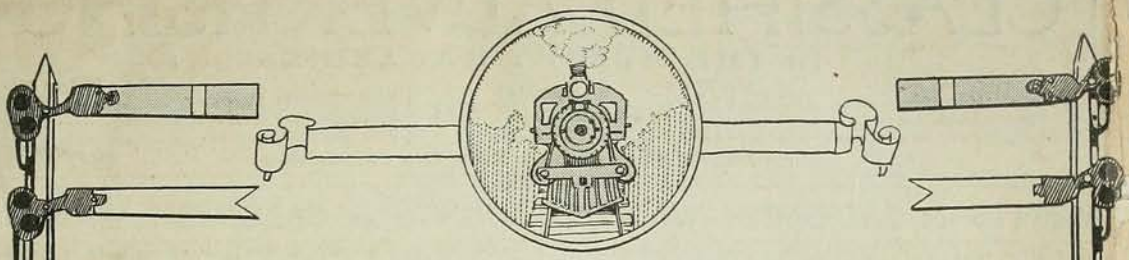

THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO., 214 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV. FEBRUARY, 1911. No. 1.

When a Railroad Man Marries.

BY WALTER GARDNER SEAVER.

HERE'S a bunch of off-duty yarns of the that-reminds-me brand, concerning the doings of some railroaders who had a weakness for playing practical jokes at weddings. In this day and generation, however, brides and grooms are pretty apt to be on the lookout for pranks, but in Mr. Seaver's stories the attempts to have fun with newlyweds didn't always work out in just the way they were planned.

The reception that Hank Mason's mother-in-law tendered the would-be merrymakers was certainly a good one on the crowd, and Walt Marsh and his bride could well afford to laugh at the efforts of their friends to give them a surprise that turned their impromptu wedding journey into such a pleasant outing.

A Private Car Abduction, a Charivari that Missed Fire, and a Case of the Wearing of the Green that Nearly Broke Up a Wedding.

"WHAT'S the matter, Mike? You look down in the mouth."

"I have just read in the morning paper an account of a wreck on the Santa Fe in which Red Rooney was killed."

"Who's Red Rooney?"

"Oh, I forgot that you did not know him. Red was an Irish boy employed as a sort of messenger or errand-boy at the Iron Mountain depot and yards in Fredericktown. He was originally christened Michael Rooney, but his hair was such a flaming red that everybody took to calling him Red. I guess that most people forgot that he ever had a Christian name."

"Well, what about that?"

"Oh, nothing much. Red got to be a wiper. Then he went out on the road, firing, and after three years and a half at that job he was made a runner. He left the Iron Mountain along in the early eighties to go out on the Santa Fe.

"While he was a kid in the yards he was the butt of everybody, and he took all the jokes that were played on him in good part. However, he nursed a particular grudge for Jerry Phalen, for Jerry rubbed it in on him pretty hard; and when Jerry's sister Kitty was married he certainly got

even. But wait till I tell you how the original trouble started. The first time that Jerry rubbed Red's fur the wrong way was one day when he came in on No. 2 from St. Louis.

"Jerry had taken his engine down to the coal-shed track where the wipers were pulling her fire while he was washing up. The division super happened along. He liked Jerry pretty well, although there was only one man on the road that was a greater practical joker than Jerry, and that was Bob McQuaide, who had come there off the Illinois Central.

"The super took as much enjoyment out of the jokes as any one, but he was constantly in hot water lest some of the jokes should happen to come his way. He knew very well that neither Jerry nor Bob cared a rusty picayune about his title, and that they would not hesitate to play a trick on the president of the road if they had a chance.

Jerry Dyes His Dome.

"Well, the super had come along and climbed up into the cab to chat with Jerry, when Red came along. This was Jerry's chance, so he said to the super:

"'I think it about time that you gave orders for Rooney to dye his hair black or some other color. As it is now, every engineer coming into the yard that happens to get a glimpse of that head, shuts her off thinking he's seen a red flag. Enginemen can't make time if they are flagged down every time they come into the yard.'

"The super gravely promised that it should be attended to and that he would see that the necessary orders were given at once. Red heard the conversation, and, boy-like, he imagined that it was all straight, that he would be ordered to dye his hair as Jerry had suggested, but he then and there registered a vow that he would get even.

"The next day the station-agent handed Red a bottle and told him that the super had ordered that he must dye his hair; that as he would not wear a cap half the time, the enginemen were constantly mistaking his red head for a red flag, and were always plugging their engines as a result.

"Red imagined that to disobey the super's orders meant almost instant annihilation, for in his eyes the super was the biggest man on the road, so he took the bottle and at the first opportunity applied it liberally. His hair turned a glossy black, and, for a while, he was rather proud of it, but when the men got to pretending they didn't know him and saying: 'Howd'y, where's Rooney?' it was not so funny.

"Several days passed and the men gradually dropped the custom of ignoring Rooney when he answered their calls. Matters went on much the same as before. One Sunday, a party of engine-runners, firemen, and wipers got a team and went out to the Little St. Francois River, about a mile and a half east of Mine La Motte station, to fish. Rooney was with them, and happy as a clam at high water.

"The party fished a while with fairly good luck. They had luncheon, and were lying on the bank smoking and telling yarns, when some one proposed that as it was such a hot afternoon that all hands take a swim.

"Red was the first to hit the water. He stood on a rock that jutted out into the stream and took a header. The others quickly followed.

"The river at this point offered about a quarter of a mile of good swimming. The water was from five to twenty feet deep. The men were soon swimming races. After a couple of hours, they resumed their clothing, and again became interested in fishing.

"According to his custom of never wearing a hat unless he was compelled to, Rooney had left his 'lid' on the bank, while the rays of the sun beat squarely on his head. None of the men noticed him for some time, until Jerry, having pulled out a bass, turned to rebait his hook, when he happened to glance at Rooney. He rubbed his eyes and then looked again. Then he let out a yell that would have wakened the seven sleepers.

A Patriotic Pompadour.

"Rooney's hair had turned a vivid red at the roots, while the outer edges showed the dye, which either the water or the sun or perhaps the combination had turned from black to a bright green.

"'Holy mackerel, boys, look at Rooney, will ye? Sure it's the loyal Irishman he is! He wears the green above the red.'

"The boys looked. A howl went up as was never before heard in the woods of Madison County. Poor Rooney had no idea of the cause of the fun. He simply

had to take it as best he could. When the party struck the edge of the town, somebody hid Rooney's hat, and the gang drove down the streets singing 'The Wearing o' the Green,' with Rooney and his green hair on the seat beside the driver.

"Rooney laid it all to Jerry Phalen. He swore that he would make him sorry for his trick. Just how he was to get even he did not know, but he smiled and joked and grimly bided his time.

"Now, Jerry was the support of a widowed mother and a sister. Kitty Phalen was as pretty a girl as ever appeared on the streets of Fredericktown. Jerry thought there never had been and never would be such another smart, bright, and witty girl as his sister Kitty.

"It came to pass that Kitty was wooed and won by a prosperous young merchant of the town. All the railroad men had a bid to the doings, of course, and Rooney was among them.

"One day, just before the wedding, he heard Jerry's mother say that they must get a cat, as the house that the newly married pair would occupy had been idle for some time, and she knew it was overrun with mice. This gave Rooney his cue.

"He procured a lot of the company letter-heads and envelopes, and, in the silence of his room, concocted a letter which he sent to every agent on the division from St. Louis to Fredericktown.

"It stated that Jerry Phalen's sister, Kitty, was to be married on a certain date, and that a good, skilful mouser would be a most acceptable wedding present.

"Each agent was instructed to put the cat in a basket, securely tied, hand it to the train baggageman on No. 1 the day before the wedding, and deadhead it through to Fredericktown. As the scrawl was written on stationery bearing the name of the division superintendent, no one thought to examine the scrawling signature at the bottom.

"The agent at Desoto wanted to go fishing on the day before the wedding, so he sent his cat—a fine Maltese—down on No. 1 two days ahead of time. With it was a neat note wishing the happy pair all the felicity possible, and trusting that 'General,' as the Maltese was named, would prove an acceptable member of the family. Kitty was delighted with 'General.' They became close friends at once, and she wrote a letter of thanks to the Desoto agent.

"HE WEARS THE RED ABOVE THE GREEN!"

Jerry Takes Charge of the "Presents."

"The next day Rooney was on hand as No. 1 came in. As luck would have it, Jerry was not going out on his run on No. 2 that day, as he was laying off one trip

on account of the wedding, and he was uptown with his brother-in-law-to-be, so that Rooney had the field all to himself. It came to pass that when the No. 1 stopped at the depot and the baggageman began handing out basket after basket, swearing viciously as he took up each one, no one thought it at all strange that Rooney should be there to receive the stuff sent to Jerry.

"Rooney had impressed a number of small boys into his service, and the baskets with their contents were carefully stored away in the sand-house until he should have occasion to use them. There were twenty-six stations between Fredericktown and St. Louis, each of which sent a cat, besides six more which came from the shops at Carondelet. All the agents had cheerfully complied with the request to send Kitty a good mouser as a wedding present, and they did so willingly because they all liked Jerry. Each basket had a card attached with the name of the donor.

Delivering the Goods.

"The party had assembled in the parlor of Jerry's cottage, the minister had finished tying the knot, when Rooney's brigade of sixteen small boys arrived with their consignment of cats. Each boy carried two baskets. Rooney had been busy all the afternoon. As he came in followed by the brigade marching in a column of twos, the crowd hailed them with various ejaculations.

"Rooney stepped to the center of the room and told Jerry that the baskets had arrived on No. 1 and that he had taken care of them, knowing that Jerry was busy. As each basket bore the address of a different station, he concluded that it was a lot of wedding presents and brought them over.

"Jerry and Kitty both thanked him, and Kitty went down on her knees and began untying the covers of the baskets. As basket after basket was opened, out hopped a cat wearing a green ribbon around his neck and a red one around his forepaw. Kitty thought it a good joke until she had opened three or four baskets, but then it did not seem so funny.

"Finally all the baskets were opened and there were thirty-two cats, all sizes, kinds, and conditions, each wearing a green ribbon around his neck and a red one around one of his forepaws. Roars of laughter followed as cat after cat came into view. The felines sat a moment blinking at the light, but when each feline saw a lot of strange cats making faces at him, it was not to be endured. In about five minutes there was a free-for-all fight in full progress.

A Feline Fracas.

"For a while the men were betting on which cats would win and which would lose, the women were up on the chairs, and Jerry and the bridegroom were endeavoring to get rid of cats with brooms and pokers. Finally, all the cats were chased out. When quiet was restored, Rooney said to Jerry:

"'Sure, Jerry, you don't seem to enjoy seeing the green above the red as much as you thought you would, eh.'

"But that was Red's way of getting even for the hair-dye joke.

"Rooney went north with Bob McQuaide, who was pulling No. 4 that night, showed up at the shops at Carondelet for a day or so and then disappeared. He did not appear in Fredericktown for a month. When he did, Mr. Dunkerly, editor of the *Farmer and Miner,* interviewed him and the whole story was told.

"Kitty forgave Rooney, but he kept out of Jerry's way for a long time. Jerry would stand for anything in the way of a joke on himself, but when it came to one on his sister, it was different, and there would have been trouble for the joker if Jerry got a chance at him.

Marsh Meets His Affinity.

"That reminds me of the story that Walter Marsh told me of the trick that was played on him by the boys on the Illinois Central. Marsh had been firing for three years, most of the time having the 112.

"The 112 was pulling way-freight most of the time between Centralia and Cairo. In those days a way-freight was anywhere from ten to eighteen hours getting over the division, and had to take dust from everything else on the road.

"You younger chaps have no idea of the soul-wearing work that it used to be for train crews in the seventies, especially those of a local freight, when the trains were run by the time-card instead of by the wire.

"Du Quoin being the junction point of

the Cairo Short Line and the Illinois Central, was probably the most important station on the division, except possibly Carbondale. The 112 would go south one day and north the next, and it almost invariably happened that they would be laid out at Du Quoin from thirty minutes to two hours.

"A pretty girl lived near the depot. She was about eighteen, and it was not long before Walter spied her. He began to sit up and take notice and soon concluded that he would like to get acquainted with her.

"Walter was a fine looking young fellow, strong as an ox, and afraid of nobody. He was fairly well educated and a great lover of books. The girl had similar tastes. Well, when you get fire and tow in close proximity the chances are good for a blaze, and Walter finally concluded that this was the girl that he would like to make Mrs. Marsh.

Wedding-Bells for Two.

"He finally managed to summon up sufficient nerve to pop, and was accepted. The engagement was short, for Walter was a saving sort of an individual, and already had a snug little nest egg in the bank. When he passed his examination and was given an engine, he concluded that there was no need to wait longer.

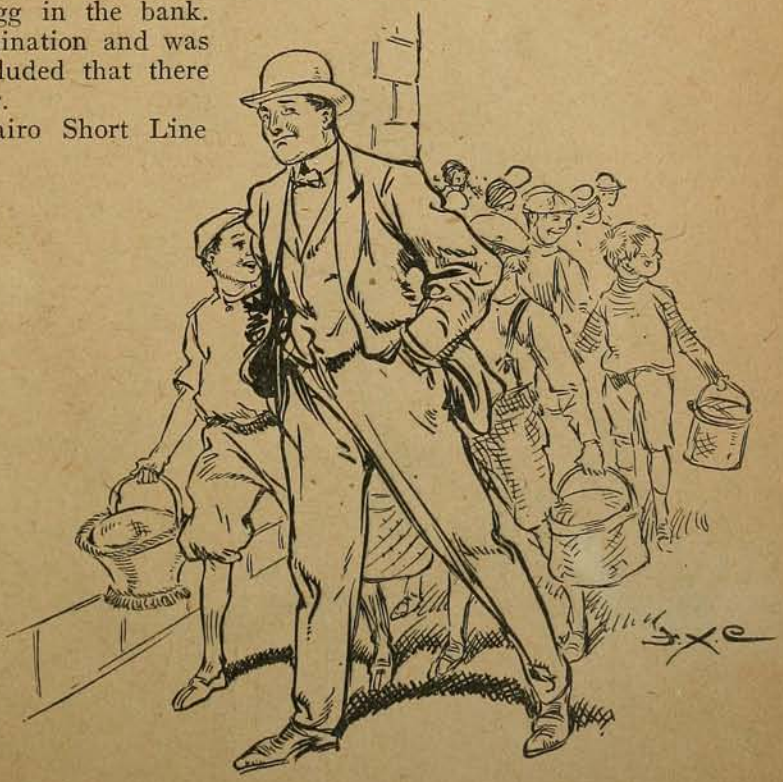
"At that time the Cairo Short Line trains were pulled from St. Louis to Du Quoin by a St. Louis, Alton and Terre Haute engine, and by an Illinois Central engine from Du Quoin to Cairo. Walter had been given this plug passenger run, doubling the road between Du Quoin and Cairo so that his layover came at Du Quoin, which was all to the good so far as he was concerned. In the seventies, Cairo, though a flourishing city, was a good place to stay away from owing to malaria.

"The wedding-day arrived, and the boys got busy. It would establish a bad precedent if any of the crowd were allowed to marry without some sort of a trick being played, but for once the ingenuity of the gang was at a loss. They knew that Walt was up to all the jokes usually played and that he would be on the watch.

"At this time, word came that the general manager was at St. Louis, and was coming down the line in his private car, running special. A committee invaded the super's office and he received them affably, wondering what was up that a delegation of the men should be calling upon him. Bob Wade, who had been Walter's engineer, and who was largely responsible for his creditable showing on his examination for a runner, was the spokesman.

Framing Up a Frolic.

"In a few words, he reminded the super that Walter was to be married that evening, and, in order to maintain the time-honored custom of the division, it was necessary that the event should not be allowed to pass without some trick being played upon the bridegroom, and, also, that they had come to him for help. The super did not show the relief he felt when he learned



"ROONEY HAD BEEN BUSY ALL THE AFTERNOON."

what the boys wanted, and was quite ready to promise his assistance.

"A wire was sent to the general manager's private secretary and in return the super got a message signed by the general manager saying that he wanted Marsh and no one else to pull him over the division.

"Walter was married at nine o'clock. While the guests were at supper, a message came ordering Marsh to pull the general manager's special to Cairo, leaving Du Quoin at eleven o'clock.

"There was no help for it. The rules required that a man should be on his engine an hour before leaving time, and as it was just ten o'clock, Walter had to skip. His bride broke down when she heard the news, but realizing that this was what she must expect as a railroader's wife, she took it calmly. As she kissed him good-by, she promised that she would be at the depot before the train pulled out.

"But the little woman was reckoning without her host. She did not yet know the length to which that crowd would go to play a joke. Walter had hardly disappeared when a carriage drove up and she was told that all her friends would accompany her to the depot.

"In the meantime, the special had arrived considerably ahead of time and the super soon put the general manager wise. The general manager said he would go a step further. Entering his car, he woke his wife whom he put in possession of the facts, and the two planned to abduct the bride and take her to Cairo.

WALTER WAS FRIGHTENED TO A FRAZZLE.

Kidnaped in a Private Car.

"Under pretense that he wanted her to meet his wife, Mrs. Marsh was taken into the car. The signal was given. Marsh had been straining his eyes through the dim light of the lanterns to see his bride. She was not visible. A broken-hearted bridegroom pulled the throttle that night.

"Mrs. Marsh was somewhat frightened when the train began to move and the general manager's wife consoled her, saying it was too bad, that they must have forgotten that she was aboard. They had a spare stateroom on the car and would make her as comfortable as possible, and she could surprise her husband by meeting him at the St. Charles in Cairo, instead of on the platform at Du Quoin.

"The general manager's wife was much taken with the bride, and it was not long until the two women were on as friendly a footing as though one's husband was not the head of the operating department and the other's an engine-runner. The friendship there formed lasted for life, with the result that when the general manager left the road to go to another, Marsh went with him.

"Walter's fireman found that his chief was not as cordial as usual that night. He had little to say beyond a few words about the engine. The special pulled into Cairo and ran down the Ohio levee to the St. Charles, where it stopped, and Walter swung down to make his usual inspection of his engine.

"HANK WAS NOT THERE. THAT MUCH WAS CERTAIN."

"He had bent down to feel the boxes of the truck wheels, when a pair of soft arms were thrown around his neck, and he turned to see his bride.

"Walker was frightened to a frazzle at first, but he soon got his bearings.

"The general manager hurried up, accompanied by his wife, whom he introduced to Marsh, greasy and black from his run, and she insisted on shaking his hand regardless of the grime which he furtively endeavored to remove with a bunch of waste. The general manager told Marsh that the special would remain in Cairo for two or three days and that he should pull him back.

"In the meantime, as he had reserved rooms for the party at the St. Charles, he insisted that Mr. and Mrs. Marsh accept the hospitality of himself and wife while in Cairo.

"When Marsh pulled into Du Quoin on the return trip both women were in the cab. As he helped them to alight and the jokers saw the general manager's wife climbing down from the engine, they came to the conclusion that the prank they had played on Marsh was not so excruciatingly funny after all.

"After that it was Marsh who was called on to pull the general manager whenever he went over the road on a special, and when the president and directors made their annual tour of inspection, Marsh was at the throttle, so he came to know the road from Cairo to Chicago and from Centralia to Dubuque as probably no other runner knew it. Marsh liked these special runs, for the general manager rarely traveled at night. When the general manager's wife accompanied him, Mrs. Marsh was not far away.

"You remember Hank Mason, 'Stovepipe Hank,' as the boys dubbed him? Well, Hank was undecided for a long time whether it were best to commit suicide or matrimony, and finally he concluded he would try matrimony.

"Now, Hank was known as a woman-hater. At any rate, he would always fight shy of any entertainment where he expected to find petticoats in evidence, and how he managed to do his courting without any of the gang catching on, was a puzzler. The first that any of us knew of it, was when the priest read the banns in the Catholic Church one Sunday morning in May. They were to be married early in June. Because Hank had kept the thing so quiet, we resolved that he should get all that was coming to him.

"We discussed all sorts of tricks and

plans, but they were discarded one after another as not being tough enough to suit us. Then Billy Brown, who was pulling a fast freight and hoping for a passenger run when the new train went on, proposed that we wait until late on the night of the wedding, when we would go to the house, rout Hank out by saying he was wanted at the roundhouse on important business, and then lock him up in the storeroom or the sand-house until morning.

"We picked our men carefully, but, as none of them were invited to the wedding, we had no means of knowing what was going on.

"We were only a freight division and the passenger crews ran through. No. 4 passed going north at about 10.45 P.M. We were watching the house at the time, so she pulled in and out without any of us happening to be at the depot.

"About 11.30 the last light in Hank's home was extinguished and the house of the bride's mother, where the wedding took place, was as dark as a stack of black cats. This was our cue to get busy, so we stole softly into the yard, stepping carefully on the grass beside the walk so as to make no noise, and we rang the bell with a vim so that we could hear it echoing plainly clear out in the street.

"An upstairs window was thrown up and a night-capped head was thrust out, while a feminine voice, trembling with anger, inquired what was wanted.

"We told her that Hank was needed at the roundhouse on important business, and that he would be detained only a few minutes. She said that Hank was not there; that he had gone north on No. 4, and that we knew it. She slammed down the window with a crash that did not speak well for the temper of Hank's new mama.

"Now we were too old birds to be caught with any such chaff as that. We rang the bell again, but there was no response.

"We consulted as to the possibility of mother-in-law telling the truth, and finally decided that she was bluffing. Again we rang the bell, and again no answer.

"We concluded that Hank imagined that we were up to some trick and had determined to fool us.

"We rang the bell again.

"This time we had a response—but not what any of us expected.

"As the window was raised, some of us stepped back and looked up while others remained at the door gazing upward.

"A basin of dish-water was pitched out and caught, full in the face, every one of the gang that stood by the door. This was too much. Hank had to come out now if we pulled the house down, so we set up an infernal jingling at the bell and pounding on the door until the old lady came down with a rifle and opened the door wide enough to poke the muzzle through the crack.

"The gun was not loaded, though none of us knew that at the time. Nevertheless, some seized the barrel while others forced open the door. The old lady was so mad that she was fairly speechless.

"We told her that we had come for Hank on important business and that as we had not received civil treatment in response to a civil question, he had to come now, and, if unwillingly, we would take him by force. Some of the men ran up-stairs, but there was no one in the house but the old lady and the servant girl, who had crawled under the bed.

"Hank was not there. That much was certain. We began to think the old lady had told us the truth, so we went over to the depot. The night operator said that Hank and his wife had gone north on No. 4, and he thought the whole town must have been there, for such hugging and kissing and crying had been going on as he had never seen before.

"We asked why Hank had gone so suddenly, and he said that an order had come that evening for him to report at the shops to take one of the new engines and a passenger run. Immediately on receiving the order, Hank had reserved berths on the Pullman by wire, and the newlyweds had hurried off together.

"For once the laugh was on us."

Some people punch their own tickets for Glory, but the Conductor knows where to put 'em off.—The Hind Shack.

BLUFFING THROUGH FOR ABEL.

BY ROBERT FULKERSON HOFFMAN.

The Great Railroad Heart Beats Even in the Working of the Wrecking Crane.

"MOTHER, dear, I am bringing Abel home. He sleeps the dreamless sleep."

That was all of it. Just one of the tender, throbbing, aching bits of human life which, now and again, strive momentarily for softer speech in the harsh utterance of a busy commercial wire, then sink away deep in the great sea of silence with the things that are done.

It went pulsing silently out of the night and loneliness of a deep bowl of the high country, one little, bitter, tender draft welling from the brimming cup of the mountain's loneliness. It went throbbing, pulsing over the big divides and deep through the dark gorges; down over the shelving plains and across the wide prairies; far upward, outward, downward in insensate waves trembling through the interspaces of absolute cold and darkness of the world until, it must be, the Great Heart of the universe was touched and moved with the pity of it.

In isolated places of the brown, night-brooding world its fleeting passage laid a momentary hush in the hearts of those who listened at the wires. The repeaters took it up and passed it on, "Mother . . . Abel . . . Home," until finally it came tangibly to earth again, a yellow, moistened sheet spread in a yellower glow of lamplight, under the shaking hands of the silver-haired mother who bent above it.

"Dear child," she whispered, when she had folded it away with none there to see or listen, "dear, brave little sister! She is bringing my Abel home—asleep."

Brave little sister! Brave, happy little Edith Strong! In lowering months of apprehension, long before this night when the last word of dread lay final and irrevocable in the yellow sheen of light beneath the mother-eyes, Edith, but fairly grown a woman, had laughed and hoped against hope while the stealthy blight settled deep and deeper on her brother's face.

When at length the hateful fact that he was vitally ill; that he must withdraw from the tense daily leadership in the despatcher's office where he had grown from boy to man and master-mind, could no longer be denied, Edith, undaunted and smiling still, had planned the far trip to the high country.

Together they had come into the quaint life mixture of the old and new in Del Sur. Together they had dwelt there for a time, while the hopeful, prayerful little mother in the quiet home far eastward waited, dreaming her mother-dreams of her first-born son, her Abel, returned, restored.

After their establishment in one of the modest adobe houses which seemed to blink sleepily through barred windows with a look of preternatural wisdom and repose, the wide blue sky of New Mexico seemed to some of Del Sur's hardy railroad boys to take on a deeper blue—the blue of Edith's eyes, perhaps.

The sun shone none the less brightly than before, gilding the gnarled and twisted trunks of small cedars in the plaza upon which the adobe square looked out, penetrating among the flowers and small eucalyptus of their own small *patios* and softening the dark and cool seclusion of the adobe itself.

Little by little, "Strong's" had become a restful sort of rallying place for those who were at the end of the division. When Abel was feeling fit for a journey by mule-drawn street-car across town to the tracks, a stal-

wart bodyguard of one or two from among the layovers accompanied them.

When he had wearied of the thrill and chatter of the wires in the despatcher's office, or when the resonant roar of the Limited—climbing eastward in the pride of its resistless strength—swept his soul with a reflex wave of the sense of his own helplessness until his own name seemed to come throbbing back, "A-bel, A-bel, Abel Strong," in loud and bitter irony from the engine's voicing—then, when he sank under that more than passing weakness, and could bear no more of the intimate touch of the busy life which he had helped to create, always some stalwart veteran of the rail was at hand to accompany them on the joggling return journey across town to the rest and seclusion of the old adobe.

Thus, pouring out the rich flood of good fellowship, giving prodigally of their boundless strength, drawing from him his despairing weakness and giving him back a hope, they lifted him upon the fiery wings of the story of their daily doings and let him down gently into the forgetfulness of sleep. In half apology for showing the softer side, they had come to call all this "Bluffing through for Abel."

Gradually it had narrowed down, this grouping of kindly "bluffers" against death, until big Ben Childreth found himself more frequently alone with Edith and Abel, and found that he was measuring his telling of his doings of the day upon the engine, not only by its visible uplift upon Abel, but, as well, by the quality of the light which he was able to discern in the eyes of Edith.

Now all this was ended. The grim messenger would brook no further parley or delay. Silently he had come into the little adobe and claimed his hostage. Unresistingly the weary soul of Abel had passed out with him in the night. When the brilliant sun came smiling into the little dwelling in the morning, one bright ray fell upon the quiet, upturned face mutely asking the eternal unanswered question:

"Whither—why?"

It may well be that Adam of old gathered up sorrowingly into his arms his slain son, and consummated earth's first burial in the far, deep shelter of the mountains. In them is a brooding silence, a mother-sense of earth which steals away abashed from the garish light of the naked plains, even as one sore-smitten who "could not bear the sickening light of day."

Be that as it may, to silent and secluded Del Sur the messenger had come and the message had gone pulsing forth. Abel was coming home.

In the steady, windless patter of a belated summer rain, the Limited halted in the darkness of Del Sur and gathered him up tenderly again into the far-reaching arms of the hurrying world from which he had come. Ben Childreth, mounted in the cab of the Limited's engine, sat stifling in his heart that other, never-dying question which had come, late, to water the very roots and tendrils of his life ; to well up to his lips, trembling upon the verge of utterance; and to be suddenly sealed beyond speech by the passing of Abel.

With his engine newly coupled to the solid line of sleepers and two accessory cars bringing up the rear, he sat looking with brooding, questioning eyes through the shimmering curtain of rain in the motionless shaft of white light which the headlight turned questioningly upon the heights ahead. Before his mind's eyes two faces flitted, vanished, came again and again in that glistening field of light, glad and smiling, weak and despairing, hoping again against hope —the still and placid face in the baggage-car and the face of the sober-hued little figure in the middle coach.

"Ah, well!" he muttered, rousing to intent alertness as the little air-whistle piped its shrill treble in the cab, "we must bluff it a little farther for Abel—bluff it through. Then—maybe—some time—who knows?"

Who knows what lies ever so little beyond —who? How could he know that the opening touch of his throttle against the dark mountain's resistance in the moment following was but the real beginning of the "bluff" for Abel's sake?

He wheeled them away masterfully through the engine's tumultuous assault upon the mountain, speared the crowding night with his brilliant blade of light, and tossed the darkness back into the deeper recesses while he soared guardedly down the steeps beyond the crest, ran out of the fringe of the drenching rain, and rushed across the sodden plain.

Once in the brief span of that pulsing, vivid working hour he felt the sag of a mud-soaked tie as the engine recoiled from its fierce lurch upon it; and once a spurt of muddy, tepid water, tossed quick and high from its concealment under the softened track, struck, spattering, full upon his

cheek and trickled down with the clammy feel of thickening blood.

He was thinking—but what matter now what he was thinking? He was doing a man's big average best with all of the varied elements of the strength that was in him, and the train was curling and swishing like a sharp-driven lash across the back of the sullen plain.

Was the track too soft? Was it rail-spread, broken flange, or sheer inertia from excessive speed in the jealous guarding of the Limited's precious seconds? Did the fleeting faces in the headlight's glare distract him ever so little from the mental map of the track ahead?

Who knows?

Like a sharp-driven lash, the train curled into the big reverse curve between the Twin Buttes. Like a lash it snapped free of the rails at its whipping rear, and essayed to straighten itself in quick access from rear to front—a tumbling, irregular line of overturned coaches in the ditch.

The massive, loaded tender held upon its way, wrenching the coupling free at the rear. With the engine, still open-throttled and laboring fiercely as the brakes clapped down in quick response to the opened train-line, it ran safely ahead a grudging, grinding length or two, another double length, with heavy, slowing exhaust, then stopped with sudden lurch as Ben thrust the throttle shut.

A quick column of pent-up steam broke from the dome, lisping in big whisperings the astonishment of the wide, dark plains. It rasped the crowding darkness and stammered into the horror of the night for a few moments, while Childreth gazed in wide-eyed stupefaction at his fireman reeling from the shock of his impact with the boiler-head. Then it broke off suddenly, and in the silence rose the multiplex voice of disaster from the train.

"*What?*" demanded the fireman, somewhat dazedly.

"I didn't say anything!" replied Childreth. And then he continued:

"Oh, hell—H-e-l-l! boy, they're—they're in the ditch! I ditched them, and didn't have the decent luck to go with them! Come on! Quick! She'll burn in this rising wind!"

At a single bound, he leaped from the gangway and ran back to the overturned train. From the distorted combination-car which had made the first deadly plunge at the rear, smoke was already rising in a dull and covert light. From it were creeping, one by one, in the order of their strength and shock, conductor, flagman, late-sitting tourist, porter. In the dim interior from which they crept lay the still form of Abel—its narrow dwelling-place pressed down and closely covered by broad-bent plates of steeled concrete flooring.

None of these were for Childreth's present care. Straight to the middle coach he ran and leaped upon its upturned side. He ran half its length upon the treacherous, slippery slant and, dropping to his knees, drove his gloved fists through the double-glass and ripped out the impeding sashes like bits of tinder. He thrust his head down through the opening and shouted amid the mumbling babel of half-waking cries:

"Edith! *Edith! Edith Strong!*"

A huddled little figure crept up to him along the slant of the floor, and then the blanched face, the blue eyes, the red-gold hair of Edith rose under his hand and he caught her up greedily and drew her to a rest upon the window-ledge.

"What does it mean, Mr. Childreth? This door—this! Why, mercy! It is a window! Oh, my poor Abel! Where is he? Where is he?" she gasped as her senses cleared to the import of the sounds about her.

"Steady, little girl, steady!" replied Childreth, catching up a blanket from the cluttered mass in the berth within and dropping it as a mantle about her. "Abel is with the boys. They will take care of him."

"Oh, I must go to him — I must — I must!" she cried, struggling helplessly in his big grasp as he lifted her out.

"No; not now. You could not, now, you know," said Childreth steadily, as though his right to command had been the accepted order of things from the beginning of time. "The boys are with him, and we will bring him to you, all in good time, never fear. Now you are going with me."

He gathered her up in his arms and, slipping down to the earth, ran with her to the engine, lifted her to the gangway, and seated her, close-wrapped and huddled, upon the fireman's box.

He leaped again to the ground, closed the open train-line, and was speeding the engine away toward the staring red eye of the station-light deeper down ahead among the buttes before his passenger's dulled senses could grasp the full significance of the lurid

glow that was growing redder at the rear of the ditched train.

Presently he bore her in under the unwinking light of the semaphore and delivered her into the mothering hands of the station-agent's wife, who calmed her rising fears and cuddled her down in the white bed in the room above the chattering instrument which was dinning out Childreth's clear call for help.

Closing his brief, full call upon Del Sur for wrecker and relief trains, Childreth said over the flashing wire:

> Tell Lively, undertaker, come sure with outfit complete for Abel Strong, same as wearing left Del Sur. Suit, box, fixings. Got to be done right here if anything's missing. Yohy, wrecker, chuck bale white waste in tackle-car. Tell roundhouse send man run my engine back Del Sur.

Then he backed rapidly away to the wreck and plunged into the further work of rescue.

"If anything's missing," the despatcher took time to snap out in his hurried preparations at Del Sur; "there'll be lots of it missing! What's he talking about? Well, send it! Send all of it. Childreth generally knows what he's talking about, but I'm cussed if I do in this."

So the sinister wrecker came fighting up over the mountain, and after it came the relief train to rush down through the night toward the glowing pile among the buttes. For Yohy, the wreckmaster, the task proved an easy one. From every view-point the wreck was very bad—complete.

With water-soaked blanket, mud-pad, and some buckets of water from the tender after Ben Childreth's return, a part of the red shell of the combination-car body had been fought clear of the clutch of the flames. It lay there, a charred and jagged mass, yet covering the secrets which it held. All else ahead was fire-swept and licked clean by the flames, with little left but the trucks piled and canted upon the torn-up track and the steel skeletons of the sleepers lying distorted in the ditch.

So, first gathering the cowering groups of half-clad passengers into the relief train, the wrecker swung its big boom out over the combination-car and lifted.

It lifted carefully, gently, as it had never before lifted, because there were none among the watchers who did not know the precious salvage sought, and because Ben Childreth, for the once forgetting the autocracy of the wreckmaster, was standing big and stern beside him, saying:

"Easy, Yohy! Steady! E-a-s-y!"

And Yohy, without resentment, echoed it to the derrick-man:

"Hoist light! Whoap! Hoist light!"

The charred shell gave, rose, wavered in the flaring torchlight, and swung clear. Exposed lay the fire-proofed flooring, still bound together in the clutter of the wreck. Beneath it—

The big derrick-boom, freed of its first reprisal, swung back and grappled again. The broad-bent flooring lifted—"easy, light, easy"—until its pitiful secret lay bare to the wavering light of the torches.

In silence the friendly watchers gathered closer. They looked speechlessly upon the quiet, unmarred face. Then, stooping as one man, they lifted the shattered dwelling-place upon which disaster had laid a hand so gentle. They bore it slowly, steadily away and into the tackle-car. When they had safely gained that seclusion, Lively, the undertaker, first recovered speech.

"Well, that beats me," said he in awed accents. "It sure does beat me. But," rallying with professional interest, "it still is a neat case."

"But—*but,*" whispered Yohy hoarsely, "what in the name of mercy will you tell that little girl waiting over yonder? What can you tell her, Ben?" he questioned helplessly of Childreth.

"We'll be ready by the time the relief train gets a clearance from the doctors," replied Childreth with sudden fierceness. "We've bluffed this thing through for Abel too far and too long to give him the go-by now! We'll see him through to the finish. Go ahead to your track-clearing, Yohy. We'll get along.

"I feared there would be something—something—worse than this," he forced out brokenly, and thrust the bale of cotton-waste aside with his foot. "Did you bring it all, Lively—the box—?"

"Yes," said Lively, and pointed to a darkened corner of the rough-strewn car.

"Come, then," answered Childreth steadily. "Let's get to it."

Swiftly and silently they labored until Abel's quiet repose seemed to lack nothing of its former state. Then they closed his new and narrow hermitage and bore him away—out of the tackle-car into the baggage-car of the waiting relief train.

There Childreth shed his overalls and donned his coat.

"I'm going east," he said briefly, in response to the trainmaster's questioning glance. "I'll take my 'hearing' when I come back."

Presently the sorry, hurrying work of the surgeons in first—or final—aid had passed its busy climax to the point where the train might safely be put in motion. Yohy had cleared and spiked the torn-up track, and just when the first gray of dawn was showing above the mountain the relief train began dropping down toward the red light shining low among the buttes, where Edith Strong slept fitfully and waited. They took her on, and took orders for the short return trip over the mountain to Del Sur as the nearest point for outfitting the depleted travel-stores of the uninjured and caring for those who had fared worse.

Beside her sat Ben Childreth, a calm and able comforter. When he had completed and repeated his reassurance that all was well with Abel, she came again insistently to her first eager questioning, anguished and distraught:

"He is not—harmed? You saw him? He is not harmed?"

"Not a hair of his head!" repeated Ben in literal truth. "I saw him. You shall see when we get to Del Sur.

"Now let's talk some about you," he pursued with calm candor, "and me. You see, when a fellow has doings like that back yonder with his train," he continued, indicating with a backward jerk of his thumb the deadly spot which they were steadily leaving, "he generally is allowed a sort of vacation right afterward. Shock and, oh, things like that," he concluded vaguely.

"Coming like it has, this way, altogether, as you might say, I'm a sight minded to ride back east with you and Abel. Seems like he might like it, and I hope you won't give me no orders to the contrary. Would it seem agreeable to you to have me ride along—just for company like?"

The ready tears welled to her eyes and overflowed as she turned her face to the gray barrens beyond the window. He saw her shoulders heave with a stifled sob. Then he spoke again:

"Looks like I can't keep on my own time at all, this trip. Man's got no business venturing out on anybody else's time, without he has orders. Don't cry that way. I wasn't meaning to hurt you."

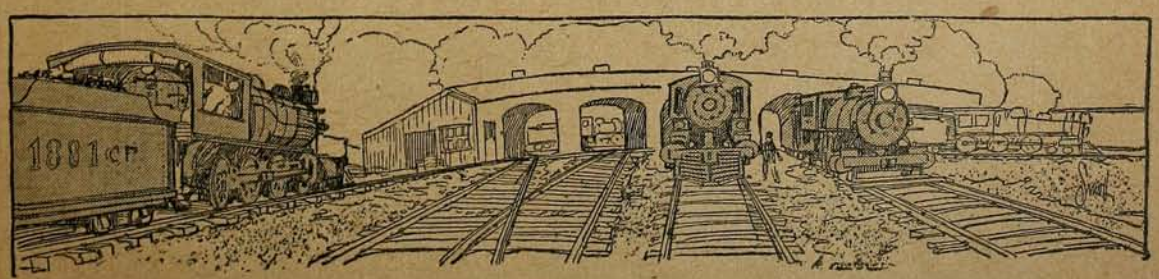
"Oh, no, no! It is not that!" she said. Without turning, she slipped her hand down until it rested in the open palm of Childreth at her side. His hand slowly closed upon it while he sat thrilling at the soft weight of it in a silence which asked nothing of words.

When that day the Limited started anew from Del Sur, Childreth, for the first time in many a month, was a passenger in one of its sleepers instead of being the moving spirit at its head.

When, three days later, he stood silently beside Edith while the mother looked upon the peaceful face of her son, returned but not restored, far out in the mountains the engines were battling fiercely, roaringly, at their tasks. In and through and under it all, the great railroad heart was beating, pulsing in masterful unison with the heart of Childreth, and through him touching with a gentler touch the stricken hearts of them with whom he stood.

Turning away silently at length, the mother gave a gentle clasp to each of them who waited there. In her eyes lay the deep peace of resignation. In her heart lay the knowledge from no spoken word that God, in His mysterious way, had sent to her a son even in that hour when He had called away her first-born son to that country to which ere long she, too, must journey.

Long since she journeyed thither, and if now you should chance upon Del Sur and, further, chance upon Edith and Ben Childreth dwelling there, in one brief reading of the peace of their faces it would be clear to you that with them all is well.



THE MAN OF THE SURVEY.

BY J. EDWARD HUNGERFORD.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

ITH field-glass and transit and compass and rod,
With level and plumb-bob and chain;
With technical phrases
And grit that amazes,
With hustle and muscle and brain;
You will find him a-plugging for all he is worth,
A-cutting and slashing his way;
Anywhere 'neath the sun
Where there're rails to be run,
This man of the railroad survey.

His course leads through desert and jungle and swamp,
O'er mountain and river and vale,
From Havana to Nome
And from China to Rome
He's mapping out paths for the rail;
And he cares not a rap what the hardships may be,
How rocky and thorny the way;
With his transit and bob
He's the man on the job,
This boss of the railroad survey.

He is laying out "tangents" and "curves" and "grades,"
And marking each move with a stake;
And he's "snaking" his chain
Over mountain and plain,
Through bramble and brier and brake;
Oh, his fights are not won with a saber and gun,
He follows no flag to the fray;
But he merits much praise
For the part that he plays,
This man of the railroad survey.

Europe's Most Famous Run.

BY ROBERT H. ROGERS.

THERE is always a singular fascination for American railroad men in speculating on just how the work which they do is performed in countries other than our own. It is, of course, appreciated, although in a vague sort of way, that fast time is made on railroads in foreign lands, but just how this is brought about, and the conditions operating for and against, are largely unknown quantities.

As the accredited representative of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Rogers spent many weeks abroad in the study of the essentially practical side of railroading, both on the road and in the shops, and his observations on the foot-plate of the costly De Glehn locomotive, at the head of the Paris-Calais boat train, explain how miles are made to coincide with minutes in France.

The Locomotive Which Pulls the Fast French Express Maintains an Average Speed of Fifty-Six Miles an Hour, Which Beats Similar American Records.

DURING a recent trip to Europe I was favored in being allowed to analyze for THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE the performance of some of the most important trains in both England and France. These observations were from a special point of vantage—the foot-plate of the passenger locomotive—and not the least interesting feature of my travels was the opportunity afforded to study roundhouse procedure, which necessarily plays a vital part in the success of these remarkable runs.

It is a mighty hard job to secure a permit to ride an engine in foreign countries—a much more difficult undertaking, in fact, than to obtain the same favor from our own motive-power management. On railroads of the United States, if the general manager is sufficiently impressed by the logic of the reasons advanced, he will hand you the necessary letter to show the engineer, and that is all there is to it; but on the other side things are different.

If you want to ride in the cab of a locomotive, you must direct your plea to a much more exalted personage than a mere general manager. When I presented what ordinarily would be construed as excellent credentials to the official whom we would term master mechanic, he was appalled at the temerity embodied in the request.

This was in France, not so very long ago, and I wanted to watch from an intimate view-point the run of the famous Paris-Calais boat-train of the Northern Railway. In fact, I had crossed the turbulent channel from England for that express purpose, and did not propose to be denied my quest; but when they told me that I would have to see the *directeur général,* or the *ingénieur en chef,* I knew that I had something ahead.

But I found him to be a fine fellow, and, best of all, he spoke English. He was pleased to know that the fame of his phenomenally fast train had spread overseas to us, and particularly with such an appeal that a special investigation appeared in order. Accordingly, after about an hour's

pleasant talk, I left him, with a document which practically endowed me with the freedom of the railroad's entire mechanical department.

This story is to tell you plainly just how the run is made; what kind of engine handles it, and, primarily, how the engine itself was handled. You will ride along with me, to all intent and purpose, and you will be interested, no doubt, because the annihilation of miles by minutes remains the same problem, whether the solution is attempted on the New York Central or by the *Chemin de Fer du Nord.*

185 Miles in 195 Minutes.

Before proceeding with this, however, it may be well to briefly review the conditions pertaining to what I firmly believe to be the most difficult run in the world, at least from the standpoint of practical reasoning.

In the first place, the distance from Paris to Calais is 185 miles, and the train is composed of at least ten cars, or carriages, with a total weight behind the tender of from 300 to 350 tons. On one occasion the time was made with a train of 400 tons weight. The schedule calls for the run to be made in 200 minutes, with no deduction for a regular stop at Amiens, which never falls short of five minutes, thus reducing the real running proposition to 185 miles in 195 minutes, and making the speed from start to finish average fifty-six miles per hour.

To American engineers and firemen there is no doubt a peculiar appeal in the consideration of these figures, and they can certainly appreciate the fact that to get over any road on such time as given requires not only adequate power, but the quintessence of skill in handling it; the saving of every possible second, from the drop of the guard's flag in Paris to the stop-block in Calais; in other words, an engineer and fireman in charge who are past masters of their trade.

On roads in the United States where the length of run approximates to this, the average speed, including stops, is considerably less. That of the Baltimore and Ohio's "Royal Blue Limited" is 47.1 miles per hour, while the New Haven's five-hour trains between New York and Boston make 46.4 miles per hour, and the Pennsylvania's fast trains between Jersey City and Washington average 47 miles per hour.

All of the above runs are about 230 miles, and the average speed for the three roads named, in connection with their limited trains, is a fraction less than 47 miles per hour.

The Paris-Calais boat-train has 45 miles less distance to cover, but maintains an average speed of 56 miles per hour—a considerably higher average than that of the nearest parallel runs which American railroads have on regular schedules.

I was much more interested over the prospect of studying this French engine-crew under actual service conditions than I was in the locomotive, because I had come to realize that in foreign countries — and I know that this is contrary to the general impression entertained in the United States —as much dependence is placed on the skill of the men as in the efficiency of the engine.

The latter, however, in this connection embodied points in construction so utterly at variance with American ideas that a short description becomes necessary.

For the last twenty-five years in France there has been a systematic and continuous effort to produce locomotives to meet the needs of its railroads, and the practise has crystallized into a type, for passenger service, which has been adopted by all important railroads of that country.

Not Like an American Locomotive.

This type began its development on the Northern Railway—*Chemin de Fer du Nord*—in 1895, when M. du Bousquet consulted with A. G. De Glehn, a prominent designer and builder, concerning a method to increase the capacity of a 4-4-0 engine without increasing its total weight.

The cooperation of these able authorities resulted in the production of a type of locomotive widely known as the "Du Bousquet-De Glehn." This construction has proved most satisfactory, and now no passenger locomotives with separate tenders are built in France of any other type. There are nearly two thousand engines of this class in service on the continent of Europe, and they have even been experimented with by the Pennsylvania Railroad, in the instance of a single engine which it purchased in 1904.

So much for its origin, and now to briefly consider the De Glehn construction. Fundamentally it is a compound, and in my mind's eye I can see a smile of derision on the part of our engineer friends when they read this. I am well aware of the fact that the compound principle is not viewed

with any great favor by railroad men in this country, and I know that there have been many good reasons for their prejudice; but this is a different kind of compound—one on a principle which must be admired, even by the most radical non-compound man. These are the essential features in its design:

Novelties in Design.

There are four cylinders; the low pressure, between the frames and underneath the smoke-box, coupled to the leading driving-wheel axle, which is cranked, and the high pressure or outside cylinders, which are set somewhat farther back and coupled to the rear driving-wheels by crank-pins, the same as in American practise. This general cylinder arrangement thus divides the strains of the cylinders upon the axles, and the cylinders upon the frames at the same time balancing the reciprocating or moving parts.

Each cylinder has its own valve-gear, the high and low pressure valves being connected to separate reversing screws, which, however, may be coupled together in their operation from the cab. This renders it possible to change the ratio of expansion between the cylinders, and it also divides the work which each valve-gear has to perform.

A starting valve admits boiler steam to the low-pressure cylinders, and opens the high-pressure exhaust to the atmosphere. The valve is controlled from the cab, and allows either the high or the low pressure cylinders to be used alone in the case of a breakdown, in addition to increasing the starting power of the engine.

This was the weird contrivance which I viewed with curiosity, not unmixed with some apprehension as it backed against the long string of carriages in the great station of the Northern Railroad.

To an American railroader no more curious arrangement of detail could possibly be imagined than that embodied in this singular locomotive. Especially this was prominent in connection with the cab interior, where at least one hour's hard study on the part of a smart mechanic would be required before anything performing similar functions at home could be even recognized, to say nothing of being operated.

In the first place, the engineer, or *mechanicien*, "drove" from the left side; the reversing-gear was of the screw type, with its wheel mounted exactly as the steering-wheel of an automobile, and the two independent cut-off wheels for the high pressure and the low pressure valve-gears were similarly arranged, both being susceptible of the finest adjustment.

The throttle lever did not pull out, as in our practise, but down. In other words, the throttle-stem rotated in its stuffing-box, and the movement of the lever was parallel with the face of the boiler-butt.

The engine was equipped with the Westinghouse brake — about the only familiar object, by the way, which I recognized at first glance. Of course, the parts we use were all there, and many others besides, which, although embodying the same underlying principles, were at utter variance with our practise; so much so, in fact, that I was glad it was not myself who was to roll this train from under that titanic shed.

Some Unfamiliar Machinery.

Among the unfamiliar and indeed unknown accessories was a vacuum-gage, intended to indicate the smoke-box vacuum. This is not used on American locomotives, but in my opinion it is soundly based on common sense, and is worthy of consideration. It indicates any decrease in the nominal vacuum induced by the exhaust, and a decrease means a leak somewhere in the front end, which may be either steam-pipe joints, a rivet loose or dropped out, or a loose smoke-box door. At all events, it affords a clue to the cause of an engine suddenly starting to steam poorly. I liked that gage very much.

Another unfamiliarity was the speed-recording gage. This is said to be a very necessary accompaniment, because the maximum speed, by legal mandate, must never exceed seventy-five miles per hour, and the gage, which is driven from one of the engine-truck axles, contains a tape on which the speed is faithfully recorded, and which is carefully scrutinized after each trip.

I rather thought that the seventy-five-miles-an-hour proposition was largely a joke. If a man can make that kind of time he should receive a prize, instead of being fined, which becomes the procedure when the tape indicates that the limit has been overstepped.

It is safe to say, however, that very few fines are assessed, because, as smart as the De Glehn compound undoubtedly is, it would tax her to knock this off for long.

No Pilot, Bell, or Headlight.

There were no gage-cocks in evidence, but the engine had two water-glasses, one intended to check the other. The injectors and checks were mounted on the back head of the boiler, but the delivery of the water did not occur from the checks to the region of the boiler directly over the crown-sheet, it being piped ahead into the boiler-barrel.

The variable exhaust-nozzle was another feature which has fallen into utter disrepute in this country. With this De Glehn, however, it was arranged to be entirely under the control of the engineer, and was constantly operated by him dependent upon the varying requirements of the service.

Odd as this wonderful locomotive appeared at first glance, with its absence of the familiar pilot, bell, and headlight, this gradually gave way to admiration for the elegance of its general design, and the light and beautiful proportion of its parts. It was spotlessly clean. The big 78-inch drivers looked extremely frail, and the highly polished Walschaert valve-gear appeared far too delicate for its hard service.

Cumbersome parts are not necessary in the instance of the De Glehn type, because there is as nearly an exact distribution of stresses as can possibly be attained in any mechanism. I should say that the movement of a fine watch is the nearest possible comparison in this regard.

The actual weights of parts, far less than similar ones in our own practise, will well illustrate this contention. For instance, that of the cross-heads is only 238 pounds each; the high-pressure piston, 100 pounds; the low-pressure piston, 242 pounds; the high-pressure main rod, 278 pounds; and the low-pressure main rod, 425 pounds. The entire weight of the engine, in working order, without the tender, is approximately but seventy tons.

Few Cab Comforts.

I was hospitably and politely received by Engineer Artaud and Fireman Leduc, whose names appeared on small, highly polished brass plates on either side of the cab interior. At least, I suppose I was so received, as the gestures which accompanied the speech of welcome certainly implied friendliness.

As we were at a mutual disadvantage in not understanding one another's language, it became necessary to converse in grimaces, and these grew to be quite expressive before we saw Paris again that night.

Before we pulled out, I realized that I was to have a rather uncomfortable ride on that engine. The cab, such as it was, had no seats to begin with, not even one for the engineer, because on the left side where he stood, the controlling mechanism took up all of the available room. Various ash-pan damper regulators, etc., occupied the right-hand side, but I finally managed to wedge myself to a point of vantage in their midst, from where I could command a view of the track through the circular glass window in the front or wind-sheet.

These cabs are an utter abomination. The wind howls through them as through an abandoned barn. I recall that I wasted an even box of matches, which are mighty scarce in France, in trying to light one cigar, and this would probably have been the fate of another had not the fireman come to the rescue with a piece of wire which, in the meantime, he had heated in the fire-box.

They say over there that the engineers and firemen themselves are to blame for these cabs; that those of American design have been tried, and the men did not want them. They like to do their work standing up, and there is certainly enough of it to do to keep them in that position.

Adjusting the Cut-Off.

We made a flying start from the *gare du Nord,* as there was a switch-engine somewhere on the hind end which pushed gamely until we were about a mile down the road, and the fast-speeding De Glehn had commenced to settle into her stride.

That yard, by the way, was crowded with incoming suburban trains, switch-engines, and what not, and it seemed very odd to me to note an apparent disregard of all yard-limit rules to which I had been so much accustomed. This engineer pushed the engine to her top-notch speed from the time when the switch-engine let go. His grindstone handle arrangement of throttle-lever was gradually turned down to the limit and left there. I never saw it touched again

until the solitary stop was made at Amiens, eighty miles from Paris.

It was explained to me afterward that this high initial speed was necessary on account of having to make a run for the hill, a rather stiff gradient, for this fast train, of fifty feet to the mile, which begins near St. Denis, four miles from the *gare du Nord,* and continues some eighteen miles to Survilliers. This rise, and another from Criel to Cannes, constitute practically the only up-grades between Paris and Calais, although there are two quite sharp humps just before reaching the latter terminus.

A Master-Hand at the Throttle.

While getting the throttle wide open, and satisfying himself that no slip existed in connection with the big drivers, the engineer became busy in adjusting the expansible valve-gear for each of the two sets of cylinders. As nearly as I could judge, after a rapid conversion of the metric system into its English equivalent, the cut-off in the high-pressure cylinders was at about forty-eight per cent of the stroke, and in the low-pressure about sixty-two per cent.

I will never forget the wild dash for that hill, and the way she climbed over the eighteen miles of it. We were going, per speed recorder, sixty-five miles an hour when we flew by St. Denis, and just twenty-one minutes later the squeaky little whistle apprised the inhabitants of Survilliers that the Northern limited was in their midst.

I never saw an engine more skilfully handled than this one was throughout the balance of the run, which was all the more interesting in view of the general complexity of the mechanism at the engineer's hand. He had not only the throttle, air-brake, sander, whistle and injectors to handle; but in addition, the variable exhaust-nozzle, which was always reduced somewhat on an ascending grade, and the independent valve-gears for high and low-pressure cylinders, which I have mentioned, and which had to be adjusted to meet the changing conditions of track and grades.

The French engineer did not change these continually, but even took time when we were running on a level to indicate with his hand that we were coming to a hill, and with a piece of chalk would give some idea of its rate and length. He kept close watch on the gage showing the receiver pressure of the steam after passing from the high-pressure cylinders toward the low pressure, and kept it usually at about seventy-three pounds.

But for my misfortune in not understanding the language this very intelligent man would have made clear his reasons for everything he did. I can only say that, having the facilities at his command, he adjusted this compound to its work, and was in a position to get out of it all that the boiler could supply.

Certainly the game of running this locomotive was skilfully played. The work impressed me as would a violin in the hands of an artist. This engineer had more strings to his instrument than those handling other types of engines. He did not appear to be of any higher grade of intellectual development than the locomotive runners of other countries, but he had a good machine, was well trained, and was truly interested in his work.

The engine used for fuel a very good grade of gas coal, with which was mixed fourteen per cent of briquettes. These measure 7x11x5 inches, and half a dozen of them were kept lying on the deck in front of the fire-door. Several times on the run these were thrown in while going down hill in order to reserve the best fuel for taking an up-grade beyond.

The actual firing I thought was rather heavy. It varied from three to seven scoops of coal at from four to six minutes' intervals. Most of the coal was put very close under the door, with only an occasional scoopful thrown into the front corners of the fire-box. At intervals of about twenty minutes the fire was raked ahead with a double hook. Although the smoke-box of the engine was absolutely devoid of netting, or a spark-arresting device of any description, there was no smoke worth mentioning when the throttle was open, and in returning at night I noticed there were but very few sparks.

Premiums for Saving Coal.

Very high premiums are paid to engineers and firemen on French railways for saving fuel. Fines are also imposed if they exceed the supply allotted for a run. In fact, the premiums and fine system prevails throughout their work. It was evident that this crew was personally interested in the pile of coal on the tender, and they handled it as if it was their own.

This was another new experience for me, and it did not seem to be done for my benefit, either. I noticed that the fireman watched the engineer very closely, and usually waited for a motion of his hand before putting in a fire or using the hook.

Steam was not allowed to blow off at the safety-valve of this engine, except once, when the engineer, to show me the effect of the variable exhaust-nozzle, purposely allowed the pressure to drop to 200 pounds. He then by means of the hand-wheel in the cab decreased the size of the exhaust, whereupon the pressure mounted immediately to the blowing off point, 213 pounds, but the speed of the locomotive was retarded to a very appreciable extent.

The engineer pointed to the coal in the tender, shrugged his shoulders, and quickly restored the nozzle to its proper opening. They don't let coal be blown away through the pop-valve in that country.

We Arrive on Time.

It would be impossible within the confines of this article to touch upon the picturesque side of this truly great run against time. I considered the hopelessness of that task even when this splendid locomotive was eating up the miles over the running grounds from Cannes into Amiens, where, with a slightly descending grade the speed-recording gage hung steadfastly to what in English would be seventy-two miles an hour.

Of the trio who held forth in that uncomfortable cab, there was one at least who appreciated the beautiful panorama through which we sped. Words can scarcely describe the varying succession of ideal summer landscape, which only France can produce, and which smiled with a fleeting glance upon us through the sunlight of that glorious day in June.

The quaintly-gowned women who lowered the crossing gates, and waved in unconscious admiration to the space-annihilating monster on which we rode, seemed curiously to blend with the prevailing scheme of oddity and unreality, which greeted me on every hand. It appeared, indeed, as though everything was reversed, and yet the fact remained undeniable that the results were there.

The train pulled into Amiens punctual to the minute. The run from Paris, eighty miles, had been turned off in eighty-five minutes, and we still had 115 minutes remaining to cover the 105 miles which separated us from the sea.

Monsieur Artaud tried his best to get out of that city in less than the five minutes allotted time, but not even his versatility could prevail against the time-honored ponderosity of continental station methods. He had no engine bell to ring as a reminder to the conductor, but he tooted the whistle persuasively, and afforded other unmistakable evidences of his desire to be gone.

I improved the opportunity while we were standing in that historic place to feel around the driving-boxes and bearings of the De Glehn, as an American railroader always will, no matter what his environment may be, but everything was all right. There was not a suggestion of heating anywhere; in fact, she was as cold as though she had never started.

I was the only one who felt the bearings on this engine, because in this admirable construction no anxiety need be entertained in regard to proper lubrication. The driving-boxes are oiled from the cab, while the valves and cylinders are supplied by a positive lubricating pump, driven by a connection to the valve motion.

This pump is placed on the left running-board (engineer's side), where it does its work very effectively. From the pump small copper pipes lead to the valves, to the cylinders, and in some instances to the piston-rods.

They Have Their Troubles.

We departed from Amiens one minute late, but it was of little moment. The fastest sustained speed was made between Amiens and Etaples, fifty-nine miles of level or gently-descending grade, which the De Glehn turned off in fifty-five minutes, a rate, without undue effort, of more than sixty-four miles an hour, with the further consideration that it was performed from a dead stop. I thought that this engine did her best, if there was any choice, on this particular portion of the run, but after passing through Etaples we experienced some little trouble.

It is an old claim, in our own country, at least, that no matter how well everything may go for a time, there must be some disquieting feature before the stop-block is reached. It appears that this is just as binding in France, for the air-sanding de-

vice gave out just when we needed it the most, between Boulogne and Calais, wherein two short, but rather stiff hills have to be surmounted, and on this day the rail was none too good, although the weather was ideal.

M. Artaud betrayed considerable uneasiness, when after repeated efforts, he failed to get the sand under his big drivers, but nothing could be done until Calais was reached, and the damp sand cleaned out of the box and traps.

Fortunately no time was lost on this account, but a much more serious matter, which became apparent about the same time, was a sudden drop in the boiler pressure, which heretofore had remained approximately at 200 pounds.

Getting Her Right.

This proved to be an instance where the variable exhaust-nozzle failed to stimulate the fire, because the fireman had in some way lost it. Several of us have in the past been in the same predicament, and it can no doubt be readily appreciated how quick it all happens, but it don't want to happen too often on a run where 185 miles has to be reeled off in 195 minutes.

Monsieur Artaud, however, promptly usurped the fireman's office when his ever-observant eye noted the pointer on the gage fluttering uncertainly about the 170-pound mark. (The reader will understand, of course, that no such indications were on the gage, the metric system being converted by the author throughout the entire article into its English equivalent for the sake of more ready understanding.)

He motioned for his assistant to assume the lookout ahead, and by dexterous use of the fire hook and shovel in a very few minutes restored matters to their normal basis. I touched my hat to him, and pointed to the steam-gage, which again had mounted to nearly the maximum pressure, and he smiled clear through to the end of the run.

So long as the train arrived on time I was really glad that the bad luck occurred with the sander, because it gave me an interesting opportunity to study the handling of a running repair job in a foreign country.

It is down hill and level directly into Calais, and when the first fresh whiff of the channel came stealing into the perfume of the flower-bedecked gardens, through which on either hand we flew like a meteor, the engineer began his preparations to bring the speeding train to a stop. The throttle was first closed, and then the valve-gears were dropped slowly into full travel. Both injectors were put to work, and the variable exhaust-nozzle enlarged to its maximum opening.

In the meantime the fireman was doing his best to have the fire in condition for easy cleaning on arrival at the ash-pit. No coal was thrown into the fire-box during the last ten miles of the run. The fire was, however, frequently raked over and leveled, so when the stop was finally made it had burned down to a uniform depth of no more than eight or ten inches over the grate, and the steam pressure, hitherto so essential, had dropped to 150 pounds.

I thought how much more sensible this procedure was, and how much more community of interest with the terminal force at Calais was thereby displayed than is ordinarily exhibited in the United States, where an engine too frequently comes in with a fire-box full of fire and dirt, in such a condition that to clean it properly requires sometimes a full three-quarters of an hour. I saw this fire cleaned in less than ten minutes, after which, so far as that detail was concerned, the engine could have started immediately on the return trip to Paris.

The roundhouse foreman met us at the station (*Calais-gare maritime*), in fact, before the engine was cut off, and anxiously inquired what work was needed to be done before the return trip. Another admirable arrangement in the instance of an important train! I am afraid that our own hard-worked foremen are far too busy for any such thing as that.

He Watched the Repairs.

So far as having the sander repaired, which was all there was to report, M. Artaud personally saw that this was attended to. Instead of leaving the engine when he landed it on the shop track, which he had a perfect right to do, he chased her up while the fire was being cleaned, and followed her into what we would call the roundhouse, only it is square in that country.

Not until he satisfied himself that the box had been thoroughly cleaned and re-

plenished with dry sand, and through a test became convinced that the sander operated properly did he go for his dinner, for which he had just twenty minutes.

The run back was not nearly so fast, but it was replete with interest. The weather changed somewhat unfavorably before we pulled out, and when night finally closed in to the accompaniment of a dreary drizzle of rain at St. Just, about fifty miles from Paris, the absence of the headlight made the prospect ahead dark, indeed.

Nevertheless, through that Stygian darkness this great mechanical creation sped unerringly towards its goal. It made no difference whether the cab, with an utter absence of light, except when vaguely illuminated by the occasional opening of the fire-door was inexpressibly black, the realization was present that the same master-hand controlled, as well as though the bright sun were shining, that bewildering array of levers, screw-gears, and what not, and as the miles were left behind, coincident with the minutes a trustful dependence on this engineer gradually stole upon me.

I could not but help looking on the guiding hand of this iron and steel avalanche in admiration almost akin to reverence. Through that strident discord of speed the knowledge was ever present that a trained eye pierced the night, and that behind it was the intuition to serve when even vision failed.

It was not so much the appeal of the mile-a-minute, but the tribute from one who knew, to the nerve which dared, the courage which executed, and none the less the judgment which restrained.

The train was five minutes late leaving St. Just, and the engine crew were alarmed over the prospect of further delay, but no such unpleasant contingency materialized. The line was singularly clear that night.

The winking green eyes of the semaphores in the "all clear" position gleamed cheerfully through the drizzling rain, and as with undiminished speed we sped through the great freight yards at Criel a dozen high-balls from as many side-tracked freights proclaimed mutely that they were in to clear.

Presently the sky-line ahead became suffused with the glow of Paris, the city of light, and the arc lamps twinkled hospitably over the flats as the engineer closed his throttle for the last time. The minute-hand on the great clock in the *gare du Nord* was straight up and down on the stroke of nine, and its chimes rang musically as the big drivers settled into their last turn under the cavernous train-shed.

I recall that as the patrons of the train passed the engine to seek the street-cars or the cabs, they gazed at it with a curious stare. It is no wonder, because there are very few engines like that in this world, and I have been in a position to know.

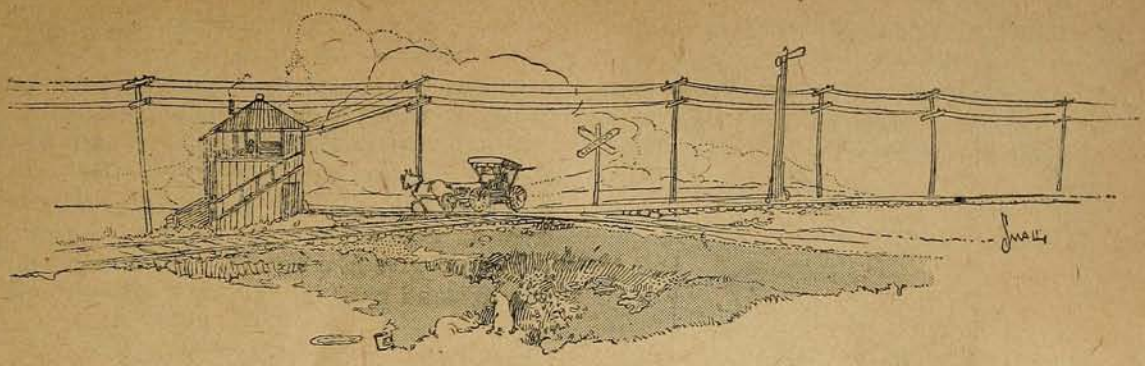
The running skill of this engineer, and that of his fireman as well, tells of years of conscientious effort on the part of the whole department of the *Chemin de Fer du Nord,* of which M. du Bousquet was at the head. It offers most valuable evidence of the value of cash premiums for meritorious work, and constitutes a practise which we may well study to advantage. Above all other things it shows that machinery is but a part of the whole, and that the training, the encouragement, and, more vital than all, the interest of the men operating it, is the all-important part.

MOVING A HUGE ELEVATOR.

THE Santa Fe right-of-way was the scene of the biggest job of elevator moving ever attempted in this or any other country. When you consider the moving of a building 128 feet long, and 82 feet wide, and 151 feet high a distance of about seven hundred feet and setting it upon new foundations, you will realize that the feat is well worth recording.

To make room for new switch-tracks, the huge old elevator at Argentine, Mo., capable of housing four hundred thousand bushels of grain was moved to a new location. The building being over eighty feet wide, it was necessary to construct several runways, and the length of the building made many points in the underpinning to be supported. The length and weight made it practically impossible to place under the building a set of girders sufficiently stiff to carry the load along without racking the structure, so that care was taken to build up a good track for the two hundred steel rollers. The track was composed of steel railroad rails, three rails being used in each runway, giving each roller three points of support.

It required over two weeks of constant labor to do the preliminary work of blocking-up and building the track on which the structure should roll along, yet so perfectly was the work carried out that the building moved smoothly forward with but a single team of horses as the motive power.—*Santa Fe Employes' Magazine.*



Observations of a Country Station-Agent.

BY J. E. SMITH.

No. 33—Chauncy Tells of the Causes That Made Him Swear Off on New Year's Day and of the Casualties That Made Him Swear On Again.

I LOOKED in on Chauncy at the ticket-office a few mornings ago. Usually when I visit Chauncy, I show an appreciation of his warm cordiality by sitting on his typewriter, or by occupying his cushion chair and resting my feet on the open pages of his ticket book. Often I recline full or half length on his table, but I seldom do this unless I have hob-nails in my shoes, or unless he has a number of tariffs, some correspondence, or an assortment of ticket stubs that I can pull off on the floor when I leave.

It is only by these little tokens that he appreciates my visits.

I do not know how it is in other offices where the commerce of man is carried on, but, on railroads, no man can go into an office for any purpose without crowding close upon the official occupant.

You would think a trainman—merely citing an instance—would address a telegraph operator through the window, would you not?

Guess again, Polonius.

You can have "PRIVATE" printed on the office-door in letters one foot long and in rich vermilion and you can throw in a black skull and cross-bones for good measure, and the trainman, with oil and grease and train dirt all over him, will push by the window, bolt into the office and sit down on the telegraph-table, engineer on one side, conductor on the other, and the head brakeman ocupying the only chair.

From these points of vantage, the whole crew tells the operator what they think of the despatcher in tones loud enough to be heard out at the coal-house.

This arrangement makes the operator a sort of slinking accomplice—bearded in his den, caught with the goods on, and no way of escape.

These thoughtful criticisms cannot be conveyed to the operator in a mild voice through the ticket window. In fact, in a railroad office no business can be satisfactorily transacted through the window. Everything must be delivered hand to hand, close range, wrist lock, bar arm and half Nelson—or there is no force to it.

Series began in the July, 1907, Railroad Man's Magazine. Single copies, 10 cents.

So I bolted into Chauncy's office with the usual railroad abandon.

Chauncy met me with a murderous look.

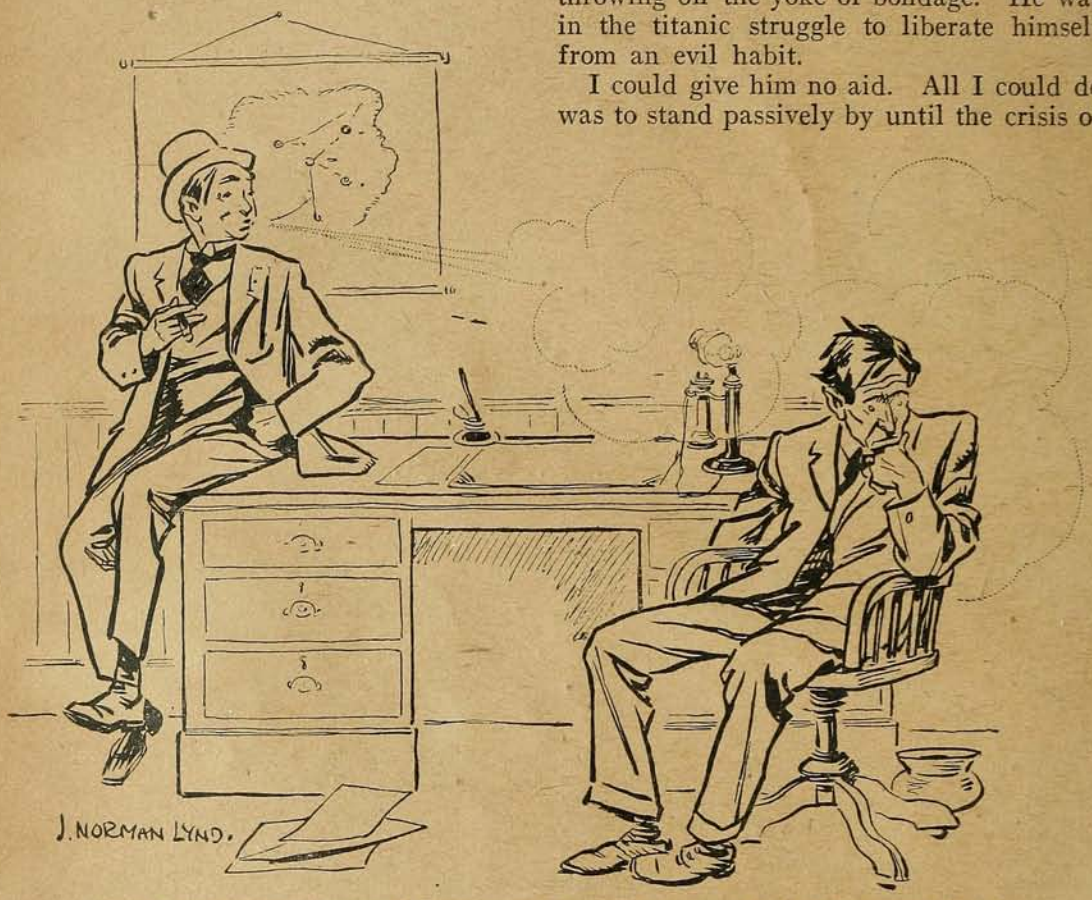
The battalion halted with the right wing resting on the office safe.

"Yes, five days—five weeks—five years—five centuries—"

Chauncy groaned and doubled over in his chair with his face in his hands.

He was in the throes of combat. He was throwing off the yoke of bondage. He was in the titanic struggle to liberate himself from an evil habit.

I could give him no aid. All I could do was to stand passively by until the crisis of



I FILLED CHAUNCY'S NOSTRILS WITH THE AROMATIC SPICE OF THE SELECTED LEAF.

"Tell me," I half gasped, "is the body concealed in the basement?"

"Never mind the body," growled Chauncy, "Sherlock Gulk will attend to those details. I thought that door was locked and bolted, but I see it wasn't. Sometimes when I see 'em pass the window, I can leap over there in time to clamp it fast, but that accursed chair was in the way and I lost out by one second."

"Will you have a cigar?" I asked timidly.

"No—no!" protested Chauncy, wildly waving me off with both hands. "Don't do that! Put 'em away! Not for me! I quit 'em first of January! Don't light that here! Don't let me see it! I can't stand to smell the smoke! It makes me wild!"

"Have you been five days without a cigar?" I asked dubiously.

the agony had passed. I lit a cigar and puffed in his direction intermittent whiffs of the fragrant Havana fill. When a man struggles, he should have something with which to struggle. That is what makes a real man. If he conquers too easily it is not worth the effort.

I filled Chauncy's nostrils with the aromatic spice of the selected leaf.

I watched him squirm.

Then I shifted to the ticket window and leaned against the counter and beat a tattoo on the ticket dater.

When an outsider gains access to a ticket office, the first friendly thing that he does is to toy with the ticket dater. Usually he stamps the unprotected type a few times, after which he turns the thumb screws. I did both of these.

"Don't do that!" yelled Chauncy, com-

ing to life again. "Don't monkey with the dater. See what you have done!"

Chauncy stamped a piece of clip and held it up for my inspection.

"What date is to-day? January five! See what you did! You changed the date to July four! Suppose I hadn't seen you! Suppose I had sold a lot of tickets. They are limited to date, you understand. See how you would mix the conductor and the auditor. They would come back at me and I would have to explain. What could I say?"

Chauncy searched my childlike face with a fierce scrutiny—but no visible answer.

"If you go over there and sit down I'll get you a pack of card tickets to play with," he continued disgustedly. "They are numbered in order, you know, and you can muss them up. That's fully as entertaining as playing with the dater or sitting on the typewriter."

I sat down, but with brazen front. I have been among railroaders some years, and the fierce glance, the reproving gesture, and the reprimanding word do not add a single pulse beat or the faintest blush.

"Broke off any other bad habits than smoking?" I asked after a bit, with a sort of languid interest.

"I quit swearing, also," growled Chauncy.

"What! No more profanity."

"Not from me, believe me. I reasoned it all out. Why should a man permit himself to be a slave of a lot of mean habits? Why ruin the health by tobacco and the mind by ugly words? Why does a man want to use profanity, anyway?"

"Search me," I replied. "I can use it without wanting to."

"A man uses profanity," Chauncy went on with the deliberate wisdom of the last court, "as a low and vulgar substitute for decent words. The free and easy swearer forgets, after a time, a large part of his native language. He qualifies everything with an oath. Exit adjectives! Then when he is unexpectedly called into a seemly and decorous conversation, he finds he is a blank. He hasn't the goods. He cannot deliver. He turns turtle."

"What's that got to do with railroading?" I asked innocently. "They seem to get trains over the road on about as spotted a vocabulary as ever adulterated the atmosphere."

"That's the train service. My duties are with the public and call for polish and good breeding. In short—a gentleman. Can you grasp that?"

I went after it, but muffed the ball. The Charley horse or the sun got in my eyes.

"Don't get the angle," I apologized feebly. "Do people recognize you? Did you quit anything else?"

"I have," said Chauncy solemnly. "I have quit showing irritation. I have quit showing that streak of ugliness and bad

JIM'S MOUTH WAS FULL OF COLLAR-BUTTONS.

temper that is in almost every man. 'Smile, and the world smiles with you.' Ever hear that one? That's me!"

Chauncy's face lighted up with a smile, sickly but virtuous. He stood and proudly pointed to himself as the paragon of uprightness.

"That's me!"

I started to slink out. "This holy temple is no place for me," I explained.

"Hold a moment," protested Chauncy, laying a detaining hand. "I bunched 'em all, threw 'em overboard." He made a larboard sweep of the arms. "Since January one, I am a changed individual—a regenerated man!"

"What," I cried. "No more Burgunda? No more of the exquisite boquet of the yuba-yola, the fermenti of old Kaintuck, or the brew of Milwauk? Everything to the discord? Do I get it right?"

"You do," said Chauncy. "You get the situation with one comprehensive grasp."

I held up four fingers and tapped them off deliberately. "Smoking, swearing, drinking, and ill-temper. Anything else?"

Chauncy shook his head.

"How about lying and short-changing the public?"

"Not guilty!" snorted Chauncy. "It isn't the ticket agent that lies—it is the public that misunderstands. When you tell a passenger all about a connection, he forgets in an hour or so whether you said A.M. or P.M. If everything isn't just as he thinks it should be, he knows you have lied to him, even if he can't remember a word that was told him. As for short-changing, a passenger will walk away from your ticket window and leave his change on your counter. The agent calls to him, then whistles, then yells, then turns in the general alarm to attract the departing patron, who will finally be steered back to rake in his change, and will not even bestow a single grateful look on the agent who engineered the comeback. If the agent should forget to put the change before the passenger, or underputs, the passenger bawls him out as a highway robber, a daylight bandit, a bold marauder. Police!"

"Sad, indeed, that one should be so misunderstood," I said, with doubtful sympathy. "Wouldn't it have been better to have taken laudanum and made a hasty exit from this cruel world? Without the nerve to do this, why try to reform? Why not plunge deeper in villainy and degradation? Why do you seek to lead a better life when the odds are against you? My boy, you have started in the wrong direction. You should smoke more, drink more, swear more, lie, steal, and justify the faith of the public. Have a cigar?"

Chauncy waved aside the proffer with a J. Cæsar disdain.

"Strange, isn't it," he said, "when a man's friends find he has deserted the crooked paths, how they trouble themselves to lead him back. When I smoked, you never came in here with cigars. If there were any free offerings they were from me to you. When you find I've quit 'em, you hand 'em out as freely as John D. Oilfellow does advice. To the rear with you, Lucifer!"

"Will you tell me what brought about the reformation?" I asked. "Is there a woman in it? Or is it just a fool caprice of January the first?"

"A little of both," replied Chauncy. "Mostly the latter. The thirtieth of December was the witching day. Three little incidents happened to me on that day. They came in rapid succession and they were trivial within themselves, but they set me thinking so seriously that I determined with the new year, it was me for the straight and narrow.

"Going back a little. Has it ever occurred to you that while all of us have many acquaintances, only a few of them are real friends? Friends that are like brothers? There are only from two to five for every man. You know Jim Parker up-town? Jim is one of the nearest. I say anything to Jim; ditto Jim to me. I was always a welcome guest at his home. I go there, we open a bottle, touch off a Havana, and lament the shortcomings of humankind in one convivial and congenial wail that does both of us a lot of good.

"We view everything in about the same light. We have the same tastes, the same politics, the same line of religion, the same d—n dis—Excuse me! a slip of the tongue—the same dismal outlook on what is and what is to be, so we find solid enjoyment in each other's company.

"Jim's wife is the little lady of the land. She is not an assertive, talkative woman with an insinuating presence. She has that pleasing reserve, that smiling diffidence, that bewitching toleration, that encourage the vanity of man and make him look upon her as the princess of womankind.

"She was always glad to have me come to the house and spend an evening with Jim. She thought I was a gentleman—"

"A what?" I cried in amazement.

"A gentleman," retorted Chauncy. "She thought I was a gentleman."

"Poor ignorant creature—"

"Please do not interrupt me," said Chauncy. "I make no claims, understand. I grant she was mistaken, but she thought

"Jim's lusty 'Hallo' came back at me.

"Now, when you chasten a friend, soft words have no value. I wanted to hand him a classic rebuke. 'Hallo!' called Jim again.

"This I learned afterward:

"Jim's mouth was full of collar-buttons. He was changing shirts. After the second 'hallo,' he handed the receiver to his wife. 'See what he wants,' said Jim.

"YOU'VE GOT YOUR NERVE WITH YOU, TO STICK THAT UGLY MUG OF YOURS UP TO THAT TICKET WINDOW."

it, and that was the situation up to 2 P.M. of the afternoon of the 30th of December.

"Going back a few months into the past for a connecting incident, I will confide to you that a certain deadhead with a plausible story put one over on me, and it cost me ten dollars. It was such a scientific touch that I put Jim next to it. When I learned that, in spite of my friendly admonition, Jim had fallen for the same imposition, I was somewhat irritated with him for placing so light a value on my well-meaning advice. So I proceeded to chasten him.

"He was at home and I got him on the phone.

"Then I interjected myself into the plot.

"'Say,' I yelled ferociously, 'you're a fool! That was a fine way to do after me putting you next! If I hadn't any more sense than you got I'd—'

"That was as far as I got.

"A cry of a woman's voice came to my ear, a cry of offense and injury. It was Jim's wife. I fired that broadside of billingsgate directly at her—as gentle a little lady as ever lived.

"I suppose Jim bounced over to the telephone and came back at me with some thunder. Anyway, I wasn't there. I hung up and let the infernal machine ring. I did not want to communicate with any one for a

time. My first impulse was to lie out of it and prove an alibi. Then I resolved to double the dose and hand it to Jim stronger than before, when I found the opportunity.

"It came sooner than I expected. Jim found his way to the depot.

"The first I was aware of his presence was, in chancing to look up, I confronted him at the ticket window with a semi-pugnastic, quizzical expression on his face.

"I gave him a hard, unafraid stare, to show I was neither ashamed or humiliated, and bent over a bunch of tickets I was counting.

"I added a touch of bravado.

"Like cures like. Or, as Shakespeare puts it:

> Take then some new infection to the eye,
> And the rank poison of the old will die.

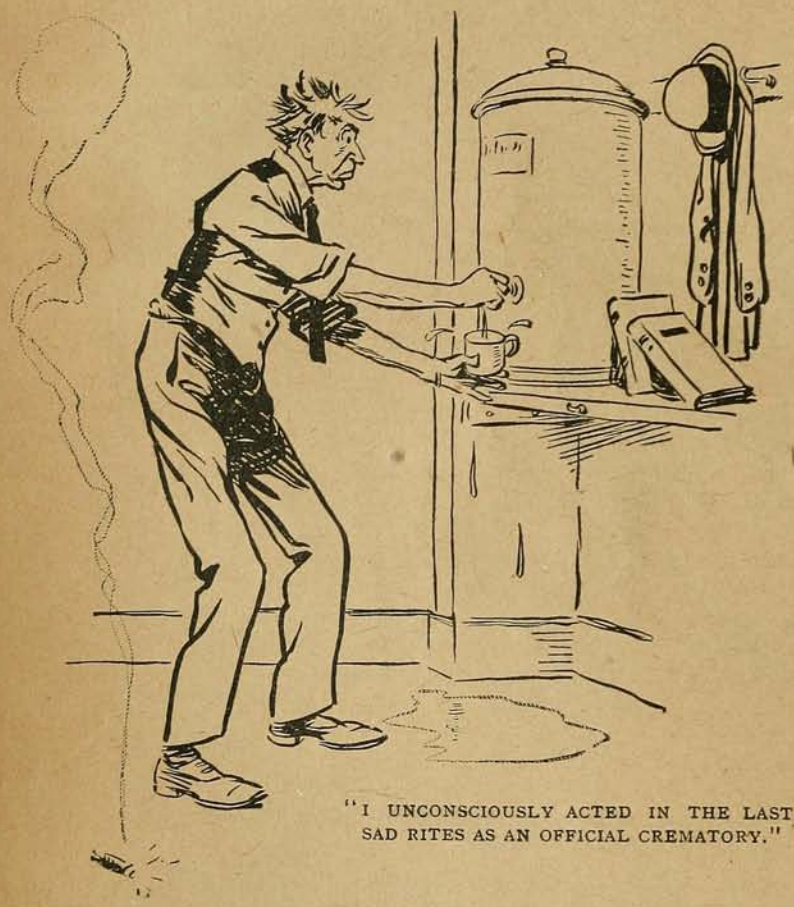
"I boldly handed Jim another.

"'You've got your nerve with you,' said I, 'to stick that ugly mug of yours up to that ticket window.' I said it hard and strong, then looked at him in the eye.

"At least that was the intention.

"But Jim, always considerate and polite, had stepped aside just as I delivered that broadside, and his place at the window was taken by a lady delegate to a suffragette convention. She was a lady of classic refinement and native Mayflower piety. She gave me one horrified look, then, with tilted head and features set like stone, she swept from the place.

"Jim dug out also.



"I UNCONSCIOUSLY ACTED IN THE LAST SAD RITES AS AN OFFICIAL CREMATORY."

"He didn't want to be seen in my company. He hesitated at the door long enough to pull off the little pantomime of tapping himself suggestively on the head, and to say, 'Too bad—too bad!'

"I sat down and had some hard and hurried thoughts.

"Of course, I determined on an humble apology and explanation to the lady delegate. That brought me to the humiliating conclusion that my brand of offhand conversation needed setting out on the rip-track.

"I fixed the date then and there—January the first! From that day, no more evil words; nothing stronger than genteel slang.

"Maybe you think that is easy. Think again.

"I can't have any feelings. I can't get mad. I can't be astonished. I can't be overjoyed. I am stupefied and speechless. I sit around here in a deadly calm.".

"Clam," I suggested.

"Calm," retorted Chauncy. "I said calm—c-a-l-m, meaning quiet, repose, tranquillity."

"Also," I added helpfully, "sluggish, dull-witted, addle-pated, dunder-headed."

"S'nough," cried Chauncy, raising a protesting hand. "Nobody asked your help. If I could only smoke, it would be more endurable."

"Why quit everything the same day?" I asked, with some curiosity. "Why not wrestle with one temptation at a time."

"What do you know about it?" asked Chauncy savagely. "Did you ever quit anything? Don't advise any one until you have put through a few resolves yourself. I quit 'em all in one bunch at one time to be done with it. Why should I want to spread the agony along on the instalment plan?

"I quit smoking because I consumed ten cigars a day and upward. That is a strain on my resources and an irritant to my nerves. Frazzled nerves induce profanity. One is a mean accomplice of the other. When I quit one I quit all. Quit swearing at 2 P.M. Quit smoking at 3 P.M. Took my last 'bottled in bond' at 4 P.M., same day, December 30. The helpful hand and cheering mood, two days later. January 1, at 9 P.M., I was under the half-wool blankets, and at 10 I dreamed of smoking. I snorted and puffed, turned into a grasshopper engine and plunged into a tunnel and went down, down, down, through the Jurassic, Triassic, Silurian. A pterodactyl took a peck at me, and old Pluto reached for the prongs. That's the first night out on the reform route, and the scenery don't improve any the further you go.

"I told you what set me thinking about my language. You ask what gave me further pause about the weed? Listen.

"After that suffragette lady fled from the window, I sat down in a blue funk to moralize on my degeneracy.

"'Say, fellow,' came a rude voice from the ticket window, 'I want some information! Hurry up! I ain't got much time to stand here! Here's how it is! If I go to Paducah, and from there to Casad Landing, and can get a packet to Heck's Ferry, and that logging road shouldn't happen to be running out of Kuttawa, how could I double back from Bowling Green to Mammoth Cave? Do you know anybody around Tompkinsville? Wonder if there's a good private boarding-house at Glasgow. Gallatin is a good town, isn't it? What will the liveryman charge me to drive me over to Edmonton?'

"I got up languidly, still preoccupied with thoughts of my own, and shoved him the official guide.

"'Hold on,' he cried, 'I can't find anything in that book!'

"'Look in the back for the index,' I said.

"'You're like all the rest of them! You don't want to give any information! Maybe you can't! But you don't look like you would, anyway!'

"He snorted some more ill-natured stuff, but I remained quiet.

"He made a pretense of finding something in the guide, but I knew it was a hopeless quest. After two or three minutes, he gave it up. I knew he would. Trouble was, he did not know what he wanted, neither did I. He pushed the guide toward me.

"'Thank you for your trouble. Don't know how the traveling public would get along if it wasn't for the kindness of the ticket agents.'

"Sarcasm was too apparent. No answer necessary from me.

"He turned away, then he came back.

"'Have a cigar,' he said. 'That's about the only way I can show my appreciation for your attention.'

"Maybe he thought I wouldn't take it—but I did. Not only that, but I looked it over critically to let him know I was choicy, even in the acceptance of tokens of appreciation.

"'Muchblige,' I grunted.

"It looked good. I bit off the end, lighted it, and tilted back so I could think more comfortably and complacently over the evil words I had previously liberated.

"All remorse is tempered, all sorrow is mollified, by the slow tasty whiffs of real Havana.

"I thought—

"All at once I got a whang that was not exactly orthodox. I pulled again, then again, but the last was still viler. I held the cigar between my fingers and gave it a reproving scrutiny. Then I tried it again. I pulled at it and chewed on it until the senses of smell and taste were grossly offended. Half smoked, I laid it aside.

"I went over to the cooler and gargled my throat. I burned a rubber band to neutralize the stench. What brand, what infernal concoction was in that cigar? What genius had conceived the idea of crossing kraut, limburger, and crude oil in an innocent Sumatra wrapper? I asked myself that fool question. With an eager curiosity, I dissected the unsmoked portion.

"Believe me, sir, but I found the full-length remains of Rameses III, consumed to about the third vertebra, embalmed in two thin shrouds of real tobacco.

"HEY—HEY—HO—HO—WELL WELL!" CACKLED THE OLD JUDGE. "YOU MUST ALWAYS SHAKE THE BOTTLE."

"That was my first thought, but on closer inspection, it turned out to be a three-inch tobacco or tomato worm gone to its reward and cunningly entombed by some devilish cigar-making wag, and, in the last act, passed to me for politeness. And I—I, sir, innocently and unconsciously acted in the last sad rites as an official crematory.

"Of course, that fellow knew the cigar contained a corpse—the ungrateful whelp.

"When a man swears himself into disgrace at two o'clock, and smokes himself into disgust at three o'clock, it's time to quit both. Isn't it, now?"

"But at four o'clock you went dry—how was that?" I asked.

"Same day—but that's another story.

"A ticket agent learns from his town paper the comings and goings of his people, and on these hints he often calls at their homes to interest them in his line.

"I read that Judge Hock was expecting to go to Florida. I called at his residence. I needed a walk and the open air to get the mummy taste out of my mouth.

"The judge is an old man with tottering step, dull ears, and defective eyes. He was glad that I called and eager to talk of the details of his contemplated trip. He led me into his dining-room, and, fumbling about the sideboard with an uncertain hand, brought forth a bottle.

"'Here it is,' he said with a chuckle, shaking an amber bottle. 'I got this when I was in Florida last winter. It's Jamaica rum—real Jamaica—very rare. Maybe a little fiery for you, but you won't mind it. You don't get anything like this very often.'

"He placed the bottle before me.

"I laid a firm hand and poised the wine-glass with a steady nerve.

"I poured out a portion of dark liquid—not brimful, understand, but a liberal measure. I took a gulp. It stung like a hornet. I threw a fandango, let out one blood-curdling Commanch, and shot out the aforesaid in the open grate. It was blue flames and the bottomless pit.

"The next moment the household was in an uproar.

"'Hey — hey — ho — ho — well, well!' cackled the old judge. 'I didn't think it was that stout! You must always shake the bottle. The fusel-oil's on top. You didn't shake it!'

"The judge's daughter appeared on the scene and took in the situation at a glance.

"I was bobbing up and down on one toe and holding both hands on my mouth.

"'Water!' I gasped.

"They rushed for water.

"I cut a spread-eagle and the figure eight before the water reached me.

"'What have you done, pa?' cried the girl, catching up the bottle. 'Why, pa, look here! Goodness gracious, pa! How could you do it! This is your lumbago liniment!'

"From that minute the water-wagon for me. It was an act of Providence, all those things happening to me the same afternoon, right at the swearing-off anniversary."

"Allah is great! Allah is wise!" I said with Mohammedan fervor.

That was five days ago.

To-day, I again looked in on Chauncy. It is the tenth. I was disgusted.

Festoons of smoke hung and drifted about the office walls, and he had just lighted a fresh one.

"Have a cigar with me," he exclaimed with bravado. "There's a box of them in the safe. The best blank blank goods that ever came to this town. This is number ten for me. I stayed with it nine days. Nine days in the desert.

Nine days with naught
But dismal thought.

"Who saved me? A woman? Yes, a woman led me out. It was Jim's wife. I told her how sorry I was, and how miserable I was! I told her of the new but joyless life!

"'Give me,' said she, 'the man who smokes if he likes, swears if he feels it, and fights if he must—a virile, assertive, and combative hero, who is not afraid of himself.'

"I saw it that way at once.

"Who wants a trembling weakling? That was me, see? Who calls for a molly-coddle? Was I coming to that, a molly-coddle? Heavens! it was a narrow escape."

"And the Jamaica rum?" I asked.

"H'st. It's ordered. A package will come from Covington—Covington, Kentucky—K. Y. A 'gentleman's agreement,' you have heard of that among railroaders, haven't you? They don't last much over a week. I lasted nine days! Think of that! Some quality, eh?"

TELEPHONING FROM A MOVING TRAIN.

Wireless Messages Are Successfully Exchanged Between English Inventor on Train and Station Operator.

WIRELESS telephoning from a moving train was accomplished recently for the first time with complete success, on a stretch of railway line four miles in length, between Horley and Three Bridges, on the Brighton Railway, near London, England.

Mr. Henry von Kramer, the inventor, who conducted the experiment, is an electrical engineer, trained at Munich, and now engaged in business at Birmingham. For four years he has been working out the system in his private workshop.

For the purpose of the experiment a double line of wire was laid along the sleepers between Horley and Three Bridges. One telephone apparatus was placed in the brake-van of the 2.03 P.M. train from London Bridge, the other was in the signal-box at Three Bridges.

As the train entered the circuit at Horley, Mr. von Kramer placed the receivers to his ears and conversation took place while the train was running at forty miles an hour. A railway official then took the telephone, and, talking to an inspector at Three Bridges, asked him to repeat the message.

This was satisfactorily done, and the inventor then had another successful conversation. The fact which distinguishes Mr. von Kramer's system from any other previously tried in England or America is that there is no contact by brush between the moving train and the stationary wires. The electric impulses travel between the "bridge" on the carriage and ground wires through an open-air space of eighteen inches.—*English Mechanic and World of Science.*

VANISHING RAILROADERS.

BY JOHN W. SAUNDERS.

The Thousand-and-One Nights' Tales of the Old Railroads as They Were Related by the Boys.

CHAPTER I.

Retrospective.

I CONFESS that I have long entertained an indulgent feeling toward several classes of men who are dealt hardly with by common report. These are hackmen, baggage-men, conductors of street-cars, and railroad men generally. While I am willing to admit that these fraternities contain their proportion of black sheep, I am not aware that they are in any way dangerous.

I cannot believe that the extra coat of soot so freely laid on by that extravagant colorist, public opinion, can be justified by appeal to any ordinary models. Few realize, perhaps, the extent to which they think evil of good neighbors and industrious public servants.

A railway-conductor invites a passenger to leave the car at a certain station, and learns with horror that he has insulted a village alderman returning from a metropolitan debauch. A brakeman refuses a gentleman permission to smoke in a parlor-car, and is reported for rudeness to an embryo Congressman. An engineer, running a wild engine to some wreck, refuses to take a brace of pedestrians into his cab, and he is called up to answer the complaints of some agricultural committee. Devotion to rules and instructions brings these persons before their self-constituted enemies in an unenviable light, and straightway all railway men are condemned.

I once attended a popular lecture on temperance, illustrated by numerous highly colored prints professing to represent the stomachs of drunkards.

The theory appeared to be that redness is the greatest of all evils, and the stomachs depicted became redder and redder—from the rose-colored blush attached to that bane of teetotalism, the moderate drinker, up to the rubicundity, deep and bright, discovered in a man who had died of delirium tremens.

At this point there still remained a stomach unaccounted for—one far redder than the rest. The intensely vivid scarlet of its center passed gradually into maroon on one side, into purple on the other.

At length the lecturer pointed his wand toward this appalling object. The expectant audience was hushed into breathless silence. A pin might have been heard to drop.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," he uttered very slowly and deliberately, as if in enjoyment of the suspense, "this heart-rending diagram presents to you a faithful and accurate delineation of"—pausing again—"a *railroad man's* stomach!" And then, giving time only for the expiatory sounds, and for the rustle of subdued but general movement, which accompany the release of an assembly from highly wrought attention, he proceeded to denounce those persons who, by riding on railways, afforded to the attachés thereof the means of applying a hectic flush to their digestive organs.

I am not prepared to picture the effect he produced upon others; but for myself, I was sufficiently struck by the injustice of the sweeping accusation which the words conveyed, to turn with no small disgust from the glib fanatic through whose lips they passed.

From this small incident I date the origin of an involuntary regard, since confirmed by many incidents, for a worthy class who

have suffered unduly in the estimation of their fellow men. I am always ready to defend them from so silly a charge, for it should be known that no person given to excessive indulgence in any of the small vices can find employment to-day in any department of the railway service if once exposed.

There are black sheep now and then, but these are exceptions to the rule. There are traces of the divine hand of the Creator in us all. Whether we look upward or downward in society, if we will only see each other rightly, we can come to no truer conclusion than that railroad men are good fellows in the main.

Engineers and firemen are wont to sun themselves, when off duty, at the roundhouse, and it is not uncommon to find a score of these brave fellows gathered at a single sitting.

A majority are off duty, a few may be waiting for orders; but there is always time for a yarn, and some one to tell it. The better class of engineers begin life as apprentices in the shop, and developing into master machinists, go into the cab, familiar with every part of a locomotive, and thoroughly trained in the method of its construction.

They are regular subscribers to the various publications that issue in the interest of their branch of the service, and, as a general thing, keep themselves well informed as to current events. The fireman who goes through a severe apprenticeship with the hope of some day getting an engine of his own, is usually much attached to his engineer, and the two are generally inseparable companions.

The fireman's brasses must shine, even though food and rest have to be ignored. Both engineer and fireman become much attached to their engine. They frequently vest it with human faculties, and not infrequently expect it to give evidence of reciprocal affection. The confidence of the engineer in his locomotive is of the same character as that which binds the lover to his sweetheart.

CHAPTER II.

The Old Eagle Eye's Yarn.

"I USED to run a locomotive," said Jones, "on a road branching out from the C., H. and D., at Hamilton, Ohio, and running into Indiana. John Lincoln was superintendent, but I've forgotten what they called the line. It was fifty years ago. Podunk was on that road, a town in Posey County, not unknown to fame. Stopping there one night, I noticed two green-looking countrymen inspecting the locomotive, and giving vent to expressions of astonishment. Finally one of them looked up to me and said:

"'Stranger, are this a lokymotive?'

"'Yes. Didn't you ever see one before?'

"'Haven't never seed one afore. Me and Tom come down to the station to-night pup-puss to see one. This is the feller, ain't he?'

"'Certainly.'

"'What yer call that yer in now?'

"'We call this the cab, and that's the driving-wheel.'

"'That black thing yonder's the chimney, s'pose?'

"'Yes, that's the chimney.'

"'Be you the engineer what runs the merchine?'

"'I am the engineer.'

"'Tom,' said the fellow to his mate, after eying me closely for a few minutes, 'it don't take much of a man to be an engineer, do it?'

"That joke was on me."

"I came over from Liverpool," said Manning, when the laughter had subsided, "and gets an engine on the New York Central. A bit of an accident 'appened at the other end of the line one day; that is to say, I run my engine over a very respectable gentleman of the neighborhood. When I gits to the end of my run, seems like everybody in the town was at the depot to bother me with questions.

"I don't say what town it was, as how I don't want to offend no man's feelin's. One old gentleman 'arassed me very much, and wouldn't take no excuse, so, good-natured-like, I told him as how it was.

"'I seed the old gentleman upon the line,' says I, 'walking along with his hands in his pockets, about 'alf a mile ahead, quite comfortable, and I dare say thinkin' o' nothink like—certainly not of me, behind him, coming along with a couple of thousand tons at forty miles the hour. So I whistles away merrily—'

"'Good Heavens!' cried my listener. 'Do you tell me that you whistled when a fellow creature was placed in circumstances of such imminent peril?'

"'I made my engine whistle,' I explained. 'I often speaks of the engine as if it was me, sir. I shrieked, I say, in a manner as was a caution to cats; but not a bit would the old gent get out of the way or turn his head, by which means I can't help thinking ever since that he was somehow deaf. We reversed, put our brake on, and turned off our steam, but, bless ye, it was ne'er a morsel of use, for we couldn't have pulled up under a mile at least, and just as we neared him the poor old gent turned round and threw up his arms, like this—'

"'Gracious goodness, my man,' says my listener, 'do you mean to say that you ran hover 'im?'

"'Lor' bless ye, sir, why, of course we did. We was down upon 'im in a minute, like one o'clock!'

"The crowd was awful still now till a young commercial traveler observed quite dryly:

"'Yes, sir; the incident as which you have so graphically described happened to my uncle.'

"My old listener wiped the perspiration from the top of his 'ead.

"'He was killed, of course?' he says.

"'No. The hentire train passed over 'im, merely removing the skin from the top of his nose. The engine threw him on his back between the rails into a hollow part of the ballast. If he hadn't been deaf, he would perhaps have gone mad with the noise.'"

Here's another:

"Jim Carpenter was bringing in the eastward-bound train, not long since, and stopped at Shokan. I don't know what was up; the sheriff of the town was on hand, with a posse of men and a chain, to prevent the train proceeding any farther. The chain was passed through the back end of the rear car; but before it could be fastened to anything substantial, Jim got wind of how matters stood. He threw the throttle wide open, and started the train with a thump. The effect on that posse was the same as that on the Indians who once attempted to capture a train on the Union Pacific road with a lariat."

"Some thirty-odd years ago, the down train on the Bangor and Piscataquis road was being made up at Oldtown for connection with the E. and N. A. train. A locomotive of the former line was moving quite swiftly at a short distance from the depot. My name is Jack Watford, and I was in charge of that locomotive. A lad about seven years of age walked into the center of the track, unconscious of the approaching engine. Busy with my inside brasses at the time, and moving, as I thought, merely at a depot pace, I failed to keep an eye ahead. The locomotive came rushing along, and the bystanders, horrified at the peril of the boy, shouted wildly to him to run.

"The discovery of his peril seemed to paralyze his limbs, and terror seemed to root him to the spot. I looked out, saw the trouble, and shut off—but it was too late.

"Just as the engine reached the lad, a young man rushed from the crowd to the rescue. He seized the boy as the pilot of the locomotive was within a few feet of the spot, threw him by main force to the platform beside the rails, and with a mighty effort sprang clear of the track, apparently grazing the front of the engine as it thundered by."

"Talking about pilots," says Crotter, "that reminds me of one. Tom Jauriet was master mechanic of the Burlington, at Chicago. He was of French extraction, one of the most accomplished machinists in the country, and the inventor of many valuable improvements in the locomotive. 'Ditto' is the pet name of an engineer on the road, also of French descent. One time 'Ditto' sold two pigs to Jauriet, but never received his pay. Well, along came Jauriet's order that every engineer should pay for every pilot he broke. Oh, that was some years ago, old man!

"Two years after the sale of the pigs 'Ditto' went into Chicago with a broken pilot, and the 'old man' hinted at the pay. 'Ditto,' who was always able to pilot his own canoe, replied:

"'Me pay pilot ven you pay pig!'"

"Doc, how about that fast time on the B. and M.? I heard of it when I was running into Albany."

"Well, the 'old man' came to me, and says he: 'Cap, can you make it?'"

"'I kin, if the wheels'll stick on,' says I.

"'Go ahead, then,' says he, 'and I'll get on the way-car.'

"I looked behind after I let her out, and saw the tails of his coat sticking straight out, and he standing on the hind steps. When we reached the down grade the trucks came off the hind end of the last car, but we never stopped! I made it, and the old man said it was the best time I ever made on that road."

"What kept the hind end of that car up, boy?" asked Stedman.

"Well, you see, we was going so fast that the wind held her up all the way!"

"Just so," rejoined Smith; "that reminds me of our old black cat. She had twenty-two lives. She used to go down in the cellar and lick up all the old woman's cream. I thought I had her killed once or twice, but she managed to come round again."

"Which?" inquired Doc. "The old woman?"

"No, you fool! the old black cat! Well, finally I broke her to pieces one day against the cellar wall, so she couldn't come together again, and buried her in an old pile of rotten hay near where some corn and punkins were planted.

"Next spring the corn came up and the punkins got ripe. One morning the old woman went down in the cellar for her cream, and there was the black cat, licking away as if she hadn't lost a day! There was a little of the rotten hay sticking to her yet, and out of her body there protruded—"

"There what?" interrupted Doc.

"Out of her body hung a punkin-vine, and a little ways off was a punkin. Farther along on that vine was another punkin, and then another, and so on all the way out to that hay-pile!"

"Say, Smith, how fur was it to that hay-pile?"

"Well, I didn't measure, but I should judge about a mile."

Doc got down on his game leg, pulled off his cap, and said with warmth:

"Smith, that's an *infernal lie!*"

Charlie Clark, an old U. P. man, but later on the North Missouri, said they used to have Doc's match out that way.

"Jim Styles was one of the oldest engineers in the country, and one of the best of men. He had a run on the old Ohio and Mississippi. I fired for him several years, and he taught me all I know about a locomotive.

"It was common to drink at every station in those days, and some of us even went so far as to carry it in the box on the cab. Jim was very fond of his brine, and it often got the better of him. He was a widower with two children—both girls, one about eighteen, the other eight. I was a little sweet on the big one, and I believe Jim thought the road was clear, but—well, let me tell it my own way.

"We got to thinking seriously about this brine business, and one evening the little girl asked Jim and me to go to a temperance meeting in the town where we both lived. We laughed at the idea at first; but, to humor his little pet, the father took her by the hand, and we were all soon seated in the church.

"The address was about individual influence, and, pointing right at us, he said: 'The little girl sitting on the workingman's knee in front of me, even she has influence!'

"Jim, as if acting under some sort of a spell, jumped up, put the child on the floor, and then, striking his hand against his thigh, exclaimed, 'That's true!' Then embarrassed at what he had done, took his seat, put the little girl again on his knee, and listened attentively to the speaker. Everybody was taken aback, of course, and some thought he was drunk, but I knew they would never have a chance to say that of Jim Styles again.

"Well, the meeting broke up, and a good many ladies came to kiss Jim's little girl. I pulled out a ways, for, to tell the truth, boys, I wasn't used to such scenes. After a bit, the lecturer came to Jim and asked him what made him act so in the meeting.

"'I am an engineer of the road here,' said Jim; 'and when I had the south run I used to go for my brine every night, and seldom returned sober. I had a daughter then about eighteen years old, a dutiful child with a warm and affectionate heart. She used to come after me to the beer-shop, and wait outside the door in the cold and wet until I came out, that she might conduct me home.

"'She was afraid, if left to myself, that I might fall and injure myself on the way. She caught a severe cold, poor thing, in this way; it turned to consumption, and she died. I felt her death very much, though I still went to the saloon. But, somehow or other, I never liked to go that way alone after she died, especially in the night, and, for the sake of company, I used to take with me the little girl whom you saw sitting on my knee to-night.

"'But one night,' Jim went on, 'I was walking along with the little girl, and when we got very near the saloon there was a great noise within, and my little girl shrank back and said, "Father, don't go in!"

"'Vexed with her, I took her up in my arms and proceeded. Just as I was entering the saloon door, I felt a scalding hot tear fall from her eyes. It went to my heart.

I turned my back on the saloon. It is now three months ago, and I have never tasted a drop since.'"

CHAPTER III.

When You Hit Something.

"DUTCH JAKE" was the railroad name of a Teutonic engineer on a certain Eastern road. "Princeton Bill" is the name of a worthy Scotchman who attends the switches at an important point on the same road. He has been there ever since the road was built.

A paralytic attack, or something of that sort, has affected the hinges of his jaw, and they work poorly. He can get up steam easy enough, but his rods are too tight. There is a heap of lost motion on the part of the jaws before he gets a word out, and when it comes, it comes with a jerk.

Dutch Jake, on the other hand, stutters; his tongue always gets in the way when he talks, especially when he is excited. Jake first met Bill when the latter was fixing a switch to let his train in. Bill attempted to tell Jake that there were some cars to take on there. The jaws struggled, the mouth was all at sea, and the tongue forgot its cunning.

Jake gazed first with awe, and, hearing no articulate sound, imagined that the switchman was ridiculing his own infirmity. Boiling with rage, he set out to reply.

"W-w-w-m-m-m—" was as far as he could get. His face red with the rushing blood, his lips kept moving, but not a word escaped.

Bill replied in the same strain, after another exhaust or two. Jake was finally emptied of this struggling sentence:

"W-w-what i-i-in-t-t-th-hunder's m-m-mat-ter m-m-mit you?"

Bill was sure Jake was mocking him, and went for him with both hands. If the boys had not interfered, there would have been a serious fight, for both were stalwart men.

"Guernsey is an engineer on a Georgia railroad. His fireman is Joe Patty. Joe is just getting well of his injuries. They were coming in with a passenger-train, due at 7.33 P.M., when, within a mile of Hickville, Patty went to the front of the engine to oil the valves of the steam-chest; and just as he reached the bumper, a beam to which the pilot is attached, the engine came in contact with a cow. The force of the train threw the cow upon the beam on which Patty was standing with his back to the cow, and his face fronting the cab.

"The shock threw him off his feet, but, having a firm grasp upon a brace, he held on with the tenacity of a drowning man. He succeeded in maintaining his grip with one hand until, with the use of his other, he regained his position.

"The cow, in the meantime, had fallen off into the ditch, dead. Patty's right shoulder and breast were badly bruised, and the palm of his right hand cut entirely across.

"I call that some ride, even for an old-time engine," said Bill Simkins, who told it.

"I think I can beat it," said Steve Curry, "with one of the most thrilling railroad incidents on record. It was literally a ride for life. It occurred in Oregon, between Portland and Salem.

"I had charge of the down train, and we approached the station at full speed, for we were some minutes behind. The road, at this point, ran through a deep cut, something more than a mile in length. Entering it, the road makes a curve, so that an engineer cannot see entirely through it.

"As we thundered along, I little thought what stirring times were upon me. We had hardly entered the cut before I saw a woman riding leisurely through it, and with perfect nonchalance, using the center of the track. She was not more than half-way through the cut, and barely a quarter of a mile ahead of me. There was no air in those days. So I whistled 'Down brakes,' and then sounded the warning.

"The woman, hearing the peculiar death-whistle of the locomotive, looked over her shoulder, and saw the train rushing at her. She did not shriek or faint, or give up all hope. Her courage was equal to the emergency. She commenced swinging her riding-whip from one shoulder of her horse to the other, thereby urging him to exert his utmost speed. The whip, and perhaps the shrieking of the steam-whistle, caused the horse to make time, but the iron monster gained on him every moment.

"The quick and nervous whistling caused the passengers to look out of the windows, and when they saw the woman, the wildest excitement ensued.

"Several jumped forward and seized the bell-rope, as if that would help. The boys at the brakes were exerting all their strength, and you bet I was doing all I knew how to stop the train.

"The woman, too, was doing her level best to make that bit of horseflesh rise an unheard-of speed, but all in vain. The locomotive kept gaining on the horse and its rider, and there seemed no further hope.

"Finally there were, perhaps, thirty feet intervening between the cow-catcher and the horse's heels, when, fortunately for the woman, she guided the fleeing horse from the track and endeavored to press him against the wall of the cut, in order that the train might pass by without injury.

"In doing this she was encouraged by Sam Winans, the conductor, who had run forward and out on the locomotive. A few moments more, and the fiery monster poked his nose past the rump of the horse. At this moment Winans threw his whole force against the animal, and held him until the train stopped. The space between the engine and the wall of the cut was very narrow, but the woman's life was saved."

"Say, give us a rest on this escape and accident business," roared Cully, of the B. and O.

"Here, too," joined in Baker, of the Pennsy. "Out our way we kill people by the score."

"What was the woman's name, Cutty?"

"She proved to be a Portland girl on a visit to a schoolmate at one of the smaller stations; a beautiful, dashing, spirited girl, about sixteen."

"I say, what was her name?"

"Well, her name is Mrs. Curry now."

"Whew-w! All right, John, let her out!"

Tounley, of the New York Central, said it was time for a little more romance.

"To begin at the beginning, a young lady in the city of Troy, New York, the daughter of wealthy parents, eloped with a young man named Niles, a railroad engineer, and the twain proceeded to Cleveland, Ohio. They were pursued by an infuriated brother of the young lady, and to avoid detection, after the marriage ceremony had been performed, the young lady arrayed herself in male attire.

"In this disguise, and while selling apples on the street, she passed her brother several times without being recognized. The couple went South, where Niles got an engine on a Southern road. His wife, still keeping up her disguise, shipped with him as fireman. Between Nashville and Chattanooga a shot fired by a highwayman inflicted a serious wound on the engineer, and he was taken to a hospital. His wife followed, and to her careful nursing Niles owes his life.

"When sufficiently recovered to endure the hardships of traveling, they returned to Cleveland. A few months later gold discoveries in Canada attracted them, and the wife accompanied her husband, still in masculine garments. The vicissitudes of her career, exposed to hardships and accidents, were too severe, however, and she died after a brief illness. She wore male attire successfully for ten years. Niles, who now resides at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, is about forty years of age, and does not refer to the heroic devotion of his wife but in terms of the warmest admiration."

"When a certain party sued our company for damages," said a fireman, "engineers from all the roads were summoned to appear at the trial. Among others was Williams, our master mechanic. One of the lawyers asked the question:

"'Can you get an engine up to a car without moving the car; if so, how?'

"A number of engineers answered in various ways, until it came to Williams.

"'Well, sir, I should just get a couple of pinch-bars and pinch her up.'"

"At another time," said Malone, "there was a suit against our road — something about damages for setting fire to some hay. Billy Wilson was a witness, and what he don't know about a locomotive ain't worth knowing. Well, the lawyer for the farmer wanted to have some particular point about the engine explained. Wilson had gone over it two or three times, but couldn't get it through the lawyer. The lawyer finally confessed that he couldn't understand it.

"'I'm not at all surprised,' rejoined Wilson. 'Anybody can become a lawyer, but it requires brains to know a locomotive.'"

"It was during the Fulton County Fair that this happened," said an old-time con, "and extra trains were the order of the day. Our train was the regular passenger running from Galesburg to Rushville, with orders to meet the extra passenger at Canton, then to run to Bryant for No. 20—Kimbal's freight.

"We side-tracked at Canton, and while there the telegraph operator received orders to hold the passenger for No. 20. He started out with the order, and seeing the passenger coming, thought it was Kimbal's freight. He returned, failing to deliver the order—for if it was the freight, the order was useless.

"But it was the passenger, and the operator did not discover his mistake until the passenger came up to the platform and had pulled out again. He ran after the train with the order, but, of course, it was a useless chase. We had orders to run to Bryant and 'hurry up,' and the freight had orders to 'hurry up' to Canton. Both trains were running at full speed! They met on the short curve in the timber, about three miles below Canton.

"They saw nothing of each other until separated by only fifteen rods. Chilson called for brakes, and Brooks, his fireman, jumped off. He reversed his engine, and with one foot against the boiler-head and both hands firmly grasping the throttle, he braced himself for his fate, and stood there until they struck!

"When we picked him up life was not extinct. His face was mashed and his body fearfully scalded. We carried him to a hotel, just across from the depot, and laid him on a cot in the office. The landlord complained that his house was full, but we felt that he was afraid his trade would be temporarily hurt.

"We bore the sufferer to an old vacant house, where he died in great agony in four or five hours. His conductor, baggageman, and brakeman were with him to the last.

"Both engines were smashed up, and two or three passengers were slightly bruised, but I believe the company thought poor Chilson was the greatest loss.

"Chilson refused to jump; he had often been heard to say that it was an engineer's duty to stand by his engine under all circumstances."

"I think," said Sam Wallack feelingly, "that we have as brave men, men as much devoted to duty, all about us as those who have been celebrated in prose and verse."

"Say, Doc," asks one, "what was the name of that locomotive you run on the B. and M. road, years ago? I heard that you were on that road a while."

"Why," replied Doc, "that was the old 'Ottumwa.' She had a four-foot six-inch wheel. You may talk about your rides and your fast time, but just let me tell you what happened to me once on that road.

"Well, I was put onto the Ottumwa one day, and, as the boys told me she wasn't very slow, thought I would try her a string or two. My conductor came around and says: 'This time has got to be made, and you'll have to let her out to do it.'

"So I started. She moved off quite easy, and after we got out of town I let her out a little. I had been jogging along I thought about on time when Hilton, my conductor, came over, and says he:

"'Old man, you will find by the time you get up the next grade that you won't have much time left to get to Crow's Junction.'

"So I gave her another notch, and when I got to the top of the grade I see, about a mile ahead, a good half-mile of solid beef. I took out my watch, and saw that I was forty-five minutes late.

"Says I to myself, 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' and I told my fireman to shove in some more diamonds. I gave her a little of what goes through the boiler and opened her feed-box. When we passed through the beef it was all ready for the butcher. I cut it up to order. Superintendent said I was too much of a butcher."

"You don't mean to say, Doc, that you went down the grade so fast that you killed the stock?"

"No, I don't say so, but I know the foreman of the roundhouse ordered some of the wipers to drive off that steer that stood by the coal-chute. He mistook the Ottumwa for a steer. They took eleven skins off the pilot!

"I've got to finish this packing now, boys, but that's true."

"When Doc left the road here," said Stedman, "I took his engine, the old 51. That locomotive could drink more, and do her work under it, than any critter I ever drove. But I never could get her by Jim Aiken's, at Mendota, until she had her brine. Doc had her pretty well trained. I tried her one day, working her wide open, with one hundred and fifty pounds of steam, but she stalled at Jim's sure. Couldn't get her by until we had our brine!"

"There are little incidents occurring on the road," said Charlie Cossom, "as well worth the telling as the latest murder. A little girl wandered on a track in Delaware as a freight-train of nineteen cars was approaching. As it turned the sharp top of the grade opposite St. George's, the engineer saw the child for the first time, applied the brakes, and reversed his engine. But it was too late to slacken its speed in time, and the poor baby got up and, laughing, ran to meet it.

"The engineer told the conductor that if he could jump off the engine and, running ahead, pick up the child before the en-

gine reached her, he might save her life, though he would risk his own.

"The con did so. The engine was within one foot of the child when he secured it, and they were both saved. I would not run the same risk of saving a child again, by way of experiment, for a million, for nine out of ten might not escape.

"He took the child to the lane, and she walked to her home. The honest engineer, having finished his day's run, sat down the next morning and wrote a homely letter to the father of the child, 'in order that it may be more carefully watched in future,' and thanking God 'that himself and the baby's mother slept tranquilly last night, and were spared the lifelong pangs of remorse.'"

Then Bill Donovan said:

"I formed the acquaintance of Tom Hoyle in the air, at an altitude, I should conjecture, of about five thousand feet. We were sent up as advance agents by a locomotive that subsequently retired from business, so when we returned to mother earth both employer and employment were gone.

"I was not allowed the pleasure of a formal introduction to Mr. Hoyle during that brief journey, but having been picked up in his embrace, I have always hugged the impression that he had a hold on my friendship for life. He was an English engineer, or 'driver,' as they are called there, and I had been allowed a few miles on the stoker's seat, in order to watch Hoyle at his work. He was a little over anxious to make a good display of his skill and the power of his engine, and his original ideas exploded, with the result as hinted above.

"We were carried to a farmhouse near by, where care and attention were extended. It was during this forced confinement that I learned much about driving engines. Hoyle would get his splinters arranged comfortably, and sometimes go on for hours, in this way:

"'When a man has a liking for a thing, it's as good as being clever. In a very short time I became one of the best drivers on the line. I took a pride in it, and liked it. No, I didn't know much about the engine, scientifically, as you call it; but I could put her to rights if anything went out of gear—that is to say, if there was nothing broken—but I couldn't have explained how the steam worked inside.

"'Starting an engine is just like drawing a drop of gin. You turn a handle, and off she goes; then you turn the handle the other way, put on the brakes, and you stops her. There's not much more in it, so far. It's no good being scientific and knowing the principle of the engine inside; no good at all.

"'Fitters who know all the ins and outs of the engine make the worst of drivers. That's well known. They know too much. It's just as I've heard of a man with regard to his inside; if he knew what a complicated machine it is, he would never eat or drink, or dance, or run, or do anything, for fear of bursting something. So it is with fitters. But we who are not troubled with such thoughts, we go ahead.

"'But starting an engine is one thing, and driving of her is another. Any one, a child, almost, can turn on steam and turn it off again; but it ain't every one that can keep an engine well on the road, no more than it ain't every one who can ride a horse properly. It is much the same thing. If you gallop a horse right off for a mile or two, you take the wind out of him, and for the next mile or two you must let him trot or walk.

"'So it is with an engine. If you put too much steam on to get over the ground at a start, you exhaust the boiler, and then you'll have to crawl along till your fresh water boils up. The great thing in driving is to go steady, never to let your water get too low nor your fire too low. It's the same with a kettle. If you fill it up when it's about half empty, it soon comes to a boil again.

"'You should never make spurts unless you are detained and lose time. You should go up an incline and down an incline at the same pace. Sometimes a driver will waste his steam, and when he comes to a hill he has scarcely enough to drag him up.

"'When you're in a train that goes by fits and starts, you may be sure there is a bad driver on the engine. That kind of driving frightens passengers dreadfully. When the train, after rattling along, suddenly slacks speed when it isn't near a station—it may be in the middle of a tunnel—the passengers think there is danger. But generally it's because the driver had exhausted his steam.'

"Barney Butz, in his day—some sixty or more years ago—was the oldest locomotive engineer in the United States. He ran an engine on the Reading. In 1847 he was running an engine from Parryville to Weatherly, the 'planes' being then in

operation. The cars were drawn up to the planes by a stationary engine.

"They tell a good story of Barney's readiness in case of an emergency. One day his engine would not steam well, and he was likely to be overtaken by a passenger-train before he could reach the switch. Seeing a good-sized porker beside the track, he jumped from the engine — the train was moving slowly—seized the pig, cut its throat, and stuffed it into the furnace. The fat of the pig was better than kindling wood, and in a very short time Barney and train were out of danger."

CHAPTER IV.

Hank's Last Drink.

ANOTHER old-time member of the club—an old eagle-eye—lit his pipe and reeled off this one:

"I was running on a Western road from, let us say, Beeville to Goldsburg. My mother lived at Beeville. At Goldsburg I had the sweetest little wife in the world, and a baby the very image of its dad. I had always had a dollar or two put by for a rainy day, and the boys spoke of me as an odd kind of a man.

"To be shut up with an engine, watching with all your eyes and heart and soul, don't make a conscientious man talkative, and I never squandered my leisure spinning yarns and listening to railway jokes in the round-house. My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her 'Joe.'

"I never belonged to any of the railway clubs, and never should if it hadn't been for Granby.

"Granby was a nephew of our division superintendent, and it's a failing with men of the road that we like to be noticed by the fellows at headquarters.

"Granby was a showy fellow, and often rode with me. He had a good opinion of me, and, so far as I know, we were good friends. Once he said to me:

"'You ought to belong to the Railway Scientific Club, Hank.'

"'Never heard of it,' said I.

"'We meet once a fortnight,' he replied, 'and have a jolly good time. We want practical, thinking men of your sort, and I'll propose you, if you like.'

"I was fond of such things, and I had ideas that I fancied might be worth something. But the engineer don't have many nights or days to himself, and the club would have one evening a fortnight from Joe, I said.

"'I will ask her. If she likes it; yes.'

"'Ask who?' he said.

"'Joe,' I said.

"'If every man had asked his wife, every man's wife would have said, "Can't spare you, my dear," and we should have no club, at all,' said Granby.

"But I made no answer. At home I told Joe. She said:

"'I shall miss you, Hank; but you do love such things, and if Granby belongs to it, they must be superior men.'

"I said yes, and Granby proposed me. In a few weeks I went with him to the rooms. The real business of the evening was the supper.

"I had always been a temperate man. I did not know what effect wine would have on me. After so many glasses, I wanted to talk; and after so many more, I did.

"I seemed like somebody else, the words were so ready. My ideas came out and were listened to. I made sharp hits and indulged in repartee, told stories, and even came to puns. I heard somebody say: 'Granby, by George, that's a man worth having. I thought him dull at first.' Yet I knew it was better to be quiet Hank, with his ten words an hour, than the wine-made wit I was.

"I was sure of it when, three months after, I stumbled up-stairs, to find Joe waiting for me with her baby on her breast.

"'You've been deceiving me,' said Joe; 'I suspected it, but wasn't sure. A scientific club couldn't smell like a barroom.'

"'Which means that I do,' said I.

"'And look like one,' said Joe as she locked herself and baby up in the spare-room.

"One night I was dressed in my Sunday suit, ready to go to the club, when Joe stood before me.

"'Hank,' she said, 'I never had a fault to find with you before. You've been kind and good and loving always; but I should be sorry we ever met if you go on in this way. Don't ask what I mean—you know.'

"'It's only club night,' I said.

"'It will grow,' said she.

"Then she put her arms around my neck.

"'Hank,' she said, 'do you think a thing so much like a bolted and strapped down demon as steam is is fit to put into the hands of a drunken man? And some day,

mark my words, not only club night, but all the days of the week, will be the same. I have often heard you wonder at the feelings of an engineer who has about the same as murdered a trainful of people, and you'll know if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand and a clear head have been your blessing all these years. Don't throw them away, Hank. If you don't care for my love, don't ruin yourself.'

"My little Joe! She spoke from her heart, and I bent over and kissed her.

"'Don't be afraid, child. I'll never pain you again.'

"I meant it; but at twelve o'clock that night I felt that I had forgotten my promise and my resolution.

"I couldn't get home to Joe. I made up my mind to sleep on the club sofa, and leave the place for good the next day. Already I felt my brain reel as it had never done before.

"In an hour I was in a kind of stupor. It was morning. A waiter stood ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin on his face. My heart seemed ready to burst; my hand trembled. I looked at my watch. I had only just five minutes to reach the depot!

"Joe's words came to my mind. Was I fit to take charge of an engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was, I only caught my hat and rushed away. I was just in time.

"My locomotive glistened in the sun. The cars were filling rapidly. From my seat I could hear the people bidding each other good-by, and promising to write and come again. Among them was an old gentleman I knew by sight. He was one of the shareholders. He was bidding two timid girls good-by.

"'Good-by, Kitty; good-by, Lue,' I heard him say; 'don't be nervous. This is the safest train on the line, and Hank is the most careful engineer. I would not be afraid to trust any mortal to his keeping. Nothing could happen wrong with Hank at the throttle.'

"I said: 'We'll get through it somehow, and Joe shall never talk to me again. After all, it was easy enough.' I reeled as I spoke. I got the signal. We were off.

"Five hours out and five hours back again. I knew now that on the last run I should be myself again. I saw a flutter, and never guessed what it was until we had passed the down train at the wrong place. Two minutes more, and we should have had a collision. Somebody told me, and I laughed. I heard the shareholder say respectfully:

"'Of course, Hank, my boy, you know what you are about?'

"Then I was alone, and wondering whether I should go faster or slower. I did something, and the cars rushed on at a fearful rate. The same man who had spoken to me before was standing near me. I heard the question:

"'How many miles an hour are we making?' I didn't know.

"I was trying to slacken the engine's speed. I could not remember what I should do. Was it this or that—faster or slower? I was playing with the engine like a child.

"Suddenly there was a horrible roar—a crash! I was flung somewhere. I was in the water. By a miracle, I was sobered, not hurt. I gained the shore. I stood upon the ground between the track and the river's edge—and gazed at my work.

"The engine was in fragments, and the cars in splinters. The dead and dying were strewn around—men and women and children, old age and youth. There were groans and shrieks of despair. The maimed cried out in pain; the uninjured bewailed their dead; and a voice, unheard by any other, was in my ear, whispering 'Murder!'

"The news had gone to Beeville, and people came thronging down to find their lost ones. Searching for an old man's daughter, I came to a place under the trees, and found five bodies lying there, all in their rigid horror—an old woman, a young one, a baby, and two tiny children. Was it fancy—was it pure fancy, born of my anguish? They looked like—they were—my mother, my wife, and my children—dead!

"How did they get on the train? What chance had brought this about? I groaned—I screamed—I clasped my hands—I tore my hair. I gazed in the good old face of her who gave me birth, on the dear features of my wife, on my innocent children. I called them by name. There was no answer—there never could be!

"Then I heard a whistle! Up the track thundered another train! Its red eyes glared upon me! I threw myself before it! I felt it crush me to atoms!

"'His head is extremely hot,' said somebody.

"I opened my eyes and saw my wife.

"'How do you feel?' she asked.

"I was so rejoiced and astonished by the sight of her that I could not speak at first. She repeated the question.

"'I must be crushed to pieces,' said I, 'for the train went over me; but I feel no pain.'

"'There he goes about that train again,' said my wife.

"Why, I tried to move. There was nothing the matter with me. I was in my own room. Opposite me was a crib in which my child was asleep. My wife and child were safe. Was I delirious, or what could it be?

"'Joe,' I cried, 'tell me what has happened.'

"'It's nine o'clock,' said Joe. 'You came home in such a state from the club that I couldn't wake you. You weren't fit to manage steam, and risk people's lives, so I kept you home.'

"Joe began to cry.

"It was only a dream—only an awful dream—but I had lived through it as though it were a reality.

"'Is there a Bible in the house, Joe?' I asked.

"'Are we heathens?' asked Joe.

"'Give it to me this moment, Joe.'

"She brought it, and I put my hand on it and took the oath. What had happened should never occur again.

"Have I kept it?

"Yes, and again, yes! And I resigned from the club. Home was the only place for me when I wasn't in the cab."

(To be continued.)

SAW THE "IRON HOSS."

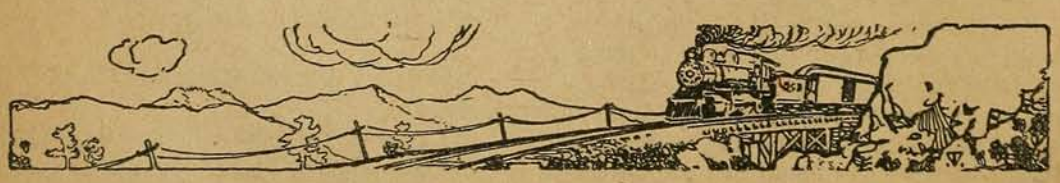
BY SNODGRASS, JUNIOR.

WHEN we got to the depo, I went around to get a look at the iron hoss. Thunderation! it wasn't no more like a hoss than a meeting-house. If I was going to describe the animule, I'd say it looked like—well, it looked like—darned if I know what it looked like, unless it was a regular he devil, snorting fire and brimstone out of his nostrils, and puffing out black smoke all around, and pantin' and he'vin' and swellin', and chaurn' up red-hot coals like they was good. A fellow stood in a little houselike, feedin' him all the time; but the more he got the more he wanted, and the more he blowed and snorted.

After a spell, the feller catched him by the tail, and, great Jerico! he set up a yell that split the ground for more'n a mile and a half, and the next minnit I felt my legs a waggin', and found myself at t' other end of the string o' vehickles. I wasn't *skeered,* but I had three chills and a stroke of palsy in less than five minnits, and my face had a curious brownish-yeller-green-bluish color in it, which was perfectly unaccountable. "Well," says I, "comment is perfectly super*fluous*."

I took a seat in the wagin, or car, as they call it—a consarned long steamboat lookin' thing, with a string of pews down each side, big enough to hold about a man and a half. Just as I sat down, the hoss hollered twice, and started off like a streak, pitchen' me head first at the stomach of a big Irishwoman, and she gave a tremenjous grunt and then ketched me by the head and crammed me under the seat; and when I got out and staggered to another seat, the cars was a jumpin' and tearing along at nigh onto forty thousand miles an hour, and everybody was bobbin' up and down like a mill saw, and every wretch of 'em had his mouth wide open and looked like they was laffin, but I couldn't hear nothin', the cars kept up such a rackit.

Bimeby they stopped all at once, and then such another laff busted out o' them passengers as I never hear'n before. Laffin' at *me,* too, that's what made me mad, and I was mad as *thunder,* too. I ris up, and, shakin' my fist at 'em, says I, "Ladies and gentlemen, look a-here! I'm a peaceable stranger"—and away the dern train went like smallpox was in town, jerking me down in the seat with a whack like I'd been thrown from the moon, and their cussed mouths flopped open and the fellers went to bobbin' up and down again. I put on an air of magnimous contempt like, and took no more notice of 'em, and, very naturally, went to bobbin' up and down myself.—*From an old Railroad Scrap Book.*



Passes of the Past.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK CARTER.

LIVES of Great Men all remind us, they could ride free every time.
With such precedents before us, paying fare seems but a crime.
Let us, then, be up and doing, bound to get our passes back;
Show the railroads that in grafting, we have never lost the knack.

—*Jingles of a Joy-Rider.*

During the Five Years, Since the Hepburn Bill Became a Law, the Passenger Revenues of American Railroads Have Increased Fifteen Per Cent.

FIVE years have elapsed since the cruel and inhuman Hepburn Law, taking a strangle hold on the railroads, compelled them to forego their pleasing practise of handing out passes to all comers, and, instead, to accept real money for the privilege of hauling the citizens of this fair land. In those five years more free-born Americans have stayed at home than in any other ten years since railroads were invented.

Staying at home aggravates, rather than stifles, *wanderlust,* yet Time mercifully mellows all sorrows. After five years, it is possible to contemplate the passing of the pass with outward composure, though not without inward emotion. Let us, then, take from the bureau-drawer the little pass that was cut off in its prime, rendered null and void, and hark back to the blessed time that lithographed formula recalls.

What delightful memories mingle with the odor of lavender flowers in which that pass is embalmed! What visions of joy-rides from coast to coast, and from lakes to gulf, it conjures up! And it was all so simple and inexpensive.

To be seen at the ticket-window in the good old days buying railroad transportation was equivalent to making public confession that you controlled no vote but your own, that you had no social aspirations, no political ambitions, and no commercial standing, for everybody who was anybody traveled on passes, and they wanted everybody else to know it.

The Sign of the Elect.

To possess a pass was equal to a place in the four hundred. The only distinction between the common herd of the eminently respectable and the elect was that the latter carried a wallet full of annuals instead of traveling on trip-passes. One rung higher up the ladder, Pullman passes were added to the annuals. Those who really knew the ropes, also carried a dining-car frank, and cracked a joke with the porter in lieu of a tip.

In the good old days before 1906, a certain railroad out of New York City ran a Grafters' Limited. It was a special train to the State capital to accommodate pass-holders. It is said that tickets were so rare on that train that when the conductor chanced to discover a passenger with that form of transportation his hand trembled so that he punched holes in his thumb instead of the pasteboard. Then he would hurry

on to tell the flagman, the head brakeman, and the baggageman that:

"That red-headed, speckle-faced cuss in the third seat on the thumb-hand side in the smoker is ridin' on a ticket. Say, if business keeps on pickin' up this way the company ought to be able to stand a raise for us fellers."

Then the trainmen to whom these sensational disclosures were made would parade back and forth through the smoking-car to gape sidelong at the speckle-faced phenomenon, while "Peanuts" fell over his own feet in his haste to reach that gentleman's side.

Without a moment's delay, "Peanuts" proceeded to find a diamond ring right under the ticket-holder's feet, a half-interest in which, he declared with unparalleled fairness, belonged to the latter. In the excess of his desire to play fair, "Peanuts" wound up with an offer to renounce his own claim to the find for the small sum of one dollar. If the ticket-holder did not fall to that, there was the short-change racket to close a transaction in figs or literature; or, as a last resort, there was the shell game.

Oh, it was a great distinction to travel on a ticket in the old days!

One Railroad's List.

Since it was furnished to the Interstate Commerce Commission by the Boston and Maine Railroad, in 1891, as a résumé of the various kinds of persons to which that road was in the habit of furnishing free transportation, the following may be taken as an official deadhead classification:

1. Sick, necessitous or indigent persons.
2. Gentlemen, long eminent in the public service.
3. The proprietors of large summer hotels and large boarding-houses.
4. Wives and other members of employees' families.
5. Agents of ice companies and milk contractors doing business on the line of the road.
6. The higher officers of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts.
7. Railroad commissioners of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts.
8. Members of the railroad committees of the legislatures,
9. Trustees under mortgages on the property of the corporation.
10. Complimentary passes to persons whose good will is important to the corporation and who, so long as the general practise of the railroads remains what it now is, might justly take offense if they received from the Boston and Maine different treatment from that received from other roads.

With a free-list that ran the whole gamut from those who could not pay to those who did not want to pay, it was almost impossible to escape railroad passes prior to 1906.

Going the Limit.

As a matter of fact, the President of the United States, everybody connected with the Federal government, Cabinet ministers, heads of departments, Supreme Court justices, circuit judges, United States marshals, clerks of the Supreme Court, Governors, secretaries of state, auditors, treasurers, attorneys-general, State judges, members of Congress, members of Legislatures, clerks, sergeants-at-arms, doorkeepers, messengers, capitol policemen, aldermen and municipal officers of every degree, shippers and others who could influence in any way a shipment of a car-load of freight, or who thought they could influence it, together with their relatives and friends and friends of their friends, were all freely provided with passes.

An authoritative pen-picture of actual conditions is to be found in a letter written in 1894 by Second Vice-President J. T. Brooks of the Pennsylvania Railroad to Joseph H. Choate, when Mr. Choate was presiding at a convention to revise the constitution of New York. Said Mr. Brooks:

> There was a time when public officials were content to receive occasionally trip-passes for themselves. They have learned to ask for passes for themselves, for members of their families and for political adherents and others. They not only ask for passes over the lines controlled by the officers to whom they apply, but they ask for passes over connecting lines to distant and remote points, good at all seasons of the year. They not only ask for trip-passes for themselves and their friends, but they ask for annuals for themselves and their friends; and no matter how many passes are granted to a single individual, if a single request is refused, the enmity of that official is aroused and his vengeance is exercised if he has an opportunity to do so. I have known a member of the Supreme Court of the United States to apply for free transportation, the money value of which in a single instance was between two hundred and three hundred dollars.

Mr. Brooks might have added that they always got them, too!

A committee of the Iowa Legislature, in an exhaustive report on passes submitted in 1882, declared that the legislative pass was regarded as a "heritage." Any interference in the enjoyment of this heritage was regarded as unwarranted presumption on the part of the railroads and was resented as such.

When Marked "N. G."

The Chicago and Alton found this out when, in 1901, it had the effrontery to send members of the Illinois Legislature passes stamped: "Not good in compartment-cars," "Not good on the Alton Limited," "Not good locally between Chicago and Joliet."

Naturally, these galling restrictions roused indignation in the breasts of the statesmen. They immediately started an investigation of all wrecks on the Alton for the preceding six months, but thought better of it when passes commensurate with the dignity of statesmen were substituted for the offensive pasteboards.

Every once in a while an upstart railroad had to be taught its place. One such railroad in Ohio had the impudence, not to say indiscretion, to refuse a pass to the chief of police of one of the largest cities in the State. Immediately thereafter, trains passing through that city were frequently stopped and their crews were arrested for violating the ordinances against whistling, bell-ringing, exceeding the speed limit, blocking crossings, and similar crimes.

These stoppages caused so much delay and confusion that the service was demoralized. Observing this, the chief of police remarked that he "rather guessed there'd be something doing in the way of passes before long." And he was right.

One of the softest snaps Congress ever struck came about through the indiscretion of the Pennsylvania Railroad in encroaching on a public park when it built its old station in Washington. Every year an inquiry was started as to the right of the railroad to occupy a part of the government's land. This continued until the Pennsylvania came down with a liberal bunch of passes for all hands. Then an adjournment was taken until more transportation was needed.

Of course, the statesmen could not ride on all the passes thus obtained, nor could they even distribute them profitably among their constituents; so they sold a number of them to scalpers. This income, added to their mileage allowance (and they always traveled on passes), helped out considerably.

Political bosses in Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Trenton, Newark, and New York fully appreciated the convenience of a pass as a ready means of raising cash in time of need. They, too, obtained passes in bunches, which they sold for spot cash to the scalpers.

Those who did not have even the puny pull required to land a pass on their own account, had only to apply to an alderman or member of the Legislature to get all they wanted, for, curiously enough, the aldermanic pull seemed to outreach most others. Business men and even railroad employees learned to go to the alderman for free transportation they could not obtain for themselves. In at least one notable instance, the aldermanic pull was so overworked that the railroads had to combine in self-defense to limit the number of passes issued to any one alderman in a given period.

Some Who Wouldn't Ride Free.

On the other hand, there were a few eccentric individuals who did not appreciate the privilege of being able to bestow free rides in other people's cars. A Chicago alderman resigned in disgust, in 1902, because he was pestered to death by constituents in quest of railroad passes. He said there were never fewer than fifteen daily applicants for passes at his office, while the number not infrequently rose to forty.

But there were actually politicians who would not accept a pass.

The most remarkable case was that of Ansel Bascom, a member of the New York Legislature in 1846, who would not even accept a pass for himself from the Albany and Rochester Railroad, but returned it with a letter to the president of the road, saying that he went to Albany to represent the people, and not the Albany and Rochester Railroad; that it was part of his duty to watch the railroads to see that they did no wrong, and, in consequence, it would be a fraud on the State to take the pass.

Bascom's Spartan self-denial made him a public character for a brief season, but he soon dropped into oblivion. Think of what he might have become had he but helped himself to the good things in his way!

Still, you never can tell! In the neighboring State of Massachusetts there was a legislator who was not so self-sacrificing as Bascom, yet when he went before the people for reelection he was defeated. As he said afterward, he could not understand how it happened, "because he always got passes for all his constituents who asked for them."

Etiquette of the Pass.

The etiquette of the pass was rigid. It varied according to the class of deadhead involved, and wo to those who violated its traditions. In the first place, there was the great army of deadheads who traveled without any form of paper transportation at all. This army was made up of railroad employees in the days when it was considered bad form to work more than one consecutive week on one division at one time, and the job-hunters always made long jumps. With them the accepted formula was to take up a position near the stove at one end of the car. When the conductor came along, he was addressed as follows:

"Ever show any favors to railroad men?"

In reply to this, the conductor stared stonily at vacancy and hurried on the first pass-holder, whose transportation he lifted with an air of austere abstraction—that is, if the would-be deadhead by the stove was the real thing. In the good old days you could tell a railroad man by the cut of his jib as far as you could see him. The conductor didn't have to look at the applicant for the courtesies of the road. If he wasn't a genuine railroad man, something unpleasant occurred in the vicinity of the stove. But let us draw the veil.

How Requests Were Worded.

For a Federal judge to ask in the first person singular for a railroad pass would not only have violated the etiquette in such cases made and provided, but it would have stained the ermine to an extent that would have kept the dry-cleaners working overtime. No, indeed! The private secretary or a clerk wrote a courtly epistle in the third person in the judge's behalf, thus:

> His Honor, Judge Graft, will spend a portion of his vacation in California. He has already been kindly supplied with an annual for himself; but, if the rules of the company permit, he would be glad to have the courtesy extended to his family of eight persons who will accompany him.

For a Governor, this form was all to the sand-dome:

> His Excellency, Governor Dedhed, wishes to take a trip to the seashore with his wife, four daughters, three sons, a niece, two sisters-in-law, five maids, a valet, nurse, governess and coachman. He has been tendered a private car on the N. G. Line, but would prefer a special train over your route. Kindly send me transportation for the governor and twenty from Sockettoum to New York and return.

The way not to do it was beautifully exemplified by the prosecuting attorney in a Western State, who wrote a long, threatening letter to the president of a railroad company reminding him that he had favored the judges in his territory with annuals, whereas "I have daily to grant the favors of the law of a great State for your railroad. Your men are all liable to prosecution for running trains on Sunday, also for letting trains stop across public streets and in other ways."

Impossible to Reckon Pass Values.

How could such a man be given a pass? Or, how could the lieutenant-governor of another State get what he wanted when he had the bad taste to write:

> In appointing my committees, I have favored the railroads, believing that the interests of the state demanded it.

What possessed the chairman of a campaign committee, in asking for passes for twenty-one men to canvass the State, and hold out the hope that, in event of success, "we may be able to do you some substantial favors"?

No one ever knew, nor will any one ever know, the money value of free transportation given away by the railroads. No railroad report ever referred to the subject, possibly no railroad management has ever kept any statistics, for a contemplation thereof surely would have given the board of directors several kinds of shock.

Search all the reports of all the State railroad commissions from cover to cover, and you will not find so much as the words "passes" or "free transportation," to say nothing of any information about the quantity issued. The Interstate Commerce Commission's voluminous literature is silent on the subject.

The nearest approach to definite information from any authoritative source is to be found in such fragmentary assertions as the distribution of free transportation by the Pennsylvania Railroad to the value of a million dollars a year in the Keystone State alone; that a certain railroad in Pennsylvania distributed 2,500 passes for a single State convention; that a Western railroad president boasted that he had been able to effect a saving of a thousand dollars a day merely by regulating the issue of passes. Not *stopping,* just *regulating!*

It is related that a Philadelphia banker, who has been a member of the board of directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad for many years, assured a group of friends that the cost of deadhead traffic to the company from 1850 to 1906 almost equaled the aggregate cost of the tunnels under the Hudson River and the new terminal in New York City; and that the deadhead passenger, freight, and express service to Federal office-holders and their families had been not less than $25,000,000.

In the absence of any definite statistics, the next best thing is an estimate by an expert. To secure this, I asked the president of an Eastern line, one of the pioneers in the anti-pass movement, what the deadheads used to cost the railroads of the nation.

He said that if all free transportation had been paid for, passenger revenues would have been increased fifteen per cent.

In the ten years before the Hepburn Law went into effect, the passenger revenues of all the railroads aggregated $3,538,556,921. Fifteen per cent of this would amount to $530,763,538, or an average of $53,076,353 a year. This would have paid five per cent interest on an investment of $1,061,527,060; and, no doubt, it would have been welcome, for as late as 1909 one-third of the railroads in the United States paid no dividends. To put it another way, the cost of deadhead transportation would have built and equipped 13,269 miles of railroad at an average cost of $40,000 a mile, which is a liberal rate.

Every One in Five a Deadhead.

This estimate would seem to be very conservative, from the fact that, in 1905, when the deadhead was in full possession of all his perquisites, passenger revenues on all railroads aggregated $486,420,902, while two years later, in 1907, after the rigors of the Hepburn Law had set in, they were $574,718,578. This extraordinary jump of $88,297,676, or eighteen per cent, in yearly earnings in so short a period would seem to indicate something more than natural increase in traffic.

This natural increase would be more than offset by the elimination of the mere joy-riders. When they had to pay for every mile they traveled, people only wandered from their firesides when driven by grim necessity, whereas traveling on passes used to be cheaper than staying at home.

It is doubtless well within bounds to say that, formerly, one passenger in every five was a deadhead. That is, in 1902, when the average number of passengers on a train was forty-two, at least eight were deadheads.

Passenger earnings, in 1909, aggregated $578,243,601. Fifteen per cent of this sum—the amount the deadheads would have been entitled to under the old régime—would be $86,736,540. Now, $86,000,000 is worth saving, a fact which is generally recognized by the statesmen at Washington. At the last session of Congress, no fewer than eight bills were introduced to compel railroads to carry free, as of old, various classes of deadheads, ranging from war veterans and milkmen to insurance agents.

That makes a good start. Even with no increase in the rate of legislation, eight bills a session will soon get us all back within the free-transportation fold again.

TELEPHONES ON THE N. Y. C. AND ST. L.

THE telephone has been substituted for the telegraph in transmitting all train orders over the Cleveland division of the Nickel Plate from Bellevue to Conneaut, 132 miles, the busiest division between Buffalo and Chicago.

With the exception of the twenty-five miles between Cleveland and South Lorain, and a short distance in New York State, this telephone train-despatching is done over a single track. To successfully operate the large number of trains which this road handles, with the many sidings where the meeting point must be made, is not an easy undertaking. — *Railway and Locomotive Engineering.*

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL.

BY EMMET F. HARTE.

Honk and Horace Invade the Inner Circle of Valhalla's Most Exclusive Set.

WE couldn't get anything to suit us in Valhalla, so we sent East for our dress suits. They were an interminable time coming but — excuse me. Perhaps I'd better elucidate a little.

Certain ladies of Valhalla hobnobbed and instituted a Social Circle ere order had been restored from the chaos of getting the town started. Who was who and what was what had been determined to a gnat's eyebrow, long before the first city collector had succeeded in raking enough tax money to pay a single municipal salary.

There were teas, socials, *soirées, musicales,* card parties, linen showers, and receptions in honor of Miss Goldie McScad, from Chicago, etc., almost before we got the police force properly clothed in new uniforms and their beats established.

But Honk and I had naught to do with the social movement in those early days. The bright roster of the elect was as guiltless of our names as Erin is free from snakes. When they made up the Blue Book, we must have been away on our vacation. No mention was made of either of us, living or dead.

Honk has often remarked, in the snug comfort and peace and quiet of the Medicine House, how foolish it seemed to him for men to engage in such futile pastimes as tea and bridge and the vapid and innocuous wishy-wash of drawing-rooms, when no law of religion or state demanded it. Honk was always somewhat opinionated on the subject.

"The idea!" he was wont to say. "The idea, my dear Horace, is in itself ridiculous to a well-balanced mind. The truly great men of all ages, from the time when the shaggy cave-dweller laid in wait with a boulder as big as a barrel for the megalosaurus which was to furnish him his winter meat, down to this busy day when we've harnessed and subjugated fire, water and air, the sensible ones, Horace, have never frittered away any time at tea-sipping, tiddledy-winks or tittle-tattle. There's nothing to it."

"Yet it has a devoted *clièntele,*" I would remark, for the sake of argument. "Society, with its ramifications and diversions, furnishes pleasant occupation for thousands of people who are more or less unhampered by brains."

However, this kind of talk was all prior to the Public Library agitation. When the time came that the doors of Society swung open just the tiniest mite, we were wedging our way in just the same as the Newriches and all the rest of the Would-be's.

To return to the Public Library. It has become the rage, as the fashion-hints column says, among towns throughout this Western country, as soon as they've spread out enough to sport a couple of side streets, to select a site, vote a fund, and then write to a man—this man resents publicity or I'd tell you his name—for ten or twenty-five thousand dollars, with which to build a square-shaped building with a dome on it, in which to store a lot of "six-best-sellers."

I do not decry this. It helps out those who sell books, those who write 'em, and those who can't afford to buy 'em. Not to mention the bricklayers and carpenters who build the building. Therefore, I'm for it, strictly.

So Valhalla decided to perpetrate a Public Library. The society women of the city promulgated the thing. A mass meeting

was held pretty soon, just to let everybody in who happened to have a dollar or two to spare, whether they had any social status or not, and enthusiasm kindled like a kitchen in which gasoline is used for motive power.

Every opportunity having its opportunist, Honk arose *en masse,* at this mass meeting and made a silver-tongued speech that would have won him the nomination by acclamation if there had been one to win. I recall that he said, in part:

"Gazing, in golden retrospect, I see again a slope of flower-flecked meadow and hear the rustling of corn-fairies' wings; I seem to sit, once more, a barefoot boy, beneath the old beech tree—or was it a chestnut—with my well-thumbed book, where the sun traced wonderful designs in light and shadow on the warm earth while I followed breathlessly the fortunes of Tom Brown at Rugby or thrilled at the quaint philosophy of Robinson Cr-rusoe the lonely, dreaming on his desert isle.

"Once again, I walk with Æsop, prowl with Al Raschid, scout with Deerslayer or hide in Nottingham Wood, with Robin's merry men. Ah, yes, my friends—" and so on. It was great!

You could have heard a pin drop. No, I don't mean a coupling pin, either. After he had let us down gradually, out of the upper strata where the gods gamboled and pelted one another with clouds on the pinnacle of Olympus, we held an ovation and had handshakes served in all the different styles.

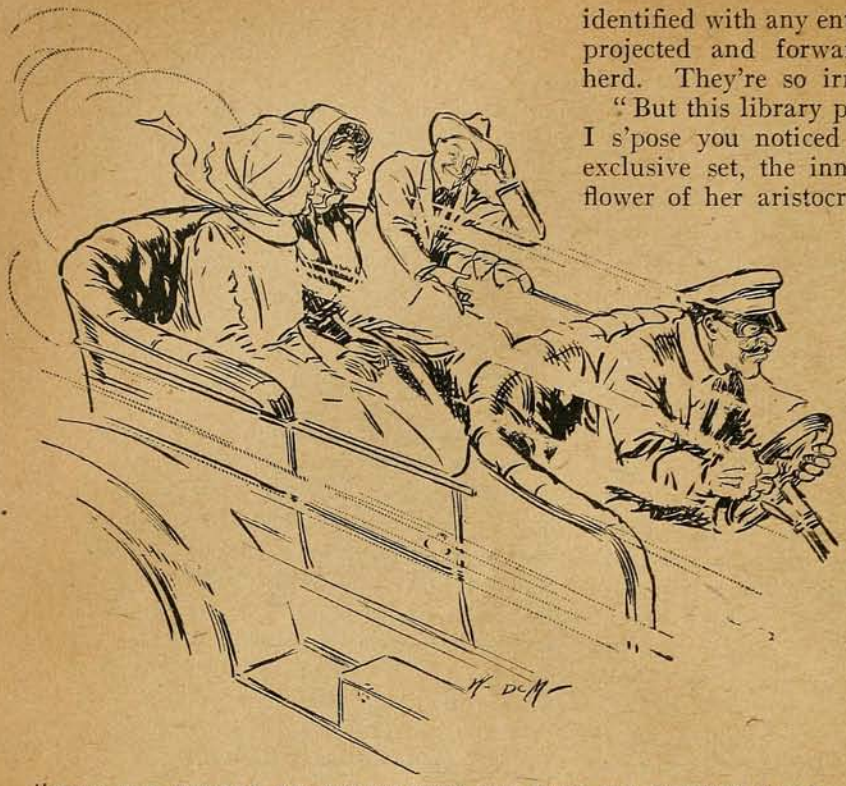
Mrs. Dupont-Skaggs, Miss Dupont-Skaggs and Miss Stella Dupont-Skaggs, Mrs. Farleighbridge, Mrs. Allyn, the Misses Arbuthnot and others goo-goo-ed over Honk fit to make you mutter in your sleep.

"My deah Mistah Simpson," gurgled Mrs. Farleighbridge, with a high-reach handshake that looked like "London Bridge is falling down, falling down, fall—" beg pardon! "Oh, my deah Mistah Simpson! Why haven't we met befoah? Youah address was just lovely! Just too sweet!"

Honk bowed and smirked. Then he'd straighten up to reach for somebody else's jeweled hand that was being dangled above his head. I heard one beautiful, star-eyed dame call him "Mr. Simpkins" and he stood for it. It was all some stir.

After this flutter, there was a chorus of motions, amendments, points of order and appeals from the decision of the chair. Everybody talked at once, but, by paying the closest attention, I gathered that a half

"OTHERS GOO-GOO-ED OVER HONK FIT TO MAKE YOU MUTTER IN YOUR SLEEP."



"HONK WAS HOLDING HIS HAT ON WITH ONE HAND AND CHATTING GAILY WITH THE OTHER."

dozen committees had been appointed, a permanent organization effected and that everybody who "amounted to a dang," as some rural poet has said, had been elected to an office of some kind, if only secretary to the sergeant-at-arms or third assistant vice-president *pro tem.*

Honk was high, ten, and thirty in the tournament. He was in great form throughout. It was Mr. Simpson this and Mr. Simpson that. "Our most progressive and public-spirited citizen, Mr. Simpson," was named on such-and-such a committee. Mrs. Fairleighbridge and Miss Dupont-Skaggs were also on the same committee.

The meeting was adjourned, finally, away after my regular bedtime, in a clatter of applause, clucks, cackles and coos.

An hour later, I sat in the Medicine House, comfortable and calm, enshrouded in incense that boiled and swirled from my old pipe, the veteran of many campaigns, while I listened to Honk's rhapsodies.

"I'm glad we attended the meeting," he said. "It is encouraging to know that the really nice people of the city are back of this library movement. Any sort of an undertaking stands or falls on the merits of its backing. I should not care to be identified with any enterprise that was being projected and forwarded by the common herd. They're so irresponsible.

"But this library proposition is different. I s'pose you noticed that Valhalla's most exclusive set, the inner circle, in fact, the flower of her aristocracy were present and active in our meeting to-night—"

"Sure thing," I said. "I noticed 'em. All the ultra tut-tuts. The Whatwhos, from the brownstone fronts. Did you notice that Mrs. Dupont-Skaggs's diamonds. She had on the price of a library or two herself, if I'm any judge of gems."

"Yes; old Dupont-Skaggs is worth four or five millions, I guess," Honk returned airily. "But mere money isn't all. There must be blood behind it. Blood will tell, Horace; that's one of the inexorable laws of the universe.

"Now, you could see," he continued, in a confidential tone, "that I was perfectly at home among those people. Why? What gives me my poise of manner? The fact that I come of one of the old-time Maryland families. My great grandfather was with Washington at Valley Forge. No amount of association with the *hoi polloi* will deprive me of that innate air, that peculiar well-bred distinction I possess. It's because of the blood—"

"No question about it," I agreed. "Heredity is a well-known fact. Take me, for illustration. I have always had an unreasoning blind yearning for cherry pie. And my grandpa on my mother's side was the champion cherry pie-eater of Jasper County, Missouri, for over forty years. He—"

"Rats," said Honk. "Try to think about something else besides eating once in a while, will you? You're getting to look more like a bowl of soup every day. But, as I remarked awhile ago, there's no use denying that I'd shine in social circles, if I only took a notion to bother with it. And, after

all, it pays to mingle with the best people. A social position is actually a tangible asset. It is negotiable, just the same as salesmanship, or histrionic talent, or—or—political influence."

"Count me in on anything that's negotiable," I said. "Only, I draw the line at more than two all-night sessions a week. I've got to have my regular nine hours' sleep."

"Don't get excited," he soothed. "I'll fix it so you needn't be annoyed at all, if you say so. There's no occasion for you to plunge into the social whirl, anyhow. You're as happy now as you'll ever be."

"Don't you think it!" I declared, with unction. "I intend to butt into society just as much as you do, Lord Bayreuth. And just let me catch you trying to queer me. Just let me!"

I shook a menacing forefinger at him. He snorted and went to bed.

There was all kinds of work cut out for Honk pretty soon. The swell dames trotted the long legs off him running errands for them. To a man up a tree, he had all the appearance of a man that was being flimflammed out of a lot of free service. He was corresponding secretary, ward boss, go-between, and I don't know what all. But it got to be a common sight to see him buttonholed on the corner of Paradise Avenue and Eden Boulevard by three or four pink-gowned periwinkles in a dark-blue auto, while they sprayed him with a few smiles and soft soap, and at the same time deftly unloaded a dray-load of chores on him.

Nobody, it seemed, could accomplish so much or had such a quick grasp of details as Mr. Simpson — or Simpkins.

He broke right in, socially, though. On one occasion he spent an entire forenoon, informally, at the palatial yellow-pressed-brick habitat of the Dupont-Skaggses on Chalcedony Drive, going over a set of blueprints with Mrs. Van Smythe and the Misses Arbuthnot.

Then another time he was seen in Mrs. Fairleighbridge's motor-car whirling along Paradise Road at forty an hour or so—the Fairleighbridges were millionaires, you know—and Honk was holding his hat on with one hand and chatting gaily with the other. That is, he was emphasizing a point with an eloquent gesture, you know.

As a result of all this activity and industry, the business was all fixed up in short order like a charm. The popular subscription was subscribed and collected, the endowment or donation, or whatever Mr. C.—I almost told his name—calls it, had been paid over in actual cash, the site selected, the architect's plans approved, and the actual work of building was under way. The C.—I mean Valhalla Public Library—was not altogether vapor. It was a sure-

"OH, YOU BRICKTOP! OH, YOU CANDY KID!"

enough thing of steel and stone. I could have said brick and wood to better advantage, maybe, but steel and stone has a more *chic* ring to it.

During this time, Honk had rubbed elbows and hobnobbed with the ultra-select sufficiently to brush off considerable polish with his coat-sleeve. He had the altitudinous hand-shake as pat as five diamonds before the draw, and he was a small-talker from Foolishville. Oh, la, la!

I came in for a sort of subsidiary part in the plot—like the actor that hollers his lines from the wings. They noticed me whenever they couldn't get past me without it, and I was recognized, perfunctorily, by a nod and chirp, or grunt, as the case happened to be, every now and then. I was Honk—Mr. Simpkins's friend, ahem!

We were both elated and nervous, therefore, when the card came that stated briefly that the presence of Mr. Simpson and friend was desired at Mrs. Dupont-Skaggs's blow-out on Thursday evening at eight. Dancing and refreshments.

"Can't we send a present and not go?" I asked timidly.

"Numskull!" cried Honk. "No! My word! Send a present! What would you send? A wreath of flowers or a silver butter-knife, I reckon! No, my son, we will go in person. And we will be the observed of all observers."

"Well, all right," I said. "I've got sixty dollars saved up. I was going to buy me a new pump-gun with it, but I'll have to sink it in a new suit, I guess. There's a swell pearl-gray, two-button sack in Goldbaum's window. It's marked down from eighty-five dollars to fifty-five dollars."

"No, no!" sighed Honk, sorrowfully. "You must have a dress suit. You understand what a dress suit is, don't you? Plain black, you know, with—er—tails to the coat. A dress suit is imperative, you know. But maybe you wouldn't care to go, after you think it over? Do you think you would—er—old chap?"

"You bet I'll care to go, bah Jove!" I said. "I intend to go if I have to soak my watch. I'm not going to lose out on this. Not on your Tuxedo! Huh! I should say not!"

That Honk was not jubilant over my decision was plain to the naked eye. He liked my cooking, but I didn't look good to him at the piano. Society had gone to Honk's head.

"What do they talk about in society, generally?" I asked. "Or do they?"

"The usual topics are of an intellectual nature," he said. "Science, art, literature; and then there's travel, and events that happen in the world at large. The field is broad."

"Good," I said. "They can't shunt me into a siding on any of them topics, I'll bet you."

Thursday evening dawned—rolled around, I mean, not dawned. It was beautifully calm and weather-perfect. Honk and I, in brand-new dress suits, preened ourselves before our diminutive mirror and stood around to keep from spoiling the creases in our trousers. Honk had insisted on having a carriage to take us out, although I took the stand that walking was still plentiful. He only gave in after ascertaining that no carriage was to be had. We walked.

We allowed ourselves plenty of time. It was a matter of ten or a dozen blocks that we had to stroll. I mentioned taking a cane; but Honk wasn't absolutely sure about canes, so, to be on the safe side, he tabooed it. He was certain about cigarettes, though, so we smoked as we strolled.

They were having a newsboys' annual fête and moving-picture picnic in the park as we passed. Each newsboy was empowered to bring along what near relatives he happened to have—fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and little indigent cousins, if any—so they had a whacking old crowd.

"I see the whoop-la, as you call 'em, are out in force to-night," I remarked.

"The *hoi polloi*," he corrected. "Yes. And it's no more than right that they should be allowed these simple pleasures. Their idea of a good time never extends beyond a full feed, anyhow."

"Tread lightly," I warned him. "You're on sacred ground."

This was true, inasmuch as we had neglected our regular meals in the excitement of dressing and discussion for the Dupont-Skaggs function. Honk said, when I mentioned this fact to him at sundown, that we would eat when we got there, but that didn't satisfy my hunger only for the time being.

The long tables in the park, groaning with substantial things for the delectation of the inner man, held forth a powerful appeal to me, and I passed them by with the greatest reluctance. The mix-odors of such humble dietetic standbys as fried chicken,

baked beans, cucumber pickles, canteloupes, *et cetera,* seemed to penetrate even Honk's armor, for I noticed him sniffing and I am certain he moistened his lips as we passed that picnic by.

The Dupont-Skaggs mansion was aglow with light. A uniformed and be-buttoned person met us at the door. We were whisked

"WELL, WHAT'S THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE FRONT?"

into a side-chamber, relieved of those adjuncts of apparel not considered necessary indoors, and railroaded right through into the main waiting-room.

I, for one, became wobbly at once. Being the cynosure of all eyes always did upset me. I don't know how Honk felt, but I looked around on what seemed to me was a wall of eyes set in glowering faces. We were hemmed in. I gulped and the room reeled. Then I caught sight of a familiar face and was saved.

It was Bricktop Winslow, standing near the arcade connecting the vestibule with the main saloon, or whatever they called it. I lit on the man with outstretched hand. He didn't loosen up much. I thought his grin was kind of anemic, and I know him as well as I know my own name, too. He played left field in Sister's ball-team. It gave me a good husky bracing-up to see him there, for I certainly hoped I could get away with anything he could.

"Oh, you Bricktop!" I said. "Oh, you candy kid!"—and, just then, somebody plucked at my sleeve. It was Honk, dragging me onward somewhat arbitrarily. I stood for that sort of thing for about fifty feet.

"Well, what was it you wanted to show me?" I asked. "I'm not going to prance around with you all night, am I? I'm going to hunt a place to sit down, creases or no creases."

"You made a bad break shaking hands with Bricktop," Honk whispered. "Of course you and I know him quite well and all that, but he don't expect us, as guests here, to shake hands and visit with him like you did. He's the butler, Horace. It isn't considered good form to hug and kiss the butler at an affair like this, just because you happen to know him."

"Heavens, Pauline!" I said, struck dumb with horror.

Then we went on over to report to Mrs. Dupont-Skaggs, who was checking in everybody as they arrived. Right off the bat, I don't believe she knew us. At least she put up her magnifying-glass-on-a-stick and puzzled quite a bit before she could place us.

After she had, I thought she acted sore at me about something; didn't offer me the

highball of greeting or anything, no more than a rabbit.

She ditched us as soon as possible; me, at the first grade-crossing, where I was unloaded alongside a lantern-jawed old maid whose moniker I failed to catch, and Honk around the next curve onto somebody else.

I settled myself for a long heart-to-heart. I felt sure that this Miss Old-Girl I'd drawed would turn out an intellectual wonder for she was anything but pretty. But she disappointed me.

"Well, what's the latest news from the front?" I began, in a bright, sprightly manner.

"Which?" she inquired blankly.

"Science, literature, art," I said. "Come on with 'em. I'm a regular shark with the whole works. If you don't believe it, knock me a few flies and see if I muff 'em."

"Why, the man's been drinking," she murmured to herself, but loud enough to be heard in the adjoining room. "Excuse me, please," she said. "I wish to speak to momma a moment. Wait here."

I waited fifteen or twenty minutes. She didn't return, so I strolled off, thinking to amuse myself with a little harmless sightseeing until the supper bell rang. Bricktop had disappeared. I came upon Honk presently. He may have been enjoying himself but he didn't look it.

He had fallen into the clutches of a widowish-looking woman with a gold tooth, and she had him herded in a corner, with a rose already pinned to his coat. He almost tore a shoe off getting away from her when he saw me. He left the lady pouting.

"Horace!" he muttered, wildly. "Pretend you have some kind of an important communication for me, or something. I believe that woman over there has matrimonial designs, the way she acts.'"

Always willing to succor a sucker in trouble, I led him away, with an arm over his shoulder, mysteriously, while I repeated that stirring, martial poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," in his ear. At a safe distance I changed the subject.

"When are we going to eat?" I demanded. "I'm getting weak and faint. I'll be hungry enough to eat the tongues out of my shoes in a minute."

"Be patient," he said. "Can't you see that I'm starving, too? But there'll be a collation served, now, pretty soon, I'm almost certain. I'd give a dollar for a small chew, right now, myself."

After that, I wandered around like a chicken with its head off, for the best part of an hour. I didn't know anybody and didn't want to. Nobody seemed to be making any preparations to eat. To tell the truth, the prospects for sustenance looked remote, the band having just started to grind out a waltz, and a dozen couples were floating about in the dreamy mazes. You can't dance and eat at the same time; neither can man live by dancing alone.

I whiled away another hour, communing with myself, and then I noticed a vivacious group composed of Mrs. Dupont-Skaggs, the Misses Arbuthnot and four or five masculine members of the Amalgamated Association for the Promotion of Small-Talk, and, as they seemed to be having the original rip-snort of a time, I sidled up, inconsequentially, to listen.

It was my chance, I thought, to surfeit myself on an intellectual treat.

The gist of their confab was—what do you think? What color suit a chauffeur should wear, to best harmonize with a clay-colored car trimmed in seal-brown! And wasn't Mr. Sigismund DeQuincy altogether too attentive to Mrs. Parkinson-Crowley! Wasn't that a line of thought to wrinkle your dome? Oy, oy, oy!

At that moment, my brain convulsed like one of these penny-in-the-slot machines and an idea dropped out. I would make a sneak out of there, slip down to the Owlet Restaurant, throw in a couple of sandwiches and half a cream pie and, thus fortified, would return to stick it out. I'm no quitter.

Before doing this, however, I took a cursory look for Honk, poor slave of convention that he was. I thought I'd drop him a casual hint. I thought perhaps he might suggest some tidbit, like a boiled egg or a few tamales, that I might smuggle in to him when I came back. But he'd dropped out of sight for a moment. I couldn't find him anywhere.

I located my hat with the assistance of a polite attendant, made a soft-shoe sidle for a side door, and ducked. Three blocks down the street an odor assailed my nostrils. I sniffed and a rush of saliva flooded my mouth; some of it even drooled from the corners. It was the unmistakable fragrance of fried chicken.

I followed my nose and described an air-line to the proletarian picnic in the park. A dozen *hoi polloi* recognized me with welcoming shouts and made room for me

at their table. Once there, I needed no one to tell me what to do. A long, long time afterward I looked up. The cheerful patter of talk and the clink-clink of cutlery and glasses and the steady champ of busy teeth had given way to a hush of expectation.

A tall figure, in evening dress, arose at the end of an adjacent table, with the drumstick of a chicken in one hand and a bottle of ginger ale in the other.

AT THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE, I STARTED GUILTILY.

"My friends," he said impressively. "Gazing in golden retrospect, I see again a slope of flower-flecked meadow and hear the rustling of corn-fairies' wings—"

His back was to me but I could hear him distinctly. At the sound of his voice, I started, guiltily, almost dropping the baked apple I was eating.

The clock was just striking twelve when I wound up, at the Medicine House, all in, but happy. Honk blew in a few minutes later. He was humming a rag-time tune and he had bread crumbs on his frontispiece.

"Well," he said briskly. "This is a great world, isn't it? Have a good time to-night, Horace?"

"Well, things began to liven up about ten-thirty," I said. "As soon as I got my feet under the table, I was all right. Before that, it was a bit dull, if anything, didn't you think?"

"I don't know how I happened to miss you," he said. "I looked for you, all over. You must have been hiding out in a palm-nook somewhere, when I left, or else you'd gone."

"How'd you like that fried chicken?" I asked. "And those baked beans? Yum, yum!"

"Eh?" he croaked.

"Yep," I continued. "I was over at the next table when you made your speech."

"The dickens you was!" was all the comment he felt equal to, at that time.

No one ever got a freight train over a heavy grade by standing on the back platform of the caboose pushing against the atmosphere.

—Diary of a Switchman.

Up Against It.

BY ARNO DOSCH.

ALTHOUGH wrecks become fewer every day and double-tracking and efficient block systems have practically wiped out the head-on smash, more than one throttle-handler has secretly made up his mind just what he will do when a catastrophe looms up ahead.

Whatever these intentions may be, however, things often work out differently when the crash comes; and the engineer who stays to give her the big hole and jerk over the reverse lever—in nine chances out of ten is the very man who so carefully planned just how he was going to make his getaway.

Mr. Dosch gives us some stories of engineers who didn't jump. Some persons may call them heroes, while others may accuse them of staying because they had to, but whether they died at the throttle or lived to tell the tale, we are all pretty apt to feel that they deserve the benefit of the doubt.

Varied Experiences of Some Eagle-Eyes Who Took Their Chances with Death in the Cab and Stayed with Their Locomotives Through Wreck and Destruction.

"JUMP! Frank, jump!"

The words came sharp and clear like an order, but in a voice that trembled with the need of haste. Chapman turned sharply, his face burning red in the glare of the fire-box. Above him, jaw set, stood Fred Boswick, his engineer, working with quick, cool decision at the air.

"What's up?"

The brakes were already setting, and a convulsive jar passed through the train that fairly shook the words from his mouth, but Boswick seemed rooted. Every nerve, every thought, was centered on the work before him. Except for his quick hands, he had not moved. He had summoned all the accumulated knowledge of years to his aid, and there seemed but one purpose left in his life—to bring the train to a standstill in the least possible time. His mouth opened and he again roared at his fireman:

"Jump, fool!"

Then Chapman realized that the great moment had come. Like nearly every one who rides in an engine-cab, he had felt that it would be his turn some day to be mixed up in a head-on collision, and that day was now upon him.

He cast a quick glance down the track, and saw running wild toward them four steel flat-cars loaded with ties. That was enough for him. Without thinking where he would land, he leaped instinctively and rolled over and over down the embankment.

When Boswick Faced the Music.

Still Boswick did not jump. His hands were busy and his eyes were fixed on the flying freight-cars.

The dreaded moment had also arrived for him. He had always been sure that he would jump, but this had come upon him so quickly that he could only save his life at the expense of perhaps a score of those who rode behind. Time passed too fast to think, but—he stayed!

The next instant the heavily loaded cars struck the engine and turned it into a scrap-heap. Behind were five coaches full of passengers, and they escaped uninjured, but in the crumpled cab, between the boiler and the tender, they found Boswick's body. He had saved the lives of more than a hundred persons by facing the music.

The passengers that day on the Valley route along Long Island Sound knew only that the engineer had been killed. No one told them he had died like a hero, but when the story got to the roundhouse, every one understood exactly what had happened. They were all talking about it when the old engineer spoke up.

"These fellows who get killed," he began, "can't expect anything else. It's liable to come to any of us. If we let go as soon as we see what's up, the passengers get piled, and if we stay, it's the end of us.

Nerve That Is Nerve.

"I don't know how the rest of you feel about it, but I tell you I don't want to choose. If it's got to be a head-on, give me time to set the brakes and get away. But there have been some who came through alive when they hadn't really any right to expect it. Now, there was Bill Ulmer—"

We all stopped to listen, because we knew the old engineer's stories were true and could be verified by the company if any one were so particular as to go that far. He always gave dates and exact locations.

"It happened three years ago last July," he went on, "two days before the Fourth, I remember. Bill had the Buffalo Express on the New York division of the Pennsylvania, and like as not he's got it yet. In those days he had with him Frank McEvilla, one of those fellows who always has an eye out for trouble, and generally meets it half-way.

"I've been over the run, and I know just about how it happened. They were making the bend below Sunbury, and they were doing a good clip, too. Bill isn't the kind to waste any time on curves. He was making it nicely, as I understand it, when some one backed a freight out on the main line from a siding. As far as I heard, nobody noticed Bill until he stuck his pilot under the buggy and turned her up on her nose.

"Of course Frank saw it first—count on him!—and as soon as he figured out what was going to happen, he yelled, 'Come on, Bill, we're goners!' and went over an embankment that no one who wasn't in a hurry would have tackled. But Bill didn't jump. He had a chance, all right, but it was a case of ducking right out or staying to shoot on the air. He gave her one good jolt that shook some of the speed out of her, and then she hit the buggy. But she only knocked about five cars off the rails, and went into the ditch.

"Right about here you fellows are thinking that Bill had taken his last trip, now aren't you? And you expect to hear about Frank drilling up the track bright as a dollar. That's where you're wrong.

"When they found Frank he was just exactly where he lit on the top of his head, with his neck broken, while Bill came climbing out through the roof of the cab as if nothing had touched him."

"Like Henry Hildebrand," one of the others commented.

"Who's he?" asked the old engineer. "I never heard of him."

The old engineer is always suspicious of any one whose name is new to him.

"He's the fellow who piled up a train at Terra Cotta, down near Washington, on the B. and O., just before New Year's Day four years ago."

"I heard of the wreck," admitted the old engineer, "but I don't recollect this Hildebrand."

So we had to take the story with the weight of all his suspicions against it.

Plowing Through a Passenger.

"He had a dead train," the story-teller began, "and was bringing it into the yard in a fog. They say it gets pretty bad winter nights along the Potomac — thick white fog, and you can't see a thing. At any rate, Hildebrand said he couldn't see the danger signal, and I guess he didn't. According to orders, he had everything his own way clear through Terra Cotta, and was sneaking past without a word when it happened. The first thing he knew, the tail-end of a passenger jumped up out of the fog right into his face.

"He was in the same fix as those other fellows. He might have jumped if he'd had a mind to, but he wasn't built that way, and by the time the air was on it was too late. In these cases there's just about a second, and you've got to move quick.

"It was a bad mix-up. They were all light coaches on the passenger, and when Hildebrand hit the rear car he just about split it from end to end, and then began tramping over the passengers. I don't want anything like it in mine. It may sound peculiar, but Henry saw the whole thing. Somehow nothing touched his side of the cab, and he rode right through the wreck and was not even scratched. All the time he was pulling on the reverse lever like mad.

Too Much for Hildebrand.

"What I started to tell you about was the way Hildebrand went through without getting hurt, but he came pretty near ending up in the bughouse. For a while I guess he was pretty dippy. You see, he was fixed so he couldn't help watching what was happening, and there were some mighty tough goings-on. The passengers were jammed between the seats and scattered around the floor, and he plowed through them as if they were cordwood. Excuse me, I don't want anything like that.

"When he had about chewed the second car in two, he could see a little girl down at the front end. She was scared to death, but somehow hadn't been much hurt. When she saw the engine coming she fell against the door and screamed. By this time the air was getting in its work, or the little girl would have gone under too. But he stopped her just in time.

"Now, that may sound pretty tall, but they tell me that they found him hanging out of the cab window and yelling down at the little girl: 'I won't hurt you! I won't hurt you!' Then he got down and tried to lift the drivers off the bodies. He was absolutely batty for a couple of hours, and then somebody came along and put him under arrest. That made him so mad he got all right again."

Root Rescues Hinckley.

The old engineer had thought of a story, and was so anxious to tell it he could hardly wait for the end.

"That's nothing," he broke in. "I don't know anything about your friend Hildebrand, but there have been others I know about who have stuck by the cab when it wasn't any joke, and they could have left it any time they pleased. It's when you're able to leave that it's hard work to stick.

"I misdoubt you're all too young to remember much about it, but, let's see, it wasn't more than twelve or fifteen years ago. It was the summer of the big fires in Minnesota. All the summers were that way, but this had the biggest fires of the lot.

"I remember one town that lost five hundred and another a thousand, and it was bad all the way through. Some places they had railroads, and others they didn't. Where they didn't they got burned. That was just about the way of it.

"I had a freight run on the St. Paul and Duluth, and if I hadn't piled up a couple of empties on a siding I'd have been at the throttle myself. But it was Jim Root who did it. You go up there anywhere right now, and you'll find out. He saved every mother's son and every kid and woman in Hinckley, Minnesota, but you ought to have seen him when they brought him out.

"Up in that country it gets so dry in the summer all it needs is a spark in the grass anywhere and the whole landscape gets afire. That summer it kept the settlers on the move. They'd chase out of town just ahead of the fire and no more than make the nearest lake, when like as not the air would get so dry it would lick up all the water and they'd have to bury themselves in the mud. Maybe you think I'm stretching it a little, but those lakes are all shallow, and it doesn't take much to dry them out.

Appeals for Help.

"I was ahead of Jim Root until he passed me at the siding, so he got the first word of the trouble at Hinckley. The operator there had sent out a call for help, and the orders were for the first train to make Hinckley without stops.

"The boys told me about the run afterward. The woods were on fire on both sides, and by the time they got into the clearing around Hinckley they had to chase down the sides of the train, throwing water on the spots that were burning.

"Jim ran the engine and baggage-car into a clump of woods which weren't touched yet, and went back to the platform for a minute, but as soon as he turned his back the woods caught fire, and before he could climb on again the cab was burning and the baggage-car was beginning to smoke.

"Just then the con gave him the hand, and there wasn't any time to waste. The orders were to keep going, but there wasn't

a chance of getting through. He remembered a little lake back about five miles, so he decided to try for it.

Through a Fiery Furnace.

"The flames were leaping through the trees all along, but there wasn't anything else to do. Talk about your scalding, now here was something.

"Jim said the fire got so close he almost breathed it. He shut his eyes, but the heat seared his lids, and the skin on his blistered hands curled up in crisps.

"Why, the train itself just about burned up running, and all that saved Jim was some fellow who had sense enough to stand by the tank and douse him with water.

"Maybe they weren't glad when they struck the lake. Some of them had to be carried out of the cars and rolled into the water."

"How about Root?" some one asked.

"He was all in. Couldn't move. But a couple of them threw him into the lake, and after it was over they sent him to the hospital."

"Took nerve all right," commented some one who was anxious to get a story off his chest. "I remember seeing a fellow do a thing of a somewhat different kind that took a lot of nerve, too. His name was Arthur Towne, and he used to have a passenger run on the Southern Railway out of Washington. I was firing for him. One day we got stalled at a junction down the line a piece.

A Race with Death.

"There wasn't anything to do except wait for orders, so we strolled over to the despatcher's office to loaf, foolishly leaving the train on the main line with one of the coaches standing over the switch where the branch came in.

"First thing we knew, we heard something chugging toward us on the other track. We both made a jump for it, but Towne yelled back to me to look out for the switch.

"It was a nice piece of work, but I was glad enough to be where I was. Towne began clawing away to back into clear, and the harder he clawed the nearer he got to the danger himself. The other train was pulling toward him, but the distance was so short it looked as if there was bound to be a collision.

"It got to a point finally where there wasn't any time left at all, but Towne stuck to his seat and kept feeding her steam.

"'Jump!' I yelled at him, but he only gave her another jerk, waved his hand at me, and I had just enough sense left to throw the switch, letting the other train run in ahead of us. She just scraped the pilot."

"That was going some, all right," laughed the old engineer, "but I'm going to tell you a story that's got it beat a mile.

When Seig Went Back.

"It's one thing to act when you've got to. You're in it, and that's all there is to it. But there was August Seig. He was well out of it, but that didn't make any difference. He went back.

"Maybe it was eight years ago. Anyhow, it was in the middle of summer when he had a train-load going down the Jersey coast. It was a heavy train—a dozen cars or more—and his schedule was fast. So he used to worry his fireman to keep the fire-box roaring.

"This was a Saturday, and she was loaded to the steps. Seig kept it up about the steam until they started, and just as soon as they began to pick up speed, when somehow or other the cab caught fire and began to blaze up pretty fiercely.

"Seig lost his head, and the both of them let go of everything and started back over the tender. You know how a fellow will act when he goes to pieces. Seig was the worst case I ever heard of. He got as far as the smoker, and in a moment all the passengers realized that they were racing over the country with nobody in the cab.

"It was as ridiculous a situation as I ever heard of, but it was more than that. As soon as that crowd found out what was up they began to growl, and Seig was soon facing an angry mob. That brought him to his senses. He seemed to wake up as from a dream, they said. You see, there was a train of fourteen cars behind, and they were picking up speed every moment.

Called Himself a Coward.

"As soon as he came to his senses, he turned and ran forward for all he was worth. Of course, the crowd in the smoker thought he was trying to get away from them, so they ran after him. They chased him to the tender, and there they saw something that makes me shiver to think about it.

"There was Seig, without even his hands over his face, climbing right into the cab that was all flames and smoke.

"At first the crowd didn't know what to make of it. All they could see was his back, but I would have given a lot to have seen his face. It isn't every one of us that's got the nerve to do a thing like that. When they saw him walk into that cab they couldn't help understanding. Anybody could see the flames were so hot they were bound to kill.

"Then the train began to slow down, and in less than a minute it was practically stopped. A couple of fellows jumped in to rescue him, but they only found an unconscious body hanging to the throttle. They dragged him out quick and soused him with water, but it wasn't any use.

"And what do you think that engineer said about himself? They laid him down alongside the track, and just before he died he opened his eyes and whispered: 'Coward!' Said it of himself. But I'm willing to bet that there wasn't anybody in that crowd that agreed with him."

COLLISION STARTED THE AIR-BRAKE.

George Westinghouse Discloses the Story of the Origin of His Great Invention and Its Ultimate Perfection.

GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, inventor of the air-brake, the most revolutionary device in railroad improvements, recently told the members of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers the origin of its discovery and perfection.

Its conception, Mr. Westinghouse said, resulted first from an accident and second from the chance that led two young women to canvass his subscription to an engineering magazine, in which was recited the use of compressed air in the driving of Mount Cenis tunnel.

The accident was a collision of two freight-trains between Schenectady and Troy, in 1866, which delayed for two hours a train in which Mr. Westinghouse was a passenger. Had the freight-trains been equipped with brakes of sufficient power, thought Mr. Westinghouse, the collision could have been avoided, and immediately he set to work to develop such a brake.

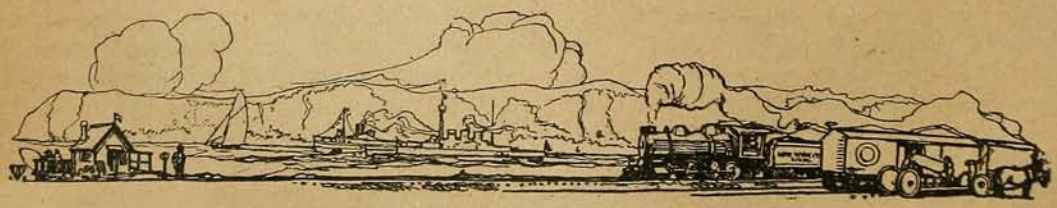
An inventor, named Ambler, already had perfected a chain-brake which was operated by the revolving of a windlass in the engine, the chain thus being taken up and the brake-levers of each car thus operated. To Mr. Westinghouse came the idea of exchanging the windlass for a cylinder beneath the locomotive, the piston of which should be of extraordinary length and connected with Mr. Ambler's chain, so that the drawing in of the piston by the application of steam from the locomotive would give a more accurate control of the brakes than was possible with the windlass device.

But experiments showed quickly that the piston could not be made long enough to operate the chain on more than four or five cars, and Mr. Westinghouse overcame this difficulty by placing a cylinder beneath each car with a flexible pipe connecting each one to the locomotive for its supply of steam. The effort failed because it was found impossible to transmit the steam.

It was then that Mr. Westinghouse saw the article on compressed air, and in the use of this medium instantly saw a solution to his difficulties.

An apparatus employing compressed air instead of steam was built at once, and a Steubenville, Ohio, accommodation-train of the Panhandle Railroad was equipped with the device. On its first test the engineer, as his train emerged from the tunnel near the Union Station in Pittsburgh, saw a wagon on the tracks, and the value of the new brake was demonstrated instantly by the short distance in which the train was halted in time to avoid an accident.

Many experiments were made by various railroads, and, in 1869, several of these had their running stock equipped with the new brake; but once more the inventor was to face and overcome an obstacle. It developed that it took too long to set and release the brakes, and that in the event of a break in the train, the rear section would be without brakes. The first automatic air-brake grew out of the need to provide against this contingency.



WHEN WESLEY CAME BACK.

BY LILLIAN BENNET-THOMPSON.

He Was There with a Wallop for His Boyhood Enemy Which Settled Some Old and New Scores.

"THE happiest days of my life, Dick," said Wesley, throwing one leg over the arm of his chair, "the very happiest. Nothing to do but have a good time—swim, play ball, go fishing — say, that was a bully trout-stream, the best in the county, do you know it?"

I did not know it, and said so. As I had never been to Youngville, the little up-State village where Wesley had spent his boyhood, I failed to see why he should expect me to be familiar with its piscatorial advantages. At the same time, I came pretty near questioning my good friend's veracity.

His father had been something of a martinet, from all accounts, and had kept the boy's nose pretty close to the grindstone. But Wesley had evidently forgotten the chores incident to his early career, and I decided not to remind him.

"I should like to see the old place again —like it a lot," he went on. "It would be worth while to take a dip in the 'ole swimmin'-hole.' I used to go down there of a summer afternoon as often as I could sneak away; and then go home and get whaled for it.

"What whopping melons old Billings did grow in his big melon-patch, to be sure! We fellows had to run the gantlet of four dogs and Billings's shotgun, but we got the melons just the same. Nice old fellow, Billings; he enjoyed the fun as much as we did, and never bore malice.

"He wasn't a bit like Menness. I remember we used to call him Meanness. Of all the cantankerous old cusses—why, he was so close he'd pinch a penny until the Indian whooped. One afternoon Tim Billings and I climbed a tree in the orchard and annexed a few apples.

"There was a big baseball game coming off in the afternoon; I was going to pitch and Timmy to catch. We'd bet a lot of money on that game—as much as ten cents apiece; and we thought an apple or two would just about put us in good condition to win.

"Well, somehow Menness found out we were there, and he came sneaking down and caught us up the tree. He called us young thieves and hardened reprobates, to try to rob a poor man, and then some more complimentary names, and requested us to come down. We naturally declined; and then he called his dog, a big black-and-white mongrel with a strain of bull in him, and set him to watch at the foot of the tree.

"That ugly brute kept us up there until long after dark that night. We were nearly dead when we got down; and worse yet, our team had lost the game, because we didn't show up.

"It nearly broke my heart when I had to pay that ten-cent bet, and I made up my mind I'd get even with Menness. But dad sent me away to school right after that, and I never did get a chance to square up with him."

There was a reminiscent light in Wesley's eyes. He leaned back in his chair.

"I'd sure like to climb that big Northern Spy tree again, fill my pockets with apples, and eat and eat and eat," Wesley continued dreamily. "On a moonlight night, with the sough of the wind through the branches, a few congenial spirits, and—"

"And a stomach-ache the next day," I interrupted crossly.

Strange what a glorified radiance the

perspective of age lends to youth! I was perfectly well aware that Wesley's early days had not been all milk and honey.

A boy on a farm had usually a few duties to perform in addition to thinking up plausible excuses to account for his hair being soaking wet on an afternoon when he is supposed to be hoeing potatoes.

"Is anything going on to-morrow?" Wesley asked suddenly.

"Not that I know of," I said.

"Then we'll just run up to Youngville for a week," said Wesley. "I'm tired of chasing the elusive dollar, and I think a rest would do you good, Dick."

I regarded him doubtfully.

"Do you mean it?" I asked.

"I do," said he decidedly.

With Wesley, the conception of an idea, however wild, meant that it would be carried through to the bitter end, as I knew from long experience. I sighed as I realized that for the next week I should probably have to submit to being dragged about to visit places in which I had no possible interest, and to listen to Wesley's enthusiastic apostrophes on them.

So, as I went to pack the bags—this task always devolved upon me, as Wesley was quite likely to put his shoes upon the bosom of his dress-shirt, and our Chinese servant still adhered to Oriental ideas regarding the component parts of a gentleman's wardrobe—I was not the most happy person in the world.

Wesley, however, was as cheerful as I had ever seen him, and kept running in to regale me with puerile anecdotes of the good old days on the farm.

I went to bed in a fit of the sulks, which was not improved by having to rise at break of dawn to catch the train for Youngbridge, in order to make connections with the way-train that ran over the new branch road through Youngville.

During the half-mile drive from the station to the Youngville House, a pilgrimage accomplished in a dilapidated surrey, drawn by a decrepit rackabones, I was in a perpetual state of terror lest the bottom of our conveyance should drop out and deposit us and our belongings in the dusty road.

We arrived without mishap, however, about two o'clock in the afternoon, and were shown to rooms on the second floor of the hotel. I say "hotel," because that is what every one called it, although it more nearly resembled a converted barn than anything else I could bring to mind. I am firmly convinced that the proprietor ran the place for his health; it certainly could not have been for that of his guests. He was anything but a philanthropist.

Still, the weather was fine, and we could spend most of our time out of doors, which was some consolation.

We had luncheon in the dining-room. That is, I did. Wesley was so anxious to get out and see the town that he couldn't eat and didn't want me to. He grudged me everything I put into my mouth, watching my busy knife and fork until I politely requested him to otherwise occupy himself, when, with an injured air, he fell to drumming on the table with a vinegar cruet.

As soon as I had finished, which I did as quickly as possible, he arose with a sigh of relief, and announced his intention of proceeding at once to "the old place." Accordingly, we sallied forth, Wesley keeping up a running fire of comment.

"This is the main street, Dick; they've had it macadamized since I was here," he informed me. "That must be the new town hall and the jail. And see those big stores—my! how the place has grown!"

We turned down a side street, bordered with rather cheap-looking frame houses. Wesley looked them over disapprovingly.

"I don't like those," he said. "When I was a boy, this was Woods Lane, all bordered with grand old oaks and elms. They've cut down all the trees and made it look like property in a land-improvement scheme. It's an infernal shame! The men who destroyed those trees ought to be tarred and feathered!"

The rest of the afternoon was simply piling Pelion upon Ossa, Wesley's comments becoming more and more caustic. The climax was reached when he discovered that the old farm had been cut up into miserable little thirty-foot lots, upon which more of the squat, frame cottages had been erected; and that the site of the "ole swimmin'-hole" was occupied by a large and odoriferous tannery.

We committed the indiscretion of getting to windward of this, and beat a hasty retreat. I was obliged to confess that it was worse than Wesley's pipe.

As we walked back toward the hotel, taking another route, Wesley was very quiet; but now and then he burst into vigorous denunciations of the vandals who had changed a beautiful country village

into a small and mean imitation of a city suburb.

I could understand exactly how he felt, having experienced something of the same feeling when I visited my birthplace in New York city, and found that the house had been converted into a populous "double-decker" tenement.

Only the Billings farm remained of all the well-remembered places that had been dear to him. The Menness place had not been altered either, he said. Indeed, there seemed little doubt of it.

I was inclined to believe it an offshoot of the original ark. The house appeared to be in a state of innocuous desuetude, and there were alarming indications that the whole thing was likely to fall apart at any time.

But the little white farmhouse of Josiah Billings, set in the midst of its emerald meadows and woods, looked quiet and restful, that one harmonious note in the discordant whole.

It was getting toward sundown, and the shadows were lengthening on the grass. Wesley's face wore a tired and disappointed look, as we stood at the gate and looked over the white palings.

"There are just two people I want to see, Dick," he said presently. "Josiah Billings and Dr. Kellogg. And then I want to get out of this place; it makes me sick. Suppose we go in and see Billings now? Hallo! I believe that's he!"

He flung open the gate, and hurried to meet a white-haired old man, who was coming down the path toward us. I followed more slowly.

"Not little Jacky Wesley!" Billings was exclaiming, as I reached them. "Well, I swan! Well, well!"

"And this is Mr. Reynolds, my friend and business associate, Mr. Billings," said Wesley.

I shook hands with Billings, who declared that any friend of Jack Wesley's was a friend of his, too.

"Come in—come in and set awhile on the porch," urged the old man. "It must be all of twenty year since I seen you, Jack. Well, well!" He turned and led the way up to the house.

"Come back to see the old place, have you, eh?" he said, when we had settled ourselves comfortably, and Wesley had inquired after Timmy and various other one-time intimates. "Well, it ain't what it used to be, I can tell you that." He shook his head sadly.

"I don't know when I've had such a shock," Wesley said seriously. "I came back here, as you say, to see the old place, to renew old associations and old friendships. And I find a miserable second-rate town; all the associations dead and buried or outraged—and you and Dr. Kellogg the only friends left.

"I'm going back to-morrow. I meant to stay a week or more, but one afternoon of this"—he waved his hand contemptuously in the direction of the town—"is enough. I want to see the doctor to-night. Does he still live in the same place?"

"Yes; but I doubt you'll see him, Jack," answered Billings. "There's smallpox in the lower part of the town and over at Youngbridge, and he's pretty busy. You'd best go to his house along about dinner time, if you want to catch him."

"Well, I'll wait until after dark," said Wesley. "I don't want to see any more of the place than I can help. This farm of yours is like a green oasis in a desert of 'own-your-own home' atrocities.

"Thank Heaven, there's one place that's big enough to breathe in—where you can't look from your dining-room into your neighbor's kitchen and see what he's going to have for dinner!"

"But there won't be much longer, son." The old man's voice was very low. He sat back in his chair, his head sunk on his breast, his unseeing eyes fixed straight ahead.

Wesley turned like a flash and stared at him.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"To-morrow'll see the last of it. Ten o'clock in the mornin'."

"Explain!" commanded Wesley peremptorily.

"There ain't much to explain," Billings said mournfully. "We had a bad season about three year ago, and I had to put a mortgage on the place. Squire Daudel took it. I meant to pay it off, but I couldn't manage it, somehow.

"Then, a piece back, the squire's son got took bad, and they had to send him out West. The squire, he wants to go out and join him, so he foreclosed on the mortgage. And the sale's to-morrow mornin'—ten o'clock in the mornin'."

"Can't you buy the place in?" Wesley asked.

Billings shook his head.

"Timmy, he scraped the money together and sent me enough to cover the mortgage," he said. "It didn't come till the posters of the sale was up. But I did figure on buyin' the place in, till Sam Menness come by yesterday and told me *he* was goin' to take a hand."

"Sam Menness? What's he got to do with it?"

"Everythin'. He wants the land to put up some more of them shacks. He says he'll have it—and I guess he will."

"Where will he get the money?" inquired Wesley. "That house of his looks as if he didn't have a dollar in the world."

Billings laughed harshly.

"That's just his cussed closeness," he said. "Menness—he's about the hull town now. Owns the tannery—owns most of them things he calls houses; coops, I say. Made a bar'l of money in lumber. Cut down all the hard-wood. And if he wants the place, I reckon he'll git it."

"But you can run the price up," I suggested hopefully. "You can make him pay a good round sum over and above the mortgage."

And then, somehow, when I met Billings's reproachful eyes, I felt heartily ashamed of myself.

"You don't s'pose it's the money I care about, do you?" he asked sorrowfully. "No; it's the place I want—my home. I was born in this house, and I want to die here. It's the only home I've ever had. My dad built it, and brought ma here when he married her.

"My Timmy was born here, too, and my wife died in that up-stairs front room. Seems like I can't get used to the idea of Menness tearin' it down. I—I'm an old fool, I guess. But—but—" The old man's voice trembled and broke; he bowed his head in his withered hands.

"Would a few thousands be of any use, Mr. Billings?" asked Wesley gently; and I could see that he was deeply moved by the old man's grief. "My money's pretty well tied up just now, but you're welcome to all I have."

Billings put out one hand, groped for Wesley's, and wrung it convulsively.

"God bless ye, Jack!" he whispered huskily. "You always was a good boy. But it ain't no use. If 'twas anybody but Menness—but it's him. And what he wants, he'll have.

"What you and me could put up wouldn't be a drop in the bucket. He could double anythin' we bid and never feel it." Down went the white head again.

Wesley stood up and put one hand on the shaking shoulder.

"Don't you worry, Mr. Billings," he said. "Leave it to me. You shall keep your place. Just you make your bid in the morning, and leave Menness to me. I'll attend to him."

"Ah, boy, you can't do anythin'. He's hard—hard as a rock. I went to see him, and begged him to leave me the farm. I won't need it but just a little while longer. But—I might have saved my time and my pride."

"Well, I'll attend to him," repeated Wesley. "And now I guess we'll be getting along. Don't you worry. It will be all right."

For an instant the faded blue eyes brightened. Then the light died out of them, and they grew dull and hopeless again.

We said good-by to the poor old chap and walked away in the deepening twilight. Wesley was very quiet; and for my part, the wounded, stricken expression in Billings's eyes haunted me.

"I'm going over to see the doctor now, Dick," said Wesley presently. "I won't bother you to come; it must be a bit stupid for you here. I'll join you at the hotel this evening. Amuse yourself as you like."

I was very glad to be excused from going to the doctor's, and walked back to the hotel alone. My "amusement" consisted of sitting out on the porch after dinner and smoking, until the mosquitoes drove me up to my room, where I dug a book out of my grip and read until Wesley came in at about eleven o'clock.

"The dirty scoundrel!" were his first words, as he banged the door behind him.

"Who? Kellogg?" I inquired.

"No, you fool; Menness," he snapped. "I had the whole story from the doctor. It seems that Billings's place is near enough to that sweet-smelling tannery to make the land valuable to Menness. He wants to put up a lot more of those dinky houses for his men. He made Billings an offer, and got sore when the old chap refused it—swore he'd get the place, and Billings swore he shouldn't. They almost came to blows, and Menness has got it in for Billings.

"So he wants the land, but he wants his revenge, too, on the man who dared to stand against him. He won't be satisfied until he gets Billings's place—the last landmark, and breaks the poor old fellow's heart.

"But he hasn't got it yet; and he won't —not by a jugful! I haven't forgotten the black-and-white mongrel and that ten-cent bet yet, Dick."

Of course, I wanted to know what he intended to do about it; but Wesley suddenly became mysterious; and taking out his meerschaum and a deck of cards, gave himself up to the enjoyment of a smoke and a game of solitaire.

I stood the reek of that awful tobacco as long as I could, and then retired in good order to my own bedroom. For the sake of coolness, we left the connecting door open, and the last I heard of Wesley was:

"Where in thunder is that queen of clubs?" Then a gleeful chuckle and "Menness didn't take Jack Wesley into his calculations. Too bad! Too bad!"

I slept badly that night, but toward morning I fell into an uneasy slumber and dreamed that Wesley was in jail, whither he had been transported for assaulting Menness with an enormous meerschaum pipe.

It was after nine when I awoke, and sang out to Wesley. Receiving no answer, I concluded that he had gone to "attend to Menness's case."

I shaved and dressed, and strolled into his room, thinking I would wait there until he returned and have my breakfast with him. What was my dismay, therefore, to find him still in bed and asleep! And the sale was set for ten o'clock!

I rushed to the bedside, seized him by the shoulder and shook him violently.

"Lemme be!" he muttered drowsily.

"Jack!" I cried. "Get up! It's five minutes to ten!"

"Well, what of it?" he demanded irritably. "Can't you let a fellow alone?"

"But the sale—"

"To the deuce with the sale! Get out!"

"But, aren't you—"

"No, I'm not! Confound you, Dick, can't you let a fellow sleep?"

Thoroughly disgusted, I turned away from the bed and walked to the window. Never before had I known Jack Wesley to break a promise.

He had assured Billings that he would save the farm from Menness—and he was sound asleep in bed! Indignation burned hot within me.

I looked up and down the street, seeking inspiration for the scathing arraignment I felt he deserved. Not finding any, I drew upon my imagination.

"Aren't you going to get up at all today?" I inquired severely. I felt this a good start.

A grunt from the bed was the only answer I received, and in a rage I flung out of the room and betook myself to the porch.

It could not have been twenty minutes later when the colored man who acted as bell-boy and general factotum came out with the message that Mr. Wesley was waiting for me in the dining-room, and would I kindly step in.

Wesley greeted me with a cheerful good morning, quite as if he were seeing me for the first time that day, asked how I had slept and announced with a glance at his watch that it was half after ten, and that we had thirty minutes in which to catch our train.

"The sale should be over by this time," he added. "I wonder if I can find out anything about it?"

He rose suddenly from the table and left the room. Five minutes later he was back, smiling broadly.

"Get a move on, Dick," he said, as he swallowed the remainder of his cup of coffee. "We haven't any too much time for that train."

"What about Billings?" I ventured.

"No time to talk about him now. I've ordered the carriage to take us to the station. You don't want any more omelet. Hurry up!"

In silence I went up-stairs and brought down the grips, while Wesley paid the bill at the desk, and then we got into the same ruin that had conveyed us to the hotel and started for the station.

A little way down the street a crowd had collected, almost blocking the roadway. Two or three deputies were keeping it in check, and the sheriff, revolver in hand, was planted in the center of the lawn, with the air of one who has taken up permanent quarters.

He kept the weapon pointed at a tall, gaunt man, who danced and gesticulated in the doorway of the house. One tumble-down pillar of the porch was adorned with a highly decorative red and white sign,

which bore the somewhat startling legend: "Smallpox."

"Why, that's the Menness place!" I exclaimed, as my eye took in the scene, although the full meaning of it escaped me.

"And that's Menness doing a two-step in the doorway," chuckled Wesley.

"I ain't got it, I tell ye! I ain't!" bellowed the frantic dancer, running out on the porch and then running back again to the shelter of the doorway.

"Don't you dare come out ag'in!" the sheriff bawled back at him, waving his gun menacingly.

"I'll have the law on ye!" screamed Menness. "I'll show ye! I ain't got it! Jest you wait! I ain't got it!"

"No, you haven't, for a fact," observed Wesley thoughtfully. "I expect Billings is glad of it, too. Hurry up, Phœbus"—this to the driver—"we want to catch that train, not the smallpox." The driver clucked to his horse, and the ancient relic moved along a little faster.

"You know something about this business, Jack!" I accused him. "Out with it."

"Sure I do," admitted Wesley cheerfully. "Why not?"

"But I don't," I said pointedly.

"I'm aware of that," said he. "And I hope nobody else does," he added grimly. "Oh, by the way, Dick, Billings bought in the farm. I got the news from a kid who was at the sale, and I thought you'd like to know."

"Where was Menness all the time?" I asked.

"Home. The sheriff attended to that. I expect I'm a common malefactor, Dick," he continued unexpectedly. "But after what I heard from Billings and Kellogg, and after seeing Youngville, I felt that Menness ought to have his comb cut, and I appointed myself a committee of one to perform the operation. Apparently, the situation called for heroic measures, but I turned the trick with a telephone message."

"A telephone message?"

"Yes. To the board of health—and they obligingly did the rest. Vile town, isn't it?"

"Well?" said I. Wesley's habit of telling me the tail-end of a story and leaving me to fill in the blanks has always been peculiarly annoying. Probably that is the reason he does it.

"Oh, yes," he went on after a moment. "I forgot I hadn't told you about it. You see, it occurred to me that Menness ought not to be allowed at that sale to-day. I might have prevented his attending by going up to his house and sitting on his head until it was over, or by potting him through the window with a shotgun.

"I think the town would have given me a vote of thanks for the latter method; but the sheriff might have wanted explanations, and we should have missed our train.

"So I contented myself with advising the health board that there was a well-developed case of smallpox in the Menness mansion; and that, while I had quarantined the afflicted party, I felt, in the interests of public safety, no one should be permitted to leave the premises.

"An officer of the board went up there last night, tacked a sign on the house, and instructed the sheriff to see that my orders were carried out. From what I heard and saw back there, I should gather that Menness was somewhat peeved at being compelled to remain indoors."

"Well, of all nerve—but why should the board of health pay any attention to what you said?"

"Well the fact is, Dick, I believe I got mixed in my identity over the telephone, and told them I was Dr. Kellogg. You see, he is acting as diagnostician for the health authorities, and what he says goes. He is a pretty well-known man, and they don't trouble to have their own physician make an examination after he has once seen the case.

"He went to Youngbridge last night after I had talked with him, and he told me to leave no stone unturned to help Billings. He can prove an alibi on the telephone-call, so Menness can't make any trouble for him."

"But why didn't Menness send for the inspector and prove there was no smallpox in the house?" I wanted to know.

"Probably he did. In fact, I'm quite sure he did. But the inspector was busy down at the lower end of town this morning, and it probably took some time to locate him. I don't believe he hurried, anyway. He doesn't appear to have arrived on the scene as yet."

Wesley was silent until we had taken our seats in the train and the landscape was slipping past the windows. Then he turned to me, and a grin of unalloyed delight overspread his face.

"Dick," he said, slowly, "I believe I'm about square with Menness on that ten-cent bet!"

Real Railroad Perils.

BY TOM JACKSON.

RAILROADERS, as well as lion tamers and hunters of big game, can tell a good yarn now and then about mix-ups with wild animals. The days when buffaloes blocked the right-of-way and grizzlies sharpened their teeth on engine pilots has passed, but occasionally we hear of a wild-cat or a panther causing some rapid foot-work that wasn't included in the running orders of a train crew.

The possum that chewed a hole in Foreman O'Brien's thumb, while more of a pet than a peril, called forth such a battle from Dennis, the night watchman, that Mr. Jackson has given us his sad history along with the tales of his more formidable brothers of the woods, who furnished certain trainmen as much excitement in two minutes as the average city man runs into in a lifetime.

Hair-Raisers That Were Unexpectedly Sprung on Some Western Railroaders by a Prowling Possum, a Wounded Bob-Cat, and a Ravenous Mountain Lion.

"COME boys, get busy. Seventeen's only an hour and a half late and we have that much time to kill, so we may as well take it easy," said Marsh, putting a glowing coal to his pipe and assuming the indolent posture of ease.

"That means this gang will be until after daylight cutting up 17," Norris grumbled.

"Shut up, you lazy hoghead. You'd be kicking if you was ordered out to your own funeral," said Watson.

"I don't know about that," said Spence. "Seems to me that Norris wouldn't be in very good shape to kick if the undertaker had done his work properly."

"Huh, that's a cheerful subject that you gazabos have lighted on," said Dempsey, who had just come in after the caller had visited his domicile. "Talk about undertakers when you can't talk about anything else. It's dead sure that none of the gang here will be playing possum when the undertaker comes after him."

"Speaking of possum reminds me," said Marsh, "about—"

"Oh, dat possum meat, am good for to eat," Watson chanted.

"Dry up, will you, Watson," said Dempsey. "It's about time for Marsh to make a speil, so let him go on."

"Oh, all right. If he can get a story out of a possum, he's a Jim dandy."

"Well, as I was going to say," Marsh proceeded as though no interruption had occurred, "it was when I was running on the Cairo division of the Illinois Central, between Centralia and Cairo.

Planning a Possum Hunt.

"Some of the boys had been talking for quite a while about getting up a possum hunt, but as none of the crowd had ever been out after possums so far it had resulted merely in talk.

"One evening we corralled an old darkey who had come down to the roundhouse from one of the boarding-houses with a

couple of lunch buckets for two of the boys who were going out shortly and one of the boys sang out:

"'Say, Ned, you old black rascal, do you know of any good possum hunting around here?'

"'Deed I does, gemman. An' I'se gwine wid two udder culled gemman arter possums to-morrow night.'

"Well, the long and short of it was, we then and there made a deal with the old darkey to go out with a party of us as a guide. He was reluctant at first as the darkies in that section were chary about taking strangers to the haunts of the possum, just as fishermen often endeavor to keep the knowledge of the best fishing-grounds to themselves, but finally his objections were overcome by the promise of two dollars for his services and the possums captured, if any, were to be his property.

"Upon these conditions he agreed to get the consent of the 'two udder culled gemman' for our crowd to form a part of the congregation.

"Just as luck would have it the next afternoon I got orders to pull an extra north, though by rights my lay-over extended to the day following. Now, ordinarily I would not have kicked at this chance to swell my pay-check, but I had never been on a possum hunt and I had heard so much about it and the fun that we would have, that I hustled around to see if I could not get a substitute.

A Beefsteak Bruise.

"I slyly procured a piece of raw beef that had considerable blood still in it, and this I placed in the palm of my left hand, then bandaged it lightly so that a little pressure would cause a bloody stain to appear on the bandage.

"The extra list was light and the only man available was Jack Davis. Now Jack was a good runner, though he had not long been set up and had not yet a regular engine; but O'Brien, the roundhouse foreman, who also acted as engine despatcher, for some reason had it in for Jack as big as a wolf, and he would never order him out if there was any chance to get another runner or to compel one of the regulars to double out. Jack knew this as did all the rest of the gang, but we couldn't help ourselves.

"O'Brien didn't have any great amount of use for me because I lost no opportunity to show my contempt for him, while at the same time playing safe so that he could not get an edge on me. I knew that any request to let me off that run would not go, hence the raw beef stunt.

He Fooled the Foreman.

"Well, I moseyed down to the roundhouse a little more than an hour before leaving time and monkeyed around until I caught O'Brien's eye.

"'What's the matter with your flipper?' he asked.

"'Oh, I managed to get it pinched while setting up wedges,' I answered.

"'Well, I'm sorry, but that train of perishable freight has got to move and move lively, so I don't see but you will have to pull it. There's no other engine available.'

"'That's all right, O'Brien,' I said. 'You haven't heard any wail from me?'

"'No, but I expected to.'

"'Expectations are not always realized, you know.'

"I swung up on the footboard of the old one-twelve. Her lever was down in the forward corner so I took hold of the throttle with my bandaged left hand. I pulled her open, and then shut her off, letting a yelp out of me that could be heard clear out on the Ohio levee.

"'What's the matter?' O'Brien shouted, as he came arunning.

"'I can't take this run out. My hand is too sore,' I answered and turned the palm of my bandaged hand so that he could see it.

"Say, that bandage was a beaut. The whole of the bandage covering the palm of my hand was stained a bright red and a few little drops trickled down. I groaned and fussed while O'Brien swore.

"Now I had already put Jack Davis wise, and he came sauntering in just as I sank back on the cushion as though overcome with pain.

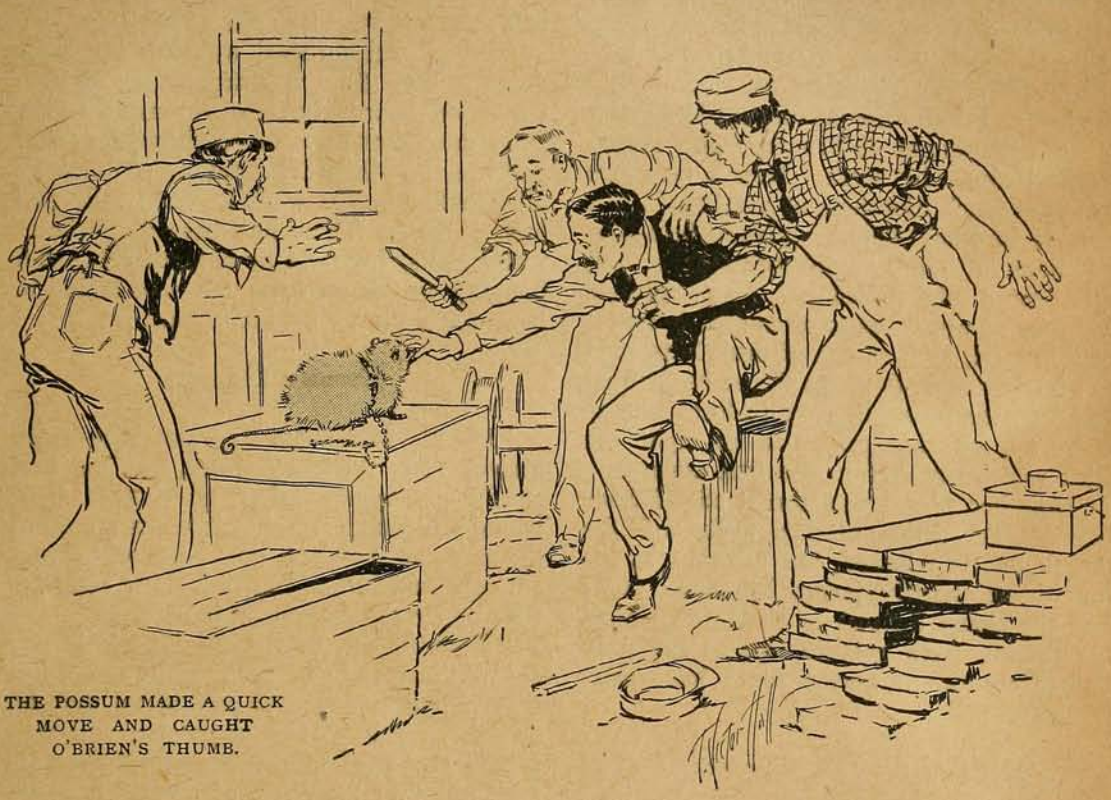
"'Hallo, O'Brien,' he said, 'anything doing?'

"'Marsh has managed to cripple himself so he can't take the one-twelve out and I guess you'll have to take her.'

"'All right, send the boy up to my boarding-house for the grub-can.'

"'Never mind,' I said, anxious to get out of the way before O'Brien tumbled to the little stunt that I had pulled off. 'Mine is in the box. Use it.'

"So, groaning and staggering and gritting my teeth as though in the most exquisite pain, I managed to get out of the roundhouse and around the first convenient corner. Then I straightened up but I still held on to my bandaged raw beef. I kept close to my room until the boys came for me to go on the possum hunt and they insisted



THE POSSUM MADE A QUICK MOVE AND CAUGHT O'BRIEN'S THUMB.

that for the sake of appearances I must hang on to my sore hand.

"We went down to the Ohio levee and got into a couple of skiffs and the darkies pulled across the river to the Kentucky side. The land here was low and covered with a growth of scrub with here and there some good-sized trees and was under water at every rise in the river, not being protected by the levee by that time.

"For three mortal hours we tramped through that scrub before the dogs, a couple of yellow and black, long-eared hounds, let out a yelp. About eleven o'clock they set up a howl around a small tree or rather a good-sized sapling, about six inches through at the butt.

"It was a pawpaw-tree and we could see a whitish lump well up toward the top. The three darkies shook the sapling viciously and finally a round furry ball hit the ground with a thump and the dogs began to worry it, but that possum never moved.

"One of the darkies hunted around until he got a heavy stick and this he laid across the possum's neck until Mr. Possum was duly defunct.

"We then proceeded to tramp farther into the woods and in about half an hour had treed and bagged another possum. Then we tramped some more. It was just getting light when the third possum was brought down. He was a whale of a fellow, almost as big as the other two combined, and for some reason the darkies concluded to take him home alive.

"We persuaded Ned to let us take the possum to the roundhouse on the positive assurance that we would return the animal in good order.

"We had some difficulty in securing Mr. Possum, but this was finally accomplished by means of a dog-chain and a metal dog-collar, which we fastened around the body of the animal.

"For some time Mr. Possum played dead, but finally seemed to conclude that it was not a paying game and showed a decided disposition to fight. In a few hours he was anything but the mild-tem-

pered animal we had always supposed him to be.

"O'Brien was one of these fellows who are always happiest when they are hectoring or browbeating somebody or teasing an animal. He had all kinds of fun with Mr. Possum for a time, punching him in the ribs and otherwise tickling him until the beast would curl back his lips and show his teeth in an angry snarl.

"All this was nuts for O'Brien and he spent the greater part of the day teasing the brute. Finally the possum made a quick move and caught O'Brien's right thumb firmly between his teeth. Now a possum's teeth are much like those of a rat and when they do take hold they hang like a bull-dog.

"Back of the roundhouse was an old, dilapidated picket fence. These pickets were the square sticks so often seen in fences of this kind, and, as one of these happened to be lying near, the boys thrust its pointed end into the possum's jaws to force him to open up, but his grip was so tight the stick was broken off in the first attempt.

"Another picket was thrust still farther between the little animal's teeth and the thumb finally released, but O'Brien, in his impatience, hastily jerked his hand away and the sharp incisors of the brute ripped his thumb, from root to tip, as smoothly and nicely as any person could have done it with a knife.

Dodging the Death Sentence.

"Ostensibly the gang sympathized deeply with O'Brien, but deep down in their hearts all were glad that he had met with his 'comeupance.' As O'Brien swore death to the possum, a hasty council of war was held by the boys.

"All of us were determined that the possum should be allowed to live because of the good he had done, so a purse, amounting to something like four or five dollars, was made up among the crowd and turned over to Ned as the price of the animal, with the distinct understanding, however, that he should declare to O'Brien that he had killed and eaten him.

"The following day when I took the one-twelve on the northbound run, securely fastened in a box which was hidden under the coal in the tender was Mr. Possum.

"As soon as we pulled out the fireman uncovered the box which rested on the running-board.

"When we got to Centralia it was about ten o'clock at night, and, for safe keeping, we put the box containing the possum in a narrow passageway that led from the machine-shop to the engine-house.

"The belt for the transmission of power ran through this passage at one side and the other was just about three or four feet wide. The box was placed back of and under the belt where it would be out of the way.

"I had just finished washing up, after doing a little tinkering around the engine, when we heard the most infernal racket from the vicinity of the machine-shop that had ever been heard in that section and we all hurried to see what in Sam Hill had broken loose. There had been a couple of pistol shots, followed by a hammering and banging as though some one were trying to beat down the wall with a maul.

Dennis's Demon.

"Dennis McCarren had not long since arrived from the old country, and his first steady employment after arriving in Centralia was that of night watchman around the machine-shop and power-house, having, among other duties, that of looking after the fires under the stationary boilers.

"Now we had overlooked Dennis in our calculations and, in fact, I do not think that it had occurred to any of us that he might never have seen a possum and was unaware of the harmless nature of the animal, nor that the effect of a sudden meeting might be disastrous.

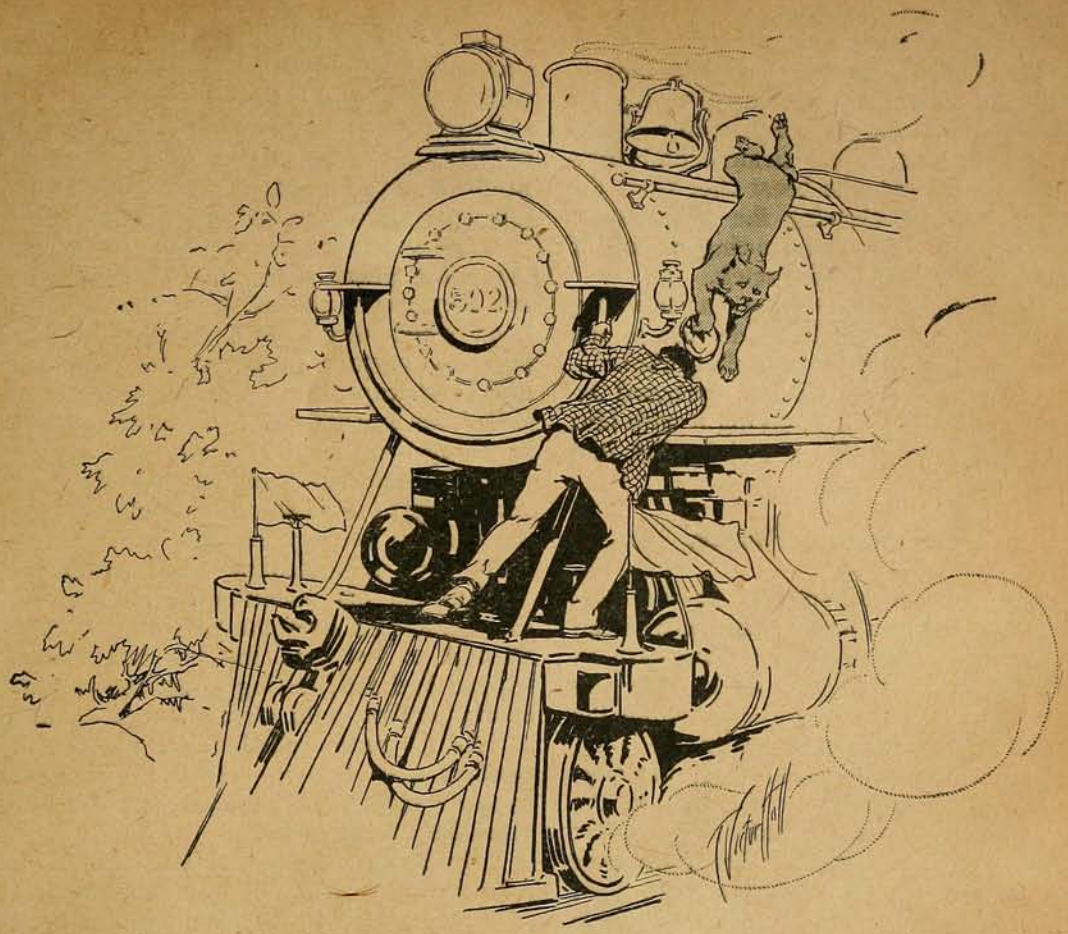
"We hurried to the passageway as quickly as possible, but before we got there Dennis stepped through the door and shouted:

"'Hurry up, byes. By the blessed Saint Pathrick, if I haven't killed the divil I've murdered his brother.'

"Poor, innocent possum. There he lay, his head crushed by a board that Dennis had wielded. The sentence of death had been executed despite our strenuous efforts to save his life.

"Dennis explained that as he was coming through the passage he saw two balls of green fire and he fired two shots and then grabbing a stave that lay handy he proceeded to pound the two balls of fire as near as he could by reaching under the belt. The possum had worked out of his box in some manner and was just setting out on an exploring expedition when he met Dennis."

"Talking about animals," said Spence,



"AS THE BOB-CAT PLUNGED OVERBOARD HE CAUGHT THE FIREMAN'S CAP."

"I heard a story some years ago that was a good one. How true it is I don't know, and, although I heard the names of the enginemen concerned, I have forgotten them as well as the name of the road upon which the affair occurred. The road was in the West—through Colorado and New Mexico—and has since been merged into one of the large systems."

"Never mind the names," said Watson, "spin the yarn."

In the Cab with a Bob-Cat.

"Some of you have probably heard the story, and if so, you may remember the names. As I heard the tale it was a case of the trouble starting from a party of tenderfeet riding on a way freight down the mountain. They had Winchesters and some .44 Colt's, and, like all other tenderfeet, were always popping away at something.

"It seems that as the train was pulling around a sharp curve one of them spied a bob-cat in a tree that leaned out over the track.

"They banged away just as the engine passed below, and the brute, with a cry, sprang out from his roost and landed square on the tank. Failing to get a hold, he lost his balance and rolled down over the coal to the foot-plate. The engineer and fireman caught sight of him just as he got to his feet and both of them got hustled out of the cab onto the running-boards, slamming the doors behind them.

"There they were, one on each side of the boiler, holding on to the hand-rail, with the engine tearing down the grade. The animal nosed around the boiler-head for a moment, but whether it did not like the heat or for some other reason, it retreated to the tank, spitting and snarling, and then leaped to the roof of the cab.

"The engine was increasing its speed every minute as it rolled down the steep mountain grade, and when the engineer heard the thump caused by the animal strik-

ing the roof of the cab he slipped back inside to shoot on the air.

"The fireman looked up just in time to see the gray, furry brute about to spring for him, and he started for the pilot in a hurry. As he stepped onto the steam-chest from the running-board, the beast shot from the roof of the cab, clearing the steam-dome, sand-box, and bell, and landing on top of the boiler just back of the stack.

"He was unable to cling on, however, and rolled off on the left side just as the fireman swung down on the pilot-beam.

"As the bob-cat plunged overboard he caught the fireman's cap, taking it with him as he rolled down the mountain-side into the cañon.

Deadheading a Panther.

"When the train stopped at the next station the engineer went ahead and found the fireman bleeding from a long gash in his scalp, very faint and weak. He was almost on the point of collapse, while the engineer himself was quite shaky.

"The whole occurrence, from the time the bob-cat leaped from the tree to the top of the tank until the train stopped, did not exceed fifteen minutes. The train-crew from engineman to conductor were mad as hornets, and they went after the three tenderfeet hot and heavy, telling them that if they wanted to hunt any more bob-cats they must do it either on horseback or afoot, for they would not under any circumstances allow any more gunning at wild animals from the train."

"That reminds me of a story Hank Johnson, who is railroading down in Mexico, told during his recent visit to the States," said Watson.

"According to Hank, a box-car was standing on the siding at Micos station on the Tampico division of the Mexican Central, being loaded with ties, when a number of mozos and greasers who were at work heard the scream of a panther or mountain lion, as it is known out there.

"The track runs around the foot of the mountain, and just below Micos enters the cañon of the *Rio El Salto del Abra de Caballeros*. At Micos the line lies on a sort of bench or terrace at the foot of the mountain, which rises almost perpendicularly for a thousand feet. The slope is not inaccessible to good climbers, but it is so steep that few attempt the ascent.

"There is just room enough on this ledge for the main line, the siding, and a small depot. Beyond this the cliff drops down probably a hundred feet to the river, whose waters are a vivid emerald green.

"Across the river another mountain rises equally, if not more, precipitous, with the result that the gorge is gloomy and for a great portion of the day in semi-twilight.

"The panther was across the track from the point where the peons were working, but they could not see him; they did not know which way to run. While they were huddled together in terror, the long, cat-like beast leaped on top of the box-car and shot down into the group of frightened men, knocking them right and left.

"While he was standing over the prostrate body of a greaser, however, one mozo plucked up courage enough to swipe the brute with a handspike. The panther at once turned his attention to his new foe, who scrambled over the pile of ties in an attempt to get into the box-car, but he tripped and fell, rolling under the car just as the panther, with a roar, leaped for him.

"As the mozo rolled under the car the panther went into it, crashing against the opposite side with a blow that must have given him a headache.

"Quick as a flash, the agent, who was a Mexican, slammed the car door shut and promptly sealed it. Then he wired headquarters that the car was loaded, and in return was instructed to bill it to Aguas Calientes, where it would be picked up by the west-bound way-freight.

"As a matter of fact, the car was not more than half loaded, but the agent evidently believed that they needed a mountain lion out at Aguas Calientes more than they did ties.

When the Door Was Opened.

"McCranie picked up the car and pulled out. Nothing occurred to excite suspicion until the train stopped at Rascon, when McCranie, who was passing on his way from the way-car to the depot, heard a thumping noise inside the car.

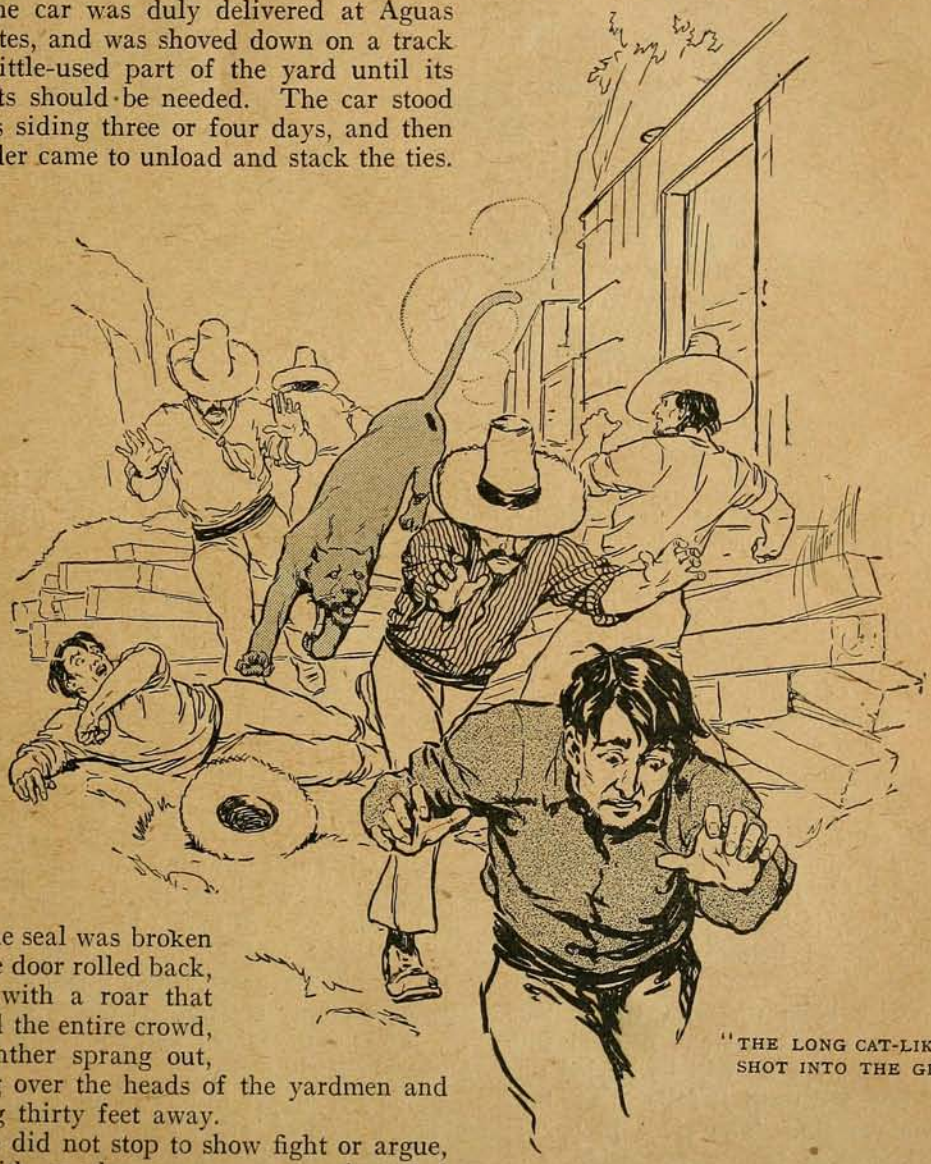
"He listened, but was unable to determine just what species of live-stock was inside, and contented himself by remarking to the yardmaster at Tamasopa that the trainmen, if called on to look after the consignment, would do well to be very careful when they opened the car door.

"The yardmaster looked at the way bills, and seeing nothing but ties specified, con-

cluded that some prowling animal, possibly a skunk or a coon, had taken refuge in the car and been accidentally locked in, so he concluded to say nothing about it.

"The trainmen who took the car up the mountain from Tamasopa to Cardenas heard the animal stirring around, but as the brute, for some reason, made but little noise, no suspicion that they were carrying anything more harmful than a raccoon occurred to them.

"The car was duly delivered at Aguas Calientes, and was shoved down on a track in a little-used part of the yard until its contents should be needed. The car stood on this siding three or four days, and then the order came to unload and stack the ties.



"THE LONG CAT-LIKE BEAST SHOT INTO THE GROUP."

"The seal was broken and the door rolled back, when, with a roar that startled the entire crowd, the panther sprang out, leaping over the heads of the yardmen and landing thirty feet away.

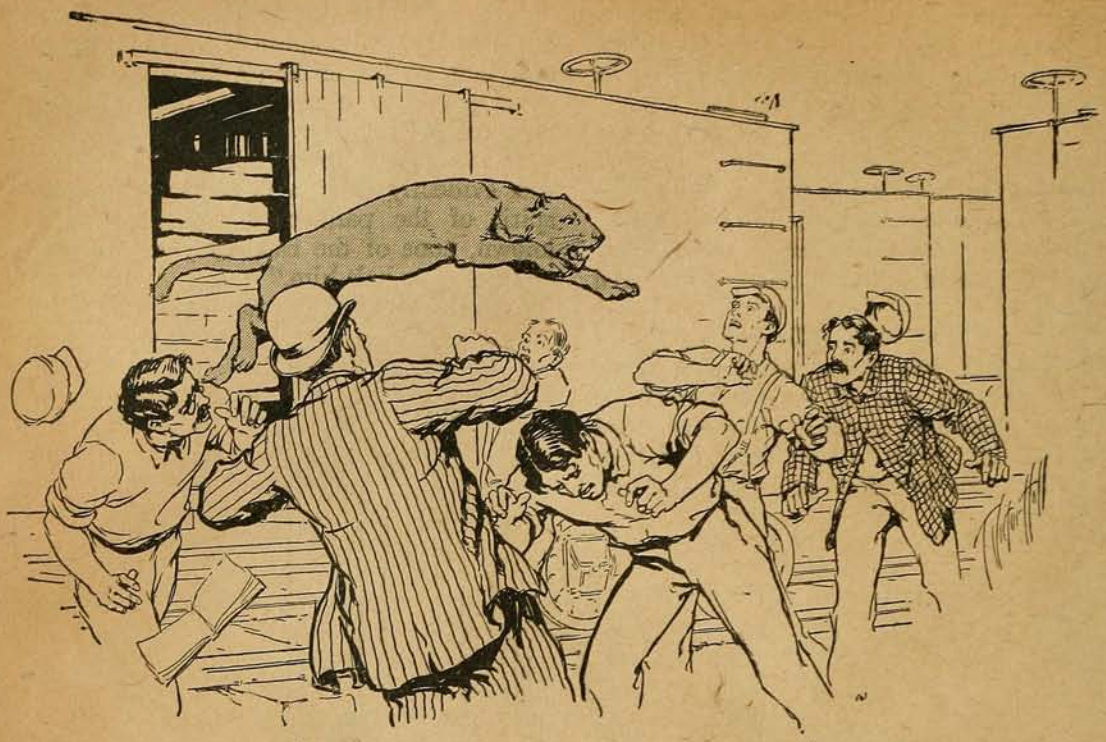
"He did not stop to show fight or argue, but, with another angry scream, bounded across the yard, and before any one could make a move he was heading for tall timber in long, graceful leaps. By the time the yardmen fully realized what sort of animal had been cooped up in that box-car the brute was well out of sight.

"It was a long time before any one found out how that mountain-lion got into the car, and, as far as Hank knew, the affair never got to the ears of any official higher than the yardmaster.

"Five or six days in a sealed box-car was evidently enough to tame the fighting spirit of the panther, though, so far as known, none of the train or yard men had any desire to halt him."

"During my kid days," said Mike, "I lived at St. James, Missouri. At that time the Frisco was known as the Atlantic and Pacific, and extended from St. Louis to a point beyond Rolla, possibly as far as Springfield.

"St. James at that time was, though only



"HE DID NOT STOP TO SHOW FIGHT OR ARGUE."

a small hamlet, quite an important shipping point for the Meramec Iron Works, which were located six or eight miles south at the head of the Meramec River.

"The shipments consisted of iron ore, both red and blue hematite, though the red predominated, and of pig-iron. A considerable amount of the ore was reduced by furnaces there and run into pig-iron.

In the Heart of the Ozarks.

"The Meramec River boils up at the foot of a mountain, the spring probably having a diameter of thirty feet. The water is icy cold, very clear, it being possible to see a pin on the gravel bottom at a depth of twelve feet.

"The water boils up with tremendous force, so strong that a stone pitched into the center of the spring will be hurled upward and outward until it falls to the bottom at the margin. The river proper is probably less than twenty feet wide, and flows with a strong, stiff current, which at that time, along in the early seventies, was utilized to drive air-pumps which furnished the blast for the furnaces.

"One of the great pastimes or sports at that time was possum-hunting. The whites as well as the negroes were fond of possum, and prepared as they used to cook it, and with sweet potatoes roasted in the pan, was a dish fit for any one.

"The trouble in these days with possum-meat is that few knew how to properly cook it so as to eliminate the greater portion of the oily fat.

"One evening in November, before the snows came and when the air was crisp and frosty, a party was made up of enginemen, yardmen, and the wipers who were on day duty. I, though only a lad, employed as a messenger, was occasionally permitted to help wipe an engine, much to my delight, for at that time I thought a locomotive was the noblest work of man's hands.

"I sought and obtained permission to accompany the party. We piled on to a string of empty ore-wagons returning from St. James to the mines, and reached the furnaces about six o'clock.

"We got supper at one of the company's boarding-houses, and then, having secured a couple of darkies as guides, we set out about eight o'clock at night.

"One of the party was a freight conductor named Hughes, who wore a full, black beard. The others were an engineer named Peters, a fireman named Jackson, two brakemen named Palmer and Craig, a wiper known as 'Schnütty,' and myself.

"The route we took was up the river to the spring and thence up into the timber on the mountain. By midnight we had captured eight possums, and had decided to turn back to the Meramec, when a long, wailing cry, like a woman's scream, echoed through the forest.

"'Dat am a painter, boss,' one of the darkies said to Hughes, who, by tacit consent, had been recognized as the leader of the party, 'an' we had best be diggin' out of heah.'

"'Are you sure that is a panther? It may be some woman who needs our help.'

"'Deed, boss, dat ar ain' no 'ooman. I done knows a painter's screech. Dat varmin' has got our scent and he doan' know jes whar we are, so he hollers dat away to make us answer, and den he gits us located. Jus' wait a minit and you'll hear him holler and he'll be nearer to us.'

"Even as he spoke, the second wailing cry was heard, and it was undeniably nearer.

"The party hustled down the mountain, no man standing upon the order of his going, but all went at once, sliding, running, tumbling, and rolling—any way to get down.

"We reached a spot on the side of the mountain immediately above the spring. We had lost the trail, but no one was anxious to spend time in looking for it, though we knew the side of the mountain above the spring was so steep as to be almost precipitous and footing was exceedingly difficult to obtain or to retain when obtained.

"We were nearly to the bottom when another scream rang out, not the wailing cry as heard before, but the angry, snarling scream of a hungry panther.

"Hughes was in the lead, and he was so startled that he slipped, lost his footing, and went rolling down the mountain, bumping against trees that he vainly endeavored to grasp; turning over and over, until he finally shot out feet first, landing almost in the center of the spring.

"He was shot upward by the rushing water, and went bobbing along with the torrent for several minutes, until he was finally washed ashore at the head of the river, still hanging on to his possum.

"The rest of us stumbled along down the mountain, but, more fortunate than Hughes, we managed to control our descent, and soon reached a piece of level ground at the margin of the spring, not far from the outlet and not many feet from the spot where Hughes was scrambling to his feet.

"A few yards of lively sprinting brought us into the open, where, in the full flare of the blast-furnaces, we felt a good deal safer.

"The scream of the panther had been heard in the village, and had brought out a number of the teamsters, miners, and furnace-men, who, armed with rifles and shotguns, came hurrying toward us.

"We were all too much excited and frightened to give an intelligent account of our experiences, but when they finally heard that the panther was somewhere near the top of the mountain above the spring, they decided it was useless to go after him that night.

"However, they drew off a short distance into the open where they could command the fringe of trees for a quarter of a mile either way, and closely watched for the brute to show himself.

"They said that the panther had probably scented the blood of the possums we had killed, and would be apt to follow our trail clear to the edge of the clearing if he was as hungry as his actions would indicate.

"Hughes went to the boarding-house, where he put on some dry clothes one of the furnace-men loaned him, and he then rejoined the rest of us, who strung out about twelve or fifteen feet apart along the edge of the forest, behind the works. At somebody's suggestion, the carcass of one of the possums was left lying on the bank.

"Nothing more was heard until almost daylight, when a scream rang out and almost at the same instant a dark form sprang from the shadows close to where lay the dead possum.

"Half a dozen rifles suddenly cracked, but the beast still came forward toward us. Before he had covered half the distance, however, he fell forward and rolled over on his side, biting at the grass and clawing convulsively. Then he died.

"The day was just dawning, so we waited until broad daylight before approaching the prostrate panther in order to make sure that he was really dead. On examining him we found five bullets in his head and body and one in his left foreleg.

"He was a magnificent specimen and measured over twelve feet in length from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. His skin was given to Hughes, who had it made into a rug."

A SHOCKING AFFAIR.

BY AUGUSTUS WITTFELD.

Dugan Finds an Image Which Has Normal Notions So Long as It Is Not Up-Ended.

"SPEAKING of the superstitious practises of the East and of her idolatrous ways," said Dugan to the theological student, "reminds me of a weird and wool-raising incident that occurred out West, when I was feeding the furnace on an engine on the S. I. X. line.

"We were pulling freight across the prairie, and about fifty miles from nowhere the rails spread and wrecked three or four of our cars. In all my experience, I have never seen such complete demolition of rolling-stock as accompanied that trifling accident.

"There was one car, in particular, the contents of which were evidently consigned to some museum in the East, that looked as if it had made a bid for an honorary degree in the order of junk. The car itself was smashed to smithereens, while the cases with which it had been loaded were bruised, battered, and busted.

"Their contents were scattered over the prairie in a manner that would have given the claim-agent cardiac syncope, and the green sward was strewn with a heterogeneous conglomeration of images, idols, totem-poles, and so on. The assortment, no doubt, represented the labors of one of those archeological academicians who go around poking their noses into the affairs of those who are dead and gone and can't resent it.

"Soubers, the engineer, was a man whom I had every reason to believe had either missed his calling or else nature had juggled the signals and sidetracked him. He never told me how he came to take up locomotive engineering, but it was my private opinion that he was a by-product of a theological seminary.

"When he went back to hold a post mortem on his defunct cars, and his eyes rested on the graven images and jimcracks, he nearly fell from grace.

"'What the nation kind of junk is this to expect a self-respecting, church-going engineer to transport?' he grumbled. 'When the S. I. X. road takes to tearing a lot of heathen idols from their proper resting-place behind the portals of the past, it's time for me to get a job as motorman on a trolley-car. Why, that outfit of right-worshipful Willies is enough to wreck the whole system.'

"He went tramping around among the scattered idols, making cursory remarks to the different deities of the past. Presently he saw one that struck his fancy, and he picked it up. Coming up to me, he exhibited the darndest specimen of primitive sculpture I have ever laid eyes on.

"The thing was about eighteen inches high, and looked as if it had been carved out of some hard, black stone. Its attitude was something between that of a gladiator and a base-ball pitcher in action, while its garb was what you might expect to behold on an Adonis di Milo who had just received an encore for the dance of the seven veils.

"A serpent of the d. t. order, which did duty as a girdle, accentuated the paucity of wardrobe, while its expression resembled that of a bleacherite voicing his disapproval of the umpire's ultimatum. All in all, the toot onsomble was first-class to the bad.

"'You're a nice-looking, gentle little primeval specimen to be the recipient of adoration and devotion,' said Soubers, balancing the idol on his palm in an upright position. He gazed at it critically, and then, taking hold of it at either end, he turned it in different positions, examining it as a call-boy might examine his first pay envelope.

"'If I had a disposition like yours,' he said, continuing his effrontery, 'I'd hire out

as a before-taking example and get rid of it. You're short on beauty and long on homeliness, and you haven't sense enough to cover. You look to me like a harbinger of hate, and—wow! Holy smoke! What you getting into action about?' and he threw the idol from him like an athlete trying for a record.

"'What's the matter?' I inquired.

"'Matter?' he rasped. 'Say, that statue has got Tom Edison hunting for a taxidermist to have his skin readjusted. It just handed me a million volts.'

"'Say, Soubers,' I advised, 'just stick your fingers in your ears so your brains won't ooze out. How in the nation could you get an electric shock out in this virgin vicinity?'

"'How could I get it?' he asked savagely. 'I got it shaking hands across the chasm of the past with an idol from the inferno. Fondling a freak fetish from the fetid fossa of the past. I got it nursing a nature-faking deity from the Olympus of the protoplasmic Pantheon of paganism. That's how I got it.'

"'Aw, go on,' I commented. 'You're suffering from an acute imagination and an overburdened vocabulary. Who ever heard of an innocent statue being charged with statuetic electricity?'

"Well, we argued it out pro and con, but I couldn't convince him he was wrong. Finally, when the track was cleared of the wreckage, Soubers got courageous and picked up the idol on a coal-shovel and carried it to his cab, where he stood it in a corner of his seat.

"When everything was in shape, we proceeded on our interrupted journey, leaving the scattered collection of idols, etc., for the wrecking-crew to salvage. We were hitting it up at a lively pace to make up for lost time, when, on looking at the idol reposing on the leather-covered divan, I conceived the idea of getting Soubers's nanny.

"'Say, Soubers,' I remarked, 'just request that Willieken of yours to stop flirting. If it winks at me again, I'll bat it one with my coal-shovel.'

"'What's eating you? Who ever heard of an innocent idol making eyes?' he asked, paraphrasing my previous remark. 'You are evidently suffering from an overgrown imagination if you interpret a stony stare into an ophthalmic amatory signal.

"'Why, that innocent cuss is a demon *de luxe*, a *vade mecum* of wickedness, and an epitome of all that is villainous. If any of our ancestors ever prayed to that dinky devil, I'll bet it was to invoke his malefic influence towards their enemies.

"'He is a bad man of a bygone age, and —gee whiz! There you go ag'in!' he yelled, as the object of his wrath rolled off the seat and fetched him one on the tibia.

"For a moment he nursed his bruised shin, then he stooped and picked up the fallen idol. Taking it in both hands, he essayed to send it flying through the cab-window; but it didn't fly, for the simple reason that Soubers suddenly froze into inaction like a statue doing the classic pose, while his eyes were fixed on the ancient and honorable with a fascinated look of fear.

"'Say, Soubers,' I asked, 'why that attitude of winged victory?'

"'Dugan, you shrimp,' he cried, 'why don't you do something? Can't you see that I'm working for a release from this dynamic attachment?'

"I grasped the idol with my good right hand and tried to wrest it from his grasp, but he held on to it like grim death. Finally I gave it a twist upward, and Soubers released his hold quicker than a base-ball manager releases a bum player. I stood it up again in its little corner and turned to Soubers.

"'Guess you're convinced now,' he growled. 'Oh, no, innocent little idols don't do anything but idle. They don't shock you; they don't wink at comparative strangers, nor hand you a writ of attachment like a constable. I wish I had never laid eyes on the enchanted emblem.'

"I made no reply, for I had begun to look upon that impish image with a certain amount of awe. It would not have surprised me if the statuette had joined in the conversation and rebuked Soubers for his lack of reverence.

"We eventually pulled into the terminus at Sleepy Siding without further incident. Soubers lived there, and I boarded with him.

"'What you going to do with your friend?' I asked, after we had run the engine into the shed.

"'What am I going to do with it?' he replied. 'I've half a mind to get out my iconoclastic hammer and smash it, but, to tell the truth, I'm half afraid. Guess I'd better take it home and treat it like one of the family. Build it a shrine and offer it my devoirs—I don't think.'

"'Say, Soubers,' I remonstrated, 'you

wouldn't think of harboring that fractious fetish under your roof-tree? What do you want to do—hoodoo the homestead?'

"'No,' he replied. 'I wish to make a study of the psychic phenomenon as promulgated by the pagan prestidigitator. I want to spring it on the boys and see if any of them get stung. After this, whenever his lordship gets into action, I'm going to occupy the auditorium and not the center of the stage. I've had mine, all right, and after this I'm going to root for the right-worshipful trouble-maker.'

"Soubers made a noose with a piece of cord and, passing it over the image's head, drew it tight around the neck. Then we started for home, with Soubers dangling the troublesome trinket at the end of the cord. On the main street, we met Professor Knowit, who had gone East some time before to locate his health, which had eluded him. The professor was accompanied by a bull-pup which was a great joy of ugliness.

"As we stopped to indulge in persiflage, the pup spied the dangling demigod and went smelling around it. Soubers gave the cord a quick jerk, and one of the good points of that idol perforated the pug-nose of the pug-pup. The dog emitted a howl, and went scooting down the street like an ocean dash-hound, with his steering-gear set for a straight course.

"'Bless my soul!' said the professor, eying the idol. 'What have you there, Soubers?'

"'Oh, just an ornament I've taken a fancy to,' replied Soubers.

"'It looks like an idol of the early ages,' remarked the professor. 'May I examine it, Soubers?'

"Soubers handed it to the professor, who took it and examined it critically.

"'I can't make it out,' he said. 'It might be a Shamnist idol, but I am not sure the Shamnists included idols in their ceremonies. Shamanism, as you are no doubt aware, consists of making offerings to evil spirits to propitiate them. It is said to have been practised by the older Tartar races, and still flourishes in some parts of Siberia. This is a very interesting specimen,' he continued. 'May I ask why you were carrying it in such a peculiar manner?'

"Soubers related his thrilling experiences, while the professor listened attentively.

"'Very curious,' he commented as Soubers finished, 'but, no doubt, due to some natural cause.'

"'Say, professor,' I remarked, butting into the conversation, 'take the image in both hands and hold it horizontally, and see what happens.'

"The professor did as I advised, watching the idol closely and awaiting developments. Suddenly he began to orate. I had thought Soubers's remarks were eloquent, but that bally engineer was in the kindergarten class alongside of Professor Knowit. I'm not up on classical language, consequently I couldn't interpret the professor's remarks, but, judging from the detonation of his voice, I'll bet that no stenographer could have kept up with him.

"When I could interject a remark, I yelled for the professor to up-end her. He did as I advised, and his oration stopped so sudden you'd thought his air-brakes had jammed.

"'Bless my soul!' he remarked when he had recovered his poise. 'I must send an account of this to Professor Curio. His particular hobby is the study of idols. I am sure he will be deeply interested. In the meantime, Soubers, I would advise you to take good care of the idol. The professor may be interested to the extent of buying it from you at a good figure.'

"'Well, professor,' commented Soubers, 'if I can get a good figure, I'll be willing to overlook what I've suffered at its hands.'

"The professor suddenly remembered his dog, and started to hunt it up, again cautioning Soubers to be careful of the idol. Soubers and I continued our interrupted homeward journey, and when we reached our destination, Soubers placed the image on the mantelpiece in the living-room.

"Well, nothing happened for some time, except that the family tabby developed a strong aversion to the room, and the mantel-clock developed symptoms of the hook-worm and loafed on the job.

"Then, one night, a number of the boys came around for a game of cards. A fellow named Curran spied the dynamic demon.

"'Say, Soubers,' he inquired, 'where did you get the punk-looking ornament?'

"'That,' replied Soubers, 'is an idol that was held in high esteem by the Salamanders of old. It was reputed to possess marvelous powers, and the Salamanders are said to have made long pilgrimages to gaze upon its beatific countenance.'

"'Gosh,' said Curran, 'they must have been a lot of mutts. Just imagine any one with a grain of intelligence trailing over the

veldt to look at a dinky imp like that. Why, any half-cut Italian image-maker could beat that for looks with his eyes shut. The fellow who made that didn't know anything about art.'

"'That's not art, Curran,' remarked Soubers; 'it's archeology, and it is of vital interest to the student of the early forms of worship.'

"Curran hitched his chair back against the wall and gazed at the idol critically.

"'Say, Soubers,' he protested, 'you don't mean to tell me that anybody ever worshiped that dinky devil? Say, the man who made that thing must have had a grouch against the beautiful. Anybody who could make anything as homely as that didn't possess soul enough to worship anything. I've been in a good many art galleries and museums, but I've never seen anything anywhere that was so many points good to the bad. It's the homeliest specimen of—'

"The balance of Curran's remarks was lost in a crash, as the framed picture of Soubers's second wife's first husband fell from the wall and, landing square on Curran's head, swelled around his neck like an Elizabethan ruff.

"Soubers rolled from his chair in an ecstasy of delight. No doubt he appreciated the humor of the situation, looking at it as an uninterested onlooker.

"'Go it, O, wrathful one!' he cried. 'Don't let 'em malign you! Don't let 'em traduce your fair name!'

"Curran arose in his wrath. 'Say, Soubers,' he cried, 'if I thought that blasted bauble had any hand in framing me up like a set of resolutions, I'd annihilate it. I don't see why you want to turn your home into a joss-house.'

"'That's all right, Curran,' said Soubers. 'Don't say I didn't warn you. Let's play cards.'

"Soubers hunted up the pasteboards while Curran divested himself of his decoration, and the five of us pulled up to the table and started a game of penny ante.

"Soubers dealt, and everybody stayed in. We all took cards, and then the betting started. I dropped out early in the proceedings, and the other two shortly followed, leaving Curran and Soubers to decide it.

"The betting was of the Gatling gun order, and when the show-down finally came on Curran's call, Soubers had three kings and a pair of aces, while Curran had three aces and a pair of kings. They looked at the cards in silence and then gazed at one another reproachfully, and finally Curran remarked:

"'Say, Soubers, what kind of revised version of King James's authorized edition are you ringing in on us? That dominant fifth and that butting-in king don't belong in a regular railroad poker deck.'

"'Well, I'll be blowed!' apologized Soubers, examining the cards. 'Darned if I didn't get hold of a pinochle deck. That's what you get, Curran, for wakening the slumbering statue.'

"'Say, boys,' suggested Kinney, who sat facing the idol, 'I move that we banish the joker from the mantelpiece. I think that darned image is a hoodoo.'

"The rest of those amateur card sharps concurred. If there is anything a card-player is long on, it's superstition.

"'Kinney,' said Soubers, 'as the maker of the resolution, it's up to you to do the transporting. Take his highness out and put him on the porch.'

"Kinney did as directed, and the game proceeded without any further evidence of vaudeville. When the boys were ready to depart, Soubers asked Kinney to bring in the outcast. Kinney went out to do the escort act, and in a few minutes returned, saying that the idol was gone.

"Not a trace of it in evidence. We all went out to investigate, and Curran, who was still feeling sore over the moving-picture act, asked Soubers whether he didn't consider it unfilial for the idol to do the prodigal stunt.

"'Curran,' replied Soubers, 'don't you worry. That idol will come back all right. You couldn't divorce that thing from me if you worked the Reno divorce machinery overtime!'

"The boys went home, and we turned in. The next morning Soubers was ordered to take a string of empties to Juniper Junction, about thirty miles away.

"We made about two-thirds of the run without incident, but when we entered a deep ravine which an early seismic disturbance had created especially for the benefit of the S. I. X. road, the lid came off of the trouble-box.

"First it was an overheated journal, then the bituminous went on the bum, and, finally, a coupling broke, and consequently the train parted.

"As we were running back to pick up the severed section, I heard a crash up among

the trees which lined the sides of the ravine. The next instant a boulder weighing about half a ton crashed through the roof of the forward car of the bunch we had left behind.

"Almost simultaneously something shot out of the trap-door in the roof at the rear end of the car — shot out as if it had a date on Mars and meant to keep it. I fixed my eyes on the object, and discovered that it was a hobo making a rapid rise in the world.

"Talk about your Curtisses and your Wrights! That fellow was sure some at soaring. I watched him with interest, and, as I watched, I realized that he held something in his right hand.

"On looking closely, I recognized the object as that Billiken of a bygone age. I heaved a sigh of relief as he and the idol landed in the branches of a tree that looked to be about fifty feet up the side of the ravine.

"I called up to him and inquired if he was hurt, but he advised me to take a trip that is not on any railroad schedule.

"As the elevated errant did not seem inclined to be sociable, we pulled out after making connections, and left him roosting with his partner in iniquity. We reached Juniper Junction all right, and when we opened the box-car to size up the damage, we discovered the cause of the eruptive hobo's skyward scoot.

"A long plank ran along the length of the car, with its center resting on several railroad ties, while the boulder rested solidly on one end.

"We put two and two together with a mental coupling-pin, and figured that the aviating hobo had been holding down the other end when the boulder intruded on his privacy; hence his hasty exit.

"When we got back to Sleepy Siding we found Professor Knowit awaiting us.

"'Bless my soul!' he ejaculated. 'I've just received a telegram from my colleague, Professor Curio, saying that he will arrive here this evening. No doubt his visit has to do with the idol, about which I wrote him last week. You have it safe, Soubers?'

"'Safe?' said Soubers. 'Oh, yes, it's safe, all right. Why, that image could travel through Dante's inferno in safety. It's fire-proof, fool-proof, an A No. 1 risk for any accident insurance company.'

"'Bless my soul! Quite so!' agreed Knowit. 'I will bring the professor up to your place immediately he arrives.'

"As he left us, Soubers looked at me and growled:

"'Here's a pretty mess. Just as that blooming idol might have been worth something to me, and paid me back for all the indignities I've suffered at its hands, a darned trampologist comes along and swipes it. If old Professor Curiosity comes along on schedule, he'll have me drawing on my imagination for an explanation. Let's hike for home.'

"We reached home and, after supper, Soubers and I adjourned to the living-room. We were trying to fix up some scheme to get out of the predicament the hypothecating hobo had gotten us into, when Soubers suddenly began to emit samples of language which I am sure he never acquired in a theological school.

"I was beginning to wonder whether he had softening of the brain or ossification of his morals, when he pointed a trembling finger toward the mantelpiece. I looked in that direction, and darn me if there wasn't that back-number idol grinning from his old stand as though nothing had happened since the year 2000 B.C.

"I was looking at it in amazement, and was on the point of asking Soubers to throw something at it, when Mrs. Soubers came into the room. No doubt she took in the tensely dramatic situation, for she asked Soubers what was the matter.

"'Matter?' said Soubers. 'Oh, nothing. Of course, it is the most natural thing in the world for a man to return home and find that sinful statuette extending him the glad hand. It doesn't count for anything that a confounded hobo walked off with it to the seclusion of the forest.

"'It doesn't signify that we saw that same hobo doing a sky-scraping soar with the affectionate image locked in his loving embrace. Nothing counts for anything, except the fact that the image is here to give us welcome. How in the Harry did it get here?'

"Soubers's second half looked at him as though she suspected he had been to a boozebund, and remarked crisply:

"'If some people wouldn't be so careless about things, they wouldn't get lost or mislaid. It's a wonder to me you don't lose your engine when you take it out.'

"'Where did you find it?' asked Soubers.

"'I found it in the flower-bed in front of the house, where it rolled when that tallow-

pot Kinney knocked it off the porch when he went out for it. Railroad men are like children—they need a lot of waiting on,' and she flounced out of the room.

"'Say, Dugan,' asked Soubers, 'what kind of a hokey-pokey game is this, anyway? Last night Kinney takes his royal highness out on the porch for an airing, and when we want to bring him in he's gone. Then we see him in disreputable company, this morning, thirty miles from here. When we get back, here he is, waiting to extend us the fin of free-masonry.'

"Before I had time to answer, there was a knock at the door. Soubers opened it, and Professor Knowit entered, accompanied by a short, stout man, whom he introduced as Professor Curio.

"We shook hands, and the professor asked Soubers whether he had the idol.

"Soubers said he wasn't sure, but he thought it was standing on the mantelpiece.

"The professor walked over and, after looking at it for a moment, he reached up and took it down. He looked at it curiously for a minute or so, then remarked:

"'Why, Mr. Soubers, this is the real idol.'

"'The *real* idol!' exclaimed Soubers. 'Well, I guess it is. That idol is about the realest thing I ever came in contact with. It's got all other real things looking like rank imitations. I don't know much about idolatry, but it strikes me that that statue is the patron saint of realism in all its reality.'

"'You do not understand,' said the professor. 'I came here expecting to find a *replica* of this idol, but, instead, I find the original, which has been missing from my collection for the last three months. From what my friend, Professor Knowit, has written and told me, the trick idol must have been in your possession. Where is it?'

"'Search me,' replied Soubers. 'I've traveled some speedy in my time, but when I try to follow the pace set by that idol it's got me classified in the green turtle group.'

"Just at that moment Curran came walking in unannounced. As he advanced to the center of the room, he said:

"'Soubers, here's your statue of servitude. I thought you'd be glad to get it back.'

"Professor Curio advanced. Relieving Curran of the idol, he placed it on the table alongside the other. It was a dead ringer for the other one, and as Soubers caught sight of the two, he gasped:

"'Twins, by heck! I always thought there was too much original sin attached to that thing for one idol. Where did you get the other one, Curran?'

"'Well,' said Curran, 'we were coming down the road this afternoon, and up beyond that cut where the branch runs to Juniper Junction, I saw a hobo sitting alongside the track holding communion with that idol.

"'I recognized it as your property, and when the train stopped for the brakeman to throw the switch, I went back and told that hobo I wanted that idol. He seemed surprised that anybody should want the idol, but he handed it to me with the remark that he didn't want anything more to do with it.

"'He said he had traveled with that idol for three months on the best of terms, but since last night it had done its level best to electrocute him. I expressed my sympathy and relieved him of the idol, for which he showed his gratitude by striking me for a quarter. But, say, where did this other one come from?'

"Professor Curio laughed. 'Let me explain,' he said. 'This idol which Mr. Soubers had on the mantelpiece is the original idol. I had it in my collection at the university, but was much annoyed by the students, who constantly borrowed it without permission, or carried it off to serve as a mascot at their base-ball games.

"'Finally I conceived the idea of having the trick idol made. I had an Italian image-maker cast me a duplicate of the original from a hard composition. I took this duplicate, which was hollow, to an electrician, and had him wire it and instal in it the strongest battery he could procure.

"'The battery was installed in such manner that when the idol was standing the circuit was closed, but immediately the idol was placed or held in a horizontal position the circuit was open, with the result that any one who happened to be holding it received a strong electric shock.

"'The scheme worked to perfection and broke the students of their pernicious habit. Then the original was stolen some three months ago. Until to-night, I had been unsuccessful in locating it.'

"'Say, professor,' said Soubers, as the professor finished, 'if it's all the same to you, I wish you would get those two dromios out of here to-night. It was some to the bad with one around doing his solo act; but with the Trouble Brothers doing a duet, it's time to get the hook.'

"'I will gladly do so, Mr. Soubers,' replied the professor, 'on condition that you allow me to pay you the reward of one hundred dollars which I had offered for the return of the genuine idol!'

"Soubers didn't put up any strenuous protest, and the professor handed him the money. Then he gave Curran twenty-five for recovering the trick idol, and the two professors left us, accompanied by the mischief-making manikins."

The theological student, who had listened in silent attention to Dugan's weird tale, took a pad and pencil from his pocket and, writing something on it, handed it to Dugan. Dugan read it and smiled.

"You want to know how the idols got mixed?" he said. "Well, Soubers and I talked that thing over, and we came to the conclusion that the hobo came along shortly after Kinney had placed the trouble-maker on the front porch. He had the original idol with him, and spying a good, soft porch, he sat, putting his idol down alongside him. Probably he fell asleep, and when he woke up he picked up the wrong idol and then knocked the right one off the porch in getting up. That seems to be the only logical explanation."

The theological student reached for his pad and wrote upon it just one word:

"Thanks."

Then, rising, he smiled and shook hands with Dugan and walked away.

"That fellow makes a dandy auditor," mused Dugan. "There's no butting in or asking questions when you tell him a story. But it's a darned shame he sprained his vocal cords rooting for his *alma mater,* and had to cut out the gabfest."

FULL FARE FOR TALL CHILDREN.

AN interurban railway in Pennsylvania has caused to be painted on the interior of its cars a narrow horizontal stripe, extending along the sides and ends of the cars, at the fixed distance of forty-five inches from the floor. The purpose of this line is to afford a gage as to the height of juvenile pasengers, and all who measure above the line when standing erect must pay full fare, while all who have not grown up to the line will be passed for half fare. The company has thus abandoned the age limit as a means of determining whether a child shall pay half or full fare, and when there are disputes in the future, the conductor will courteously ask the child to stand up and be measured. The height limit is really a more rational gage for half fares than the age limit, for the cost of transportation depends upon the size and weight of the passenger; but the suggestion is made in this connection that the chief motive of the road in inaugurating the new system was a concern because of the evil example to the growing youth of the country in hearing their parents break the ninth commandment.—*The Railway and Engineering Review.*

455,906,610 FREE TRANSFERS.

ALLOWING a ride of only half a mile on each of the 455,960,610 transfers which the United States Census Bureau has set down in its recent report, as issued for nothing annually on the street railways in New York State, it is calculated that some 40,000 people could at the same expense be hauled over the 3,000 miles from the Empire State to California and back. One passenger in every five who rides on the street-cars is carried free on a transfer. Over every mile of trolley track in New York State, an average of 115,000 people each year now receive free rides, according to the latest reports of the public service commissions, as well as the census returns. While the issuance of transfers has increased in the United States eighty-eight per cent since 1902, almost half a million of the more than two billion passengers carried on the trolleys of New York State are known to have last year enjoyed this fare-less form of transportation that has grown over sixty-two per cent in less than ten years.

COST OF STOPPING A TRAIN.

ACCORDING to Signal Engineer J. A. Peabody, of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, who investigated the matter on his own line, the cost of stopping a train of 530 tons and returning to a speed of fifty miles an hour is 42 cents. The cost of stopping a 2,000-ton train from thirty-five miles an hour is $1. The officials of another road estimate each stop of a six-car passenger-train from forty-five miles an hour at 35 cents, and for a 1,500-ton train from fifteen miles an hour at 56 cents. The time that is lost for making a stop on a level straight track has been estimated at 145 seconds by careful engineers.—*Buffalo News.*

Traffic Troubles of a Big City.

BY EDWIN MORRIS.

THE man from the country who marvels at the wonders of the metropolis, with its myriads of bright lights, its wonderful rapid systems and its thousand and one wheels within wheels that apparently keep turning with the regularity of a well-balanced machine, seldom understands how the slipping of one cog in the mechanism will throw a large portion of the community into a state bordering on complete helplessness.

A rise or fall of temperature, a misdirected stroke of a pick in a subway tunnel, or some odd combination of circumstances occurring in a big city, often causes as much discomfort and suffering as a cyclone or a blizzard. Mishaps, seemingly too trivial to consider, frequently disrupt the lives of thousands of people.

Comfort and Welfare of Numerous City Dwellers May Be Affected by the Weather or Some Tiny Piece of Steel or Bundle of Wires.

T was the rush hour in the morning, and the trains were running through the New York Subway, packed with all the passengers they could hold. A hundred and fifty passengers to a car, eight cars to a train, and trains only a minute apart.

Suddenly every car between Grand Central Station and Thirty-Third Street stopped. The lights went out, and not a passenger could even see his hand before his face. The loud grinding of wheels had given way to the low voices of passengers.

Everybody was speculating as to what had happened.

Only the six trains that chanced to be between Grand Central and Thirty-Third Street were at first affected, but each minute that passed brought to a standstill four more trains—two north bound and two south bound. Each minute of waiting in the darkness of the tunnel increased the concern of the passengers.

Some of the timid ones wanted to get out and risk their lives picking their way over the heavily charged third-rails to the nearest station, but the guards resolutely stood by the closed doors and would let none pass.

Five minutes elapsed, and twenty-six trains were standing still. With an average of twelve hundred passengers to a train, there were now thirty-one thousand men and women in the darkness wondering what had happened.

Tying Up a City's Population.

Still no wheel turned. Six minutes, seven minutes, eight minutes. Trains were piling up like bits of driftwood against a log in a swift stream. Close to forty-six thousand passengers had been halted—more men and women than there are inhabitants of Mobile, Alabama, or Lincoln, Nebraska.

During the tenth minute the light flared forth from the electric bulbs in each car, the motormen of the first trains turned on the power, and the wheels moved. In half

an hour the congestion had been relieved and trains were again running at regular schedules.

But while the power was off, on the short stretch between Grand Central and Thirty-Third Street, forty-six trains, bearing fifty-five thousand passengers, had been stopped. It was as if every man, woman, and child in Salt Lake City or Duluth had suddenly been imprisoned in a dark tunnel.

What had happened? Nothing much. An Italian laborer who was working on the tracks near Thirty-Third Street had been a little careless in throwing down his crowbar.

The bar had struck an emergency device that was intended, in case of need, to shut off the current between the two stations.

Results of One Sleet-Storm.

Nobody thought to look for the real cause until several minutes elapsed, because each motorman supposed his power had been shut off—as it frequently is—by another emergency device that automatically cuts off the current when another train is stalled only a short distance ahead.

This incident is but a sample of the many little things that sometimes upset big cities—things that would pass unnoticed in the country. Big cities, in their wonderful complexity, must run just so or they cannot run at all. A sleet-storm in New York, for instance, will cause more suffering and death than are caused by many a battle.

There was such a storm in New York City recently. Rain fell for hours, and froze as it struck. In the country such a storm would have meant nothing. A few farmers might have turned a few impromptu handsprings in going to the barn to do the chores, but the damage would not have been great.

In New York this storm meant that millions of persons would be compelled to make their way over streets that were as slippery as if they had been soaped. Look up or down Broadway, and the scene was the same.

Plug-hats, canes, and hand-bags were flying in the air — plug-hats, canes, and hand-bags, combined with a varied assortment of heels and hosiery. Ambulances came on the run. Policemen helped the less severely hurt into drug-stores. In twenty-four hours the hospitals treated more than six hundred cases, one hundred and forty-four of which involved broken bones, while four persons died of their injuries.

The police courts got a little business from the storm, too—at least one case. Two truck-drivers were brought in for fighting. One of them had a gash across his temple that looked as if it had been made with a cold-chisel.

"I did it, yer honor," said the other fellow, "but I had my reasons."

"You may state your reasons to the court," said the judge.

"Well, it was like this," said the prisoner. "I was loading step-ladders at a warehouse and having a mighty hard time to keep my feet, as the sleet had glazed the sidewalk until it was like glass. Two or three times I had nearly fallen with a bundle of step-ladders in my arms, and finally I did fall. The step-ladders went flying all over the walk, and one of them got tangled up in a man's legs and tripped him up, too. He was all right about it, but this guy here that I punched called me names and insulted me."

"What did he say?" inquired the judge.

"He yelled out at me: 'Get up there, you lobster, and get a basket to carry your ladders in.' I couldn't help poking him one then, judge, even if it cost me five."

"It will cost you ten," said the court. "And you"—turning to the other prisoner—"I'll fine you ten, too. A sleet-storm is bad enough without having your kind of people around to josh the unfortunate."

Sufferings of the Homeless.

A few days later it seemed as if the mercury in every thermometer in New York had dropped down into the bulb, wadded itself into a chunk the size of a pin's head, and then evaporated. It wasn't thirty or forty degrees below zero, as it sometimes is out in the Northwest, but it was down pretty close to zero, and that's enough to make a New Yorker feel as if his veins were frozen water-pipes.

Out in the country the farmers were cheerfully cracking hickory-nuts and drinking hard cider, but nothing of this sort was taking place among the poor of New York. Those who were fortunate enough to have homes suffered a good deal, but they were like rich men, robed to the neck in fur overcoats, in comparison with those who had no homes—and there were many such. Dur-

ing the coldest night the Municipal Lodging-House, on East Twenty-Fifth Street, did a record business, with almost five hundred guests, twenty-two of whom were women. Two men fell dead from exposure in the line that was waiting at the door.

If one wants to see a great deal of inconvenience in New York, let him be around some time when the telephones in a large office-building area suddenly fail to work. A little while ago a Broadway gentleman who counts his minutes as a miser counts his money told his blue-eyed stenographer to call up a certain number for him. He waited the usual length of time, but the stenographer did not return, as usual, to tell him that the man he wanted was waiting on the phone.

He followed her to the booth, opened the door, and asked her what was the matter. She didn't know.

She jiggled the hook up and down, and called "Central" as if she were trying to wake the dead; but no Central replied.

When Central Didn't Answer.

The Broadway gentleman, believing that the girl at the other end of the wire must have disobeyed the telephone company's general order to girls to do away with their "rats," which were found to interfere with their hearing, swore that he would report her to the company if he had to walk all the way to the office to do it.

After waiting for some time, however, during which there was no response, he went into an adjoining office and tried to raise another Central.

He shouted, jiggled the hook, and made as big a disturbance as he dared in another man's office, but failed to succeed in getting a reply from the other end of the wire. Then it occurred to him that the girl that wore the "rat" might perhaps be in charge of this telephone also. All right; he would settle her.

But before he did so he would go to a public telephone in the next block, have his talk with Jones, and then report the girl to the manager over the wire. Much to his disgust, he also found that the public telephone was not working, for a small girl whose business it was to take in nickels told him that something must be the matter with the wires, as none of the telephones in the vicinity was working.

As a matter of fact, eight thousand telephones within a radius of six blocks were as untalkative as if they had not been invented. This is how they came to be silent:

An Innocent Offender.

An earnest young man who had come from Italy the summer before was doing a little pick-and-shovel work for the McAdoo tunnel builders. In the course of his operations he came upon a conduit that contained a bunch of telephone-wires that had been twisted into a cable. Not knowing the delicate and highly important purposes of a conduit, he drove his pick into it.

When he reached the copper cable the pick seemed a little too dull for the work, and he took an ax. As a piece of surgery, his work was a success, but instead of getting a big fee for it he was fired. The telephones that he had disabled were finally hooked up by circuitous routes, and the stream of conversation again swept on.

Even a smaller incident created still greater havoc in Chicago. The Illinois Steel Company has two great engines that furnish the power for its shops, in which eight thousand men are employed. Only one engine runs at a time. The other is merely to use when the first breaks down or is in need of repairs.

A few months ago one of the engines was laid up for repairs that would take a week. The other engine had been running only a few hours when the pin on the crank-shaft snapped. There was no power to be had, so the eight thousand employees had to go home until there was.

They stayed home three days. Why three days were required to put on a new crank-pin does not appear, but a statement was given out at the time showing that the breaking of the pin had caused a loss to the employees and the company of forty-eight thousand dollars.

Probably eight thousand men were never before made to realize how their bread and butter really depended upon the stability of a single piece of steel. Certainly even those who live in cities little understand how slight a jar it takes to shake them out of their usual grooves.

If a farmer breaks a plow-point, the worst thing that can happen to him is to be compelled to stop plowing while he goes to town to buy a new point, and the total loss to the farmer is only a half a day of his time and fifty cents for the repairs to his

plow. When the Illinois Steel Company's plant was put out of business for three days, however, it was equivalent to stopping the pay of every man in a city of thirty thousand inhabitants.

The City Man's Foe.

But neither Italian laborers nor the fickleness of steel can compete with extremes of climate in upsetting big cities. Heat produces more misery and more deaths in New York than cold.

An excessively hot day in the metropolis does about as much to interfere with business as would an invitation from Mr. Rockefeller to the general public to come out to his golf-links and pick up twenty-dollar gold pieces at each hole.

If Mr. Rockefeller should give such an invitation, two-thirds of the population wouldn't believe the report, and therefore would stay in town to work for two dollars and ten cents a day.

So far as results are concerned, that's about the way things work in New York on a hot day. A third of the population do not quit work, but the productivity of everybody is decreased at least a third.

A few manufacturers are, indeed, grasping the fact that it is cheaper to make workrooms cool than it is to suffer the loss that comes from small output on hot days. A big concern that is engaged in the manufacture of typewriters even pumps cool air through its shops, with the result that on the hottest days of summer the temperature where the men work is not more than seventy degrees Fahrenheit.

Indeed, it is true that "Man made the city, but God made the country." Man's city is like an intricate piece of machinery which only requires a slight touch in any one of many places to be thrown badly out of order.

A succession of hot days fills the hospitals, raises the death-rate, and fills the boats and trains that carry the sweltering sufferers to the beaches. Even at Coney Island, because there was no breeze one day last summer, two men and a baby succumbed to the heat.

When the ocean fails, there is no place to go but home—and home, to thousands of New Yorkers on a hot summer night, is in the parks or on the sidewalks. Some sleep on fire-escapes, and every summer at least two or three fall off and are killed.

HOOSAC TUNNEL TO BE ELECTRIFIED.

A CONTRACT involving more than $1,000,000 has been awarded to the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, for apparatus to be used by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, which will electrify the famous Hoosac tunnel under the Hoosac Mountain in Massachusetts. This tunnel was completed in 1874, after years of construction work. It is four and three-quarter miles long, exclusive of approaches. The total length of the electrification work is seven miles, and it will eliminate for good the long-standing trouble of smoke and foul gases in this tunnel while trains are passing through.

The general plans for the electrification are uniform with the work that has been done on the main line of the road, and are conducted with the one idea of ultimately making the New York, New Haven and Hartford an electric line.—*Popular Electricity.*

WHEN A BOILER EXPLODES.

THE exploding boiler of a freight-locomotive rose from its trucks on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Altoona, Pennsylvania, recently, and, falling over the adjoining track, was struck, while yet in mid-air, by the locomotive of a train coming up from behind on an adjoining track. The remarkable wreck that was caused, brought death to three train-men and probably fatal injuries to the fourth. A freight-train, westbound, was just leaving the city, helped in the rear by two locomotives, when the boiler of the second of the rear engines exploded. The boiler rose from the engine-frame and was hurled through the air just as an express-train, which was also westbound, and drawn by two locomotives, came along on the next track.

The first engine struck the falling boiler and hurled it over an embankment some distance from where it had left the engine-trucks. The impact derailed both locomotives hauling the express-train and threw them against the freight-train, knocking over several freight-cars. Experts who examined the exploded boiler immediately after the accident announced that the explosion was caused by low water.—*The Railway and Engineering Review.*

IN THE HORNET'S NEST.

BY DAN DUANE.

Seth Waters Travels On and Shows His Prowess, and Carmita Finds Herself Alone.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

AMONG the mountains of southern California, lived old Eugene Caillo, gold-miner and miser. To him had recently come his dead sister's child, beautiful, eighteen-year-old Carmita. In the course of events, Philip Garrick, master of the Rancho Buena Vista, visits the store kept by Caillo, and meets Carmita, who is much sought by all the men of the neighborhood, among them being Jim Gormley, superintendent of the Comet mine, a villainous sort of fellow, whose desire is to get at Caillo's riches through Carmita. She repulses him after Philip has declared his love. Shortly after, Caillo's body is discovered at the bottom of a sluice, and suspicion, instigated by Gormley, falls upon Carmita and Philip. Gormley leaves town but is quickly followed by Philip, who has evidence that the former has committed the murder. He finally traces Gormley to Carnullo City, where he has been stricken with smallpox and there, on his dying bed, signs a confession of his guilt. Upon returning to Rosalia, Philip finds that he is suspected not only of old Caillo's death, but also that of Gormley. He decides to marry Carmita at once and take her North. On his way to see the *padre* for that purpose, he is set upon by two men claiming to represent the citizens of Rosalia and delegated to escort Garrick out of town. Escaping from them he takes refuge in the old Mission, and next day, accompanied by the *padre*, he goes to the court-house to clear his name and also report the finding of the body of one of his assailants, and there is mysteriously shot. Seth Waters, one of the two men who had assaulted Philip, is suspected of the shooting but he has disappeared. After the attack on Philip and the murder of his partner, Waters strikes north hoping to hide himself in some large city. Miscalculating the direction, he finds himself in the wilds of Death Valley, his horse dead and himself without water. He is discovered by a family consisting of an old man, his daughter and her two sons on their way to settle in California, and who themselves are almost at their last drop of water. Waters joins the party and by slaughtering the cow they manage to keep alive.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Panther's Prisoner.

AFTER the weird, death-dealing experiences in the great valley of southern California, Seth Waters went on and on, only to meet new and more startling adventures. When the prairie wagon and its occupants, including the long-legged desperado, reached the outskirts of the valley, Seth jumped off the wagon and said a cheery "good-by."

The roan mare had been left to the ravages of the desert. Perchance, by this time, her bones were being picked white by the buzzards. At any rate, it mattered little or nothing to Seth Waters. Just another pony gone. There were plenty more on the ranges round about.

The wagon and its sad occupants went on their way to the greener fields of the Far Western State. Seth took to his feet. He had all of their hospitality that he was entitled to—so he thought.

Friends were all right when it came to the middle of Death Valley, where the sun saps life and thirst racks the body until the mind becomes a blank, but now there were green hills and waving fields before him. The tang of the wild oats blown from the foot-hills was a tonic that made his blood tingle. He watched the old wagon as it lumbered along. The boys waved him farewell. He smiled, and wafted them a kiss.

He came to a cross-road. This was greatly to his liking. He did not want to follow the wagon any longer, for it was particularly necessary that he should make some immediate preparations for the future.

Taking a last look at the vehicle and its occupants, he was again alone.

He followed the road until it ran into a gulley. In a field not far from the mouth of the gulley he saw a cabin. Two minutes later he knocked at its door. There was no response. He knocked again. Confident that there was nobody inside, he tried the door.

It opened, and he peered in. The place was musty for lack of air. There was some straw on the floor that was clean and had been used for a bed. On one side was a small wooden shelf, over which a piece of broken mirror was held to the wall by nails.

Seth went to the mirror and looked at his visage. Egad, but he needed tonsorial attention! His beard was getting long and unkempt—and his hair was none too slick. Otherwise, he thought, he looked pretty well.

Tired from the long ride and the experiences of the past few days, he stretched himself on the straw and fell asleep. When he awoke, the peculiar grayness of the light that simmered through the little window told him that it was morning.

He arose and went out.

"My kingdom for a horse!" he exclaimed aloud.

An investigation of the cabin showed nothing of value in the shape of clothing, or anything else, but not far from its rear he found a gushing spring. Near the spring was a hole that had been dug deep in the ground.

"Hunting for gold—and disappointed," he said. "These old hills are full of such failures."

He drank, and bathed his face in the spring. Then he made for the road again, and started to tramp. He had walked about two hours, when he spied a dozen or so horses grazing on a hillside about half a mile away.

Convincing himself that there were no herdsmen in sight, he stole along the underbrush until he came within close range of the animals. One or two sniffed the air, threw their heads up, and snorted. Seth made a long détour around a clump of small oaks.

His eye was on a small bay bronco grazing apart from the herd.

"That's my kind," he declared. "Those little fellows make the best travelers. They are full of go, and they get to know you."

Aside from that excellent reason, the animal had a halter from which a rope dangled. It was evident that he was the easiest to catch and was used to round up the rest. At least, that was the reason which Mr. Waters gave. And he was right.

He found that the bronco stood perfectly still as he approached. Catching the halter rope, he forced it into the animal's mouth and manipulated it deftly and quickly, after the manner known to cow-men when they want to use a rope for a bit.

The bronco started on his familiar practise of rounding up the other horses when Seth Waters hopped on his back. He suddenly realized that there was something out of the ordinary when his rider steered him in the direction of the road, thrust a pair of sharp heels in its unwilling flanks, and headed him in an opposite direction from home.

Horse-stealing was punishable by death — quick and unrelenting — in those days, and it needed no court of justice to prove the guilt of the thief. He was generally taken with his boots on and the stolen property under him.

Seth knew that he was safe so long as the road before him was clear, and nothing like the sound of a rifle-shot echoed from the hills behind. He traveled along until the bronco was short of wind and the foam was beginning to fleck his coat. Then Seth steered his mount to one side, where a clump of trees afforded shelter and indicated the existence of water.

Late that afternoon, while the bronco was grazing as peacefully and contentedly as his limited halter would permit, and his new owner was contemplating the all-important issue of food, both were surprised by a sudden rustling in the bushes near by.

The animal was first to give an alarm. Rising on his haunches, he snorted and reared until Seth feared that he would sever the rope and run.

Seth grabbed his mane with one hand and the halter with the other. He did not want to lose that bronco.

Whatever had caused the animal to rear, one thing was certain—it was not a man. No horse ever started in that manner because of a man. Seth knew that some other

animal was lurking around. He surmised, too, that it was a wild animal.

The bronco gave another rear and a snort, and began to tremble from head to tail. Seth patted him gently and spoke soothingly.

Then he looked in the brush ahead of him.

As if ready to spring, a huge panther crouched before him. He looked as if he had been long without the sumptuous meal that Seth would make.

Now, Mr. Waters was not a man to quail. When one has been through so much as he in the years of his Western life, coming face to face with a panther is only an episode.

For some moments he stood by the horse's side, patting his neck and flank and speaking in the most reassuring tone. This calmed the bronco, who evidently knew that if the man had no fear, there was no danger. Such is the remarkable instinct of the horse.

"Let us see," said Seth as he looked the wild beast over. "You belong to the feline carnivore family, and are a sort of a leopard. You don't like human beings much, and will devour them if your hunger is wrought up to the starving-point. You never leave Africa, the naturalists say, but I will bet that you are the real thing. I know something about animals—believe me!"

Before he was aware, the panther made a sudden spring at him. In a flash, he threw his arm over the bronco's eyes to hide the sight from that animal.

It was a desperate thing to do, but the only thing under the circumstances. If the bronco broke and ran away, he would be at the panther's mercy. If he mounted, the frightened horse might refuse to budge, and he would be just as precariously situated.

What was he to do?

As he made the sudden step toward the bronco to cover its eyes, the panther grazed by him. He felt the thudding impact of its body against his arm. Having failed in its design—whatever that might be—Seth reasoned that it would make a second attack.

He was not wrong. It came at him from behind. This time he looked fairly into its gaping jaws.

The beast tore a piece from the bronco's left haunch. Then he took up a position not ten feet away and began to devour his meal.

The bronco whinnied and reared, and then calmed down. Seth stepped to one side to pick up a rock to hurl at the panther.

He noticed that when he moved, the panther moved toward him and showed its teeth with a threatening growl. If Seth remained perfectly quiet, the panther seemed to have no objection to his company. Twice and thrice he repeated the experiment of stepping toward the rock, but each time the panther showed his disapproval. Truly he was a prisoner.

"It is best to take the situation calmly," he surmised. "I will just wait and see what Mr. Panther is going to do. But, one thing—he must part company with me before night comes."

CHAPTER XX.

A Couple of Getaways.

WHEN the panther had finished the meal that he tore from the bronco's haunch—which, after all, proved to be only an appetizer—he again made a dash for more of the same meat.

This time, much to the alarm of Waters, he uttered a low snarl and made a sudden dash for the bronco's throat. The bronco must have known that his time had come, for he made one mighty lunge, broke his halter, and started to run.

The panther was too quick. In a flash he was at the bronco's throat. The latter started at a wild gallop, with his adversary clinging to his jugular. He dashed up a small incline, at the top of which a small oak was growing.

He hurled himself against the oak in an effort to either dislodge or kill the panther, but the marauder only clung the tighter.

His teeth were fastened in the grip of death. The poor little bronco, game but outclassed, tried to bite and tried to kick the panther off.

Seth followed grimly, but kept at a safe distance. He did not know just when the panther might like to change his diet from beast to man.

It was all over in a few moments—so far as the bronco was concerned. He suddenly stopped biting and kicking and dashing against the tree. He stood still and raised his head. He got down on his haunches and suddenly went over on his side.

One or two vigorous kicks, and the best friend that Seth Waters had on the face of the earth just then lay bleeding to death.

Then the panther released his hold, and then Seth Waters knew that the game was up. That blood-loving animal would have never released his grip had it been otherwise. He took a sitting posture in front of the dead horse. There was food enough for some time.

"I guess this is no place for me," said Seth as he looked around him.

He was on the side of the little hill—the incline, as I have described it—and in full view of the panther. He feared that if he should deliberately arise and walk away, the panther might spring at him. He had had encounters with wild beasts before in his life, and he knew that such flesh-eaters generally take no chances. Their instinct is pretty keen.

Seth, calling into play the old motto, "Caution is wisdom," dragged his body along the ground until he was at the bottom of the little hill. To his great surprise, the panther paid no more attention to him than if he had been made of stone.

A most unusual proceeding, mused the bad man. "These felines generally prefer humans to animals. He must have liked me," he said to himself as he gradually slid along the ground and vanished into a clump of wild oats.

There he stopped and listened. There was no sound. He made farther progress into the tall oats. He crouched along until he came to a small clump of trees. These he skirted, and was soon again on the dusty pike.

He walked for miles, until his feet, sore and aching, indicated that he could go no farther. Soon the road led into a small cañon where there was water. He would bathe his tired feet, and drink his fill, and rest for the night. In the morning he would tramp on and on again until something came his way.

Seth was not the sort of man who denied fate the privilege of being good to him. He knew that so sure as the sun would rise he would be brought face to face with something that would work unto his best advantage.

Morning came. He took another long drink of water and started on his way.

After a tramp of about five miles he saw smoke curling from a small house about half a mile from the road. It was the home of a farmer.

Seth was soon at the man's back door. An angry dog at the end of a big chain announced his presence. The farmer evidently knew the dog's keen discernment of men and tramps, and appeared with a shotgun. The weapon was slung over his left arm, and his right hand was in close proximity to the trigger.

"I'm unarmed," said Seth.

Evidently that made no difference to the farmer. He didn't put down his gun. He was taking no chances.

"What do you want here?" he asked.

"Food," said Seth Waters. "I'm hungry. I've been on a long tramp—looking for work."

The farmer was a big man with a brutal jaw. He was of more than the ordinary height, middle-aged, with steel-gray hair and deep-set black eyes—the eyes of a man who will not stand much fooling. He was a matter of fact man. He meant business, and nothing else.

The keen mind of Seth Waters gathered these facts as he gazed into the man's set face.

"Come into the kitchen; my wife will feed you," said the farmer, after a long pause spent in studying his visitor. Seth led the way, under the farmer's direction, for the farmer was taking no chances on being shot from behind.

He had heard of men of the Seth Waters type before who had said that they were not armed.

In the kitchen, Seth was motioned—in fact, the rifle was used as a pointer—to a seat at the table.

It was a small table covered with oilcloth that was faded and greasy. A myriad flies swarmed an open sugar-bowl. The remnants of an unfinished meal were covered with still more flies. Red and black ants hovered hither and yon in silent activity, and along a rafter over the battered stove a rat crept stealthily away.

"Mary," called the farmer in a snappy tone.

There was no response. He called again, louder and more forcibly, "Mary!"

A thin-faced, tired, unkempt woman entered from an adjoining room. Her hands as well as her face indicated that life had not been all sunshine with her. Indeed, she looked more like the farmer's mother than his wife.

"Mary," said the man with the rifle, "give this man some food."

"Another o' them tramps," said Mary, with cutting effect. "Pity your kind would

not like to do a leetle work for some of the grub as is handed out to you."

"I am willing to work," said the deft-minded Waters.

Bringing the entire force of his Quixotic being into play, he added this lie to the one that he had just uttered:

"I have hunted all the past week, madam, but work is scarce in this part of the world."

"Been down to Dunstan's?" asked the farmer.

Seth didn't know if Dunstan's were a mill or a mine or a village. In short, he didn't know just where on the top of the green earth he was. Beyond the fact that he was in the State of California, he could not have told under oath.

"Dunstan's," he replied with childlike blandness. "No. If you will direct me, mister, I shall go there."

The woman busied herself with the food. She brought out a huge loaf of sour bread, brushed the ants and flies from the table with her apron, and set it in front of the desperado.

He tore a piece from it eagerly, and before she had time to put the coffee-pot on the fire, and a piece of dried rabbit in a frying-pan half filled with stinking lard, Seth had tucked most of the loaf in his capacious maw.

The farmer sat with the rifle across his knees. The woman vanished when she had finished her duties at the stove.

Seth did not speak during the time that he was filling his insides. He was thinking, however. He was wondering just how he could get the best of the lynx-eyed man who was giving him the first real meal that he had devoured in many days. It would not do for him to leave so hospitable a host with so little of remembrance as a mere "good-by." This particular host would have more to curse him for than a passing visit.

Rifle or no rifle, Seth would win.

"I feign you would permit me to stay all night," said Seth.

"And I jest think thet you will do a hike along the road soon as you gets done with thet grub," said the other.

"I hope you do not mean that, sir," Seth continued.

Then, turning on the pathetic tremolo of his voice to full, he added:

"I have had a long tramp in search of work. I will gladly pay you by chopping wood all to-morrow morning, if you will permit me to stay to-night."

"I ain't takin' no chances," said the farmer. "I'd ruther you'd get on your way. Dunstan's is ten miles down the road in that direction." He indicated with a sweep of his arm.

"That's a long way," said Seth. "Let me spend the night in the barn, and I will make an early start."

"No, sirree," drawled the farmer. "I've let your kind sleep in the barn before. Nex' mornin' a horse was missing."

Seth rose to his full height.

"Do you take me for a horse-thief?" he asked, with bristling dignity.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I tell ye, I ain't taking no chances."

Seth saw that there was nothing to be gained in combating this style of logic. Against the cold, hard opinions of a man with a gun across his knee his hybrid logic was of little avail.

The farmer was not a man to be fooled with. That was easy to understand.

Seth took a new tack. He would plead for a night's lodgings on the strength of his infirmities—and Seth could invent anything from chilblains to consumption, as the case might be.

"I am a sick man," he began.

Before he had finished reciting the varied ailments which were racking his system the farmer had relented.

"Stand up," said the farmer.

Seth obeyed. He was searched from head to foot. Finding that he was really unarmed, the farmer escorted him to a dingy apology for a room in his woodshed which had been once used to house a hired man.

Seth stretched himself on a long bed made of rough boards and covered with sacks, and he really did sleep. When he awoke it was still daylight, but he did not leave his abode. Once or twice, just at dusk, he heard the farmer enter and look him over.

Seth waited patiently until darkness and the vicious dog had settled down. He waited until he was sure that the night was well on its way to the early hours of the morning. Then he suddenly recovered from the catalogue of ailments which had rendered his stay possible; and, first—the dog.

He noticed that the animal's kennel was not far from the wood-shed. When the hour for his departure arrived he stole out, and, before the sleeping canine was aware, he was being ruthlessly dragged from his bed. The dog awoke soon enough to utter one loud bark and make a spring.

The starlight was sufficient for Seth. He had worked in it before. As the animal sprang he grabbed his throat in his powerful hands.

Fingers that could have choked an ox dug into the dog's throat. He struggled a few times and tried to growl. Seth counted the tremblings of his body as they grew fainter, and finally threw him limp and dead on the ground.

Silence—the silence that he loved.

He listened for a sound. None came. He smiled grimly.

He straightened up, and cautiously approached the house. The faint snoring of his host told him that all was well. He listened for some moments—and still no sound came.

"They've got to arise before dawn to beat old Seth Waters," he said to himself as he smiled and started on his quest of pillage.

As the first chanticleer proclaimed the sun, the farmer awoke. Donning overalls and boots, he grabbed his trusty rifle and started for the wood-shed.

Seth Waters was gone. Two large loaves of the sour bread were gone. A suit of overalls hanging in the kitchen were gone. A brown horse and a saddle and bridle were gone.

"The next time I give one of them bums a bite to eat," said the farmer as he sat down to breakfast, "he'll get both barrels right between the eyes."

CHAPTER XXI.

At Philip Garrick's Bedside.

FOR weeks Philip Garrick lingered between life and death. The doctors made his struggle for life as easy as possible by an almost constant application of soothing potions; but the wound was a bad one, and they had to fight that dread enemy of all calamities, blood poisoning.

Two souls were ever ready to administer their quota of human sympathy and love and to help whenever the gripping pains tortured the patient sufferer. These were Carmita and Padre Gregorio. They were the only persons admitted to the hospital besides the doctors and regular nurses. When they began to realize that Philip was getting worse instead of better, they arranged their time so that each could take a turn in the little room in the hospital.

There he lay on a snow-white couch watching the sunbeams as they marked the time of day on the wall.

Every afternoon about two o'clock, as the sun wore his way toward the west, the gossamer beams would suddenly shoot through the window, pierce the dainty dimity curtains, and illumine with a peculiar boldness the wall just a few feet from the floor. As the days wore on, Philip began to know just when to expect the agreeable visit from Old Sol, and Heaven was good to him in not sending a cloud to obstruct this break in his monotonous routine.

There is nothing in the world so cloying to a strong man, perhaps, as protracted confinement in a hospital. To one who had lived the life of the Western ranges, who had spent hours each day in the saddle, who knew only the out-of-doors, and who was ever the acme of untiring energy and good, sturdy health, being tied to a bed was little more than torture.

But the keen, unhampered mind of the rancher was as active as ever, although his fine body was slowly being absorbed by a malady more deadly than his doctors dared admit.

He knew when the sunbeams would appear on the wall of his little room. One day, while Carmita was sitting by his bed, he said:

"My daily visitor—the one I cherish most next to you, my love, and Padre Gregorio—will soon come in through the window."

He smiled faintly, and Carmita looked at him somewhat puzzled. Indeed, she feared that his mind might be wandering.

Philip pointed to the wall at his left.

Carmita looked there, still puzzled.

"Wait a few minutes; he will soon be here," said Philip. "He usually comes about this time every day—each day a little later. He stays with me, and when the day goes he fades away— Oh, it hurts—it hurts me so! May I have a drink of water?"

She arose and went to the outer room. In another moment she returned with a glass filled with the cooling drink and placed it to his lips, tenderly raising his head as she did so.

He sipped the water slowly, but not without effort. He raised his hand and took hold of hers as if to steady the goblet, and then for the first time Carmita noticed more keenly than ever before that his grip was very soft and trembling, and that it had completely lost the strength that she knew so well.

She suddenly recalled the first time that he held her in his arms and her futile effort to free herself.

Then he had the strength of a giant. He had held her so close—so tight, and with such little effort—and she had tried to free herself. He seemed to have muscles of steel, and she remembered she was but a child in the grip of a tyrant.

On that never-to-be-forgotten occasion he had kissed her against her will; but she had forgiven him a thousand times, and now, as he lay a weakened warrior, she would gladly give her own strength if he would arise and crush her helpless to his heart.

His hand was weak and feverish. It seemed to twitch convulsively as it touched hers. He swallowed a few drops of the water, and then sank back on the pillows and closed his eyes for a moment. Carmita placed the goblet on a table and returned to his side.

She took one of his hands in hers and brushed his forehead with her perfumed handkerchief.

Suddenly his eyes opened, and he exclaimed:

"There's my friend! There! Look!"

She followed his eyes to the wall. A brilliant beam of the afternoon sun illumined the wall—and she knew. She knew what he meant! She realized just what he called his friend.

He watched the sunbeam on the wall with the most satisfying smile playing over his countenance. Now and then some sharp gripping of the pain would cause him to close his eyes and shudder, but when it passed away he would again turn his tired face to the sunbeam and watch it as it slowly mounted the wall.

Slowly and still more slowly it mounted, illumining the papered flowers thereon and giving them an almost natural tint; slowly and still more slowly it mounted, and he watched it so intently, and Carmita held his feeble hand and watched it, too.

It mounted higher and yet higher until it almost began to trace a path across the ceiling. Then it began to grow dim, and Philip saw that it would soon fade altogether. The old day was dying.

The old day was dying. Out beyond the Western prairies the great orb of life would find its way to the sea, and as it sank to rest the heavens would shine resplendent with its reddening glory. The tired toilers would seek their homes; the birds would seek their nests, and their daily caroling would be stilled; his beloved cattle would find their nightly shelter in the deep ravine, and his horses would neigh in their stalls—but he would not be there to give them a kindly word.

The old day was dying. The sunbeam grew fainter and fainter. He knew what a night in Rosalia meant. He knew the songs that would be sung, and the dances, and the gay doings.

He knew its rampant revelry, its dark-eyed langorous maids and its gallant vaqueros—and he would not be with them.

The little beam grew fainter and fainter. Soon it became only a gray spot. He strained his eyes to see it. He wanted to see it until it silently wafted into the color of the evening and the room became gray and barren, for perhaps—and who but the Maker of all things knew?—this would be the last time that he would ever see it again.

Carmita looked at the wrought face and the straining eyes. Philip raised one feebled hand and pointed.

Then his lips moved, and he waved his hand, as if motioning to some one who was going on a long journey.

"Good-by," he said, and his hand dropped.

The sunbeam had gone. The room bore the grayish atmosphere of the early twilight. Philip's eyes were closed. He seemed to be more at peace with himself than at any time since Seth Waters's bullet pierced his giant frame.

Carmita placed one arm around his neck and buried her head in the pillow beside his. The pent-up tears came only too freely. Grief made her body tremble as if it were a lily broken on its stem.

Once or twice Philip thought that he heard her sobbing. He made an effort to say something to calm her, but the words seemed to stick in his throat. He tried to raise his body, but his strength was gone. He tried to cry out. He tried to call as he used to call his cattle dogs when they disappeared over the brow of a hill. Good Lord! His voice came only in a whisper!

Then he gave one herculean effort. He forced himself up. Carmita felt him moving, and she sat up. A nurse entered with a little shaded lamp. It brightened beyond seeming the gray room. Carmita looked into her lover's face. The nurse looked, too. Both women looked at each other.

Carmita turned white, and dropped Philip's hand. The nurse darted suddenly from the room. Carmita saw that Philip was trying to speak.

She bent over him, and put her ear close to his lips. Faintly—more faintly than a little child whispering its tiny sins—he said:

"I—want—Padre Gregorio."

The nurse had gone for a doctor. The medical man entered with a wan expression on his face. He took the wounded man's pulse in one hand and his watch in the other.

Carmita beckoned to an attendant. Soon a messenger dashed through the stilled streets of Rosalia in the direction of the old mission, carrying Philip's wish. The doctor sent for another physician. The two men put their heads together and muttered something. Carmita caught the words, "at once."

She rushed at them with a maddened expression. Her face was the picture of mortal agony.

"Tell me! Tell me!" she shrieked. "Is he dying?"

The doctors raised their hands and uttered a long-drawn "S-h-sh!"

"Be quiet, madam!" said one. "All we can say now is that his condition is very precarious."

"He will live! You will save him!" said Carmita, more subdued, trying to control her emotion.

"We will do the best we know how," the same doctor replied. "Blood-poisoning is a terrible thing—"

"Oh—oh!" she wailed, interrupting him.

"It is only by special permission that you are here, madam. I beg you to control yourself. Try not to disturb us. Otherwise, we will be obliged to ask you to leave the room."

The medical man spoke with the precision of one who had cast sentiment to the wind in a moment of great emergency.

The nurse entered with brandy. The doctors stepped quickly from room to room in the next few minutes. Just what they were doing Carmita or the world never knew—the method of the healing-man is a mystery, after all.

She saw the nurse bend over Philip's bed and raise his dear head, and she saw his lips fight against the liquor.

Then her heart—broken and rent asunder—seemed to clog her throat. She uttered one stifled sob.

Her hands shook with agony, and she knelt at the foot of the bed and prayed—prayed as she had only prayed once before—when Philip had gone to wreak vengeance on Jim Gormley.

She prayed for his life with all the energy of her soul and body. She asked Heaven to take her instead. She swayed to and fro in her growing grief, and Padre Gregorio saw her thus kneeling as he entered, and knew that he had not come too soon.

Philip had swallowed some of the brandy, and was slightly resuscitated. He faintly recognized the priest as he bent over. The *padre's* strong arm was as a prop of oak to the weak body.

"*Padre,*" said Philip, "tell them I died bravely. I bear no ill-will to any man. I always tried to do the right."

The good priest administered the last consoling rites of his religion. Carmita still prayed unmovably. The doctors felt the wrists of Philip, and one of them put his ear to his breast. The nurses stood ready, but uncalled.

Then Padre Gregorio knelt beside Carmita. His voice uttering the prayers was the only audible sound.

The man on the bed gave a little cry. It was so faint that they who were watching his lips scarcely discerned it. Then they bent over him again and tried to give him more potions that might cause the heart to flutter a little longer.

There was just a flutter left. Philip opened his eyes and looked around. The agony that was racking his once strong body was more than he could stand any longer. He clutched the bedclothes for a second. He spoke one name—"Carmita"—but he spoke it so all could hear; and then he passed into the presence of his Maker.

The doctors looked at each other. The nurses understood.

"It is all over," said one of the medical men.

Then Carmita was on her feet.

"Philip!" she shrieked. "Philip, my Philip!"

She threw herself on his body. She called his name. She pressed her lips to his.

"Speak to me, Philip!"

Her voice was without a tremble. The awful realization had frozen her remorse temporarily.

"Speak to me, Philip—speak, my darling, my love! This is Carmita!"

Only death's stony stare replied.

Padre Gregorio took a little crucifix from his waist and placed it in the dead man's hand. The tears were rolling down his cheeks. He could hardly see Carmita, whose sorrow had again turned to remorse, and remorse to delirium. She was carried from the room, but comforting and kindness were of no avail.

Then the news spread over the city of Rosalia, and, as human nature undoubtedly will, the tide of sentiment turned in favor of the dead, and Philip Garrick's murder was the thing that all men wanted avenged.

Men who had been against him since the first days of the controversy that was born of the murder of old Eugene Caillo now openly said that they believed him the innocent victim of a misguided populace. The few who clung to the old belief that the murder of old Caillo and the mysterious death of Jim Gormley had never been cleared to their liking were soon won into the growing majority by the public sentiment that would not down.

Before the dead rancher had been laid in his eternal sleep in the little acre of God that nestled in the shade of Mount Whitney there was but one slogan in Rosalia. That was:

"Find Seth Waters!"

And the brave and beautiful woman who had loved Philip Garrick as only a woman can love said that she, too, would help bring the fugitive to justice. If need be, she would go forth herself with any posse that might be formed to run him down.

And when he was caught, she wanted to meet him face to face!

(To be continued.)

RESCUE CARS FOR MINERS.

Federal Government Equips Cars with Life-Saving Devices to Rush to Entombed Toilers.

UNCLE SAM'S special mine rescue cars, fully equipped with experts and appliances, are now ready to speed, at a moment's notice, to the scene of the next big mine disaster.

Two cars are already at their stations, while four others will be turned over to the government within a few days. By means of them, the new bureau of mines expects to save hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lives annually.

Besides awaiting their emergency work, these cars will go about the mining districts at intervals, demonstrating to miners the use of the oxygen helmet and instructing volunteer rescue-corps in first aid surgical treatment and sanitation.

Dr. J. A. Holmes, the director of the new bureau, will establish a nation-wide mine life-saving service. The stations will be scattered like those of the coast life-saving service of the stations of a city fire department.

An alarm will send the nearest car speeding as a special train to the scene. Each of the first six stations will be in the very heart of its own mining district.

The first stations will be Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Urbana, Illinois, Rock Springs, Wyoming, Billings, Montana, Salt Lake City, Utah, and Knoxville, Tennessee.

Our mines kill annually from three to five men in each one thousand employed. European mines, far more dangerous from gas and falling roofs, but better regulated and having state rescue services, kill only one or two.

It is estimated, American mines, in 1909, killed three thousand men and injured ten thousand. Many of these lives could have been saved with scientific rescue equipment.

The mine explosion usually shatters the ventilation system. Even if the fans and flues are not broken, the fresh air is turned off immediately after an explosion for fear of fanning possible fires left by the explosion and thus burning up the mine. Gas at once collects. The injured and entombed begin to suffocate in the deadly darkness of the mine.

On the surface, the miners laugh at death and drop down the shafts to the rescue of the entombed. Fifty per cent of these volunteer rescuers themselves meet death from the noxious gases. Fifteen men were entombed at the Hanna, Wyoming, mine disaster. Yet forty miners went down into the mine and never came back.

Expert rescuers, equipped with oxygen helmets, might have saved the fifteen entombed men and the mine, too. At any rate, there would have been

no additional sacrifice of life, if the rescue was hopeless.

At Monongah, when the rescuers finally entered the mine, it was found that thirty entombed men had lived two days in one room. Helmet men could have saved them.

At Cherry, a disaster that happened before the bureau of mines was established, but when the technological branch of the geological survey was experimenting with oxygen helmets, survey helmet men arrived late at the scene, but they succeeded in getting twenty men out alive after a week. There will be no such delay now with the mine rescue cars at central stations.

Each helmet weighs fifty pounds. The first duty of a helmet-man on entering a mine is to test the air. This is sometimes done by carrying white mice. If they live, then the word is telephoned to the surface, and rescuers rush in.

The air may be deadly, but there may be little fire in the mine. In this case, the helmet-men will unsling their hand fire extinguishers, put out the fire and signal for the air. This will clear away the poisonous gas in a hurry and the unhelmeted rescuers may enter.

If the air is deadly, and the fire great, there is nothing for the helmet-men to do but to toil to the surface with the survivors, two rescuers to a body.

A mining engineer, a surgeon, and seven or eight men are assigned to a car, which is equipped with helmets, tanks of oxygen, safety lamps, field telephones, resuscitating outfits, and a hospital-room.

One end of the car has an air-tight room for demonstrating the use of helmets to the miners. At each mine, the volunteer corps will be provided with these helmets.

THE HEAVY "PASSENGER."

His Search for Car Fare Brings to Light a Large Portion of His Personal Property.

IT was very cold, and the street-car was pretty well filled, when an elderly party, rather embonpoint about the waistband, entered, bringing with him enough cold air to freeze a cellarful of house-plants. He stood up in the middle of the car and, fastening his eyes upon the fare-box, began to feel for his nickel.

He first untied a great shawl-scarf that encircled his neck and hid all of his face but his eyes. Then he loosed the earflaps of his cap and unhooked a fur muffler that hugged his throat.

Then he unbottoned the cape of his overcoat and threw it back over his shoulders, submerging two men who stood behind him. Then he unbottoned his overcoat and turned it back, filling the car like a lateen sail.

Then he unbuttoned the lower buttons of a knit jacket and his under coat, and with a grunt that frightened the horses into a run, tried to reach into his hip-pocket. The first effort was a highly successful failure, and at the second dive he threw the end of his shawl-scarf, skirts of his cape, and tail of his overcoat over the people on the seat behind them, and a smothered groan broke from the whole community.

Finally he got his hand into the pocket, and his purple face and swollen veins indicated approaching apoplexy, but the hand came out before any fatal result, and the passengers breathed more freely. But when they saw him lean over to the other side, and make a reach for his other pocket, they groaned.

After repeated efforts he brought up out of that pocket a ring of keys, a stump of a lead pencil, and a tobacco-box, and the people groaned again. Then he hunched both shoulders and went into his vest-pockets.

Out of one of them he brought a little roll of newspaper scraps, a suspender-button, a fragment of a postage-stamp, and a quill toothpick, badly damaged. Out of the other, he pulled a piece of string and a brass screw and a two-cent piece.

Then he felt in his watch-pocket and with many sighs and puffs, he dragged up a little dirty-looking wad which threatened to be money, but proved to be lint. Then somebody tittered, and some one else giggled, and finally everybody but the returning boarder himself laughed.

He stood still and thought a moment, and then felt in his outside overcoat, came out with a handful of handkerchiefs, gloves, fractional currency and nickels, and when he reached out to place one of the latter in the box it fell from his fingers into the straw, and the disgusted passenger doubled down and scraped around for it for five blocks before he could find it.

And then, when he picked it up and shoved it into the box, he sank back on the seat with a groan of satisfaction and began to button and hook and wrap himself up again, but started up with a snarl of disgust and pulled the strap as though he had a legacy at the end of it. While he was down on his hands and knees in the straw, he had been carried five blocks past his street.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

AT THE SEMAPHORE.

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

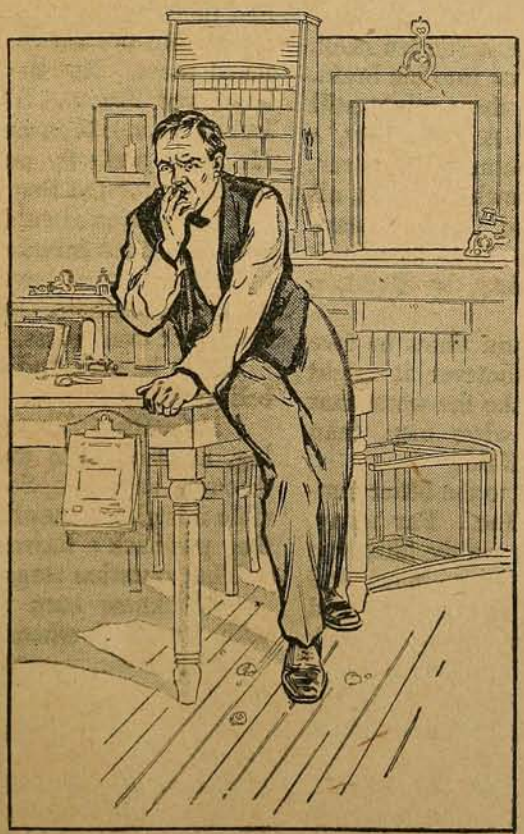
Gresham Heard a Mighty Crash, and A Girl Told Him Why It Happened.

THE crash of the collision brought Arthur Gresham to his feet. Wild-eyed, and with the echoes of that hideous, grinding shock throbbing in his ears, he scrambled out of his chair by the office stove. His foot struck the coal-hod, tipped it over, and strewed coal all across the floor. Dazed, witless as an insane man, he staggered toward the instrument.

He blinked at the clock. Had he been asleep? No, thank Heaven for that! In a reverie, perhaps, there by the warm stove of the telegraph-office, that bitter night—but asleep, no. The clock showed dimly by the light of the turned-down lamp — 1.32 A.M.

"Eh? What? And special 65 due to pass here at 1.24 in two sections? Second half ten minutes behind? What — what's happened?" stammered the wretched operator.

His mind was all a daze. He could not think or understand, and yet he knew he'd thrown the semaphore up the line to "Clear" only twenty minutes ago, just after fast freight 12 had thundered by Knowlton and had gone into the block at Green Bay, four miles below.



"I—I GAVE HER THE CLEAR," HE CHOKED.

At Green Bay, he knew, she was to take the siding to let both sections of 65 pass—and now 65 lay piled up just at the semaphore, about half a mile above the station, completely wrecked and ruined in that driving snow!

"I—I gave her the clear!" he choked. "What could have stopped her—stopped the first section and let the second go into her? What—*what*—"

Instinctively he reached for the key, but before his shaking fingers grasped the disk he jerked his hand away, as though from a cobra. Not yet! Not till he knew just what had happened, and how, and why, did he dare call Richlands, up the line, for information.

A misstep now would seal his ruin. Guilty or not, no matter! There was a wreck, there, at the upper end of his block—and he must pay!

To him, through the swirl and roar of the storm, drifted shrieks of pain, the hiss of steam, a jumble of inchoate noise.

"My—Heavens!" he gulped. His breath stifled him. With one fear-palsied hand he pressed his forehead, which was all beaded with a fine, chill

moisture; the other gripped the table. So violently it shook that it rattled the cover of his tobacco-jar which stood beside his instrument.

"My fault! My fault? How could it be? But they'll—they'll blame me, anyway! I'm done—for life! My finish, and Clara's! And—up the line—what—"

Dazed and smitten as he was, he pulled himself together. His vigorous manhood reasserted itself. He squared his big shoulders and started for the door.

He caught one glimpse of his face in the little mirror that hung beside his ticket-rack. It was drawn and bluish-white, with wide-staring eyes.

Disregarding the blizzard that raged outside, he flung the door wide open.

Bareheaded, coatless, he stumbled out onto the station platform, into the whirling, drifting snow.

II.

A MOMENT he stood there, drunk with uncertainty, sick with fear. The town seemed dead. There was not a light in any window up and down the snow-smothered street. In upon him howled the shrieking storm, powdering him with stinging ice-needles that burned his unprotected face and hands. He shook with a sudden chill.

The thought of flight burst into his brain.

He might yet get away; there might still be time enough for that! A possibility, a bare chance, existed that he might go clear, escape, start life again somewhere. But, all at once, came the vision of Clara. Leave her? Abandon *her,* with their betrothal-ring on her hand? Confess, by flight, a guilt he did not feel?

Never! Better a thousand times to face the charge, the ordeal, whatever it might be! Better to stand and take the worst that the law could give, or lawless men, than that! Better, ten-thousandfold!

Gresham bowed his head to the bitter tempest and started up the line. Far away, somewhere yonder, a dull, ruddy blur was dancing in the storm. Its ominous and lurid glow, dimly blotched through the wild night, told him that fire was already at work in the trail of collision. The steam no longer roared, and the cries of pain were dying; but other cries, hoarse, unintelligible shouts, flared down the wind.

The storm buffeted him. It snatched the breath from his panting lips, bellowed in his ears, strove to fling him back, but he toiled on. The fine, dry snow sifted in long, eddying lines down the track, hissing in the driving gale. Gresham felt neither wind nor snow.

He felt only a strange exhilaration, a sudden clearing of his mind and all his faculties, as the bracing cold smote him. His fears for self, the first instinct of every living creature, vanished. In their place rose up the sense of duty, of help for those suffering wretches up the line.

"I can help—some!" he panted, as he broke into a heavy run through the snow, against the impact of the blizzard. "They'll know, anyhow, I'm not a coward—they'll know, some time, it wasn't my fault!"

The cold whipped and stung like lashes of wire. It choked and strangled him, yet he ran only the faster—on—on—toward that brightening glare.

As he ran, quick thoughts traversed his brain. He knew that he was blameless. He recalled perfectly how the fast freight had roared by Knowlton at 1.10, and how he had thrown the semaphore to "Danger" in its wake; then, how Green Bay had called, reporting its entry into that block.

He remembered absolutely having dropped the board again. The lever had stuck. He had thought at the time that snow must have sifted into the wheels or bearings and stiffened them. But the lever had gone clean home and locked. That he knew. It was locked now. Was not that proof enough? He knew perfectly well that he had cleared his block for the first section of 65.

That section should have passed at 1.24, with No. 2 ten minutes behind. Something, he realized, must have held the first section at the semaphore. What it had been he could not even guess.

Could he ever find out? Would anybody believe him?

"No matter!" he cried in the night, bucking, head-on, into the storm. "I'll see it through, anyhow. Some mistake, some terrible mistake, somewhere! But—why didn't they put back a flagman?"

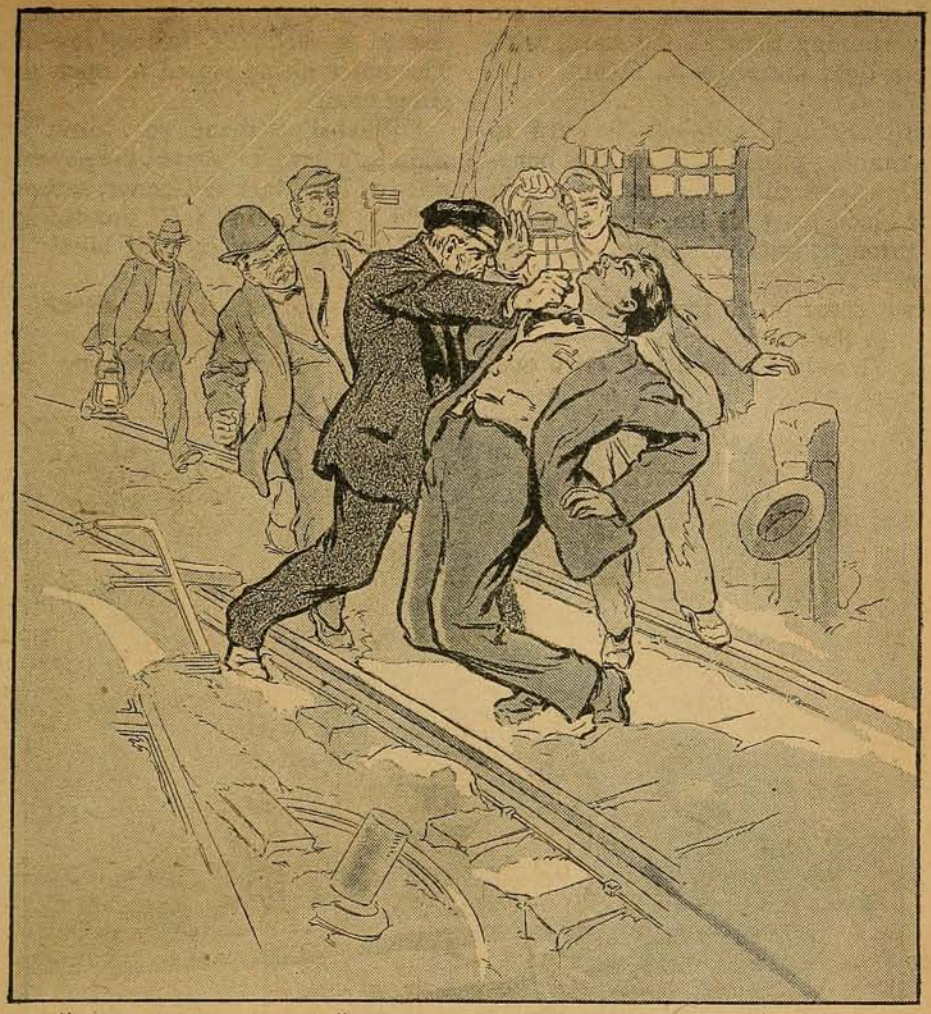
That question staggered him.

"I'll know soon enough!" he gasped, with the breath wheezing in his throat as he fought his way onward through the savage night.

III.

ALL at once he stopped.

Men with lanterns were coming toward him down the track. He saw their light-



"I—CLEARED THE LINE—" BEGAN THE OPERATOR; BUT HE DIDN'T FINISH.

rounding the curve beyond the town, lights that bobbed swiftly up and down — three lights, four, six.

The men were running. Gresham knew, instinctively, that they were coming for him!

Sudden fear gripped him. Danger, terrible danger, was close at hand. One moment the idea came to turn, to run, to dodge away somewhere, anywhere, away, away from those running men.

That they meant harm he knew. He might expect little pity at their hands. Short and final would be the justice from men who thought that he had piled up the two sections of special 65, who believed that *he* had wrought the terrible destruction, the agony, the death up there beyond the semaphore.

He stopped and turned. There was still time to get away! By morning he could cover the distance to Fairfax, where the K. and L. cut through. There he could jump a freight. One, he knew, pulled out at 5.42. It would land him in Lewiston by noon.

In Lewiston he could hide up a day or two with Jerry Spalding. He could rest awhile, and then disguise himself. Then he could make Portland and get a cattle-boat to Liverpool. Even yet he could save himself—even yet!

He made a dozen paces back toward the station. His mind held the clear vision of the lumber-piles at the spool-mill. Among those piles he could secrete himself till the immediate search was over. Then, away by the Bethel road, or even through the woods, in the night!

He broke into an unsteady run.

"Liverpool for mine!" he cried. Then he hauled up short.

"Leave Clara? Own up to it, when I've done nothing? No, sir!"

Once more he faced about. The men

were drawing near. Already he could see their legs running through the snow, with the lantern-light flickering on them.

"No!"

Forward again he plowed, forward to meet the running men. His face was bone-white. Down his chin was running a thin trickle of blood from his lip, where he had bitten it through; but his head was up. He was game.

The men came up to him, blowing and panting with their run.

"Hey! Here he is, the dog!" cried one, louder than the storm, thrusting his lantern into Gresham's face.

"I—cleared the line—" began the operator; but he didn't finish. A swift, hard fist shot out. It caught him on the jaw. He went down like a plummet across the rails.

"You cur!" shouted a voice.

Kicks thudded on his ribs. He struggled to rise in the snow, but fierce blows beat him down.

"Cowards!" he shouted with a residue of breath.

Suddenly the men were parted and flung headlong, right and left. Lanterns were dashed to earth, where they lay flickering. The bitter gloom closed in upon the struggling group.

"What d'yez mane, you, hittin' the feller whin he's down?" roared the powerful Irish voice of Big Mack O'Connor, section-boss.

"His fault, ain't it?" shouted some one.

"Six dead an' twenty hurt!" another cried.

"I—I threw it to clear!" choked Gresham. "You go look—"

"Shut yer trap! We know what yer done!" yelled a third. "Get away there, Mack! Let us at him!"

"ARTHUR, LAD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

"Nah! 'Tain't proved on him—not yet!" Mack bellowed, holding them back with his huge arms. "How d'ye know th' flagman o' No. 1 ain't t' blame? Where's he gone? How can yez tell that the engineer o' 2 didn't miss th' lantern, a blind-drivin' night like this? He's dead now—can't never tell. Lantern may have blowed out, too—no tellin'. Annyway, the lad's down, don't ye see? Fair play! Arrh! Ye wud?"

An obstinate, persistent one sprawled, cursing, on the track

"Git up, youse!" commanded Mack.

Gresham felt a strong grip on his shoulder. "Git up! Yez had th' nerve t' face it, annyhow, an' not skip out. B'ys, I'ave him be, ye hear me? I'm keen as annywan fer punishment, but he's got nerve, th' lad has! Ain't no coward, same as you be, Lapham, hittin' when a feller's down. He'll be heard, so he will, or ye'll lick Big Mack to a finish, which ain't been done since I was siventeen, ye moind?"

Half by himself, half dragged by Mack, Gresham got to his feet and stood there, white with snow in the cutting gale.

He knew the temper of these men, maddened by the wreck and by the fire. He felt the mob spirit working in them. He knew their burning eagerness to wreak a sudden, brutal vengeance for everything on him, whom erstwhile they had sneered at as a "gentleman."

The dancing lantern-light showed him one face which he well knew meant murder—a face distorted with hate, blood-smeared from the broken nose Mack had just given it—the face of Barney Lapham.

Barney was the engineer, that night, on section one of the special and Barney had once looked as high as Clara Norton, Gresham's girl.

Barney, who never had forgotten, never would forgive, the answer she had given him.

The operator groaned. He understood. He knew now who had organized this hunt for him, who had shouted accusation, who had struck him down and kicked him as he lay there, prostrate. "With Barney back o' this, they'll string me up for certain—if they can!"

Aloud he added, "better send a man down to the office, hadn't you, to call Green Bay for doctors and the wrecking-crew?"

"Ah, we'll 'tend to all that, never you mind!" jibed Lapham. "Ain't none o' your advice needed now. You're done!" He laughed with a malice horrible to hear.

"Th' lad's right, just th' same!" sounded Dan's voice. "Bresnahan, you go. Come on, now, th' rest o' yez. Come on, b'y!"

Hope revived in Gresham. With Big Mack at hand, he would at least get something like fair play. Limping with the injuries that Lapham's punishment had given him, he started up the line in charge of Mack.

The huge Irishman held him by the arm to steady him.

"Come on," he repeated. "They're wantin' ye up there, an' yez'll have t' go. But, by me sowl!" he added, turning on the group that straggled after, "th' first man o' ye that lays a hand on him—till ut's proved—that man goes down just ahead o' my fisht, ye hear?"

Thus, through the storm they beat their way toward the medley of noise, the swarming people, the ruddy glare which shone with ever-brightening blaze about the wreck.

IV.

It was a gruesome sight, confused beyond the telling of any words, all the more horrid and grotesque under the wavering, dancing lantern-light and the uncertain fire of the burning coaches.

Gresham's heart turned sick within him at that vision, at the thought that all these people—some of whom stopped their work to peer and glower at him, some who came to meet the little party—laid this ruin and this death upon his shoulders.

Big Mack stopped, the others with him.

Gresham's bloodshot eyes took in the scene—the cars crushed, splintered, sprawling out across the ditch, where the impact of section two, thundering round the curve, had buckled the waiting train.

One coach, he saw, lay turned clean over on its top, trucks in air, shattered windows gaping at the red ruin over which the blizzard spat its hissing snow-devils.

Beyond, and through the storm, he saw an upreared car that the second engine had ripped into, having hurled it on high as a mad bull tosses a dog.

There the blaze burned fiercest, whipped by the wind; and there dim, laboring figures chopped with axes, their blows sounding dull and feeble in the storm. There other figures flung useless snow upon the flames.

Thick steam was rising, mingling with the smoke. Driven by the breath of the tempest, it whirled down the line in wild, fantastics swirls. All was exaggerated, made strange, unreal, and doubly terrible by the snow, the storm, the dancing and uncertain light.

A stunned and aimless crowd was gathered round the wreck. Some were half-dressed, some wounded, some tramping up and down, shouting, nursing their wounds, sobbing, wringing their hands in frenzy. A few were trying to help such of the surviving train-hands as were at work, but all was demoralization.

Nobody seemed rightly to know what to do or how to start. Groans, now and then, came from the heaped-up, burning mass, or from the baggage-car of the first section. One or two of the people Gresham recognized as townfolk.

Little knots of dazed and shivering men gathered here and there in the lee of the cars which still clung to the rail. A few came drifting toward him as he stood there in the grip of Big Mack. He shuddered as two men bore a dangling figure past him to the baggage-car. A woman shrieked somewhere, then was still. A man limped by, laughing, swinging a limp arm—a man whose footprints in the snow were stamped with crimson.

"Oh, God!" moaned the grief-stricken operator, covering his face with both hands. "Did I do *this?* No! No!"

"Your fault, you cur!" cried Barney, his voice breaking with wild exultation. "His fault!" he shouted to the gathering crowd. "This man's—here! We've got him—here's th' man!"

He shook his fist in Gresham's face.

The operator tried to speak, but no words came to him. He stood there in the storm, chilled, pale, dumb, staring with dazed eyes at the wild, hard, ugly faces circling him.

Was it, he wondered, possible, after all, that he might have done this thing? Possible that he might have slept, that he might, in some unconscious, irresponsible moment, have thrown that lever back once again to danger?

He did not know. This repetition, this constant strong assertion of his guilt, beating in on his numb brain and his shaken senses, woke there the suggestion of crime, unwitting crime, but real.

Had he done this thing? He could not

"HERE WE ARE, BOYS; HERE'S THE PLACE!"

tell. He glanced about with growing fear. Strong as he was, this thought stunned him as it gained ascendency—the thought that, yes, it *might* have been his fault.

"Well?" cried Big Mack, shaking him by the shoulder. "Well, what yez got t' say?"

"I—after the freight got into the next block, I threw the semaphore to clear," Gresham managed to make answer. "Then I sat—sat down by the stove, and—"

"Ah-*ha!*" bellowed Lapham. "Hear that? He sat down by th' stove, Gentleman Artie-boy did. Sat down t' sleep, t' dream of his lady-love, eh? Left us to pull up here, an' section two rip into us? It's all clear now, you bet! What's he got t' say? What should he have, I'd like fer to know! Ain't this enough?"

He flung his hand out at the devastation.

"Ain't that?"

He gestured at the semaphore, the dumbly eloquent accuser. There it stood beside the track, dim in the snow-drive, its cross-arm straight out at "Danger," its lantern burning red.

It seemed to Gresham to be pointing right at him—its verdict, "Guilty!"

"Ain't that enough fer any one, I'd like t' know?" cried Barney once again. "The line was clear, all right. Why was it set at 'Danger'? If it hadn't been, we'd gone straight on, an' all this wouldn't happened. Them six people wouldn't have been killed an' twenty hurt, that's what! Three cars—"

"Wa'n't there a man sent back?" inquired a grimy, battered man. "Some blame in that, if there wa'n't!"

"How do I know?" the engineer spat savagely, turning on this intruder. "Prob'ly there was. His lantern might have got blowed out, fer all I can tell. Mightn't have been seen by Rourke on 2. He's dead; can't tell. Henderson, our conductor, can't, neither. Knocked pie-eyed. But what's th' use, anyway? This whole thing happened 'cause o' *that!*" Once more he pointed at the semaphore.

"What did this here loony block us fer? What fer—hey? Asleep, that's what, or dreamin'—moonin' over that there gal o' his, that—"

"Hold on, you!" shouted Gresham, rousing from his daze. He tore out of Big Mack's grip and faced the engineer. The

"YOU DOG!" SHE CRIED. "YOU TOUCH THIS LADDER NOW! YOU TOUCH ME—IF YOU DARE!"

dim, uncertain light there in the storm showed that his eyes were burning like a tiger's when it springs. "Hold on there; that's enough! No man like you—"

Somebody smote him from behind.

"Down with him!" yelled a savage voice. Gresham staggered, but caught himself, and turned to strike. Another blow felled him, as an ax fells an ox upon the killing-beds.

Down into the trampled snow he pitched once more. Again the kicks and blows rained in on him.

"Danged av I don't think ye're right there, Barney, afther all!" Big Mack declared. "Th' murdherer! I'm t'rough wid 'im!"

The crowd grew big and turbulent. From the wrecked and burning cars men came on the run. Lawlessness raised its venomous head. In that confusion, no authority reigned to strangle it. Mob law!

"String him up!" yelled some one. "No use waitin' for th' courts to bungle it!"

"Hang him on the semaphore! That's where he b'longs!" howled Barney.

Somebody passed him a rope—a noosed and knotted bell-cord.

The rope whirled out through the chill murk and fell over Gresham's head. Barney drew the noose tight.

"Come on, boys!" he yelled exultantly.

Half a dozen men grabbed the bell-cord and started down the track, half dragging and half leading Gresham. He struggled to hold back, but others kicked him forward. A crowd of people, some violently angry, some protesting all to no avail, some merely dazed with the shock, with wonder, and with cold, trailed on behind.

"Here we are, boys; here's the place!" yelled Barney. "Hold the cuss, you! I'll go up th' ladder with the rope!"

V.

A SUDDEN, swift commotion in the crowd. A woman came thrusting through with wild determination. Her voice rose clear, stronger than the jibes and threats:

"Arthur! Arthur, lad! What's this? What have you done?"

"Clara!" cried Gresham. "You mustn't see this! Go away!"

"What is it? What have you done?"

"Nothing, so help me God! Nothing—but take you from this cur!" He struck out swiftly. Barney went down. A great yell burst from the mob.

"String him! Up! Up!" shrieked some.

"Hold on! Let's see—find out!" cried others.

"He done it, an' he's got t' swing, gal or no gal!" roared Barney, struggling up out of the snow and starting for the ladder. The girl was quicker. She leaped onto it, and clung there, defiant. The wind flailed her long cloak, whipped her hair, all powdered with snow, about her face. By the light of lanterns and blazing wreckage, her eyes shone like twin fires of blue.

She gripped the stinging cold iron crossbars with her left hand, and with her right thrust Barney back.

"You dog!" she cried. "You touch this ladder now! You touch me—if you dare!"

The engineer, balked in his plan, swore horribly.

"All right, stay there an' freeze!" he said. "Much good to you! There's poles enough, I guess. Come on, you fellers!"

But Big Mack snaked the bell-cord from his grip, and sent him reeling with one swing of his huge elbow. The fickle mob yelled its approval.

"This bloody thing ain't settled yit!" he roared.

"Arthur!" pleaded the girl. "Tell me the truth! Did you do this?"

"The lever's thrown, and locked!" he cried. "That's my proof! I'm innocent! Let 'em hang me if they want to—if it'll do any good! I'm innocent!"

Far away down the line echoed a faint, shrill whistle.

"Th' wreckin'-train!" shouted Barney, rallying to the attack once more. "Come on, boys; we ain't got no time to lose. No matter what he says, he done it, an' he's got to stretch hemp. There'll be no justice done if we don't give it to him. Up he goes!"

But no one heeded him. With a cry the girl pointed to a dark patch melted in the snow, some dozen yards away.

Her eye had seen, up there on the ladder, that the semaphore-wire hung slack. She had followed that wire, and near the place she pointed at a loose end of it lay.

"See! Look! It's broken!" she cried with joyful exultation.

"It's broke? What's broke? Where? *What?*" the many voices echoed.

"The wire! Broken! Burned in two!"

Down from the ladder she leaped. Through the crowd she pushed her way. Through the snow she ran.

They followed, wondering—all but Gresham and the engineer. Half dazed by this strange turn of fate, Gresham stood there in the storm, striving with numb fingers to loosen the knotted bell-cord from his throat. The engineer, with one last curse, struck him a savage blow, then turned and fled. Up the track he ran, silently, swiftly, past the wreck—away, beyond the fire-light, and so out into the darkness of the storm.

Once more the whistle of the wrecking-train sounded, nearer now, flinging its message of help, of rescue, out through the tempest and the night.

Gresham, freed now from the noose, limped down to meet the crowd which came streaming back to him. Big Mack was in the lead.

"Of all th' miracles!" cried the Irishman. "Here, look, will yez? Look, an' fergive us, av ye can! Look, b'y!"

He stretched forth his great hand. In it lay something—a rounded, charred, red

stump of wood, the size of a spinning-top. It had a steel spike at its lower end.

"What?" queried Gresham.

"There!" answered Clara. "There's the criminal!"

"That burned-out flare?"

"The same!" shouted Mack. "Shure, an' they must have throwed it from the fast freight to kape section one from runnin' too close. It's good fer twinty minutes, ye'll mind. Wind can't put it out, ner water drown it, an' it's hotter than fire itself."

"And it struck under the wire—burned it through!" the girl cried. "Set the board at 'Danger,' you see!"

Big Mack stretched out his hand.

"An' will yez shake, lad? Fergive all?"

Gresham's cold fingers closed upon the massive palm. The section-boss gripped like a vise, but Gresham never winced. That pain was pleasure. Upon his back he felt the friendly impact of strong hands. Somebody threw a coat over his shoulders.

"Come on, b'ys," said the Irishman. "Come, lave th' lad be, now. There's work fer us. Th' wreckin'-train'll be here now in no time."

He walked away. Gresham and Clara were left beside the semaphore.

The man stooped and picked up something—the stub-end of the flare, which Mack had dropped.

"Here, girl," said he. "Only for you—and that—"

She took it and slipped it into her bosom.

"We'll keep that, eh?" said Gresham. "Keep it—you and I?"

"*Always!*" she answered, smiling, though there were tears in her blue eyes as Gresham took her in his arms.

REVERSE-BAR IS THE THING.

Veteran Engineer Places More Importance in That Lever Than in the Throttle.

A VETERAN engineer, who at the age of fifty-six has been serving on express-trains for twenty years, recently took a short vacation, visiting Chicago, where he met an old friend. To the question, "How does it feel to run a mile-a-minute train?" he answered:

"Feel? Man, that's the only time I live. When I climb up on the high seat, jam my cap over my eyes, and reach for the reverse-bar, I'm not the man you see now. I've fed on the excitement so long as I'm a fiend for it now—a 'speed-dope.'

"Many a night I've driven my train—and made time, too—when it was snowing so hard I'd have to run ahead while we were taking water to see if the headlight was still burning. My 'smoke' and I couldn't tell it from the cab—nothing ahead but a wall of black. Sometimes we wouldn't know we were moving, except for the tossing of the engine on the track.

"Did you know that an engine has a heart?" he rambled on. "You've seen a doctor feel a patient's pulse when he wants to find out what's the matter with his works? Well, that's the way we do it. When we rush through the night, maybe with death around the next curve, we don't sit with our hands on the throttle, as the engineers do in the story-books. Reverse-bar, that's it.

"The reverse-bar's the engine's heart. We never let our hand release its clutch on the reverse. It beats with the engine's life, and when anything's wrong it beats fast or slow or it jumps a beat, like an old guy's heart. Then we know, we shut off steam and climb down to see."

"Is it true that engines vary and men get attached to different ones?"

"True? Course it's true. Engines are just like women—some are contrary all the time and some are agreeable all the time. Some smile and then put poison in your coffee. Some you scold and some you kiss. My old 39—latest type, biggest made, one o' three—why, I'm married to her and I wouldn't give her up for half my pay. I've had her three years now. When she goes I'll go."

"Don't you feel the responsibility when you're pulling a train-load of passengers?"

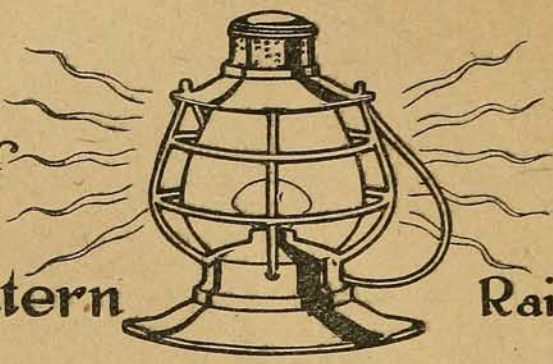
"That's what the 'old man' asked me once. 'I never stopped to think of it,' I answered him.

"'What?' he yelled, jumping up and banging down his fist. 'You didn't? Why didn't you?'

"'''Cause if I did I'd go crazy,' I told him. 'There's only me and my "smoke" in sight, and when we're running through fog or storm or snow, I look across at where he's shoveling coal, calm like, and say to myself: "There's only you and Danny here, and Danny's going ahead with his work. Now you're going to do the same, and you ain't going to think about anything else. You're going to bring yourself and Danny through, and if you two come through, the rest will follow."'"—*New York World.*

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

By the Light of the Lantern



Questions Answered for Railroad Men

ASK US!

WE like to be as useful to our readers as we can; but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are forced to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. Letters concerning positions WILL NOT be answered in this department. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer, as an indication of his good faith. We will print only his initials.

WHAT is meant by the "factor of safety?"—M. B., Boston.

If a boiler of such material and strength that it will stand a pressure of 500 pounds per square inch before bursting is run at 100 pounds pressure, the factor of safety is 5. In other words, the factor of safety represents the proportion between the breaking or bursting strength and the pressure or load carried. In American practice, 5 as the factor is generally recognized in the design.

IS there much of a chance for a man in wireless telegraphy?

(2) What is the best way to learn this business? Would it take long, provided that you have already learned telegraphy?

(3) Is the Morse or a special code used?

(4) What is the average salary of a wireless telegraph operator?—N. B. N., Independence, Virginia.

(1) We should say that there should be a fair chance. This occupation is largely centered in the shipping business, and the reason why the chance is better therein than in telegraphy ashore, is because the acceptance of such positions afloat means the absence from home of two-thirds of the time, which is not particularly appealing, in view of the low salaries paid.

Replying here to your question, No. 4, we might add that the salaries, including board, on the majority of ocean steamships are between $40 and $50 per month.

(2) If you understand telegraphy, the game is practically won. Several schools teach wireless in the regular course for a small payment. The best advice, however, is to write to some steamship line direct, and it will instruct you on the best course to pursue. The same information can be obtained from the United Wireless or the Marconi Companies; address of both, New York City, N. Y.

(3) They use what is called the Continental Code, in which the spaces in the Morse Code letters become dashes, because, for instance, it would be confusing to send the short space in the Morse "o" (- -) by wireless.

D. R., Rockford, Illinois.—The reason why the water works up and down in a locomotive water-glass has never been clearly established, although, logically, it would follow that this movement simply represents what is going on in the boiler, provided that the top and bottom valves of the glass are performing their proper functions. There must, of course, be at all times a slight movement, because the ebullition of water in the

boiler is quite violent under the influence of rapid combustion, no matter whether the locomotive is moving or stationary. This, under normal conditions, should affect the glass one or two inches maybe. Any greater variation than this may be ascribed to dirty water in the boiler, the presence of some detrimental foreign substance, or foaming or priming. It is very seldom that the water remains absolutely stationary. If so, it may be taken as an indication that the circulation in the glass has become impeded.

J. B., Brooklyn.—You must always pass the examination required by the road of your choice before going on as a fireman. This consists of a reading and hearing test, in addition to an examination to determine visual acuteness. This latter is not so much a reading test as in former years, but is based on the faculty for distinguishing variations in colors, and the actual positions of dummy semaphores which are operated at a distance by the examiner.

WHAT is meant by the term "cylinder clearance?"—C. T. R., Richmond, Virginia.

It means the space in the cylinder and steam-ports between piston-head (when at extreme end of stroke) and valve-face. It is generally given in percentage of cylinder. In locomotive work it varies from 10 per cent to 20 per cent. This is space which must be filled at each stroke, and which does no useful work. Some clearance is necessary to prevent the piston from striking the cylinder-head, and the space is also necessary for the compression to cushion the piston at the end of its stroke.

IS paper in any form used in the manufacture of car or locomotive-wheels? If so, in what per cent?—O. A. J., Oakland, California.

This properly refers to the Allen paper wheel. It is made by riveting a center of compressed paper between two plates of iron or steel. The compressed paper can be turned and polished like wood. The hub of such wheels is of iron or steel, and a steel tire is also put on, so that the so-called "paper car-wheel" is in reality only paper in the center. It is in extremely limited use, and when employed will be found only under passenger-cars.

From a recent article on "Paper Car-Wheels" in *Harper's Weekly*, we quote the following:

We naturally think of paper as something lacking in strength, and of a paper article as being fragile, so are somewhat alarmed when an encyclopedic friend remarks that the wheels of the car on which we are slipping along at the rate of a mile a minute are made of paper.

This opportunity to be alarmed occurs, however, on only the best of railways, as paper car-wheels, though safer and longer lived than any others, are also more expensive. The principal advantage of wheels made from this unpromising material is found in the fact that they are not injured by the violent vibrations to which car-wheels are subjected.

The paper used in the manufacture of these wheels is known as calendered rye straw board, or thick paper. It is sent to the car-wheel shops in circular sheets measuring twenty-two to forty inches in diameter, and over each of these sheets is spread an even coating of flour paste.

A dozen sheets are placed one on the other and the lot subjected to hydraulic pressure of 500 tons or more. After two hours pressure, these sheets, which have now become a solid block, are kept for a week in a drying-room at a temperature of 120 degrees, after which a number of blocks are pasted together, pressed, and dried for a second week.

A third combination of layers is then made, after which there is an entire month of drying. The final block contains 120 to 160 sheets of the original paper and is four and one-half to five inches in thickness. All resemblance to paper has been lost, the block in weight, density, and solidity approximating the finest grained, heaviest metal.

To complete the wheel there are required a steel tire, a cast-iron hub, wrought-iron plates to protect the paper on either side, and two circles of bolts, one set passing through the flange of the tire, the other through the flange of the hub, and both sets through the paper.

The paper blocks are turned on a lathe, which also reams out the center hole for the hub; two coats of paint are applied to keep out moisture. The various parts are next assembled and the paper car-wheel is complete.

As may be readily understood, paper which has received the treatment described may be used for almost any purpose for which metal or wood is used, if not too much exposed to dampness, and to all practical purposes it is fire-proof.

L. E., Garber, Missouri. — (1) There is no such whistle signal as three short blasts, when the train is running. The nearest we can find to it is three blasts of about one second each duration. This is the engineer's signal that the train has broken in two, or parted. It is very seldom used in these latter days, because, when the train parts with the continuous brake, now in universal use, everybody knows about it without any whistling being necessary, or, in fact, any kind of reminder.

(2) The expression "high ball" means, to all intent and purpose—"get out of town." There are several stories as to its origin, the most plausible being that, in the early days of railroading, trains were started by hoisting a ball to the top of a pole. When the ball went up, it was the signal to the engineer to start. It is now generally given by raising a lamp high over head and holding it so while the train approaches. A "high

ball," properly displayed, looks pretty good when you are beating it somewhat faster than the law allows through a crowded yard. It implies, without wasting further energy, that you are safe to come ahead as fast as you like.

(3) The number of trains which an average despatcher handles on his trick, necessarily depends on the amount of business done by his division. We don't see how we can answer a question so vague in any other form than this. If you want to know how many trains it is possible for a single despatcher to handle on a trick, we might supplement our reply by the statement that we have known 113 passenger-trains to be handled on double track in an eight-hour trick, with, of course, the usual quota of freights, works and what not. The actual number of trains handled by a despatcher is no criterion of his work or ability, because, in the presence of a practically faultless system such as prevails, for instance, on the eastern end of the New York, New Haven and Hartford road, the despatcher's work must necessarily be lighter with one hundred trains than under happy-go-lucky conditions with only half that number in operation.

(4) We don't know what you mean by your question, "Is it safe for an operator to recopy train orders?" These things come in as original copies, are repeated back, and made "correct" by the despatchers. As this procedure is always on carbons, dependent on the number wanted, where does the copying feature come in?

DO the railroads have leases on the freight-cars bearing their name or do they own them?—W. D., Newburg, New York.

The large majority of freight-cars are owned by the various railroads, and, in many instances, they are owned also by some equipment trust company. They are seldom, however, *paid for* in cash. A few railroads purchase all or a large part of their equipment through the sale of long-time bonds; but, in most cases, the equipment is acquired through the issuance of securities designated as "car-trusts," "equipment bonds," or "equipment notes."

These are paid off in instalments by the railroads purchasing the rolling stock, the money being provided from earnings. In practically all cases, the bonds are paid off serially; the first instalment being payable in ten years, although the life of the equipment is about seventeen years for a wooden freight-car, and twenty years for a steel car. After the final instalment is paid, all of the outstanding bonds provided for the equipment belong to the railroad.

Under the terms of the indentures covering equipment-bonds, it is stipulated that the railroads must at all times keep all of the equipment in complete repair and good working condition. They must replace any equipment which may be worn out, lost or destroyed. At least once a year, they must furnish the trustee with a full statement as to its location and condition. In addition, the railroads must keep the equipment insured against loss or damage. All these expenses are borne by the railroads; but it is, of course, to be assumed from the standpoint of their own best interests, that they will take proper care of the equipment, which ultimately will pass to their ownership.

In answer to your questions 2 and 3, which we did not consider of sufficient importance to reproduce, the Pennsylvania, with almost double the mileage of the other systems, must necessarily do the greatest passenger business, and especially as it passes through practically every prominent city east of the Mississippi River.

W. T. M., San Antonio, Texas.—A revised edition of the *Air-Brake Catechism and Instruction Book* has lately been issued by C. B. Conger. This is worded in everyday lucid English which any one can understand. The price is one dollar, and the book can likely be procured through *Railway and Locomotive Engineering*, 114 Liberty Street, New York City.

L. C. R., Hayes, South Dakota.—With the exception of the Empire State and the Twentieth Century limiteds, which were not running in 1870, the general schedule time of the New York Central trains was almost as fast in 1870 as it is at present. Even at that comparatively early stage, it was possible to put a train through from New York to Albany in less than four hours, and to Buffalo in less than twelve hours. The New York Central was noted at that period for making about the fastest time in everyday practise in the country, and its locomotives served as patterns for those of many roads.

J. D. F., Savannah, Georgia.—You should take up the matter regarding the train on which you desire information, with the nearest Southern Railway agent in your vicinity. Write him and he will take pleasure in furnishing it.

CAN a telegraph message be transmitted from San Francisco to New York without being repeated, either by an operator or an instrument?

(2) What is a "quad?"

(3) How far can a telegraph message be sent by an operator on a straight line? I mean in practise, not theory.—W. H. V., Bellingham, Washington.

(1) Yes, but it is exceptional practise. The ordinary procedure in sending messages between the points named is, San Francisco to Ogden to Chicago to New York; or, San Francisco to Denver to Chicago to New York.

A direct wire would probably be arranged for

under certain conditions, if, for instance, the San Francisco office had an accumulation of night messages for New York. It would be more consistent to send these through in a bunch and would be easily possible by simply increasing the carrying power of the line.

(2) Sending and receiving on the same wire.

(3) It is hard to reply to this question intelligently as so many items bearing thereon have to be taken under consideration, among which are weather and climatic conditions. A spider's web between wires would cause a leak if it became wet on a rainy day. Rain itself is a serious impediment to long-distance working. A message, however, can be sent across the continent under the conditions which you describe as we replied to your first question.

WHAT is the capacity of a tank, 5 feet 5 inches in diameter by 6 feet in height?

(2) How much per vertical inch?

(3) How is this calculation determined?

(4) How much will a tank hold of the following dimensions; 6 feet 9½ inches long, 4 feet 11 inches wide, and 4 feet 2½ inches high, and also how much will it hold per vertical inch?

(5) Where can I get a book showing how to determine it?—C. M. J., Central City, Kentucky.

(1) 1034 gallons.

(2) 14.36 gallons.

(3) Multiply area of base in inches by height in inches, and result is contents in cubic inches. For contents in gallons divide this result by 231.

Example: 5 ft., 5 in.,=65 in.
6 ft., =72 in.

65 x 65 x .7854=3318 sq. in., area of base.

3318 x 72=238896 cubic in., contents of tank.

238896 ÷ 231=1034 gallons, total capacity.

Capacity per vertical inch is 1034 ÷ 72=14.36 gallons.

(4) Total capacity, 1055½ gallons. Capacity per vertical inch, 29 gallons.

(5) Any school arithmetic contains the rules for these very simple problems.

WHY are fast trains making no stops called "limited?"

(2) Is there any publication pertaining to or containing information on the telegraph profession except *The Railroad Telegrapher,* of the O. R. T.?—C. E. B., Centretown, Missouri.

(1) In the early days of railroading, all trains stopped at all stations. The scheduled arriving time at the destination was more or less an uncertain quality, and was generally recognized as such. When trains making fewer or no stops were eventually put in service, it was announced that the time was limited to that given on the time-table. In other words, such trains would be favored to get over the road within the time specified, making them more dependable than others not so designated. The term which is used in these days in connection with certain fast trains has no real significance. In modern railroading, it is insisted upon by the management that all trains shall leave and arrive on time, irrespective of their class or importance; so, in reality, all trains are "limited."

(2) No, the publication you mention is the only one on that subject of which we have any knowledge.

ARE there any locomotives in use on American railroads with drivers 84 inches in diameter, or more?

(2) What are the principal dimensions of the Prarie type locomotives used on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad?—J. L., London, Ontario.

(1) The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad has an Atlantic type class, compound, with 85-inch drivers. These engines were built in 1907, and have the highest wheel of any in passenger service in this country. In our practise, 78 or 80 inches is generally regarded as the maximum limit.

(2) Tractive force, 27,850 lbs.; cylinders, diameter and stroke, 21½ by 28 in.; steam pressure, 200 lbs. per sq. in.; diameter of driving-wheels, 79 in.; total engine-wheel base, 34 ft., 3 in.; weight on driving-wheels, 165,200 lbs.; total weight of engine, 233,000 lbs.; water capacity of tender, 8,000 gallons; coal capacity of tender, 15 tons.

J. Q. O., San Diego, California.—We have no record of the height of the bridge which you mention, but the Kinzua viaduct on the Erie Railroad is generally credited as being the highest. It is about 320 feet above the bed of the stream at the bottom of the ravine which it spans.

P. B. A., Washington, District of Columbia.—(1) As an assistant, in the division-engineer's office of some railroad would be about the best place to start. You will thus obtain valuable experience in field work. Call on a division-engineer of some railroad entering Washington, and he will, no doubt, be glad to advise you.

(2) There are any number of books on civil and railway engineering. Apply to *Railway Age Gazette,* New York or Chicago, for list of such works. They can get any book for you which they do not regularly carry.

(3) Division engineers receive on an average about $150 per month. On some roads, of course, the pay is much higher. The salaries of other positions in that department run from $65 to $125 per month.

WHAT is meant by the ratio of cylinders?—F. B., Cumberland, Maryland.

Relation or proportion which one bears to the other. It is used mostly in speaking of compound locomotives. If the high pressure cylinder was 10

inches in diameter, and the low pressure cylinder 20 inches, the ratio is 1 to 4, because circular areas vary as the square of the diameter. Therefore, if 10 x 10=100, and 20 x 20=400, the ratio is 1 to 4.

O. J. G., Rochester, New York.—Of the three New York Central engines which you mention, we have only the weight of the 3565, Pacific (4-6-2 type), which is 171,500 on drivers, and 266,000 lbs., total engine. For the others, we would suggest that you get in touch with Mr. Steele, master mechanic of that road in Rochester, who, no doubt, has the information in tabulated form and would be pleased to give it to you.

E. H., Mesa, Arizona.—(1) Trains are not ferried across San Francisco harbor from Oakland to San Francisco. The terminal of the Southern Pacific Railroad is Oakland mole. Passengers make the trip across the bay by ferry.

(2) We have not been advised that the railroad mentioned is constructing additional track in that territory.

(3) The only trains in the United States which maintain a speed better than 60 miles per hour, from start to finish, are on the Reading and on the Pennsylvania Railroads between Camden, New Jersey, and Atlantic City, New Jersey.

G. S., Indianapolis.—Theoretically, there is no difference between the pulling and pushing power of a locomotive. As a rule, when placed ahead of a train they start it better, as they have the advantage of taking up the slack between the cars in succession. When pushing behind, this cannot be done, and the entire weight must be started as a unit.

WHAT is the salary of a locomotive engineer to start with?—J. K., New York City.

In this country, the roads do not have graded men as they do abroad, consequently, a newly promoted runner is entitled to what the job pays, which he is fortunate enough to catch while serving on the extra list. There may be some few roads which hold a new engineer to reduced pay for about a year, but we cannot recall any at this writing. Engineers are paid all the way from $3.50 per hundred miles to $4.50, all depending on the terms of the agreement with the company, section of the country, size of engine, etc.

HOW does an engine take water "on the fly"?
(2) What roads are so equipped?
(3) Are electric locomotives used in the West?—J. R. T., Indianapolis, Indiana.

(1) By means of a water-scoop. This is a device for putting water in a locomotive-tender, while in motion, from a trough laid between the rails, sometimes called a "track-tank." It consists of a cast-iron or steel-plate conduit of rectangular cross-section, about 8 inches by 12 inches, passing up through the tender-tank and turned over at the top so as to discharge the water downward. The lower end, underneath the tender-frame, is fitted with a scoop or dipper, that can be lowered into the trough by a lever worked by hand, or by compressed air applied in a cylinder, whose piston-rod is connected to the mechanism for raising and lowering the scoop. Owing to its inertia, the water is forced up through the siphon-pipe into the tender-tank when the scoop moves through the trough at a speed of from 25 to 40 miles per hour.

(2) Practically all roads where fast trains are employed have track-troughs.

(3) Only to a very limited extent. With a few exceptions, it may be said that their use is limited to the section east of the Mississippi River. Seventy-five per cent of them are, no doubt, east of Pittsburgh.

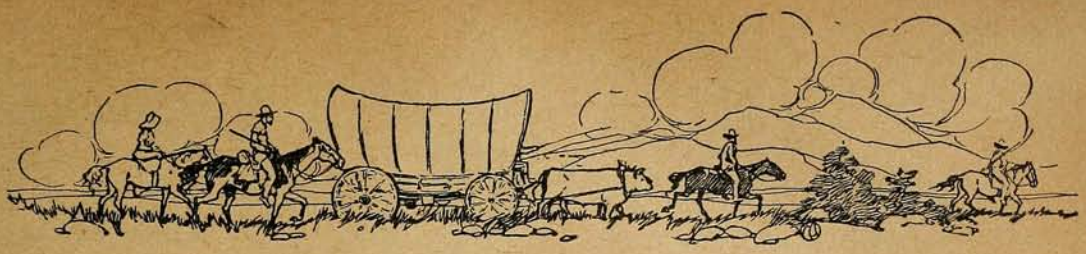
WHAT railroads enter Rochester, and what are the names of their master mechanics?—J. M., Ogdensburg, New York.

The Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh; F. J. Harrison, DuBois, Pennsylvania, and W. H. Williams, East Salamanca, New York, master mechanics. The Erie Railroad, F. G. De Saussure, master mechanic, Avon, New York. The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, F. M. Steele, master mechanic, Rochester, New York.

L. N. D., Indiana, Pennsylvania.—The road-foremen of engines on the Sante Fe at Topeka, Kansas, and Albuquerque, New Mexico, are respectively L. Wellman and B. Lynch. We do not find any record of one stationed at Winfield, Kansas, but R. J. Buswell is in that capacity at Wellington, Kansas.

R. E., Hamilton, Washington.—Statistics covering the total railroad mileage of the world, total locomotives, passenger and freight-cars, is not available in compiled form at this writing. As soon as we can dig it out, we will answer you in this department.

A. J. F., Denver, Colorado.—As you have some knowledge of mechanics, and are desirous of ultimately becoming an engineer, if you do not want to go on the road now as a fireman, why not try to secure employment in some roundhouse as a machinist's helper? This will make you familiar with a locomotive and you willl gain experience which will be of much benefit to you in the future. We have always believed and advocated that a fireman should have at least one year's roundhouse experience before going on the road, but there are no roads that we know of where such a sensible procedure is the rule.



ONE BOTTLE OF "WATER."

BY R. M. WEST.

The Tragedy That Came to Pass Just Because One Saloon-Keeper Had to Make a Dollar.

THE summer of 1867 found our company at Cheyenne, Wyoming. The Union Pacific line was being built toward that town, and things were booming. At Cheyenne, we camped on Crow Creek, and remained for nearly two weeks. From a company of infantry that passed us in wagons, we learned that all the upper forts and all the Powder River were being abandoned. The troops at Fort C. F. Smith, Fort Phil Kearney, and Fort Keno were to be distributed along the line of the railroad.

The officer in command of the men just passed gave instructions to our lieutenant, and he sent ten of us under command of Sergeant Ellis farther up the line. We camped at Dale Creek to wait for a battalion of the Eighteenth Infantry that was expected. Our sergeant had sealed orders for the officer in command of the coming outfit.

The telegraph lines were down, and troops marching between the upper forts had no means of communicating with the outside world or each other, except with messengers.

After camping at Dale Creek about a week, we saw the dust raised by the expected party. It turned out to be a much larger outfit than we looked for—three full companies and a large wagon-train with Major Whitehead in command.

It was such a strange-looking caravan that it seemed like a circus. The men had been up in the wilderness so long that they had nearly forgotten about the ways of civilization. Each company had its pets and mascots—bears, prairie-dogs, deer, antelope, and horned frogs. Nick White had a mountain-lion. They had more Indian relics than would fill two wagons.

Good men they were, and had seen hard fighting, and it was at Fort Phil Kearney that C company of my regiment was massacred. After reading his orders, the major told Sergeant Ellis that we were to return to Fort Sedgwick and that we were to travel with his command until rejoining our own men farther down the line. This was good news to us, and soon we were on excellent terms with the Eighteenth, and listening to their stories about the Bad Lands of Dakota.

The men had plenty of money. Where they had been there were not many ways of spending it. There was no liquor to be had unless it was smuggled, and this cost so much that, unless a man was a great lover of whisky, he would not pay the price. As it was well known that the railroad was to be built soon, there were all kinds of houses going up along the line of the survey, and most of them were saloons.

That but yesterday some of these houses had been burned out and the inmates killed by the Indians did not matter; to-day men were to be found erecting new ones on the still warm ashes. There was a great rush of daring men to reap the rich harvest.

The soldiers, if camped anywhere near these hells, would steal out and visit these

houses at night. At Dale City, there were, probably, a dozen houses in all. These were sometimes built of sod dug on the prairie, others had a light wooden frame covered with a tent, while others were known as "holes in the wall." They were made by digging into the side of a hill and fixing up a front of grain bags, raw hides, old blankets, or anything that came handy.

At the time the battalion of the Eighteenth Infantry went by, it numbered thirty men, all told. The night they camped there some of the men asked for a pass to visit Dale City for a few hours between roll-call and taps. The officers were not in favor of giving the passes. They knew there was nothing to be bought but the worst kind of whisky that man ever drank; still, they gave passes to a few.

Company H had a man named Brown. He asked for a pass, but his captain, knowing his love for liquor, refused.

After dark, Brown ran the lines and remained away all night. He did not appear until after "reveille" in the morning. He was not drunk when he came into camp in the morning, for he had slept off the effects to some extent on the prairie between the town and camp.

The men were at breakfast when Brown was seen to enter camp. He was at once put under guard and Lieutenant Hill, of his company, sent word to the sergeant of the guard that Brown was to be compelled to march all that day and carry his full outfit.

This meant that he was to wear his knapsack with all that goes with it, one blanket, one overcoat, a change of clothes, his gun, and his full allowance of cartridges.

It was something very unusual for any man under guard to carry a gun and ammunition; to be armed, in fact. I never knew it to be done but that once.

Brown was a sick man. The morning was very warm and it gave promise of being a torrid day. The prospect before Brown was a bad one. He asked permission to speak to Lieutenant Hill, and the sergeant took him, with a guard, to see the officer. Brown said to the lieutenant:

"I am very sick and not able to stand the punishment to-day. I can scarcely hold my head up."

Hill said: "If you had remained in camp last night and had not drunk so much bad whisky you would not be sick to-day. Whose fault is it, yours or mine?"

"Well," said Brown, "if you will let me off to-day you may give any punishment you like to-morrow."

"Oh," said the lieutenant, "you give me that privilege, do you? Well, you will walk to-day just as I have ordered; and don't give me one more word of back talk! Take him back, sentry, and tell the sergeant not to send him to me again!"

Brown tried to speak again, but the lieutenant lost his temper and said: "If you utter another word, I will tie you to the tail of a mule and let him drag you or kick you as he likes!"

The guard hurried Brown to the rear, and he took his place in the center of the guard to take up his awful punishment. I say awful punishment, for the man was very sick, no matter what the cause.

The column started. Brown blundered along for about an hour and again begged to be brought before the lieutenant, which, of course, the sergeant dared not do without permission.

Brown then asked to see the commanding officer. If an enlisted man wishes to speak to an officer, he must first obtain the permission of his sergeant. The commanding officer refused to interfere. Brown kept begging to be allowed to again speak to Lieutenant Hill.

The sergeant of the guard, seeing that his prisoner was in a bad way, went himself to Lieutenant Hill and got the necessary permission for Brown. The entire command was halted for a short rest, and Brown was brought forward.

Hill said: "Well, what is it now? Didn't I tell you not to come to me again?"

Brown replied: "'Lieutenant,' it is impossible for me to march any farther. I am not able to stand it. I would rather die."

Hill said: "You *will* stand it, and you *must* stand it! When you think you can't stand up, why, fall down, and I will find a way to drag you along." Hill said this not like an officer, but in a sneering, tantalizing way and with a devilish smile on his face.

Brown was swaying and about to fall. His case was no longer one of punishment between officer and private. It had become one of torture, to gratify the officer's curiosity.

All this time, the lieutenant was pulling his chin whisker with his gloved hand and smilingly goading his helpless prisoner into an insane frenzy.

Brown lowered his head a moment, then looked up and said in a low, tense voice:

"I cannot walk any longer to-day; and I won't."

Before any one could stop him, he dropped his musket into the hollow of his left arm and fired.

The lieutenant fell dead. He did not utter even one groan.

Instantly Brown inslipped a fresh cartridge, but Major Whitehead grappled with him, and, with the help of Captain Galbraith, wrenched the gun from the desperate man. Brown was too weak to offer more than momentary resistance and ceased struggling. No one had much to say—we were stunned.

The major threw the cartridge from Brown's gun. "Why did you load this?" he asked.

"To kill you with," exclaimed Brown; "and I had another for that big man beside you"—meaning Captain Galbraith.

The crazed man was taken to the rear and his arms tied behind his back.

After putting the dead lieutenant's body in an ambulance, the command started again. Opinion among the men was divided. Some condemned the act as brutal murder; others said Brown did right, and that Hill went too far and drove him mad.

Brown seemed to glory in what he had done. He said that Hill intended he must walk all day, and if he dropped down, which he knew he must do, the officer would have had him dragged to death. He seemed very anxious to hear what the men in the ranks thought of the killing, and asked every one he could get near enough if they blamed him.

Strange as it may seem, there were many men who thought Brown had done right and, though not daring to be outspoken, in silence he had their sympathy.

Brown was the corps' shoemaker, and was not considered a bad man. He would drink more than was good for him at times, but so would the officers. As a general thing, Brown did his duty faithfully.

The first sergeant of Brown's company, Dick Guggall, was now busily going from man to man holding a whispering conversation with each. The officers up ahead of the column kept looking back toward the place where Brown was plodding along, bound in the midst of his guards.

It seemed as if the officers were expecting something to happen. It was becoming evident that there was trouble of some kind brewing. Men would dart from place to place and speak in a low tone to others. Some of them seemed to object to what was said. It could be seen that there were different opinions about something.

One man made such a determined stand in favor of his way of thinking that there came near being shots exchanged between the two men, but this argument was silenced by the first sergeant.

Of course, we—I mean our little squad of ten men—being outsiders and interested only as onlookers, took no part in this mystery, but could, from our elevated positions, see all the hasty movements and earnest conversation of the few men that were endeavoring to gain converts to their way of thinking.

I had not even a suspicion of what was in the wind until I heard Brown say: "Oh! My God! Why don't they come if they are coming and put me out of my misery! I can't go any farther."

Then it dawned on me what all the commotion was about. But still I could not believe that among United States soldiers many men could be found to deliberately take part in another tragedy like the one just acted by one reckless, suffering, half-demented man.

Brown kept moaning, "if you fellows don't hurry, it will be too late! Tell them to hurry up." Again he would say, "I will never live to see the sun go down."

He spoke the truth. Within an hour from the time he shot Lieutenant Hill, about twenty men of his own company suddenly stepped out of the ranks on either side of the marching column.

It could be seen that they were obeying the signal of a leader, for at a slap made by striking the butt of a musket with the hand, they all started at a "double quick" for the rear.

Twenty yards from the rear-guard they halted, and told the guards to step aside.

"What do you want? What do you mean?" angrily demanded the sergeant of the guard.

"We want Brown. Get away from him or you'll get hurt," yelled one of the men, and the rest seconded him. Not an officer looked back; they began to ride farther ahead.

"Not much you don't! There will be more than one dead man around here if any one tries that!" replied the old sergeant as his men closed around their prisoner.

It looked as if there was going to be trouble, but Sergeant Guggall stepped up close to the guard and said something in a whisper. The guard kept muttering among themselves, and again it could be seen that Brown had his friends who did not regard the shooting with so much horror as the others did.

However, there seemed to be some magic word which, when spoken, put an end to further argument. It was evident, too, that Brown had no hope, and was eager to have it all over, as he was suffering tortures, both of mind and body.

The guards reluctantly scattered to the front and rear, leaving Brown exposed. Because of the way his hands were tied behind his back, his body was bent forward and his head was hanging, but, as soon as the guard left him, he made an effort and raised his blood-shot eyes to the small mob of men whom he had lived among for nearly three years.

They had come to kill him. He knew them all. He kept his eyes on them steadily, only allowing them to flit from one to another until he had looked each of his executioners in the face.

He said only a few words. They were, "take a good aim, boys," and "this is a poor way to pay debts," for most of the men owed him money for cobbling.

As the guard stepped forward, he fell back and the firing-party took deliberate aim. Some went down on one knee so as to be more steady. Then they fired. Brown's body was riddled.

The squad hastily took their places in the ranks.

It was significant that the officers were too far ahead of the marching column to interfere in the killing of Brown. After the shooting, they rode back and gave a few hurried orders. Then the command advanced a quarter of a mile and halted while the burial-party was putting Brown in a grave. The soil was quickly shovelled over him, and the march was taken up again.

About noon, the ambulance containing the dead lieutenant was started ahead under escort, for the first place on the line of the railroad where steps could be taken to preserve the body.

The affair made a deep impression on the men, and, no doubt, on the officers, also. It was dangerous to say much about it, for both men had their champions. The lieutenant was condemned by many for his cruel treatment of Brown, yet there were not many to speak a good word for Brown's act.

It was said that the lieutenant did not believe Brown's statement that he was so sick, but this could have been all settled very easily by allowing Brown to consult the doctor. This the lieutenant had flatly refused to do. Though it was dangerous to say anything in Brown's defense, yet he had his friends.

That night after "taps" six of his comrades secretly left the camp with picks, shovels, and a blanket, returned to where the tragedy took place, and dug up Brown's body. While two were sewing it in a blanket, the others dug a deep grave to protect it from the wolves. The burial-party then lowered the body, and, perhaps, a silent prayer was said. There he lies to-day.

The six quietly returned to camp. They had a tramp of eighteen miles to make between "taps" and daylight, besides running the risk of being found out, which would have incurred the ill-will of the officers—if nothing worse. Their act would have been construed as showing sympathy for Brown as against Lieutenant Hill.

But the affair did not end. It caused a bitter feeling between the men in the company, and, for a long time, it was the indirect cause of many bloody quarrels, and caused the killing of three of the men who shot Brown.

The best opinions seemed to be that both the lieutenant and Brown received what they deserved, but that, for the good of the service, Brown should have been shot by court martial instead of being murdered by a mob instigated by the officers. Then there would have been no evil aftermath.

Only one good seemed to come from it all; discipline became more strict, making cases for punishment fewer and the penalties more humane.

Five deaths and a fued among a hundred men had flowed from one bottle of hell-water, that a saloon-keeper might make a dollar.

Ten Thousand Miles by Rail.

BY GILSON WILLETS,
Special Traveling Correspondent of "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

No. 9.—SOME HOLD-UPS IN MISSOURI.

The Hat with the Star, and the Part It Played in a Famous Attack by Bandits; Also, What a Large Reward Drove Some Men To Do.

MISS NELLIE SEACH, eighteen and very pretty, was sweeping the shingles that served as a walk between the front door and the front gate of her home on a farm near Eureka, Missouri. An unobserved man sauntered up to the gate and leered at her.

"Mornin', sweetheart," he said.

The girl started and swung round with anger blazing in her eyes.

"You frightened me!" she exclaimed. "George Ebling," she went on, "why-all don't you make some noise, so a body can know you're around? You're always soft-footin', that-away. It gives me the creeps.'

"Maybe I'll have that gold necklace for you to-morrow, sweetheart," said the man with a smile.

"I don't want a necklace, Mr. Ebling," the girl answered. "You can't afford it. And—why!" she cried in astonishment. "Where-all did you get that new hat?"

She pointed to a wide-brimmed sombrero. In comparison with the man's old and soiled clothes, the new hat, in Nellie's eyes, was more than conspicuous. It was

"MAYBE I'LL HAVE THAT GOLD NECKLACE TO-MORROW."

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incongruous. She noticed, incidentally, that the sombrero had a star-shaped air-hole cut in its right side.

"Borrowed it from Will Lowe," replied George Ebling. "I cut that star into it myself. Will won't mind. See you to-morrow, or Sunday, maybe. And I reckon you won't refuse the necklace. Good-by, sweetheart."

The next morning, Saturday, Farmer Grant, whose property near Castleton, six miles east of Eureka, was bounded on the east by the Meramec River, found his row-boat, "The Ferry," missing.

Blamed the Boys.

"Dod gast those boys!" cried the farmer, addressing his hired man. "They've stolen my dingey again."

"You're wrong about the boys, Mr. Grant," the hired man remarked. "Boys don't go fishin' in winter weather like this. I reckon the boat was took by the robbers who held up that Missouri Pacific train yonder, last night."

Farmer Grant tugged at his whiskers.

"Maybe that's so," he said. "Maybe those bandits took 'The Ferry.'"

The next morning, Sunday, two boys arrived at the bank of the Meramec River not so very far from the Grant farm. The day was cold. Nevertheless, one of the boys suggested that they go in swimming. A few minutes later they plunged into the water, and swam clear across the river. Upon reaching the far side, one cried:

"Why, look there! There's 'The Ferry,' —old man Grant's rowboat. What's it doing here? Let's take it back to his landing."

The boat lay under the branches of a tree that had fallen into the water, as if some one had tried to hide it from the view of the casual passer-by.

The boys pulled the boat off the bank and began pushing it back across the river as they swam behind it. The water was warmer than the air; hence the boys' preference.

When they again reached the east bank and began dressing, none the worse for their cold bath, one of them cried:

"Look! A hat! Somebody's left his hat in the boat."

The hat was a wide-brimmed sombrero of good quality, with a star-shaped hole in the right side.

Just then the boys saw a man coming toward them, and one said:

"It's Mike Malone, one of the Mop's tie-hackers."

"Where Did You Get That Hat?"

"Hallo, Mike," another boy cried, as Mike drew near. "We came down to see the place where No. 8 was held up Friday night—but there wasn't much to see; so we went in swimming."

Mike Malone eyed the sombrero thoughtfully.

"Where did youse get that hat?" he asked.

The boys told him.

"Have youse stepped fut into that boat?" Mike asked.

The boys shook their heads, and Mike continued:

"'Tis none of me own business, you understand—but if youse was to leave that boat right where it is without steppin' fut into it—the bloodhounds would have a chanct. I hear a rumor that a big reward is offered for thim bandits, and some detectives will sure come out here with bloodhounds.

"And that hat—well, I'm keepin' a shut face meself, because this here Missouri State do be oftin takin' holt of innocent men suspected of bein' witnesses to crimes and puttin' 'em in jail for nothin' at all, at all, except just to keep 'em where they're handy-like.

"So I ain't sayin' I seen nothin' of the train robbers. But if youse, now, was to take that hat to Mr. Grant and tell him where you found it and suggest that he pass it on to the detectives when they come out here, you might be afther receivin' some o' the reward that's offered for the capture of the men that robbed the train—because one of 'em might possible have wore that hat."

With a Mop Sleuth.

A few days later, Charlie Eames, chief of the special agents of the Missouri Pacific, sat at his desk in his St. Louis office, carefully examining a sombrero. A number of the Mop's detectives were present, and to these Chief Eames said:

"Boys, you will notice that this hat is marked with the name of a St. Louis jobber. Begin with that jobber and trace the life-history of this sombrero—and you'll

land the men who held up that train at Eureka the other night."

Among the detectives present was Charlie Lehman.

"Chief," he said, "the history business is O. K., but—there's a star-shaped hole in that hat. Now, when a man cuts a hole in a new hat, it means that he's in the habit of punching holes in all his hats, for air. Well, then, why not look for a man renowned for wearing hats with star-shaped holes?"

"All right, Lehman," responded the chief. "Go as far as you like with that hat."

We must now go back to Friday, January 21, 1910, on the morning when the man wearing the new sombrero spoke to Nellie Seach.

That night, at ten o'clock, a Missouri Pacific train from Kansas City was running at express speed a mile east of Eureka, and within thirty miles of St. Louis, when, suddenly, Engineer George Lutes saw two men ahead, waving red lanterns. As a matter of course, Lutes closed the throttle and slammed on the air.

The Real Thing.

As the train slowed down, two other men suddenly jumped from the tender into the cab and covered Lutes and his fireman, Will Slocum, with a lot of sawed-off artillery and gave them the usual order to do as commanded. These men were masked.

The train stopped, some of the passengers poked their heads out of windows—to be greeted by a fusillade of shots fired by the red-lantern brigade.

While one bandit remained in the cab on guard over the engineer and fireman, another went to the baggage-car and ordered Fred Beeton, the baggage-clerk, to hike out.

Beeton hesitated the fraction of a second—and a bullet carried away his hat and a lock of hair, whereupon he scooted back to the smoker.

Meantime one of the red-lantern brigade hopped into the mail-car, found five clerks in the act of changing their clothes, and drove all five back into the smoker, with the result that kindly passengers in the smoker opened five suit-cases and supplied the five railway mail-boys with trousers.

While all this was going on, Conductor Butts, in charge of the train, began walking up the track on a seeing-a-hold-up expedition.

"Stand still! Go back!" said a terrible voice in the darkness. The words were punctuated with shots.

Addressing the Passengers.

Butts, filled with dismay, jumped aboard his train and addressed the passengers thus:

"The passengers will please remain seated. This train is in the hands of some descendants of Jesse James, and the only thing to do is to go right on reading your magazines—till you're wanted."

Just then, however, Butts heard the locomotive steaming away, and he cried:

"You'll not be wanted! The express, baggage, and mail have been uncoupled and are now being taken to a wooded dell for purposes unlawful. Meanwhile, we're marooned here on the main track, where we'll probably remain till something comes up behind us and pushes us right into the St. Louis Union Station—or elsewhere."

Conductor Butts started cross-country. He walked until he reached a farmhouse, where he telephoned to St. Louis, and thus set the law in motion.

Meantime, what were the bandits doing? First, they bound Engineer Lutes and Fireman Slocum with ropes. Then one of the bandits who seemed much at home on an engine, ran the locomotive and detached cars up track. At a heavily timbered spot near Castleton, six miles from Eureka, he shut off steam.

All four bandits then jumped. Three of them ripped open the pouches of registered mail as fast as the fourth man threw them out of the railroad post-office. Then, leisurely smoking cigarettes as they worked, the quartet tore open hundreds of letters. Everything that looked like ready money was thrown into a sack.

A Fireman's Vendetta.

Having finished looting the United States mail, the bandits unbound Lutes and Slocum, and said:

"Now, you men walk east toward St. Louis for fifteen minutes. Turn back short of a quarter-hour, and you die like dogs." they added.

They vanished into the adjacent woodland.

When fifteen minutes had elapsed, a man arose from his hiding-place in the bushes whence he had watched the four bandits rifle the mail.

That man was Mike Malone, tie-hacker, in the employ of the Missouri Pacific. As he stole noiselessly away, he murmured to himself:

"It looks to me like George Ebling was wearing Will Lowe's hat."

Rewards aggregating $7,200 were offered for the capture of the bandits, alive or dead.

The result was that detectives, both amateur and professional, swarmed on the trail. Bloodhounds were put on the scent, and so many railroad-men laid off to join posses or to take the trail alone that St. Louis was pretty nearly at a loss for immediate railroad workers.

One of the first to land a brace of suspects was Will Slocum, fireman of the train that was held up.

Four days after his harrowing experience on No. 8, Slocum happened to be in Jefferson City. There he spotted two young men, each of whom, as Slocum could plainly see, had recently had a hair-cut. Where their necks had been shaved, just below the newly-cut hair, was a semi-circular rim of white skin, conspicuously white, in fact, compared with the surrounding tan. Slocum, eying the two white-rimmed necks, chuckled.

Then he hurried to the nearest police station.

The next day, a Jefferson City plain-clothes man arrived at the office of the chief of the Missouri Pacific's special officers in St. Louis. With him were two young men with white-rimmed necks—and Will Slocum.

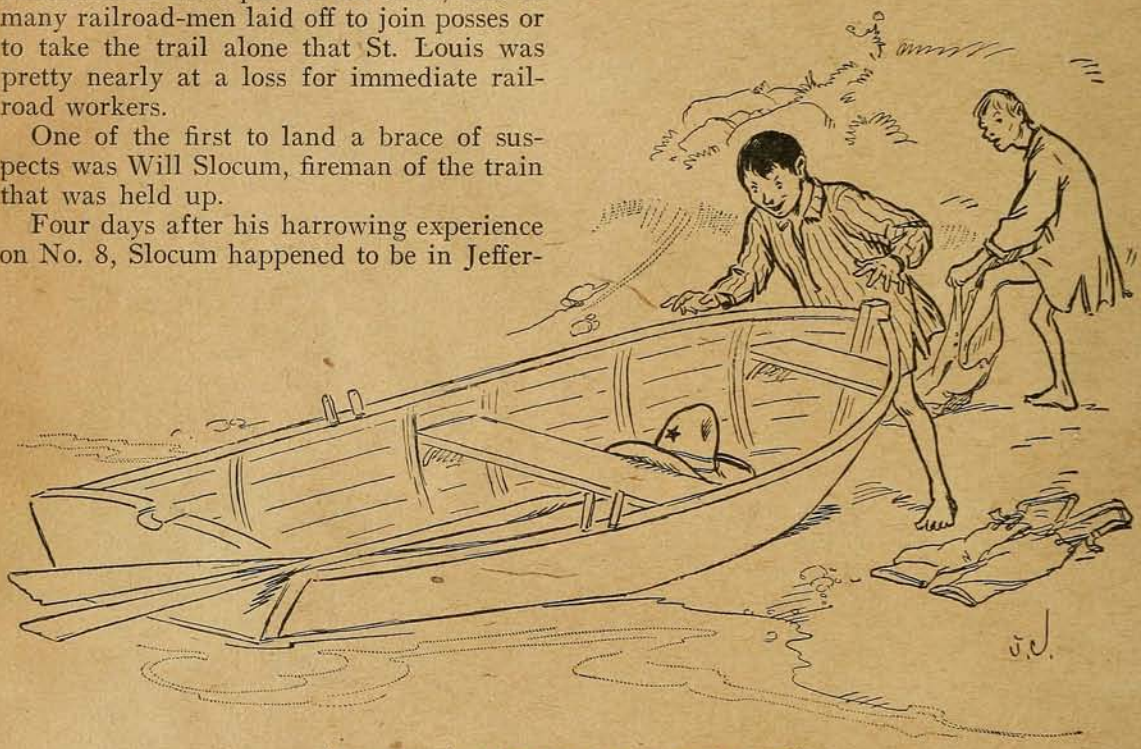
"These are the men," said Slocum to Chief Eames, "who ordered Lutes and me to walk east for fifteen minutes."

Slocum Knew 'Em!

"You identify them positively?" asked Eames.

"Positively," swore Slocum. "Know 'em by the way their hair is cut. Oh, I'll get the reward easy."

"Well, all the same, you get Engineer Lutes to come here. If he identifies them, also, I'll hold them."



"SOMEBODY'S LEFT HIS HAT IN THE BOAT."

A few hours later, Slocum again appeared in the chief's office with George Lutes.

"Do you identify these men, Lutes?" asked Eames.

"No! They're too young. As for the way their hair is cut, that's the fashion in rural hair-dressing. It's accomplished by placing an inverted stew-pot on the head and shearing round it. There are ten thousand men in St. Louis County with hair cut like that. Will," turning to his fireman, "you've got another suspicion coming to you."

The "suspects" had given their names as Jim Hartley and Gilbert McPherson.

"Hartley," said Eames, "where were you on the night of the hold-up?"

"Shucking corn, sir, for Mr. Case, the richest farmer in Etah, Missouri. Shucked all night, sir."

"And you, McPherson?"

"Sleeping with my brother, janitor of the 'Frisco Building here in St. Louis."

The next day, Slocum dropped in at Chief Eames's office to ask how his prospects stood for getting the reward.

"I let those two chaps go, Slocum," said Eames. "Their stories of what they did Friday night were corroborated."

"Fireman's luck!" exclaimed Slocum. "Always getting the worst end of it! Hang the detective business! I'm going back to firing for Lutes."

The next railroad-man to rise up out of the earth to shout "I've nabbed 'em sure!" was Charlie Ehlis, station-agent at Matson, Missouri, on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad.

Ever since hearing of the reward offered, Charlie Ehlis had been thinking, speculatively and vaguely, what he would do if it fell to his lot to capture the Eureka highwaymen.

"I'd quit railroading and buy a farm," he informed himself.

On the very night on which he reached this final decision as to what he would do with $7,200, he locked the Matson depot and started down the track toward his boarding-place.

As he meandered, he suddenly caught his breath.

"The farm's mine!" he whispered hoarsely.

Ehlis's Private Jail.

He saw two men stealthily making their way up the track beside a line of freight-cars, fuddling with the door of each car as they passed.

"Those are the men I saw hanging around here to-day," Ehlis said, "and I suspicioned 'em. Now I'm dead certain they're two of the men we're all looking for, else why should they be skulking about this-away?"

Ehlis hid behind a whistle-post and watched his prey. When, at length, the men found a car with an unsealed door, they opened it, climbed into the car and shut the door after them.

"In a trap!" whispered Ehlis.

Running back to the station, he secured a padlock. He rushed down the track to the car containing the two desperadoes, tip-toed up to the door, and suddenly clapped on the padlock.

"I'm in for the festivities," he thought.

Then to the nearest telephone Charlie Ehlis hastened, and long-distanced the office of Chief Eames.

"I've got two of the Eureka hold-up men," he yelled into the receiver. "Got 'em locked up in a freight-car. Send down two detectives and I'll turn 'em over."

Getting to the Chief.

"The chief isn't here," was the reply. "You better call up the night-chief of police here. His name is Gillaspy."

Ehlis promptly asked St. Louis to give him police headquarters.

"Hallo!" he shouted, when the connection was made. "I want Night Chief Gillaspy. Hallo! That you, chief? Say, I've got two of the Mop train robbers! Yes, sir, got 'em in my private jail under lock."

"Where are you?" asked the chief.

"At Matson."

"You're out of my jurisdiction. Call up Sheriff Grueninger, of your town. Good-by."

Ehlis then asked to be connected with Sheriff Grueninger's house.

"Hallo, Sheriff Grueninger. I've got 'em!"

"Got what? Who are you?"

"Got the Mop bandits. This is Ehlis—the station-agent. Will you come over?"

An hour later, Sheriff Grueninger and Sheriff Hines showed up at the Matson station, both out of breath. Ehlis conducted them to his private jail, unsnapped the lock and—

"Boes, by ginger!" cried Grueninger.

"Just plain boes!" echoed Sheriff Hines.

"Confound your impudence, Ehlis!" the two representatives of the law cried. "What do you mean by hauling us out of our warm beds this cold night just to arrest two pesky boes? What do you mean by this, anyhow?"

They started toward town, each gripping the arm of a bo and each muttering further remarks of indignation.

"Well, dog-goned if I'm not a clod-hopper!" exclaimed Ehlis, as he watched the four figures crossing a plowed field by the light of the moon. "Will some one please tell me who's to reimburse me for the expenditure of all that money for telephoning?"

Certain guests at Mary Burton's boarding-house, on McRea Avenue, St. Louis, added their own little noise to the general hue and cry over the Eureka train robbery. Several members of the railroad-braking world lived at Mary Burton's, including, in particular, Jimmie Cook, brakeman for the Iron Mountain Railroad.

In a Boarding-House.

On the fifth day of the hold-up of No. 8, Jimmie Cook came to the supper-table and, after looking all around the room in a way to inspire the curiosity of all the railroadmen present, made this mysterious remark:

"Ssh!"

Silence at the festive board!

"Ssh!" repeated Jimmie Cook, his eyes roving wildly over the faces of his fellow-brakemen.

"Hist!" he said. "I'm a suspect!"

"Talk up!" cried a Mop brakeman at the upper end of the table. "We can't hear you up here at the north pole."

"I'm a suspect," Jimmie repeated, lifting his voice. "They think I'm one of the bandits that held up N. 8."

"Who thinks?" asked the same Mop brakeman.

Jimmie Cook cast a stealthy glance in every direction, surveying even the chandeliers as if to make certain that no one was hidden among the gas-jets. Then he added:

"The police! Yes, boys, for some reason mysterious, if not strange and remarkable, they seem to think I'm one of the bandits. They're shadowing me night and day!"

Jimmie as a Suspect.

"Yes," put in the Mop brakeman at the head of the table, "they do say that one of those bandits seemed to be an experienced railroader." He looked at Jimmie with eyes of suspicion.

"Right you are, Mop," agreed Jimmie Cook. "That's the reason I'm a suspect! One of those bandits took the throttle and ran the detached part of the train six miles, from Eureka to Castleton. Now then, it is known that I can run a locomotive like a regular engineer. Therefore, the police think I'm the man that carried the mail and express-cars that six miles east. But, by the way, we—I mean they—didn't get much real cash out of that registered mail, boys."

"Oh, then, you do know something about that job?" said the Mop brakeman, giving evidence of increasing suspicion.

"Well, now, just between you and me and the whistle-post," replied Jimmie Cook, with a fine air of mystery, "and just among ourselves here present, I do know—well, of course, you can't expect me to let loose what I know just at this time. Just wait. That's what I say—just wait."

After supper, the suspicious Mop brakeman took one of the Iron Mountain brakemen aside and said:

"Jimmie Cook's a fool to spout about the police shadowing him, ain't he?"

"Oh, he's just shooting off his mouth," replied the Iron Mountain man.

"All the same," retorted the Mop brakeman, "the police wouldn't be sleuthing him if they hadn't grounds. Jimmie's been acting mighty queer the last few days—always going out by the back door at night and staying locked in his room all day. I'm going to see what's in this."

The Mop man hunted up Jimmie, and said:

"Cook, can you lend me a little dough till pay-day?"

Gee, What a Wad!

"Surest thing you know," answered Jimmie. "How much?" and he flashed a good-sized roll.

The Mop brakeman's eyes contracted and he looked mighty knowing.

"Thanks, Jim," he said. "I just wanted to know if you could hand out a little—but, maybe, I can pull through. Look's like you're on Easy Street. Where'd you get it?"

"Ssh! Don't mention the roll, old man. Mum's the word. Meantime, a loan of any reasonable amount is yours."

The Mop brakeman left the house, walked slowly till he turned the corner, then began to sprint toward police headquarters.

"Caught with the goods right on him," he said to himself, *en route*. "Well, I always did think there was something of the crook in Jimmie Cook. Looks like I may get a chunck of that reward."

All the railroaders at the breakfast-table at Mary Burton's boarding-house the following morning talked at once and in wild excitement.

"Yes," said one, "I myself saw the policeman hook him. What puzzled me was the way Jimmie acted. Instead of looking

scared, he just smiled and seemed joyful over the whole proceeding. They say he's locked up in the jail now in solitary confinement."

During the day Jimmie Cook was put through one of the worst sweating processes that ever fell to the lot of a railroad-man. He was three-degreed and made to suffer torture in the form of a hundred pointed and caustic questions.

All the while, however, to the surprise of the sweaters, Jimmie maintained an attitude of utmost complacency, denying connection with or knowledge of the hold-up. He did this with so much consummate art, that each denial only served to lead the police to a still firmer belief that Jimmie Cook had a hand in the robbery.

Jimmie persistently declined to state definitely where he was and what doing on the night of the hold-up. To all questions as to his whereabouts that night, he replied:

"Well, now, for honor's sake — the honor of another—I can't just say exactly where I was that night. You understand?"

At length, however, Jimmie unleashed this question, which seemed to have been lurking in his mind from the time the sweating began:

"Chief, this'll all be in the newspapers tomorrow morning, won't it?"

"No, it won't," the chief snapped. "Not a word about it."

Jimmie Cook seemed deeply chagrined at hearing this, then said:

"Oh, very well! I might as well tell you that you're all of you gosh-durned blunderbusses. Why, all you had to do was to call up the Iron Mountain office here and ask 'em what Jim Cook was doing last Friday night —and they would have told you that I was on a freight, snow-bound, a hundred miles from Eureka, and didn't get into St. Louis till Sunday."

The chief called up the Iron Mountain, and Jimmie's statement was corroborated.

When Jimmie Cook returned to Mary Burton's boarding-house and again sat down at the festive board with his fellow-brakemen, he waited for a lull in the conversation.

"There's a lot of gosh-durned fools left on the footstool," he said. "I don't say all the fools is brakemen, you understand. But, what I do say is, that when they are brakemen, they're the worst fools of all. Now, what on earth could possibly have made any one suspect that I, James Cook, could be a bandit? What could have induced any one to go to the police and put 'em to a lot of unnecessary trouble pumping an innocent little thing like me? Who, I ask, would do such a thing? Who but a brakeman who doesn't seem to have much of an appetite this morning?"

"I'M IN FOR THE FESTIVITIES."

Jimmie Cook looked squarely into the eye of the Mop brakeman at the upper end of the table — and smiled a mischievous smile so contagious that all present broke into hilarious laughter, including even the Mop brakeman at the head of the table.

After breakfast, that Mop brakeman said suspiciously to one of his comrades:

"I'm snickering right along with you fellows; but, all the same, I don't savvy Jimmie's game. What was it?"

"There's some folks, old stone-skull," replied the comrade, "who hanker to pose as a hero. Jimmie hankered. That's all. And he's some hero in Mary Burton's hash-joint, all right, all right."

While the foregoing events were occurring, Nellie Seach continued

dutifully to sweep the walk in her front yard every morning; and whenever Farmer Seach, her father, or any one else, spoke in her presence of the Missouri Pacific train robbery, Nellie's face would take on a queer expression.

A fortnight had passed since the man wearing the new sombrero had come to her and promised her a necklace of gold. One morning, while at her customary sweeping, a smart-looking young man opened the gate and stepped into the front yard, saying:

"Is this Miss Seach?" He lifted his sombrero—a sombrero with a star-shaped aperture on the right side.

"I am Miss Seach," Nellie replied.

The stranger held his sombrero in his hand. Pointing to the star, he now said:

"Ever seen this hat before, Miss Seach?"

"Reckon I have," Nellie answered.

Who Wore That "Lid"?

"Did it have this star-shaped hole punched in it when you saw it?"

"Reckon it did."

"And you saw this hat on the head of Will Lowe?"

"No! Not on the head of Will Lowe."

"But you know Will Lowe, don't you, Miss Seach?"

"No! Never laid eyes on him."

"Then, when did you see this hat?"

"Why—oh, never mind! What you asking questions this-away for, anyhow?"

"I'm a detective, Miss Seach. A special officer of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. My name is Lehman, Charles Lehman."

"A detective!" gasped Nellie. "Well, what do you want?"

"Information of the present whereabouts of Will Lowe."

"What's Will Lowe done?"

"We think he was one of the men who held up the Missouri Pacific train here, two weeks ago. But you say you never saw Will Lowe. Then, how is it you recognize this hat?"

"Nothing doing, Mr. Lehman," answered Nellie, with an arch smile and a shrewd stare.

"Let's come to business," said the detective. "A St. Louis firm shipped this hat to a dealer in Kansas City, who sold it to a man named Will Lowe. It was found, after the train hold-up, in a boat in which the four robbers made their get-away across the Meramec River. Now, then — twenty-five dollars to you for any information concerning this hat."

Nellie still shook her head.

"Nothing doing, Mr. Lehman."

The thought in Detective Lehman's mind at that moment was this:

"The girl is not shielding Lowe. She's standing pat for the sake of some other man, probably the one who wore this hat."

He turned to strategy.

"An admirer of yours, Miss Seach, was seen in company with Will Lowe, in Eureka, on the day of the train robbery. With the two men was a mighty pretty girl. Your admirer was overheard asking that girl to marry him. I refer to that particular admirer of yours who that day happened to be wearing this hat."

Nellie's face became crimson and her eyes flashed as she said:

"You say he asked her—the pretty girl—to be his wife? Is that a lie?"

"Fact."

Lehman lied for the public welfare.

Nellie thought a moment, clenched her fists, threatened to weep, then, suddenly braced up and cried:

"I'll go you! I knew what you were after, all the time! A tie-hacker, Mike Malone, tells me that he was hidden in the shrubbery and watched the four men loot the mail-bags; and that he recognized the man who wore that hat, and also, one other of the men! Mike Malone is powerful close-mouthed, but if you will go to him and promise not to put him in jail as a witness, I guess you can then succeed in prying his teeth apart with a twenty-dollar gold piece! Try it!"

Two days later, a man named George Ebling was arrested in Little Rock, Arkansas. He was brought to St. Louis and lodged in jail.

When Slocumb Laid Off.

A few hours later, Charlie Lehman appeared at his cell, carrying a sombrero with a star-shaped hole in its right side.

In a near-by cell sat a man named Will Lowe. In two other cells were two more men—pals of Ebling and Lowe.

Lehman came out of Ebling's cell an hour later with a signed confession in his pocket.

"And now," said my Missouri-Pacific friend—who had given me the tip in landing the foregoing "side-lights," on what he

called "the business of train holduppery as conducted in Missouri" — "the capture, a few weeks ago, of Will Lowe, the man who owned the telltale sombrero and who loaned it to Ebling to wear on the day of the robbery, reminds me of certain side-lights on a bit of train holduppery that occurred here in Missouri ten years ago.

"We don't know for sure," he continued, "but we think this Will Lowe is the same Will Lowe who served a term in the penitentiary for holding up a 'Frisco train at Macomb. Anyway, the name reminds me of the side-lights I spoke of—to which I'll put the match of memory right now, if you like." And he related the following:

One day in January, 1899, Detective Dell Harbaugh, of the Missouri Pacific, met one of the Mops engineers in the street in Springfield, Missouri.

"Hallo, Charlie Slocumb!" cried the detective. "You're just the boy I want to see. We've received an anonymous letter saying that one of the men who held up your train at Leeds, last September, is walking about this city in broad daylight. The letter gives no further information except that the robber eats in the best restaurants in the business part of the town and that he is sailing under the name of Jennings.

"Now, then, Charlie," the detective added, "as we have no description of this man, we want you to help us. I want you to take time off and hang around the restaurants with me. Maybe you'll be able to locate Jennings."

"LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ON EASY STREET. WHERE'D YOU GET IT?"

Getting an Old-Timer.

"There's a man in this town who can help you more than I can," replied the engineer. "It's that fellow, Will Lowe, who has confessed that he took part in the hold-up of the 'Frisco train at Macomb the other day, and is now here in jail. Suppose we take him around with us."

That same evening the three men entered the dining-room of one of the Springfield hotels and took their places at a table by the door.

Presently a grim-visaged old man with a stubby beard and an altogether repulsive face entered and crossed the room to a corner table.

The trio stared a moment at the old man, then one of them said:

"I'm not Will Lowe, if that ancient party ain't Bill Ryan, the last of the James gang. Like as not he's the man calling himself Jennings."

The trio waited till the old man finished his meal and left the room. They followed him out into the hall, where Will Lowe stepped up to him, saying:

"Hallo, Ryan, don't you remember me? I'm Will Lowe."

"I don't know you. My name is Jennings."

"Then you're my prisoner," said Detective Dell Harbaugh.

He took a grip on the old man's right arm, while Engineer Slocumb seized the left.

"There's no use denying you're Bill

Ryan, because I recognize you for sure," said Will Lowe.

"I reckon the jig's up, and I've got to take my medicine," replied the old man. "Yes, I'm Ryan."

When Bill Ryan was brought to trial, he proved that he did not actually take part in the Leeds hold-up; at the same time, the State proved that he was one of the conspirators who planned the robbery, and for this he was convicted and given a life-sentence. Ryan, however, persistently refused to give the names of any of the men who actually held up the train.

"The leader of the gang was your pupil, Jack Kennedy, was he not?" Detective Dell Harbaugh asked Ryan.

"You detectives might as well save your breath," replied Ryan, "because I've got a heap of bad memory."

"All the same," said Harbaugh afterward to Slocumb, "I'm sure that the leader of the gang that held up your train was Jack Kennedy. You know he was a young chap. Well, Kennedy is only about thirty years old —and he's the man I'm going to find or die in the attempt."

Won by the Enemy.

My St. Louis friend then turned the following "side-lights" on the life of the most reckless of all the Missouri bandits.

Jack Kennedy hailed from Independence, Missouri, where he began his career as a fireman for the Missouri Pacific. He soon acquired notoriety among the railroaders as a daring and foolhardy youngster.

One day, on the run between Independence and Kansas City, the train was late. Suddenly Kennedy turned to the engineer, saying: "Clark, is your life insured?"

"Yes."

Without another word, Kennedy seized a monkey-wrench, climbed out on top of the cab and screwed down the safety-valves.

"Now let her go!" he shouted to Clark.

Engineer Clark protested, but Kennedy said:

"You stick to the throttle and leave my work alone or I'll throw you out of the cab."

Good fortune favored them, however, and the train ran into Kansas City on time.

"You're certainly the limit for recklessness, Kennedy," said Clark. "What would you do if our train was to be held up some night? Refuse to throw up your hands —and shoot?"

"No," replied Kennedy. "I'd join in the hold-up. There's more money in that than in railroading."

A few months later Kennedy was promoted to engineer of a freight. Later, he was given a passenger-train with a night run.

A few nights after, he created tremendous excitement along the line by chasing the passenger-train ahead of him. Both trains ran at terrific speed, Kennedy keeping the pilot of his engine within a few feet of the rear platform of the train in front.

Kennedy's Wild Ride.

The engineer of the leading train, as he neared Independence, where he was due to stop, dared not even slow down; the consequence being that both trains flew through Kennedy's home-town like two streaks of lightning.

The astounded agent wired all stations westward to Kansas City that two trains had passed his station, both running wild, one right behind the other. In the despatcher's office in Kansas City the news started a panic.

All the way to the yard limit in Kansas City, Kennedy chased the train ahead of him. He knew it would be his last run, and he got all the fun out of it he could. On arriving at the station in Kansas City, he was fired, then arrested and "sent up" for ten days for "malicious mischief."

During the year following, several different trains were held up in the Crackerneck district, as the region around Independence was called. Kennedy was suspected of having a hand in each of these, and was several times arrested.

Each time, however, he proved an alibi. Just before and right after each train robbery, he would "set 'em up" with friends in the town nearest the scene of action, and on the testimony of those friends he would depend for an account of his movements. Soon after being exonerated, by means of the usual alibi, from the charge of holding up a train near Independence, Kennedy took up a "side line" in the hold-up business.

Miss Emma Schumacher and her mother kept a little grocery-shop on Seventeenth Street, Kansas City. One evening, while her mother was out, Miss Schumacher was counting the day's receipts. Two men suddeny entered and, pointing guns at her, demanded the money.

For answer, the young woman snatched

her pistol from under the counter and fired at the ruffians, but missed. A second shot rang out—and Miss Schumacher fell, mortally wounded.

The two men were Jack Kennedy and Jim Redmond. They were captured and locked up. Kennedy was released on bail. Two days later Missouri was shocked and humiliated by the news of the hold up, near Leeds, of a Missouri Pacific train by a gang of which Kennedy was suspected of being the leader.

When old Bill Ryan was captured, and

FOR ANSWER, THE YOUNG WOMAN SNATCHED HER PISTOL FROM UNDER THE COUNTER.

while his pupil, Jack Kennedy, was still at large, Detective Dell Harbaugh made his resolution to "find Kennedy or die in the attempt!"

A Queer Hunting Outfit.

"The man to help me is that young chap, Dittenhofer, who was in love with poor Emma Schumacher. He'll work with enthusiasm," said Harbaugh.

The detective found Dittenhofer, put him to work, and within a short time the amateur sleuth made the following report to Harbaugh:

"On the night of the hold-up at Leeds, Kennedy left the friends with whom he had been consorting for the purpose of establishing an alibi, and rode a horse at breakneck speed through the town on his way to the spot chosen for the ceremonies.

"His horse threw him, however, and he was found by two farm-hands, lying on the ground, stunned. They searched his pockets and found a dark lantern, false whiskers, a black mask, and a battery of artillery.

"When Kennedy regained consciousness and saw his property on the ground beside him, he hastily put all the articles in his pockets, and said:

"'I'm going quail-hunting.'

"He then rushed down the road, found his horse and dashed away at breakneck speed.

"Immediately after the hold-up, Kennedy hastened back to Leeds and again mingled with his friends, having been absent not more than forty-five minutes.

"He depended, of course, upon the brevity of his absence to make it seem incredible that he could have had a hand in the train robbery."

About two weeks later, Dittenhofer rushed into the detective's home and cried breathlessly:

"Kennedy visits a barber-shop on Seventeenth every day to get shaved! Let's lay for him there! Come, quick! It's eleven-thirty now! He usually reaches the barber-shop about noon!"

At noon, exactly, Jack Kennedy, as he

lay outstretched in the barber-chair, found himself looking up into the muzzles of two revolvers—one in the hand of Detective Harbaugh, and the other in the hand of young Dittenhofer.

"Your alibi won't work this time, Napoleon," said the detective. "That tumble from your horse was your Waterloo. Men don't go quail-hunting with dark lanterns, false whiskers, and masks. You'll go up for life this time."

And he did.

In the March Number, Mr. Willets will tell a bunch of railroad stories about Missouri railroad men—stories that were told to him by the boys themselves.

JERRY EARNS HIS PENSION.

Faithful Horse, Eighteen Years in the Service of the Great Northern Express Company, Takes His Ease in an Alfalfa Field After an Eventful Life.

"PENSION Jerry; free him from work and let him pass his remaining days in peace and plenty." This order, made official by the signature of D. S. Elliott, general manager of the Great Northern Express Company, was received recently by F. W. Preston, an agent at Spokane, Washington.

Jerry is a bay gelding, twenty-five years old. He is fifteen and one-half hands high and weighs 1,350 pounds. His pedigree is not worth mentioning. He is simply a work-horse, but he has served eighteen years without a day off for sickness or a vacation, which is a good deal better record than many a man holds.

Eighteen years ago, Jerry and his team-mate were bought by the express company for $600. They made the rounds together until 1899, when Jerry's mate died. Jerry was then put between the shafts of a single wagon and he made his deliveries alone, for he would not work double with any other horse.

Jerry became the pet of the office force, the favorite of the merchants and the stablemen, through his intelligence and gentleness. He always had a box-stall and, being an old-timer and somewhat independent at that, it is more than likely that he will continue to live in one. Some time ago, one of the horses in the barn became ill. Jerry was put in a single stall that the sick animal might have the box.

Now this was not to Jerry's liking. He had been ousted from his home after doing his work faithfully and he felt that he had been wronged. One glance showed him the exact strength of the side partitions. A few kicks did the rest. Jerry made quick work of them and was ready for the big posts when the hostlers took him home.

Jerry was always punctual. When the seven-o'clock whistles blew, he left his comfortable stall and calmly walked up-stairs to his wagon, backed between the shafts and waited to be harnessed.

He was willing to work, but he didn't like overtime. His drivers found that out, for promptly at six o'clock in the evening, Jerry would start for the barn. No hitching weight would hold him, unless it had been fastened to the pavement.

Jerry knew his way around Spokane as well as any man. After covering the same route for years, he learned every stop and never missed one. Not long ago a new driver took his route.

Jerry didn't go quite fast enough to suit his taste, so he used the whip. When he got out at the first stop Jerry looked him over disgustedly. At the second stop, he looked around again and snorted. The driver soon caught on and they became fast friends.

Jerry has a record as a watchman that is hard to equal. Several years ago there was what appeared to be a hold-up in the yard at the rear of the office. Jerry's driver, however, proved to be the robber himself.

To carry out his deception, he fired a shot into the wall, and was about to shoot again when Jerry took a hand. He suddenly backed the wagon, the wheel hit the revolver, turning it, and the bullet buried itself in the driver's leg. The character of his wound soon solved the seeming mystery surrounding the identity of the robber.

Jerry has outlasted more than fifty horses. Animals have come and gone from the wagons, arriving fresh and strong and leaving broken down and useless, but the work never has palled on Jerry. Again and again, while on his rounds, the familiar voice of some acquaintance would call out, "Jerry," and the faithful old horse would soon locate his friend, threading his way among the vehicles for the lump of sugar that was sure to be waiting.

Jerry has earned his rest, though he is by no means a broken-down horse. He will be sent to a pasture in the Spokane Valley, about five miles from the scene of his labor, where for the rest of his days he will run knee-deep in clover and alfalfa.

THROUGH BY SUNRISE.

BY WILLIAM S. WRIGHT.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

GEORGE CLIFFORD, son of a titled Englishman, has earned his father's displeasure by marrying the daughter of a Commoner and has sought seclusion on a small island off the Scottish coast, where he is known as Herman Tillman. Here he is traced by his father's secretary, Peter Raymond, who for his own evil ends leads the villagers to believe that Tillman is a murderer, forger, and robber. An old minister, Mr. Moreland, who has come from Tillman's father, is assaulted, and Raymond tries to lay the crime at Tillman's door but is, himself, accused by Moreland. The old minister has been instrumental in winning the father over to the extent of providing a yearly allowance for his son, with the proviso that he and his family leave England and settle in America. They are wrecked and, in the excitement of manning the life-boats, Clifford disappears. Clifford searches far and wide for his lost wife and children, and, finally, he locates in Devon, England. While the guest of a country squire, he hears the famous song of England's famous bird—the nightingale. He leaves Devon and returns to New York, where he becomes a successful businessman. He is surprised, one day, to hear a beautiful girl who lives in the apartment opposite him playing on a piano an exact composition of a nightingale's song, and this starts him on an unusual quest of investigation.

CHAPTER XII.

Miss Aldyce's Story.

TWO days later, George Clifford was permitted to call on the young lady whose acquaintance he had made through the medium of the nightingale's song. It was the longest two days that he had ever lived, he thought—but it was man's impulsiveness against woman's defense.

Elaine Aldyce could not understand just why this man was so very anxious to tell her why and where she had heard the song that she had rendered so well into music.

Still, there was something about his manner that precluded the possibility of all doubt. That he was sincere in his motives—there could be no doubt, too. Elaine wanted to exert a woman's privilege to be cautious and discreet with a man whom she had never spoken to before that night when the introduction to Doure mattered little more than the merest business affair.

Whatever might come of the publication of the song, she was far more interested in

George Clifford's motive in knowing where she had found her inspiration than in any mercenary gain.

She told Clifford to call on the afternoon of the second day. He was at her door holding his watch in his hand and counting the seconds until the very first stroke of the hour—two o'clock.

Then he gave the door-bell a sharp ring. He waited breathlessly. There was a faint footfall on the hallway inside. It beat in response to his heart as it came closer to the door. Then—the radiant form of Elaine Aldyce stood before him.

She smiled with the regal mien of a queen as she said a quiet "good afternoon," and asked him to enter.

"Thank you," said Clifford, beaming over with pride.

She stood aside to let him pass in, and, as she closed the door, he let her pass ahead of him and lead the way to the little parlor—for the mystic ways of a New York apartment are too much for the ordinary man who is unused to them. Though small, these very livable homes can get one more quickly baffled than the most impossible mystic maze.

"You see, I am promptly on time," said Clifford, as Elaine pointed to a chair.

"Somehow, I knew that you would be," she said.

"Your apartment is certainly very cozy," he went on.

"Yes," she replied with a sigh.

He noticed the sigh.

"But such a home must be a great comfort," he added. He was anxious to learn the reason for the sigh.

"It is a great comfort," she said, somewhat hesitatingly, "but it is a great struggle for a few girls to keep it up."

"Making one's living in New York is not an easy matter, especially if you are a composer."

"It is not at all easy if you are a woman. We have a terrible time making both ends meet, but we have decided to fight the good fight to a finish. We are going to succeed no matter what happens."

"That is the right spirit," said Clifford. "Bravo!"

"It is the spirit of the modern woman," said Elaine.

She had taken a seat on the sofa opposite him. The warm sunshine came through the closely drawn blinds. It gave them both the feeling of comfort.

After all, the greatest comforts in life come from the little touches of nature—and sunshine is the greatest of them all.

"Now," said Clifford, thinking it time to come to the point at issue, "tell me what I want to know the most."

She smiled sadly, but did not speak.

"Tell me about—about the nightingale's song?" he asked. "Where did you hear it?"

"Oh, Mr. Clifford," she replied—then she hesitated and looked longingly at a little painting of a landscape that hung on the wall.

It was a cheerful view of long rolling fields and wonderful trees with the most comfortable white home nestling in their shade.

The tears seemed to well her eyes as she looked at it.

"Do tell me," he said softly.

"Oh, Mr. Clifford," she said again. "It was so sad. I always promised myself that I would never refer to it—but—but—you seem to be so deeply interested—"

"I am," said Clifford. "I am even more deeply interested now than I was two nights ago. Just why, I don't know. It is something more than mere curiosity—I am afraid."

"Perhaps," she remarked slowly, "if it had not been for that nightingale's song, I could never have come to—to America."

"I was quite sure that you heard the song in England," said Clifford by way of assisting her along. "I do not know where else on earth one could hear such beautiful music."

"Nowhere," she replied—and she brushed away a tear.

There was a silence. Elaine seemed unable to speak.

"Are you English?" asked Clifford at length.

"No—o," replied Elaine, "I am an American. But I was living in England with an uncle. He took me to his home—it was at Ardsley, about twenty miles from Devon—"

"Devon!" exclaimed Clifford cheerfully.

"Do you know Devon?" she asked, as if glad for a respite from the main theme of her story.

"Indeed, I do," he answered, with a cheery smile. "I was there not so many years ago. I am an Englishman. Oh, some day I will tell you my story. Some day when we have more time. It is full of

romance and excitement. But go on. You were in Devon—"

With this prompting, Elaine continued.

"Yes. I lived with my uncle. That is a picture of his home. He gave it to me when I came to America," and Elaine pointed with a graceful gesture to the painting at which she had looked so longingly when she first spoke.

Clifford's eyes followed her, and he recognized—or thought that he did—as pretty a bit of Devon scenery as he had ever seen.

"My uncle was a man without family and of very great charity. When I was a little girl my mother died. It was a blow from which my father never recovered, and, about six years afterward, he too—died. I will always believe that he died of a broken heart.

"When father died, I was only twelve. Uncle asked me to come to Devon and live with him, and as I had no other relations to whom I could go—it seemed the only thing to do.

"Of course, the fact that I was an orphan preyed terribly on my mind. Uncle Tom was the acme of kindness. He indulged me in everything that I wanted and sent me to a splendid school, but the fact that I was an orphan was ever foremost in my mind, and I hungered—oh, how I hungered for that dearest and most needful of all a young girl's cravings—the love of a mother!"

Elaine closed her fists tightly, as if to emphasize her words—as if to add further credence to the great truth that she was uttering.

"Uncle Tom saw that I was ever lonesome. His wife—a dear old soul, but childless—was more than a mother in every attention, and I loved her as dearly as I loved him.

"But—oh, Heaven!—I longed for something. It seemed as if my heart would break at night when I went to bed and cried myself to sleep asking Heaven to return her to me.

"Uncle Tom thought that if I had some playmates, I would be more happy, so he went down to London, and—to make a long story short—adopted two of the dearest little girls that I ever knew.

"Unfortunately, like myself, they were orphans. Uncle Tom learned of them from the superintendent of an orphan asylum. They seemed so bright and clever that he did not consider that they belonged to the regular class of orphans, who are usually the children of very poor parents.

"The superintendent had written to uncle about the little ones, and so he—dear, kindly man—put two and two together and decided to go to London and see them. Perhaps he had had it in mind for a long time, to get a playmate for me, and this would solve the problem—if the children proved all that was claimed for them.

"They were all that the superintendent said. Bright, cheerful, clever, pretty, and just as dear and loving as two little girls could be. But—they were orphans.

"I was not supposed to know that, and when Uncle Tom brought them to Ardsley, he asked them not to talk about their parents, but to look upon him and his good wife as a father and mother.

"He told them that they would be given the very best home in all the world, that a nurse would be provided for them and that he would number them among his heirs when he died.

"The little girls were then under seven, but they understood what uncle told them. They settled down in their new home and were happy, and they loved their kind foster parents as if they had been born to them.

"We were always the best of friends and got along splendidly together. Uncle asked me never to refer to my position or to say that I was an orphan, and I obeyed him to the letter.

"One day, they met some of the children of the village. These children were well-meaning youngsters, but they told my little playmates that I was an orphan. The next time that they saw me they were in tears, and I found it difficult to console them. The fact that I, too, was an orphan seemed to touch a vibrant chord.

"I could not deny it, so I told them, in as cheerful a manner as possible, the story of my early life. I suggested that as we three had so good and kind a protector as Uncle Tom, we should try and live as happily as possible. I told them that he would always give us the home we would crave as young girls, and that our education would not be neglected.

"Well, time went on, and while they were perfectly contented, something seemed to grow in their minds. I presume that it is the natural love of a natural child for its own parents. I felt that, as they grew older, this love would grow stronger.

"I wanted to keep it back, if possible, but at almost regular intervals I found it the uppermost topic of their conversation.

"There were glorious summer and autumn evenings when we would take long walks and sit until dark in a little summer-house which Uncle Tom had built for us under a great elm.

"It was there that we first heard the song of the nightingales. Oh, I shall never, never forget those wonderful birds! My little companions would nestle so closely with their dear arms about me, and I would hold them so closely with mine, and we would wait until those birds broke forth on the night—song to song and mate to mate—and we would sit in silence until the song was over.

"That song burned into my soul—it ate into my heart! It impressed itself so wonderfully, so keenly on my mind that if I am permitted to live a thousand years, I shall never forget it."

"No wonder you were able to turn it into notes that could be sung," interrupted Clifford.

Elaine wiped a tear away, and then continued:

"It was those little girls that prompted that. They drove the beauty and the force of the song into my mind and heart more strongly than the birds."

"Indeed! How?" asked Clifford.

Elaine arose and walked into the other room. It was clear that she was overcome. Clifford heard a faint sob or two. He tried to swallow a lump that seemed to be crowding into his throat.

What on earth could the girl mean?

CHAPTER XIII.

What the Little Girls Said.

IN a moment, Elaine returned and took the same seat on the sofa. Clifford tried not to look at her—he did not want her to think that he knew she had been crying.

In his heart, however, he was glad that he did not have to do the talking.

"Pardon me," said Elaine. "I did not mean to interrupt myself."

"I am sorry to cause you so much—grief," said Clifford. "I would not ask you to proceed further and I fully appreciate just how you feel, but you have interested me deeply—yes, more deeply than I can tell. What did those little girls say to you?"

Elaine drew herself up as if to gain courage for some terrible ordeal.

"One night," she said, and she turned her head a little to one side, lest the man should see her tears, "one night, we had gone to our accustomed place to listen to the nightingales.

"The little dears cuddled so close to me in their accustomed way, and I placed my arms around them more tightly than ever. Then, too, the birds seemed to sing more sweetly than ever before. I had just closed my eyes and was being transported to another world, it seemed, when one of those little dears looked up at me and said:

"'One of those birds sounds just like it was mama calling to me.'

"Before I was aware, the other said:

"'And the other bird sounds like it was papa calling to me.'

"Oh, Mr. Clifford, that beautiful sentiment ran through me like a—like a shock.

"I cannot describe it as anything else. I don't remember when any other words impressed me so sadly and so deeply.

"I tried to speak to them, but couldn't. As one bird would speak, one of the girls would say: 'There's mama,' then, as its mate would reply in those wonderfully liquid notes that only the nightingale can utter, the other would say: 'There's papa.'

"Finally, it became so terribly affecting, that I could stand it no longer. I began to think of my own dear parents. The tears were coming so fast that I was afraid the little girls would notice my feelings, so I suggested that we go into the house.

"But just as I was to suggest it, one of them said:

"'Oh, Elaine, wouldn't you like to hear all about our papa and mama?'

"I told them that we had better run home as it would soon be getting cold. I really jumped away from them. They came along willingly. I talked about many other things, and even after we were inside the house, I kept up a lively conversation. I didn't want them to refer to the past. I knew that Uncle Tom would be displeased.

"Bedtime came, and there was no holding them. They would talk about their parents. I could not stop them. I tried every method possible to change the subject, but they were insistent.

"I simply had to listen. The eldest told me, as we three cuddled into a big arm-

chair, that they did not know their right names.

"She said that her father and mother had taken her on a big ship to America when they were little bits of tots, and that the ship was wrecked and both her parents drowned. She said that she actually saw her mother drown—swept overboard from a boat which was taking them ashore from the wreck.

"She described the wreck so very faithfully, that I wondered how such a child could remember an incident so well. And she added that as her mother was washed overboard, she called to her to come—but the sailors held her back."

Clifford looked strangely puzzled.

"Two little girls," he said, drawing out each word as if it were an effort. "Wrecked at sea—their father and mother lost. Why—"

He looked strangely at Elaine.

"Why, Miss Aldyce," he continued, "what were their names—what did you call them?"

"We called them Billee and Bobbie—boys' names, to be sure, but Uncle Tom said that they were like two little boys when he got them, so we gave them boys' names. Bobbie was the elder of the two and did the most talking. Billee was more reticent."

"Describe them. What did they look like?"

"They were very fair. Billee had hazel eyes and Bobbie's were darker— Why, Mr. Clifford! What is the matter?"

"Forgive me, Miss Aldyce," he said tremblingly. "I am terribly overcome. I lost my wife and my two little girls at—sea—in—oh, Heaven—a terrible wreck. I have hunted everywhere for them. Suppose that those two little girls should be my daughters. Their names were Blanche and Lillian."

"I don't believe — I never heard them called them—"

"Forgive me for interrupting you; do go on with your story," said Clifford.

"I haven't much more to tell," said Elaine. "Those little girls began suffering daily for their parents. They got so that they could think of nothing else. The visits to the summer-house to hear the nightingales had to be stopped. Uncle Tom worried about them; and the sad part of it was, they seemed to find a secret bond in my presence, although I tried to keep aloof from the matter as much as possible.

"Bobbie — poor little thing — oh, Mr. Clifford, I cannot bear to think of it—she grieved and grieved—and—and—"

Elaine's head dropped.

Her heaving breast showed that she was in the throes of despair. She was crying as if her heart were breaking.

Clifford, too, was overcome. He arose and went to the window and pulled up the shade. For a moment he looked out, and then returned to the weeping woman on the sofa. He sat beside her.

"I know that I am cruel in asking so much of you," he said, "but, Miss Aldyce, if you only knew—if you only knew. The grief of a child that has lost its parents can be no greater than that of a parent who has lost his children. And when just the faintest glimmer of hope seems to point to the fact that those little ones may still be alive. —Why, I would travel miles just to find out."

Elaine sobbed and shook her head.

"Poor little Bobbie—poor little Bobbie," she said as she swayed with grief. "She—" But the choking sobs kept the words back.

Clifford leaned over near her to catch each syllable.

"She died," sobbed Elaine.

Then the great welling sorrow burst as if it had happened only yesterday.

"My God!" was all that escaped from Clifford's lips.

"After we buried her," Elaine continued, "I could not stay in England any more. I told uncle that he would have to let me return to America, as I could not bear to live with Billee.

"I simply had to get away. My nerves were unstrung. I came to America. When I arrived at an age that permitted me to earn my own living, I shifted for myself. I did not want to become a nuisance or a hindrance. My ideas on women supporting themselves is very advanced, I am afraid.

"But one thing always clung to me—one thing always stayed in my mind. That was the song of the nightingale. In my moments of sadness I would sit at the piano and try to improvise those wonderful notes. If I have succeeded, I know what drilled them more forcibly into my mind than all else in the world."

"Have you ever returned to England since —since that little girl died?"

"No," Elaine answered.

"Would you like to hear my story?" Clifford asked.

"Oh, not to-day, Mr. Clifford. I am afraid that I could not stand it. It has been so much of an exertion to tell you all that I did, that I fear you must excuse me."

Clifford arose to go.

"But you must promise me that you will let me tell you some time," he said. "I think, indeed, it is just possible that your uncle may have adopted my little ones. How they managed to get to England, though, is more than I can fathom. We were wrecked on the American coast. But before I go let me ask you one question: Is the little girl whom you named Billee still alive?"

"Yes," said Elaine, who was still sobbing. "I often hear from Uncle Tom. She is very well and seems to be growing such a big girl, and she is at school now. Only the other day I had a letter from her; I—"

"Oh, let me see it—let me see it!" cried Clifford. "Let me see it! Oh, please, do!"

Elaine went to an inner room and returned with a small pink envelope, which she handed to Clifford.

The man took it as if it were a thing sent from Heaven.

"May I—may I keep it until to-morrow?" he said.

"Yes, but only until to-morrow. I haven't answered it as yet. You must surely bring it back to me to-morrow. Promise?"

"I promise," said Clifford.

He took the soft hand of the girl and pressed it warmly. He started for the door, and she followed him. As he was about to cross the hall to his own apartment he turned to her and asked:

"And when I come to-morrow may I tell you my story?"

"You may, surely," Elaine replied.

"Promise?" said Clifford, looking her straight in the eye.

"I promise," said Elaine.

CHAPTER XIV.

Another Journey.

CLIFFORD closed the door of his apartment behind him quickly, rushed into his little den, threw himself in one of his great easy reading-chairs, and opened the letter.

He hoped that it would bring him some little clue. Even the handwriting might contain some little familiar hook or angle that would help him to learn more about the girl who had penned it.

It was only a simple letter, told in perfect English, just what one girl might write to another about her dresses, her flowers, her walks, her books—and her beaus.

"Her beaus!" Clifford started. "Could she be so old as that?"

He read the letter again and again.

"Her beaus! My little girl's beaus!"

How did he know that it was his little girl? Was he sure—but, then, how could it be otherwise? Was there ever an incident that fitted so closely with another incident? And, if it were his little girl, which was it—Blanche or Lillian?

He intended to find out. He now had the means and the determination, and so soon as it could be arranged he would make the journey to England. Miss Aldyce would go with him; and one of her friends would go, too, that idle gossips might be stilled.

They would go to Devon, and then to Ardsley, and if Heaven had spared to him but one of his family—but one little child—he would get down on his knees and offer thanks for all that was good and true in the world, as man had never offered thanks before.

The morrow came. Clifford passed an impatient morning. He simply could not wait until what seemed to be a polite hour to call on Miss Aldyce.

At eleven o'clock he could wait no longer. He went to the telephone and called the young woman, although she was just across the hall from him.

"There is no answer," was the response. "She must be out."

Clifford hung up the receiver. He sat down and tried to write. He tried to read. His mind would not attune itself to either. He was able to think of nothing else but the trip to England—of the day that was as sure to come as the sun of to-morrow when he would walk into the gardens of Uncle Tom's home, eagerly looking for the little girl—the young lady now—who answered to the name of Billee.

Finally, his nervousness was more than he could stand. He decided that he would go for a walk. Taking his hat and stick, he went down-stairs. He started up-town in the direction of Fifth Avenue.

His head was bent, and he was deep in thought. Suddenly a cheery voice startled him with, "Good morning."

He looked up.

"Good morning, Mr. Clifford," it repeated.

It was Elaine Aldyce.

Clifford would rather have met her than any one else in the world just then—any one, perhaps, except Billee.

She looked particularly cheerful and happy. She seemed just the opposite of the girl that he had talked to the day before.

He greeted her and extended his hand.

"I received word this morning that the song — our song — is to be published. A check came with it. Isn't it wonderful how welcome those little elongated slips of paper are?" she continued with a merry twinkle.

"Yes." That was all Clifford could say.

"I have just cashed it. In fact, that was the particular mission that brought me out. I wanted to have your share when you called this afternoon. You know, we are partners in the song."

"No—no," replied Clifford. "You must permit me to refuse any part of it. I will not—in fact, I intended that there should be a clause in our agreement that I was not to receive any of the proceeds until a hundred thousand copies had been sold."

"But we made no agreement," said Elaine with her prettiest smile. "Or, if it was an agreement, it was only a verbal one."

"So much the better," returned Clifford. "Then we can insert a clause here and there whenever we wish. No, Miss Aldyce, you must not talk of any share of this little work belonging to me. I would not listen to it. You may keep it all. You can do me a favor in some other way."

"But, Mr. Clifford—"

"How soon may I call on you to-day?—That is the greatest favor I can ask. I have so much to tell you. I wish that you would try to make it as early as possible. I have been thinking over what you told me all night. I read that little letter a thousand times. I am most anxious to see if you cannot help me further."

"You may call now if you like," she replied, noticing the sincerity of his wishes.

He turned with her, and they walked back to the apartment-house. On the way Clifford spoke of her good luck in getting the music accepted. But he was more than pleased when at length he found himself again seated in her parlor.

Then Clifford told Elaine his story. He told it with every graphic and personal detail, just as we related it in the early chapters of this narrative. Elaine sat and listened spellbound at the terrible accusation of murder, of the unbending father, and, lastly, of the terrible wreck in which he and his family had been so rudely separated.

She listened to the long recital of his efforts to live in America, of his return to Devon, of the marvelous manner in which the nightingales had fascinated him, of his final return to America, and of his establishment and ultimate success as a business man in New York City.

Then, little by little—unto the most minute detail of face and form and action—they described the dead Bobbie and the living Billee in order to learn if the living one might possibly be the child of Clifford.

It was a close analysis—Clifford plying questions and suggestions and Elaine answering them and putting two and two together in a manner that assured Clifford that she really did know her subject most intimately.

"You say that Billee was left-handed?" said Clifford.

"Decidedly so," replied Miss Aldyce.

"That is an old trait in our family. It was more noticeable on my mother's side. My grandmother was particularly left-handed."

"We tried to break Billee, but found it impossible," said Miss Aldyce.

"Then," continued Clifford, "you say she was very fair and blond."

"Very."

"I am convinced," he continued. "I am convinced that Billee is my daughter. At any rate, I am going to see. Now, I want to make you a proposition, Miss Aldyce—a proposition that is purely of a business nature. Listen:

"I propose to leave for England by the first steamer—I believe there is a sailing on Wednesday. I want you to accompany me to your uncle's home — oh, it will be all right, you can bring along one of your friends here as a chaperon. I will pay all the expenses of the journey, and will allow you and your companion a reasonable recompense for your trouble—"

"Oh, Mr. Clifford, I could not think—"

"I will not have it otherwise if you will accept. The trip will occupy at least a month, and I will pay you accordingly. If you have any work that cannot be left unfinished, I shall be willing to wait a reasonable time; but I would like to start at the earliest possible moment."

Elaine was thinking deeply.

"When can I have your answer, Miss Aldyce?"

"I shall speak to the girls to-night."

"Will you let me know positively in the morning?"

"Positively," she replied.

Clifford left her.

He would go to his office and set his affairs in shape for the long journey.

Already he was beginning to feel the nervousness that creeps through one at the anticipation of a trip to a foreign country.

CHAPTER XV.

Starting on the Journey.

IT was a bright, clear morning when the big liner Titan steamed down the long channel of the Hudson River into New York Harbor, through the bustling Narrows, and out on to the broad Atlantic.

Looking over the taffrail of the hurricane-deck were George Clifford, Elaine Aldyce, and May Pierce—Elaine's closest friend in the New York apartment. The latter had never crossed the ocean before, and was keen with the enjoyment of the journey. All the teasing that Clifford could administer did not disturb her—she was willing to be seasick in spite of it all.

And she was seasick—unusually so, even for a new traveler. She was obliged to keep to her room. This left Clifford and Elaine alone—alone on a clear, shimmering sea on days of brightness and nights when moon and stars played their accompaniment to men and women who are interested in each other in more than the ordinary manner.

Clifford had become deeply interested in Elaine. He was conscious of a glory about her that no other woman had revealed to him since the mother of his little ones and the joy of his own life had been cruelly taken from him by the unrelenting sea.

He saw in Elaine the embodiment of a beautiful and sincere womanhood combined in one who was young and talented—whose face mirrored a nature above that of the ordinary mortal.

Just what Elaine thought of Clifford—who can conjecture? She thought of him as a fine, upright man of business, and only that. Not the slightest hint entered her mind that she was gradually becoming more to him than the business proposition he had advanced—until one night.

That night they were seated in the lee of the main cabin, looking afar on the waters. In the lift of each tiny wave the stars found a home; in the scudding clouds weird omens seemed to be adrift. Clifford was seated very close to Elaine. He had been telling her of his prospects as a man of affairs. Then there was a long silence.

Finally he spoke. As he did so he put out his hand. Hers was resting on the side of the chair. He touched it. He had never touched it in just the same manner before. She gave a little start. He spoke—but he uttered only one word:

"Elaine."

It was the first time that he had called her by her first name. The girl quickly pulled her hand away.

"Oh—don't do that," she said.

"Elaine."

He rose in the reclining sea-chair to a sitting posture. He leaned over her tenderly. If she tried to pull away from him, the very force of his presence held her back.

"Elaine," he went on—"you must let me call you Elaine. Whether the quest we are on is successful or not—I want you to know that I have more than a passing interest in you."

"Mr. Clifford," she replied, "You told me that this was to be a business trip. I would not have come otherwise."

"Whether you would have come or not matters little to me. What I am going to say to you I would have said had we remained in New York, and had a business venture never come between us. Fate would have willed it, Elaine."

"Mr. Clifford," she said, "please remember—"

"I will always remember one thing," he went on, the fervor of his nature rising with every word—"I will always remember one thing, and that is that a free man has a perfect right to tell a girl that he—that he loves her."

"Mr. Clifford—you must not say that to me."

She started to go, but he deftly closed her hand in his and held her back. Somehow, she didn't seem to object. He looked up and down the deck. It was deserted, save for them. He stepped closer to her. He could feel her breath coming quick and short. He thought that he detected a sigh—a deep-drawn, heavy sigh and a sob.

"I must, Elaine," he said—"I must, I must! I must tell you that I love you—that I have been watching you and studying you ever since that day I first heard you play the song of the nightingale. You are a su-

perior girl—your nature is in harmony with all that is beautiful in life. Some day you will think seriously of taking a man to be your life-mate. Why not consider the words of one who loves you—who loves you with all his heart, and who will continue to love you so long as there is life in his body?"

He put his arm around her, but she drew away.

"Oh, don't, don't!" she cried softly. "You mustn't."

"Elaine, will you consider what I have said?"

She made no answer.

"Elaine," he went on with trembling voice, "tell me—tell me, do you love another? Tell me! I am brave! I am your friend. I will apologize if you do."

"Mr. Clifford—" she faltered.

"My name is George—to you," he said.

"You must call me George now, always."

She tried to utter the name, but couldn't.

He pressed her close to him.

"Don't be afraid," he said.

"Am I—is a girl so humble as I—worthy of a man like you?" She spoke in trembling, almost indiscernible accents.

"You are worthy of any man in the world—my darling. It is I who should ask that question of you—my beautiful goddess."

If she made an answer, George Clifford heard it not.

She looked up, and in her face he saw more beauty, he thought, than he had ever seen before.

He gathered her in his arms and crushed her to him.

"I love you, Elaine, and I mean it!"

He found the answer on her lips as he pressed them to his.

(To be continued.)

WANTS TO BE A CONDUCTOR.

THE numerous applications received in some of our railroad offices for positions of different kinds in the service of the roads are surprising. Many men apparently have an idea that the officials are in constant want of individuals to fill responsible positions, from conductor to president, without previous experience. Here, for example, is an application received by the superintendent of a Boston road, and his reply:

DEAR SIR:

I write you soliciting a position as conductor on one of the passenger trains of your railroad.

I am now a teacher, but desire to embark in a more active business. I am called an extra good mathematician by my friends, and remember faces to a greater extent than most people.

I am five feet ten inches in height, strong, and enjoy perfect health.

I hope you will pardon me for enclosing photo, but sometimes a person's character is "writ upon his brow," and it may help you to a decision one way or the other; at least, it may determine you whether you desire an interview with me. I am thirty-two years of age, and have a wife and a boy seven years old. I want to get into the railroad business, not merely to be a conductor, but that only as an entering wedge, as it were, or the key with which faithful service unlocks and makes accessible the more lucrative positions.

To the above letter the following answer was made:

DEAR SIR:

I have yours of the 15th inst., soliciting a position as passenger conductor on this road, and enclosing your photograph. This was very thoughtful, for an examination of your countenance satisfies me that not only is a fellow's character "writ upon his brow," but that it is often manifested upon his cheek.

I cannot, after a careful perusal of your letter, find anything either in your appearance or your present association or characteristics which convince me that you are fully competent to occupy without previous experience, the position to which you aspire, even though you deem it but an "entering wedge" to become conductor of a passenger-train, a position which some men are glad to occupy after many years' service in subordinate capacities. All persons upon this road are at least five feet ten inches in height and "remember faces," and the only mathematical knowledge required of our conductors is that they shall have sufficient acquaintance with their division to enable them to treat the company properly when they make up their cash.

If you are in earnest in your intention to take up railroading, I would suggest that you apply for the position of freight brakeman; there are now forty-three thousand seven hundred and ninety-five applications on file in this office, and when these are disposed of your case will receive the consideration which it deserves. If you show sufficient ability, you will, as changes take place, be promoted, and, as the slow course of time moves along, be placed on a passenger-train; then, after further service, running through a greater or less number of years, it is possible that by the time your auburn locks have become silvered o'er by the snows of many winters, and when old age and care have left their marks upon the now fresh but vast expanse of your colossal cheek, you may attain the dazzling eminence and glittering uniform of a conductor of a passenger-train.—*Boston Journal.*

How Coxey's Army Stole a Train.

BY JAMES W. GAVIN.

THE TRUE STORY SERIES. There are few railroaders to-day who do not well remember the march of Coxey's industrial army during the hard times of 1894. Some of the boys can even call to mind many troublesome experiences they had with the recruits who swarmed the rods and brakebeams in a strenuous effort to join the army of the unemployed. The Northern Pacific, however, bore the brunt of the movement, for it was in its yards at Butte, Montana, that Hogan and his crew seized a train and made their wild run over the Homestake Mountain, without orders, regardless of traffic, and at such a speed that it seems incredible that any of them should have lived to tell the tale.

TRUE STORY, NUMBER FIFTY-THREE.

A Determined Effort to Join Coxey's Force Led a Number of Men to Take Some Desperate Chances Which Nearly Ended in a Frightful Disaster.

DURING the period of financial depression in 1894, a band of destitute, unemployed men led by J. S. Coxey, of Ohio, popularly known as Coxey's Army, set out for Washington to appeal to the President of the United States for food, shelter, and some means to earn a living.

The western division of the movement, headed by a man named Hogan, set up its camp and took full possession of the Northern Pacific yards at Butte, Montana, where recruits were sworn in and military rules established. The roundhouse was seized for a sleeping quarters, and at night the box cars were filled with human freight, while in every other place that offered shelter from the cold westerly winds men crowded together, soldiers in a common cause, unarmed, yet believing themselves no less heroes than men fighting in the defense of their country.

It devolved upon Hogan to find some

EDITOR'S NOTE: All the stories published in this TRUE STORY SERIES have been carefully verified by application to officers or employees of the roads or companies concerned who are in a position to be acquainted with the facts. Contributors should give us the names of responsible persons to whom we may apply for such verification, in order that fruitless inquiries may be avoided. This condition does not imply any lack of confidence in the veracity of our contributors, but is imposed merely to give greater weight and authenticity to the stories.

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way to get his men to Washington in time to make connections with the division led by "General" Coxey, so after a conference, he decided to start them out in small bands, with the purpose of capturing every freight-train leaving Butte and compelling the railroad company to either furnish them with transportation or stop running trains.

The first train seized was a freight consisting of seven cars of copper matte, which was all one mogul could handle over the Homestake Pass. Considerable animation in the hobo camp was apparent beforehand, but no one except Hogan and his lieutenants knew of the move. When it was time for the train to leave about two or three hundred Coxeyites piled upon the cars.

First Attempt a Failure.

At first the engineer refused to open the throttle, but the aspect of those determined men compelled him to change his mind, and the people of Butte were treated to a sight of a train of cars loaded on the inside with merchandise and on the outside with a cargo of human freight. The train was stalled at the foot of the Homestake Mountain, the extra weight of its passengers proving too much, so the engineer was forced to back into the yards again. Orders were then issued from the superintendent's office that no more trains would be moved while the army lay in waiting.

It might be added here that the authorities at Washington were also getting anxious, as the movement each day became more formidable. They realized that unless something could be done to head it off, the Federal government might have to take care of this vast army when it reached the capitol. The men could not be treated as outlaws, for they were unarmed and threatened no violence to the nation or its institutions.

They were simply citizens in their own country, free moral agents at liberty under the constitution to go where they pleased so long as they obeyed the law. With all this in mind, the government quietly took the matter up with the railroads, with the result that the Northern Pacific issued a statement that no more trains would be operated until interference from Coxey's army ceased.

The rank and file of the army was made up of men from nearly every walk in life. Almost every trade and profession was represented, so it was but a simple matter for Hogan to conceive the idea of taking an engine from the roundhouse with his own engineer and fireman and making up a train.

Making Up a Train.

About nine o'clock in the evening, under cover of darkness, a party of Coxeyites were sent out to find the company's watchmen and place them under guard to prevent them from giving the alarm. This done, a fire was started in one of the big engines, and the men hastened to load their traps, blankets and provisions, of which they had plenty, into some empty coal-cars standing on the siding.

Everything was soon ready, the engine was run out, coupled onto the coal-cars, and noiselessly the Coxeyites took their places about the train. Without a toot of the whistle or the ringing of the bell, the army of destitute individuals quietly pulled out on what was destined to be one of the wildest runs ever attempted in the Western country.

The first stop, after leaving the yards, was made at the East Butte transfer, where some more passengers were taken aboard. When everything was ready, the engineer, realizing that they were now far enough away to escape pursuit, blew the whistle, which was the signal for a wild cheer from the Coxeyites, who now gave vent to their pent-up feelings after days of waiting. New hopes were born in them. At last they were on their way to the capitol, which seemed to hold their only salvation.

Record for Recklessness.

The engineer, leaning half out of the cab, with his hand upon the throttle, pulled her wide open, and the train started on its long winding trip up the Homestake Mountain. The descent on the other side, however, from the point of recklessness and daredevil train-running, easily put all other efforts completely in the background.

Over the great wooden trestles, which all other trains crossed slowly, this one sped seemingly regardless of all dangers, and shot through tunnels and around sharp curves, until it seemed hardly possible for the cars to keep on the rails. Few of the occupants ever knew how deep were the cañons, how high and shaky were the

trestles, or how sharp and dangerous were the curves, over which they passed that night until the Jefferson Valley was reached.

The second stop was made at Whitehall, Montana, where they asked for orders, and when informed that no orders would be given them, the engineer, who registered as Grover Cleveland, mounted his engine and made the memorable run through the Gallatin Valley to the Bozeman Tunnel.

While all this was going on, Superintendent J. D. Finn, having been notified from Butte of what had happened, and knowing what to expect, began to get busy. Taking a party of men with him on a special, they started from Livingston for the Bozeman Tunnel.

Powder was used to blow down the high bank just outside the west entrance of the tunnel, as the superintendent hoped to stop the train, thinking that when the engineer saw the pile of dirt on the track so close to the tunnel he would slow down. In this he was disappointed, however, for as soon as the engineer discovered the obstruction he realized that an effort was being made to capture them.

He pulled her wide open and dashed at full speed into the pile of dirt, sending rocks and gravel flying through the air. Strange to say, the engine plowed her way through, keeping the rails, and, as if nothing had happened, sped through the tunnel, leaving Superintendent Finn and his men cursing their luck for not having blown in the mouth of the tunnel itself and stopping them.

The Coxey train had not gone very far, however, before the engineer discovered that something was wrong with his locomotive, and upon examination it was found that the sand and dirt through which they had passed had worked into its bearings. A consultation was held, and it was decided to run her to Livingston if possible, which was a division terminal, where they could secure another engine. This they did, and the old 522 was so badly used up that she was useless ever after.

Here the Coxeyites went into the roundhouse and took possession of the best passenger-engine they could find, and, without interference from the company's men, ran her out, and started on another wild run.

It might be added here that when Superintendent Finn found himself baffled in his attempt to stop the Coxeyites, he called upon the government at Washington for help, who, in turn, issued orders to the United States troops then stationed at Forsyth, Montana, to capture the train, and upon their arrival there the entire force was surrounded by the United States soldiers and all of them made prisoners.

From there they were taken to Helena, Montana, for trial, charged with stealing a Northern Pacific train, and after being held for some time, they were tried in the United States Court, but all were turned loose, as delay was the only object sought.

It was then too late to attempt to reach Washington, for while they were in jail "General" Coxey, with a fragment of his purposed industrial army, had succeeded in reaching the capitol on May 1, 1894, and from the steps delivered his speech. Among other theories he suggested that the government issue $500,000,000 in bonds to be used in constructing roads, thereby giving employment to the thousands of men who were idle all over the country.

In anticipation of his coming the President ordered set up in conspicuous places keep-off-the-grass signs, which afterward became a national joke, though they gave the police an excuse to arrest Coxey for trespassing and throw him into jail. The remnant of the army, thus left without a leader, soon disbanded, to work their way to their homes as best they could, and some time later, when Coxey was released and returned to Ohio, he was lionized as a hero, and received the nomination for Congress.

THE PENNSY'S REFRIGERATOR BARGES.

IN order to facilitate the handling of dressed meats, provisions, and other perishable freight in New York harbor, the Pennsylvania Railroad has inaugurated a refrigerator barge service. This innovation was adopted after much experimenting as to the best method of handling this character of traffic where it is impracticable to make delivery in the original car and where the company must furnish protection against heat in summer and cold in winter. Ordinarily, this protection has been afforded by refrigerator cars. The situation at the port of New York, however, differs from other Atlantic ports because steamships have no rail connections at their piers, and freight must be delivered by floats. It was to supply this need that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company recently inaugurated its refrigerator barge service.

"THEY SURE DID WANT US TO UNDERSTAND THEM WORDS."

BILL GOES TO A CONCERT.

BY F. H. RICHARDSON.

The Fireman Tells of a High-Brow Occasion Which He and Susie Attended.

"SAY," the fireman began, stepping over to the engineer's side as the train rolled down a long hill, "what do you think I done to-day? I went to a concert, that's what I did."

"Went to a concert!" exclaimed the engineer in amazement.

"Yep! A sort of a concert and lecture and meetin' all at once. An', say, it was great! I'm goin' again some of these times; see if I don't."

"Well, well, well! That's about the last place the call-boy would have looked for you, I guess. What struck you, anyhow?" asked the engineer.

"Well, you see, it's this way: Since I shook Maggie on account of them doin's on the South Side, I coupled onto a nice little piece of calico over on Chicago Avenue. Susie's her name, an' she's the goods, all right, all right, too. They ain't nary a flat wheel on her, an' she's just as purty as a bran'-new pay-car. Shouldn't wonder if she an' me would couple up for good some of these days.

"But she's some on the reformin' stunt; an' nothin' would do but we must go to one of them Hull House uplift lectures last night, so I braced up an' never let on but lectures was regular stops with me.

"The fact is, I spread it on a little while we wus on the way, talkin' about Hull House an' the good them lectures done, when I didn't know a durned thing about it only what I seen on some hand-bills they shoot around sometimes over on th' West Side.

"But I was some scared she'd get wise when I asked where the ticket-office was when we got there."

"What! You were not expecting to pay admission, were you?"

"Sure! How in thunder did I know it was a free excursion? I'd 'a' looked fine tryin' to butt through the door an' gettin' called for not having a ticket, wouldn't I? They ought to put up a sign, 'Admission

Free,' or something like that, so people wouldn't go making fool breaks like that.

"Well, when we got inside the porter showed us to a seat way down in the front end of the car, and I soon caught on. They was a lot of little envelopes in a rack, an' you was expected to put the ticket money into one of 'em, and a feller comes along an' gets 'em. I should think they'd lose out on that scheme, though, for a tight-wad chap could renege an' not put in more'n a quarter for an orchestra seat if he was mean enough.

"I wanted to ask Susie the price, but I didn't have the nerve. I was afraid that she'd catch on that I wasn't wise to the game, so I put in a dollar apiece. Was that enough, huh?" and Bill paused anxiously for the engineer's verdict.

"Why, there is no admission at all, Bill. You may put any sum you wish in the envelope. It is not an admission fee, but a gift; and you need not put in a cent unless you wish."

"Sufferin' valve-stems! An' I coughed up two great, big plunks on a game like that! Well, I wasn't cheap, anyhow," and Bill heaved a profound sigh—a mixture of pride and regret.

"Say, it was all right, though. You just ought to go some time yourself. First, they was a feller got up on the platform an' read a yarn about some chap who drank too much, and he lost his home and got chucked into the cold world, and stole another man's wife and got chucked in jail for it.

"Measly trick, I call that, don't you?

"I whispered to Susie what I thought of a stunt like that, but she just snickered an' told me to shut up.

"Next, we all stood up and sung something about a mansion in the skies. Say, I stayed in the game, all right; and made good, too; but it's a fine mark, me singing about a mansion among the clouds an' bein' too darn poor to buy two pair of socks all at one time.

"If I could only get my hooks on a four-room clapboard shack right here in old Chi, I'd be going some. Mansions ain't exactly in my line; but I heard every one else singing, so I chipped in.

"I noticed several folks look my way when I started. Say, I didn't know I could sing well enough to attract attention—but I did, all right.

"When we set down I whispered to Susie, 'What do you think of my singing?'

"'It was quite loud,' she whispered back.

"Now, I wonder what in thunder she meant by that? Sure, it was loud; for when I saw they was all noticing how well I sung, I just let her loose for fair. Just kind of pulled the whistle wide open an' tied her there. Want to hear me?"

Bill opened his mouth as though to commence, but the engineer hastily disclaimed any desire for such a treat at that time, adding that the crew might think he was whistling stock off the track.

"All right. You don't know what you're missing, though. Some other time I'll show you what I can do. You'll be surprised, all right."

The engineer admitted that he probably would be, and Bill continued:

"Well, the quarter something or other came out an' sung a song next."

"The quartet, you mean, Bill," corrected the engineer.

"Say, who's telling this yarn, huh? They should have been named the queer on account of the funny way they sung.

"First, a feller would sing a few words, his voice sounding like a consolidator going through a tunnel. Then another feller sung 'em over, his pipes sounding like a signal whistle. Then a girl—there was two fellers and two girls—sung 'em again in a voice Susie said was all to the good. Next, the last girl sung 'em like she was mainly interested in tryin' to crack the plaster, and then they wound up the performance by all singing 'em over again together. They did sure want us to understand them words.

"But it all was all right at that, an' you just ought to hear it once yourself. Well, when they was through, the feller at the piano played some kind of a purty tune that nearly made a feller cry, while the conductor came and collected the fares into a basket with a handle on it.

"I reckon that piano guy played that sad tune 'cause he knowed what a sad occasion it was an' how we all felt being parted with our cash. All the same, I think something lively, like 'There's Room for Us All on the Trolley,' would have been more appropriate.

"Next, they called on some feller to speak, and he sure did the job up brown. He spoke about everything in the United States, even to old John D. Say, I sure did set up and take notice when he rung John in. I knew everybody was cussin' him; but blamed if I was wise that anybody had a good word to say about him."

After throwing in a couple of scoups of coal, Bill continued:

"Well, when the feller was done speakin' everybody looked happy. Then the chap on the platform got up an' read the running orders an' started in to explain 'em.

"Say, he was sure there with the goods. He started off slow till he got his cylinders warmed up, which give the fireman a chance to get his fire fixed, which is a darn sight more than you do; but when he got going he was a Twentieth Century Limited loaded with a regiment of artillery, with a Gatlin'-gun on the pilot and a ten-inch cannon on the back platform of the rear coach.

"He'd chase a bunch of cussedness clean down Cimmeroon Hill without shutting off at all, and just when you'd think he was goin' to everlasting smash and couldn't possibly stay on the rails another second, he'd put on the air, slow up, an' roll across a level place as nice as you please. Then he'd open her up an' go after 'em again regardless. He must 'a' carried an awful pressure.

"The running orders dealt particularly with making goo-goo eyes at your neighbors' property. Suffering cross-heads! but he did everlastingly lambast the fellers an' the women who'd got divorced. He just swept up the deck with 'em an' threw 'em in the fire-box to toast. Then he'd yank 'em out again, polish off the boiler-head with 'em, and then use 'em for waste to scour the brass. He'd tie 'em to the track an' back off half a mile an' run over 'em; an' then he'd scrape up the pieces an' put 'em on top of the pop an' blow 'em up.

"I saw some mighty red faces in the crowd, and I guess some of 'em got theirs, all right, all right.

"I'm goin' to get Long Jim into that joint and frame it up with that feller to lecture on the sin of gettin' people into scrapes, and then I'll set back and enjoy it. He'll get toasted good and plenty."

Just then the foot of the hill was reached, and Bill had no more time for story-telling, as the engineer opened her up.

"SUSIE JUST SNICKERED AND TOLD ME TO SHUT UP."

ACROSS EUROPE ON WELDED RAILS.

THE smoother riding due to the welding of rail-ends to each other means added comfort for the traveler and less wear on the rolling stock. Both reasons have contributed to the extensive use of electric welders for this purpose, not only here but in Europe as well. Indeed, a recent estimate of the trackage thus smoothly joined made it reach from Madrid to Moscow—a particularly fine showing when we consider that governmental railways with their lack of competition are often inclined to stifle progress.—*Popular Electricity.*

The A. B. C. of Freight Rates.

BY JOHN C. THOMSON.

IN this, the second paper of Mr. Thomson's interesting study of freight rates, he describes further the influences that have militated toward establishing the present schedules of freight charges now in force in this country. In his article in the January issue of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, we were given an insight to the impracticalities of the "mileage system" to which the layman generally pins his faith until he learns more of the great cost of moving freight-cars from one section of the country to another. Mr. Thomson also told in that article just how the "joint-cost" system is the only means of obtaining practical freight rates. His description of the difficulties experienced by rate-makers in figuring rates under that system shows how thoroughly he understands this complicated subject.

"Water Competition," "Empty Car Hauls," "Keeping Every One in Business," and the Effect of Past and Present Rates in Fixing New Freight Schedules.

"TO kick a string of empties onto the siding" is plain enough language for any railroader, but to the average man in the street, to Mr. John Jones, who pays the freight, this expression may mean to boot a rope of vacuums onto a half-inch board planed on one side. Because of this lack of a language in which both the railroad man and the average freight-paying citizen can talk, this article is another attempt to translate some very commonplace information from railroad talk into plain United States.

So let the expert rate clerk or freight man not smile too broadly when I translate the above expression into "to move a train of empty freight-cars from the main line onto a side-track," which it really means, or when I, in like manner, handle other railroad terms in this article which may be perfectly clear to the reader.

In my last article, it may be remembered, I said that every freight rate in the United States is based on the Erie Canal. In other words, what the Santa Fe Railroad charges to haul a mowing-machine from Denver to Raton, New Mexico, depends more or less directly on what it costs to move wheat from Chicago to New York some six months of the year by the Erie Canal. Now the average freight payer, especially in the parts of the United States where freight rates are high, will promptly snort at such a statement, yet it is perfectly true. Let us see how freight rates are made in the first place, and return to this matter of the Erie Canal later.

Water Competition.

In my last article I endeavored to show how there are only two known methods of calculating freight rates; the "mileage system," or so much per mile, and the "joint-cost" system, otherwise somewhat unfavorably known as "all the traffic will bear." I also showed, I hope, that the mileage system, pure and simple as such, is impractical, and that whether we like it or not, the "joint-cost" system is so far the

only means of calculating freight rates that will work out in practise.

Freight rates in this country have grown with the railroads. The first freight rate was charged by the stage-coach, say between New York City and Albany, New York. This rate by stage-coach or freight wagon was as low as could be charged, and yet bring the freighter a profit. If the charge was too high the goods did not move, or else some one hitched up his team and started a rival freight line. By wagon this was a very easy thing to do, as the public road was free to all, which a line of rails, of course, is not. All trains must be run under a single management, or there will be accidents, which does not apply to wagons and the public road.

Schooners Versus Stage-Coaches.

Before there was a railroad in the United States there were certain well-defined charges for hauling various kinds of freight between a number of points, such as New York City and Albany, as just mentioned, or between New York and Boston. The freight rate between New York and Boston, of course, could not be much higher than that charged by a ship between New York and Boston, otherwise the goods would move by ship rather than by wagon. Thus, even before there was a railroad in existence, we find that bugbear of all freight men, "water competition."

The Hudson River, as every one knows, flows past Albany to New York City, but is frozen during the winter so that no boats can run. In summer, freight was moved between the two cities by water if there was plenty of time, but by stage if time was an essential element in the case, as with the mails or some light article, say a rifle, where the extra expense of delivery by fast wagon service was little, compared with its cost.

So, in summer, the stage line and the freighter with his oxen hauled only material of high value that needed great care or quick delivery, but in winter the case was different. Then, the Hudson being frozen, the stage line and the wagons had the hauling all to themselves, and hence could charge more. Also, the cost of service in winter was naturally higher, due to the snow, bad roads, and other causes.

Here we find trouble in figuring freight rates even before the railroad was invented. Rates, in those days, changed with the weather, for one rate the year round would have been impossible under such conditions.

From Albany to Boston there is no waterway, hence the wagon-owners could charge a higher rate than they could from New York to Albany.

Although the distances between the three cities, New York, Boston, and Albany, vary considerably, for our purposes we can consider them practically equally distant apart, yet with vastly different conditions applying to each route. The sea from Boston to New York is always open, hence the freight rate might be expected to remain more or less steady the year around.

From New York to Albany, as we have just seen, is a river, open half of the year or more, while from Albany to Boston, the third leg of the triangle, there is no waterway, hence the rate would be more or less higher than that of the other two routes, and more or less steady, but not so steady as by sea between New York and Boston.

A Problem Older Than Railroads.

I have chosen these three cities because between them they well illustrate many of the things that so profoundly affect the making of freight rates, whether by wagon or freight-car, it matters not. There are, however, still other differences to be considered, every one of which cuts a deep figure in making a freight rate.

Right here let me call attention to the fact that, at that time, the railroad was yet a thing undreamed of. He who fancies that freight rates are all a matter of the railroad knows nothing of freight rates. Rome, Italy, had her rate troubles just like Rome, New York; one when Mr. Cæsar attended to such affairs and the other when Mr. Harriman did.

But to get back to still other matters than rivers, the weather, ships, and wagons that affect freight rates: New York is larger than Albany, and is a seaport, while the smaller town is inland. New York's trade is more or less constant, while that of Albany varies greatly. In fact, it is a well-observed fact that the larger the city the more steady is its trade in all lines, including the moving of freight. In the fall, Albany had much wheat to send to New York, while in the summer months but little freight went down the valley on wheels.

Now, this meant empty wagons at various times of the year between New York and Albany. Empty wagons cost money to move as horses eat oats and drivers must be paid, whether the wagon is loaded or empty.

In railroad language, this is called the "empty car haul," and is one of the great things that worries a railroad president.

Before we grasp this matter completely, we must glance at still another fundamental fact in freight-rate making. It is hard to make this clear in a few words, and an illustration will best serve our purpose. The fact is this: The shipper must pay the cost of the round trip, even though he uses the service only one way.

Suppose a man lives in Albany and wishes to go to New York. There is no stage leaving that particular day or for several days, as was once the case. He goes to the local livery stable and asks: "How much will you charge to take me to New York?"

The Cost of Going Back Empty.

The liveryman says: "Let's see. I can make the trip down and back in ten days, if the roads and weather are good. I must use two horses, each worth $1 a day, a driver at $1 a day, making $3 a day for man and team. The cost of staying over night will be another $3. Profit $1 a day, or a total of $7 a day for ten days. Call it $75 for the trip."

"But suppose you get a passenger to carry back? Can't you make the price less to me if that happens?" asks the prospective traveler.

"Certainly," replies the liveryman. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll charge you $75 if I can't get a passenger back; but if I can, I'll ask only $50."

"But then you will be making $100," protests the traveler. "You should charge me only $37.50 and the other man $37.50, both alike."

"But the coach charges only $30 from New York to Albany," the livery man says, "and I must charge much less, say $25, or I can't get a passenger back at all, in which case the trip will cost you $75, instead of only $50."

So the traveler pays his $75 for a trip from Albany to New York, and if the liveryman can get a passenger back to Albany, then the traveler gets a rebate of $25, thus making the trip cost him only $50. Doubtless all the way to New York the two men argued a regular prehistoric Interstate Commerce Commission trial, and when they parted in New York both probably were more or less muddled about it all.

This is the very thing that confronted J. J. Hill when he made a forty-cent rate on lumber from Puget Sound to Chicago some years ago, that his east-bound cars might not run empty. By this means, the Great Northern could charge less for west-bound freight, even if that charge was several times higher than the east-bound forty-cent rate. Here we are up against the "joint-cost" idea again, only in a new light.

So we have seen a glimpse of "volume of traffic," of "water competition," and of the "empty car haul," each a very important item in the making of freight rates. Now, let us invent the steam-engine, and with it the railroad, and see what happens.

The first railroad from New York to Albany found freight rates already established. To get business it had to charge the same or a lower rate than those of existing transportation companies, as, otherwise, goods would not move by rail, but would travel by wagon or boat. Now, this is a very important fact; and please note it carefully: A rate in existence fixes all other rates between the same points. In other words, one rate is based on another that came before it. Whether this rate is fixed by wagon, ship, canal-boat, pack train, or another railroad matters not in the least, if for the same service the goods will move by a cheaper route.

What Vanderbilt Found.

Now, in the early days a railroad did not push on into new country as it usually does to-day. They followed the old toll-road system to some extent. That is, a railroad would run from New York to Albany, then another from Albany to Utica, and still another from Utica to Buffalo.

Each road had its own cars, stations, and time-tables, regardless of all roads, which was neither pleasant nor profitable. To load and unload wheat several times, and cart it across town from one railroad to another cost money; hence, wheat from Buffalo to New York came by the Erie Canal. Each railroad was then about what the various electric lines are to-day, more or less local and unconnected affairs.

But, one night, a man named Vanderbilt

spread a map of the State of New York on the floor of his library, and saw how he could combine some sixteen roads into one through line between New York and Buffalo. Then and there was born the New York Central, and in time this dream became true.

When Vanderbilt finally had his railroad running from Buffalo to New York, he found the same conditions by water as between Albany to New York, but with this difference. Behind Buffalo are the Great Lakes, and around the Great Lakes is three-fifths of the farming land of the United States, mostly given over to wheat in those days, and now to wheat and corn. Wheat is something that can be stored and kept for months, or even years. It is easily handled, and in tonnage is among the largest items of the railroads.

The Erie Canal, like the Hudson River, was closed in winter by ice. If Vanderbilt tried to hoist freight rates on wheat during the winter, the wheat owner, or shipper, calmly stored his wheat, or else saw that it was shipped before the cold weather came on, often over Vanderbilt's own road at summer-canal rates, leaving it without tonnage in the winter, and with too much tonnage in the other months, especially in the early fall of the year.

All this led to a long and bitter fight. It was settled at length by a steady all-the-year-round freight rate on wheat between Buffalo and New York, and what forced this rate was the Erie Canal.

How the Erie Canal Governs Rates.

In time, Chicago became the great wheat mart, and the New York Central obtained the Lake Shore from Buffalo to Chicago, making practically one railroad from Chicago to New York. As wheat was still the great east-bound item of freight tonnage, the price charged through the Erie Canal continued to control the rates. Then came the Pennsylvania and other lines into Chicago, all seeking to haul wheat. To get business these lines had to meet the New York Central's freight rates on wheat to New York, and thus we see the influence of the Erie Canal spreading over the railroads running from Chicago to Philadelphia via Pittsburgh.

St. Louis also handles much wheat, corn, and live stock, and as there are railroads running from St. Louis to Chicago to get the hauling of wheat from St. Louis to Philadelphia, the rate must not be more than from St. Louis to Chicago plus that from Chicago to New York, all of which are controlled by the same slow-going Erie Canal boat.

We are pretty far west here, and the same thing applies as we go south or farther west. Each new rate is necessarily based on, or fixed by, some other rate already in existence, and each is still controlled by the Erie Canal rate. Between Denver and Chicago, however, many things move that the Erie Canal does not carry; say, for instance, shoes going west. But remember the "empty car haul," and our friend going by stage from Albany to New York? The same thing applies to every line of travel, passenger express or freight not only in the United States, but in the world, so the Denver-Chicago lines can be no exception.

A Multiplicity of Cause and Effect.

Things now become more complicated, and we have to deal with "through cars," that is, cars loaded in San Francisco or Seattle for New York, Boston, or New Orleans, that travel over many different lines of railroad. Also we have water competition around South America, and in some cases even around the world via the Suez Canal. All these routes deeply affect the price of hauling a box of shoes or a ton of coal from Raton, New Mexico, to Boston, or to Charleston, South Carolina.

We have seen enough, however, to understand how the Erie Canal is the foundation on which all United States freight rates are directly or indirectly based. I know of no better illustration of how railroads interlace and complicate this all-important matter of freight rates than that of a big net spread out on the floor of some great hall.

Under the net you may imagine a map of the United States. Now pull any string in that net and you either tighten or loosen every other string in it. I think no one will dispute this very apparent and easily proven fact. If they do they can easily try it on a small scale with an ordinary fish net on the kitchen floor.

Freight rates are just like the strings in this great net, with the Erie Canal representing a sort of main string from which many of the others branch. On this basis we begin to see clearly how it is that the Erie Canal controls the freight charges on

lumber from the South to Chicago, or on hides from Wyoming to Boston.

One of the most curious of the many things that influence freight rates is sheep. "Sheep can walk away from us," said a general freight agent on the witness-stand last year, and he told how, if he put the freight on live sheep too high their owners just walked them a few hundred miles across country to a rival railroad, where the rate was less. Thus he was compelled to haul wool on the sheep's back for a much less rate than in the bale, otherwise the sheep became freight carriers in opposition to the railroad, and the road got no wool to haul, even if there was not another railroad within several hundred miles.

Keeping Every One in Business.

From the few things we have considered so far, it will be readily seen that the making of a freight rate is no simple matter. I have barely touched on only a few of the most important things that govern the making of rates. There are others, many others; most of which must be omitted from these articles for lack of space. One of the most important is that doubtful item of "keeping every one in business." Here again we had better resort to an illustration.

As every one knows, coal is widely distributed over the United States, but its quality varies greatly. The best coal, the hard, smokeless kind, comes from around Pittsburgh, while the coal of Wyoming is soft and sooty, though it may be burned under a locomotive boiler. In practically every home in the United States coal of one kind or another is used. Soft coal is prohibited in many of our large cities, though some of them allow the use of any sort of coal, among which are Chicago and Pittsburgh.

Coal is also one of the great staples on which the railroads depend for tonnage. In certain parts of the country, as in Pennsylvania and California, crude oil is used largely in place of anthracite, especially to make steam. The demand for coal is not steady the year round, as the domestic, or household, demand almost ceases in summer and comes in with a rush in fall.

Here is as pretty a problem in the making of freight rates as any one could wish, a problem that the most radical reform rate expert, hired by some local traffic bureau, would ponder over many a long day before he even approached anything like a solution. But to get back to the illustration, of which this paragraph has been a sort of outline.

We will say that Jones has a mine of hard coal in Pennsylvania and mines soft coal as a by-product. His chief market is New York City, where he disposes of his hard coal, but cannot sell his soft coal. He has to mine the soft coal to get out his hard coal, and to throw it away would be a criminal waste, so he can afford to sell the soft coal in Chicago at almost any price above the freight rate from Pittsburgh to Chicago.

He goes to the Pennsylvania freight man and after much figuring that individual tells him that the road will haul the coal to Chicago for cost almost, rather than see it go to waste; say, for about half a cent a pound, or $10 a ton. This is out of the question, however, because practically the same coal is already selling in Chicago for $5 a ton, and to market coal in Chicago the Pittsburgh man must sell for no more than $5 a ton and pay his freight rate out of that $5.

Considering the empty car haul and various other things, the railroad at last makes the Pittsburgh man a rate of $3 a ton, who then ships his soft coal to Chicago, and sells it for $4 a ton, $1 under the rate of coal mined in Illinois.

Losing Money to Make More.

So far so good, but the Illinois coal miner at once goes to see the freight man of the Illinois Central, and says:

"It costs me $2 to mine my soft coal, your road charges me $2 a ton to haul it into Chicago, and I am selling it at $5, making $1 profit. But along comes the Pittsburgh coal miner and under-sells me at $4 a ton. I cannot mine my coal for any less than $2, and I must sell it for $4 in Chicago, the same price the Pittsburgh man is charging, or else close down my mine. If I have to do this your road will have no coal to haul, so you must reduce the rate to $1 a ton."

This does not sound very pleasant to the Illinois Central man, but rather than have no coal to haul he has to make a rate of $1 a ton to the Illinois coal miner. It costs the Illinois Central $1.50 to haul that ton of coal, so the road loses fifty cents, apparently, on every ton hauled. At first

glance one would think that the Illinois Central would rather not haul the coal at all, but if the road does not do so, the mines shut down and 10,000 Illinois coal miners are thrown out of work.

Now the 10,000 coal miners have about 40,000 others dependent on them for support, and these 50,000 people buy shoes, flour, lumber, and the thousand and one things that 50,000 people must have. To refuse to haul the coal at a loss of fifty cents per ton would be to cause these people to move to other parts of the United States, and would reduce a thickly settled part of the State of Illinois to a partial wilderness.

What Can a Poor Railroad Do?

This would never do, so the Illinois Central must haul that coal at a loss of fifty cents per ton, to protect its traffic on shoes, lumber, cook stoves, etc., that those 50,000 people buy. In other words, the Illinois Central must "keep every one in business." (The above figures are used merely for clear illustration.)

The matter is bad enough as it stands, but more follows. The Chicago coal buyer goes before the Interstate Commerce Commission and says:

"The Illinois Central is robbing Chicago. It charges $1 for hauling coal 200 miles, while the Pennsylvania charges only $1 for hauling the same coal 800 miles, or four times as far. Please make the Illinois Central charge us only twenty-five cents a ton."

In court, the Illinois Central shows that it is losing fifty cents on every ton of coal hauled even at the $1 rate, and to make it haul coal for twenty-five cents a ton would cause a loss of $1.25, which would in time throw the road into bankruptcy. Here is another pretty problem for any one who wants to tackle it.

At first glance the solution would seem to be to restore the $2 rate to the Illinois Central and make the Pennsylvania charge $8 a ton, but this would increase the cost of coal in Chicago $1 a ton, or put it back to the old $5 a ton price, which it was before the Pittsburgh man invaded the Chicago market. Such a move would, of course, shut the Pittsburgh man out of Chicago, which, in turn, would destroy his business in soft coal, causing it to go to waste, a national and criminal waste never to be considered for one moment.

Also, such a move would deprive the Pennsylvania Railroad of all soft coal tonnage from Pittsburgh to Chicago, and cause that road to haul empty instead of loaded cars. To haul an empty car, by the way, costs practically four-fifths of what it does to haul the same car loaded. This, on the other hand, would be a criminal waste, as it would be foolish to haul empty cars for $4 when they can be hauled loaded for $5.

One argument against the "keeping every one in business" idea is that each part of the country should stand on its own feet, and if Pittsburgh can sell coal in Chicago cheaper than can the Illinois miners, then the Illinois miners have no business to run their mines. But no mines in Illinois means no people in the coal sections of that State.

To add another queer touch to all this: The Pennsylvania Railroad itself is deeply interested in keeping those 10,000 Illinois coal miners at work, as they represent 10,000 American families in Illinois who buy shoes made in Boston, clothing made in New York, wear cotton grown in Georgia, and, in fact, consume all the things that 10,000 American families usually consume.

All this material must be hauled west from the Atlantic seaboard, and of this haulage the Pennsylvania, of course, gets its share, say one-fourth. If the Pennsylvania Railroad puts these 10,000 Illinois coal miners out of business by making too low a rate on soft coal from Pittsburgh to Chicago, then the Pennsylvania Railroad loses that one-fourth share of the other traffic.

How One Rate Affects Another.

Going back to the illustration of the great net spread out over the map of the United States, it is easily seen how one rate affects another rate. It is a case of wheels within wheels, and no man can say what the end must be. We have still another matter to consider when it comes to making freight rates, however. It is this, odd as it may seem: The weaker railroad makes the rate.

Suppose for an illustration we take the Denver and Rio Grande and the Union Pacific between Salt Lake City and Denver. The Union Pacific has much the better grade, less than two per cent, while the Denver and Rio Grande, running over the higher and steeper mountain passes in the

Rockies between the two cities, has grades as high as five per cent. Also the Denver and Rio Grande has many sharp curves, and curves are about as bad as grades when it comes to pulling a heavy train.

In short, it costs the Denver and Rio Grande more to pull a ton of freight from Denver to Salt Lake City than it does the Union Pacific, and in the making of a low freight rate the Denver and Rio Grande is necessarily in the weaker position. The Union Pacific can make a good profit at a rate that would ruin the Denver and Rio Grande.

In the old days, when railroads fought to the death, a stronger road would thus bankrupt the weaker road, buy it in, and add it to its system. But the railroads have stopped fighting each other and have begun to cooperate. It pays better in the long run.

Suppose, however, that the Union Pacific should make a rate that would capture all the Denver and Salt Lake freight, leaving the Denver and Rio Grande with none. This would mean no business whatever for the Denver and Rio Grande, hence the road would have to close down, and not be worth a dollar except for old iron.

All the cities and towns along the Denver and Rio Grande would thus be without a railroad, and would also have to close up shop. In short, such a move would depopulate half of western Colorado, and would make many thousands of the finest fruit orchards and mines in the world not worth a cent. So the rate is fixed by the Denver and Rio Grande as low as that road can make a profit under, even if it does mean fat pickings for the Union Pacific.

If the Salt Lake merchant shows before the Interstate Commerce Commission that the Union Pacific is getting a rate say twice what it could make a good profit under, and asks that the rate be cut in two, then the Denver and Rio Grande puts up the defense outlined above, and is royally seconded by all the towns in western Colorado. The Salt Lake merchant, with much justice on his side, protests that he should not pay $2 for hauling freight from Denver to Salt Lake just so that Grand Junction or Leadville, Colorado, can have a railroad.

If these Colorado cities are so unfortunate as to be situated behind high mountains, that is their misfortune, and it is not up to Salt Lake to pay an indirect royalty to keep them alive.

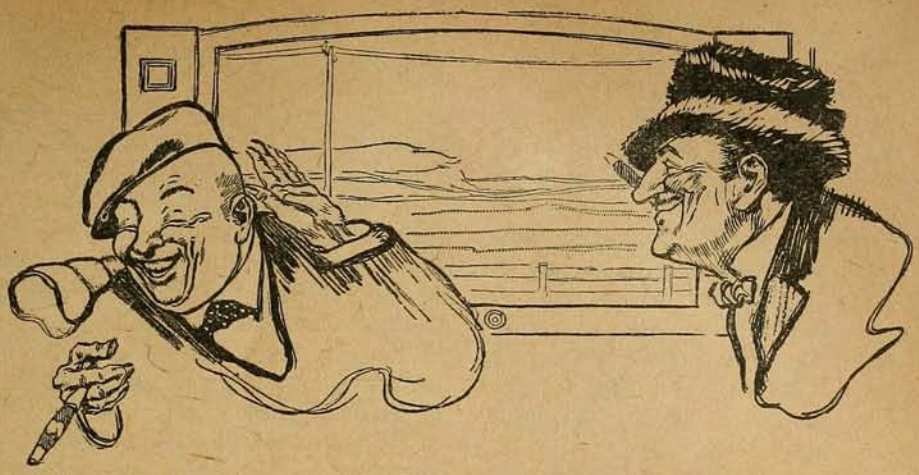
"Let the Colorado towns pay enough on their local freight to support their railroad, and let Salt Lake have the benefit of the lower rates that the Union Pacific can afford to make," the Salt Lake man argues.

So far the argument seems fairly clear. Surely Salt Lake, Utah, should not be taxed to give Leadville, Colorado, a railroad, even if without a railroad Leadville cannot exist, and soon would be an idle town.

But Leadville cannot afford to pay such high local rates, and fruit from Grand Junction, Colorado, cannot find a market if added to its price are freight rates enough to support the whole Denver and Rio Grande road. Through freight is one of the chief items in keeping down local freight rates, and if the Denver and Rio Grande could haul nothing between Salt Lake and Denver, then Grand Junction would have to pay $10 or $20 a box freight charges on peaches for a few weeks in the fall of the year, which would be out of the question, as peaches from other parts of the United States sell for one-half to one-fourth of such a prohibitive freight rate. If there were no Grand Junction peaches in the markets of New York and Chicago, then these two, and other cities all over America, would have to pay more for their peaches.

So, study the problem in whatever way one wants to, it looks different from every point of view. What seems just as seen from Salt Lake is rank injustice as seen from Grand Junction, and when one has apparently solved the question between these two points, on entering the United States at large still another view is obtained—and we are all one country, remember. Important as the subject is, there is something still more important than freight rates, and that is the public, and the national welfare.

It's a funny thing that a man with a pull nearly always needs a pusher, but a man with push never needs a puller.—Sophistries of the Super.



Told in the Smoker.

BY BERTRAM ADLER.

The Stories Told by the Captains of the Grip in a Day's Run Are as Varied as the Lines of Goods They Carry, and Are the Real Thing in the Humor Line.

THOMAS CHRISTIE, the stained-glass drummer, told this one: "At Pringle, South Dakota, they have a fine Presbyterian Church with a Sunday-school annex. Last year, one of the wealthy men of the little borough gave a window to the school, the design of which was Job, surrounded by his three friends, to whom he was declaring his faith in the future. The text under the figures was: 'When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold,' and the chapter and verse were given.

"Not long after the placing of the window—'twas a fine job, seeing that my firm did it—a resident of Pringle sent her little girl to Sunday-school, bidding her to specially observe the stained-glass and the lesson it taught. The mother was a bargain-sale fiend and her child had somewhat caught the contagion.

"Anyway, when the child got back from Sunday-school, her mother put her through the third degree about the window. She got her daughter to describe the figures, their attitudes, their clothing, the text, and all the rest.

"'And now, Mamie, darling,' she said finally, 'what impressed you most when you saw the window?'

"'It was bought at a bargain sale, mother,' said angel-face. 'It was a job lot. Right underneath the verse was, "Job. 5.10." Wasn't that cheap?'"

A DRUMMER'S REASON.

HARRY PRITHERHOE, of Boston, who sells shoes on the other side of the Mississippi, and Carl Widendorf, of Cincinnati, who assuages Western thirst with the aid of a certain placid but famous beverage, found themselves in a little Idaho town, with the shades of evening lowering, and no chance of pulling out until 5.30 the next morning.

The owner of the only hotel said that the only form of entertainment in town just then was a funeral four miles away; a moving-picture show, twelve miles removed, and

a meeting of the local debating society at the Town Hall.

"I sure advises you, gents, to take in this here intellectual tabble doty ter-night," said the landlord, "for this same society have certain pre-empted the big-brains of the hull county."

So the drummers went. That the Town Hall was a one-time barn, and that it smelled painfully of musty hay and chloride of lime, has nothing to do with the story. Anyhow, the proceedings were bossed by the town school ma'am, and the debaters were lined up on the stage. The latter were of both sexes.

The topic for discussion was to be announced by the school ma'am, and the "yeas" and "nays" were supposed to enter the talk fight right off the reel.

After some preliminary, the school ma'am announced that the subject was: "Can a Woman Love Two Men at One and the Same Time?"

Up sprang Widendorf before anybody else could utter a word.

"Does the chairman allow an outsider to express an opinion on the topic for discussion?" he asked.

The fair gavel-wielder replied that the society was only too glad to hear from the "distinguished visitor in our midst."

"Would the lady—beg pardon—the chairman please repeat the topic?"

"'Can a Woman Love Two Men at One and the Same Time?'" she said, blushing slightly.

"No," answered Carl. "No. Not if one of them finds it out."

NAILING AN ORDER.

THE way that "Tush" Allen, of Pittsburgh, managed to open an account with the big hardware firm, Blank, Blank & Co., of Syracuse, after some years of effort, was told by him as follows:

"I tried the old man—the partner who bought my line of stuff—in every way known to man. I played the long face, the giddy boy, the high-brow, and the world-trot guy. I fed him up till the menus got dim. I irrigated him till a tall chap slipped an Inebriate Home booklet into my outside pocket. I talked on everything from 'Chanticleer' to higher criticism. He stood for it all; seemed to like it, but wouldn't fall for business. Said that the old firms treated him well, and couldn't see any reason to change. Same ancient gag—but he stuck to it.

"Then I changed my route to his order-book. I began to study him outside of his business bent. For a month, I couldn't find out what his weakness was. All men have one, but, hang me! if he didn't seem to be the exception to the rule. Only flaw in his armor that I could find was his desire to remain a deacon—and a love for white neckties. Couldn't see how I could influence him through these things, so rung off on 'em after a bunch of brain-buzz.

"Finally, Jimmy Broderick happened to mention that the old man had captured a blue ribbon at an up-the-State dog show. I nosed out on the tip, and discovered that he had a weakness for dogs—a weakness of a mighty strong kind. Fox terriers were his special fancy, with Boston bulls running a close second. I filed the information under the tag of 'special.'

"Two months later, I was in Syracuse again, having reached there by a late train. Looking over the newspaper the following morning, I got wise to an ad. that set me going. It was to the effect that the old man had lost, or some one had stolen, a prize-taker of the fox terrier lay-out, and that no questions would be asked for its return. Also, a swell reward was offered for the safe delivery of the animal to the owner. I learned that the ad. had decorated the 'Lost and Found' column for a week or more.

"Just before luncheon, an idea swatted me. I got so joyous that I blew myself to a fifty-cent Trichiopolis.

"The old man was sad and absent-minded. I waited until he had sorrowed off some, and then I sprung it on him.

"'Mr. McJones,' says I, sort of soft and sympathetic, 'were you fond of that evanescent ki-yi of yours?'

"'Fond?' said he. 'That's no word to use about this bereavement. I loved that dog, I did. He took five cups in two seasons. You could make a crazy quilt with the ribbons that he's won. Fond?' The old man kind of swallowed hard and sniffed harder.

"'Now, I'm not making any promises,' I said, 'but if I could manage to restore the dog to the peace and plenty of his kennel, do I get a look-in on the next order that you place for my line of goods?'

"He turned, threw a flash at my face to

see whether I was handing him straight goods, and held out his mitten.

"'Do that,' he said, with a frog-in-the-throat quaver in his voice, 'and the order goes to your house without anybody else having a sniff at it.'

"We shook hands and I framed up the deal with him.

"The next morning all the papers came out with a heavy-bordered 'scare-head' advertisement that read:

WARNING.

The person or persons having in their possession a black-and-tan fox terrier answering to the name of Bobbie, are earnestly asked to note the behavior of the animal and to refrain from handling or caressing him. Children should be kept from the animal. When Bobbie left his late owner, he was under veterinary observation, having shown symptoms of developing rabies. Two of the dogs with whom he kenneled have been shot because of the disease, and it is known that he was bitten by at least one of them about ten days ago.

X. Y. Z.

"A whimpering and whining was heard about midnight that same day at the stable gates of the old man's residence. On investigating, the watchman found that Bobbie was outside, twisting himself double at the joy of being home again.

"Of course, I got the order, and, incidentally, a bonus from the firm for nailing it. It ran into three figures."

DIVIDING THE PLUNDER.

ALBERT OSBOURNE, of New York, told this one about two Pullman pillow-thumpers who were quarreling over a certain passenger who had tipped one of them somewhat liberally. The other seemed to think that he was entitled to part of the plunder.

"Ain't you got no honah?" asked the aggrieved one. "Whaffo you try do me ought'en mah lawful share of dis yere money?"

"Cos you have no claims on de stipend. Dat's whaffo."

"Youah all tongue talk! What 'bout yer conscientitious, if yer has dat commodity concealed in yer robbin' black carcase?"

"Whose you callin' black, nigger?"

"Whose you callin' nigger, nigger?"

"A gen'leman is."

"Well, let me tell you dat you is so black dat you could go to a funeral widout clothes on yer, an' no folk 'ud know it. You hear me talk, man!"

TWO MEN ON WHEELS.

JIMMY MARSDEN, of Austin, Nichols & Co., New York, went over to Philadelphia during a street-car strike to call on customers whose stores were on the edge of Kensington. To get there from the railroad depot wasn't so easy. Street-cars were, of course, out of the question; taxis couldn't be had at any price, and the "lines" of milk-wagons, furniture vans, and resurrected hearses couldn't be persuaded to depart from their regular routes.

Then Marsden had an inspiration. It came to him that, once upon a time, he could ride a bicycle. The management of the Bellevue-Stratford dug up one that was a trifle wobbly, but its wheels went round for all that. So J. M. mounted and hied him to Kensington.

The trip proved profitable, and the drummer pedaled homeward with a sense of work well done. Half a mile down the pike, he overtook a person with a long beard and a nose that nearly touched the handle-bars of his ancient wheel.

"Nice day for riding," said J. M. affably.

The other nodded, but spoke not.

"Often wheel this way?" continued J. M.

Shake of the head, but no words.

"Riding 'cause of the strike?"

Nod.

"Live in Philly?"

Nod.

"Say, is there a deaf and dumb asylum around these parts?" asked the baffled drummer after a silence.

Nod.

"Did you escape from it?"

"Yes—shake!"

The rest of the journey wasn't marked by further effort to make the man with the beard talk.

SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

A TRAVELING man, now retired, was badly injured in an accident some years ago. The train broke in two, and the attempt on the part of the engineer to

overtake and couple up with the fugitive end resulted disastrously for several of the passengers, among them being the drummer. He sued the railroad company for $50,000.

The action was to be tried in a New York court. Two years elapsed and still the issue remained to be tried. Then one day the commercial traveler called on the president of the road. They were old friends.

"How d'do, Mr. Blank?" said the president cheerily, as the visitor entered. "How are things, anyhow?"

"Well," said Blank, "they'd be a sight better if your company did its duty to those whom it smashed up."

The president laughed. "You refer to your claim against us. Well, those who sue a corporation must have patience, you know."

"Oh, yes, I know," was the reply. "And, if we do win, the doctors and the lawyers get our winnings."

"Which shows," said the railroad man, "that a compromise is better than a trial."

"That depends on the verdict that the jury renders," retorted the drummer.

"See here, Mr. Blank," said the other, "you and I are old friends. Our legal department has to do its duty to the road in the matter of this claim of yours, but if you'll make a suggestion which you think fair to both sides, I'll promise you that it will be carried out—for the sake of our friendship."

"Does that go?"

The president extended his hand. The drummer shook it. Then he reflected for a few moments, and said:

"I have sued your road for $50,000. I am willing to compromise for $30,000 or less. Now, what I propose is this: You instruct one of your clerks to write a series of slips each having thereon a different sum, beginning at $2,500 and increasing by $500 a slip up to $30,000. Let these slips be put in a hat, shaken up, and then a blindfolded person shall draw one of them. The amount that is marked on the slip thus drawn, you pay to me, and I will end my case against your road."

The president gasped. "My dear Blank," he said, "that would be irregular. Who ever heard of such a proceeding?"

"Nobody," replied the other, "but that is no reason why it shouldn't go in this case. The law is a lottery. So is this. One equals the other. The chances are better for both of us. Does it go?"

There came a knock at the office door, and two personal friends of the president entered. Both were known to Mr. Blank. The situation was explained to them.

"A bully idea!" said one to the railroad president. "By all means accept Blank's suggestion!"

The president touched the bell.

"Is any one outside who represents the law department of the road?" he asked the messenger who responded. The messenger shook his head.

"So much the better," shouted the drummer. "Limbs of the law hinder reckonings. This is a gentleman's bargain. We don't want any lawyers mixed up with it."

A clerk was instructed in regard to the slips. When these were finished they were handed to the president, who, borrowing a hat, proceeded to shake them up. Then he summoned the messenger, to whom he explained what was expected of him. The arbiter of the drummer's claim was then blindfolded.

"For the last time, Mr. Blank," said the president solemnly, "I ask you to state whether you are willing to abide by the result of this drawing in the matter of the claim that you have against this railroad?"

"I've said so twice. I'm not the man to go back on my word," was the reply.

"Then let her go!" cried the president.

The messenger slid his hand into the hat.

"Gentlemen," said the president, as he took the unopened slip from the messenger, "you have all heard what Mr. Blank has declared. In view of that declaration, I beg to announce that this railroad agrees to pay him the sum of"—here he looked at the slip—"the sum of"—an impressive pause—"$18,500!"

A week later the bank account of the drummer was increased by that amount.

WITH THE GOING OF MOTHER.

BY FELIX G. PRENTICE.

How the Tendrils of a Lost Love Become Entwined With Our Daily Lives.

RUPE curled himself up on the squeaky old couch that was shy a couple of castors and had such a high end that it gave you a crick in the neck, and tried to play desert island. As a rule, it wasn't hard to make believe the shiny horsehair of the couch was a lovely little coral isle with palms and coconuts and a lagoon of blue water filled with all sorts of gorgeous fish, while snowy sea-birds floated overhead. And the one lone strip of carpet in the room, with its faded sprigs of white lilac spattered over a grimy ground, made a capital line of big breakers with a stretch of ocean beyond.

But this time Rupe, somehow or other, couldn't effect the transformation. True, he did not try very hard, for he had an uncomfortable feeling that made exertion of any kind unattractive. Then, too, the spells of coughing broke the web of his fancy just as it took tangible form.

Twice he began to climb a coconut-tree, and once he nearly sighted a fleet of canoes, filled with savages, bearing down on his island. But, in each instance, that miserable something in his throat began to tickle, and for the next five or ten minutes he had all he could do to draw a gasping breath as he coughed.

Then away went the island, and instead there remained a small, dull, shabby room, and the consciousness that he was very much alone in the small, shabby house of which the room was a part.

The faucet in the sink in the corner yielded lukewarm water, the temperature and flavor of which Rupe could temper with ice, which was but rarely in evidence in the place he called home. It is true that a free-ice depot wasn't many blocks away, but Fate had so arranged affairs that the depot was only open when Rupe's father and the other people of the house were at work.

The little fellow, more than once, had tried to get a lump of coolness all by himself, and had succeeded, so far as the depot people were concerned; but one of the tough youngsters always lurking around the place swooped down upon Rupe as he turned the corner.

There was the briefest struggle, and then the robber was on his way with his booty to the cellar of a near-by dealer in ice, coal, and wood, while Rupe—valiant of spirit, though weak of body—was painfully feeling a bloody nose, and trying hard to keep back the tears.

But that was many days ago. Now he drank the water greedily as soon as the cough gave him a chance, and tumbled back to the couch again, weak and wan.

The cough and a twisted ankle, due to a broken stair, had kept Rupe indoors in the interval.

Only two years before, Rupe's parents were the owners of a small general store in an out-of-the-way village. At that time the lad was eight years old. He had a recollection that was as keen as it was regretful of the big field in front of the store, the flower-garden behind it, the truck-patch, and the incidental delights of pulling up the first radishes or hoeing out the first hill of tender-skinned potatoes.

Then, too, there were the half-dozen bee-hives, the chickens, the pigeons that were his special property, his dog, the near-by pond, and all the rest of the things that make life wonderful to a country boy. And then—the voice of the city, lying and insistent, came.

Rupe's father had discovered that there was "no future" in a country town.

Rupe's mother—a dear, silly little soul—had a vague idea that New York meant a perpetual seeing of sights, walking along the avenue and looking at society folk, and lots of other pleasant pastures. She was a reader of those cheap novels of Gotham life which are written for the benefit of the unversed provincial. So it ended by the store being sold and the removal of the family to New York.

Their cash went in short order and in several directions, but mainly by means of a tiny grocery-store, the "good-will" of which was sold them at a price of many dollars. The store had had about half a dozen tenants in as many months, and the neighborhood abounded in thieving urchins who filched industriously. Nearly all the customers tried to "hang up" their accounts, and, succeeding, never paid. Consequently Rupe's parents vacated at the end of three months, practically penniless.

Among the few friendships that Rupe's parents had formed was that of a Mrs. O'Hare and her son Michael. Mrs. O'Hare was a good-sized widow who had a heart as big as her fist. Her son drove a truck for a wholesale grocery, and was an active member of the West Street Young Men's Golden Rod Association, which, as its name implied, was an organization for the purpose of making possible nightly bouts with the gloves. Mrs. O'Hare herself "went out days," and was also a sporadic understudy for a charwoman in a certain sky-scraper. There had been a Michael O'Hare, senior, but he had succumbed to longshore whisky some years before.

The O'Hares lived in a rickety little cottage on lower Eighth Avenue. It was in the days when Greenwich Village was a fact, and not, as now, a memory. The tidal wave of business and building booms had failed to overwhelm it and its two low stories, its gabled roof, its narrow, heavily shuttered windows, and its queer little porch.

And so, overshadowed by tall tenements and towering warehouses, it stood quaintly and shabbily cheerful. In front was a morsel of a yard, poorly guarded from the invasion of urchin marauders by a broken line of palings, while at the rear was a narrow slice of black, moss-covered earth from which sprang a tree with a meager, twisted trunk. Altogether there was a suggestion of sturdy if paintless independence about the cottage that somehow or other seemed to be in keeping with its tenants.

"Yez'll come right over to th' house," said Mrs. O'Hare to Rupe's father as the latter was locking the door of the grocery-store for the last time. "Th' top floor of it is impty, barrin' a few moice an' a broken pane of glass or two, an' 'tis a foine view yez'll have of th' avenoo from th' front an' th' tree behint. An' th' kid kin play pidgins an' fishin' an' th' other things that he do be always talkin' about. This shuttin' of children in th' house or sindin' them out on th' strates is th' ruin of thim. Pack up an' come over, an' th' woife an' th' kid."

That night the top floor received its new tenants, and Rupe was so glad to have a tree for a neighbor once more that he put in an hour or two cuddling its grimy trunk.

Then began a weary hunt for work on the part of Rupe's father, and the hope deferred, the spending of the last dollar, and the pawning of the last trinket that was pawnable.

Just then Rupe's mother died. "Heart," said the doctor, but she had gone as flowers go when cut from their life-roots and deprived of air, light, and nourishment. The day following the funeral Rupe's father got the work that might have kept her alive.

Six months passed. The gap in Rupe's life seemed deeper and darker than ever.

The dead mother had shared with him an almost passionate love of the country, of which she only became conscious when too late. So, during her lifetime, Rupe, in the gloom of his city existence, had managed to abstract lots of comfort from his talks with his mother about the chickens and the pigeons and birds and trees and flowers and other things that they had left behind them.

But all that was dead; and to the dumb, aching sense of his bereavement was the added loss of the consolation which he had derived from being able to tell her his hopes and desires which were shaped on the basis of a return to the country. She, too, in the last weeks of her life, confided to him that which she did not even tell her husband—that she also longed with the feverish longing of a wounded spirit for the quiet of the village.

Because of their longing for the old life, neither Rupe nor his mother could ever root themselves in the city soil. So the lad had been more or less lonely, notwithstanding his attendance at public school and the fact that he was a real boy.

In spite of a somewhat delicate constitution, he could have made a lot of chums had he so chosen; but the ways of the other boys were not his ways, neither was their talk his talk.

Being a wholesome-minded youngster, Rupe did not see the fun in a lot of things that the precocious small New Yorkers did or fancied. To make matters worse, Rupe's father was one of those men who cannot give surface indication of their really affectionate dispositions. Had it been otherwise, Rupe would have loved him more and suffered less. As it was, everything seemed to go with the going of the mother, for the father was temperamentally incapable of taking the lost one's place even to a minor degree—although, to do him justice, he felt his shortcoming in this respect very keenly.

When the throbbing and thunder of his pulses quieted again, the silence of the house became oppressive, for it stood back somewhat from the avenue, and the roar of the traffic was deadened.

But Rupe wasn't a bit scared. He tried to find surcease from the sorrow which was so strong upon him in "make believe." This time his imagination was strong enough to garment the hard facts of his loss or his surroundings.

The coral island proving a failure, Rupe ran the whole gamut of his pet imagings, including being treed by a bear, being a shipwrecked mariner floating on a raft, a prisoner in a pirate's cave, hunting and being hunted by Indians, and the like—in all of which the couch, the carpet strip, and the tree played prominent parts.

His "properties" were few and mostly made by himself, except an air-gun which, although out of commission, was his most valued possession. But each and every one of his small mental dramas failed to materialize.

A curtain of tear-mist was wrung down upon them almost as soon as they began. And then there was the cough, too. Rupe finally gave up the attempt, and lay quietly on the couch, looking backward and upward at the narrow strip of blue sky visible between the copings of the big buildings that flanked the cottage.

A snowy sea-gull, crossing from the Hudson to the East River, suddenly floated into the blue, and as suddenly passed out of sight behind the block coping. Rupe, whose thoughts were with his mother, raised himself and uttered a cry of wonder and longing. To his overwrought imagination the bird, for the moment, had seemed an angel —the angel of his mother.

With the passing of the hope and the fancy came an added sense of his loss. Turning over on his side, the little boy began to sob his heart out—the hot tears rolling down the slope of the horsehair in quick and glistening succession.

Presently the outburst passed. Once more he fixed his eyes on the sky. On the coping were half a dozen sparrows holding a chirping conference. The *chirk-chirk* of the birds only served to remind him of how his mother used to translate bird-talk into all sorts of funny things. Again the eyes filled. He was learning—indeed, he had learned—the pitiful lesson that it is only when we have loved and lost that we realize how intimately entwined with our daily lives are the tendrils of a lost love.

From the avenue came the shrill, inspiring whistle of a fire-engine. About the one thing of the big, weary city for which Rupe had a genuine love was a fire-engine. But in this instance the whistle summoned in vain. Its call became fainter and fainter, and Rupe, wondering just why he hadn't cared to run to the window of the front room to look out, felt the silence and the loneliness fall all the heavier when the sound ceased.

On the mantelpiece was a small alarm-clock that had a little ship on its face which rolled heavily at every tick. The clock was one of the few things which had survived the wreck of the family fortunes. It was an especial favorite with Rupe, because in the old days it stood on a bracket in the kitchen, over which hung his father's gun, fishing-rods, and net. Thus its steady *click-clock* brought up memories of snowy days when he and his father tracked rabbits or squirrels, or of other days when the cool brook dappled by the shadows of the quivering leaves overhead. And now—Rupe, with a sudden tightening at his heart-strings, heard the clock saying a steadily and unmistakably "Mo-ther! Mo-ther! Mo-ther!"

He raised himself on his elbow and stared at the bobbing ship. It was lurching time to the insistent "mo-ther, mo-ther." He listened intently, striving, yet not quite wanting, to hear the familiar *click-clock;* but the voice of the clock would not be denied.

"Mo-ther! Mo-ther!"

With that wail of hopeless sorrow that can

only issue from childish lips anointed with the bitterness of hopelessness, Rupe fell back softly on his pillow and shed the tears that scald the cheeks and sear the heart.

Then he fell asleep. He dreamed that the gull had once more come into the blue, had hovered and descended, and that as it drew nearer it grew large and beautiful. Its wings became whiter and whiter. It was a bird no longer—it was his dear one. Then the dream changed suddenly. Somebody or something seized him by the throat. With a cry he awoke, coughing harder than ever.

As he rolled off the couch and went toward the faucet, the clock, that was now ticking normally, told him that he must have been asleep some hours, for the dusk was gathering outside.

A swallow of water bringing no relief, Rupe remembered that, the day before, his father had brought some cough-mixture, which was in the little cupboard in which were kept the few utensils of the household. The cupboard also contained some old-fashioned remedies which Rupe's mother and father always kept handy. There was slippery elm and tincture of boneset, sulfur and molasses, and paregoric.

Still coughing and choking, Rupe made his way to the cupboard and groped about in the interior dimness for the cough-mixture. Finally he found it, or thought he did, and, putting it to his lips, took a good swallow. The taste, while not altogether unpleasant, struck him as being somewhat unfamiliar. There was lacking the aniseed flavor and the general stickiness of the sirup.

He stepped back into the room. Holding the bottle up to the light, he saw on the label a gruesome death's-head and cross-bones.

Underneath them, in big, black letters, was the word "Poison."

For a moment he stood dazed. Then a realization of what he had done came upon him. Throwing the bottle down, he ran frantically to the front window. His first idea was to open it and call for help. Before he got half-way a pleasant drowsiness began to steal over him, his knees felt queerly wabbly, a sensation as if he were floating through the air took hold upon him, and he closed his eyes, smiling as he did so.

Then he found himself moving unsteadily in the direction of the couch, which rose to meet him and seemed to take him gently into its horsehair embrace.

It was then that it came to him that he was dying; but the thought brought no dread. On the contrary, it bred a sense of perfect content through which, large and beautiful, loomed the belief that he would soon be with his mother.

Even as the thought came, the details of the window and its panes disappeared in a soft halo.

Then there was a sound—a fluttering that came nearer and still nearer.

"Mother," muttered Rupe feebly but contentedly. "She is coming. I am sure I can hear wings."

The fluttering came nearer, the white halo grew softer and larger, and then Rupe felt the earth beginning to slip away from him. Mother seemed to put soft, loving arms around him—and the light disappeared, and Rupe knew nothing further.

There was a queer tingling all over his body, a roaring in his ears, flashes of light before his eyes, and a not altogether pleasant sensation of having been suddenly and rudely awakened from a sound sleep.

Looking up, he saw his father's face wearing an expression of anxiety and unwonted affection.

Rupe wondered when his father said, "Thank God!" and began to sob.

Mrs. O'Hare was also in the room, and so was Michael, and so was a strange gentleman who wore glasses and had a funny little black bag in his hand.

"He is all right now!" said the strange gentleman. "But in the future keep your paregoric under lock and key. That child had a narrow escape. He swallowed enough of the stuff to kill an ordinary youngster. He's got a good constitution, although he doesn't show it, and that's the only reason he pulled through."

Rupe's father turned, and shook the doctor's hand heartily. Then he bent over his son, and kissed him.

"You must get well soon, my boy," he said, "for next week you and dad are going back to the country. Uncle Jim has advanced us enough money to buy back the store—pigeons, chickens, and all."

Rupe's eyes glowed. "And will Mrs. O'Hare and Mike come with us?"

"That is just what they are going to do, my boy."

Rupe looked up at him wistfully.

Then he extended his arms and placed them around his father's neck, and pulled his face toward him.

"If—if—only mother was here," he said brokenly.

The Fine Art of Bridge Building.

BY OTTO SCHULTZ.

ONE of the most difficult problems that confronts the bridge builder is the reconstruction of a bridge without interrupting traffic. This was once done on the famous Suspension Bridge over Niagara Falls. It was greatly enlarged at the time, and the work when completed was a masterpiece of that phase of engineering. It is a gripping story that Mr. Schultz tells of this wonderful feat. He tells also of other bridges that have been reconstructed without stopping a train and adds some vivid stories of the perils and hardships of the bridge workers and of the exciting moments they experience while on the job.

The Growing Demand for Stronger and Better Steel Bridges Is Significant That the Art of Building Includes More Than Thinking Up Clever Schemes.

PART II.

FOR high-art reconstruction it is necessary to turn to the larger and more famous bridges, which have all been forced to undergo the replacing process like the humblest culvert. The greatest masterpiece of engineering of this kind was the reconstruction of the old Niagara Suspension Bridge by L. L. Buck, who built the Varrugas Viaduct.

This structure, a double-deck affair, with a railroad track upon the upper floor and a foot-and-carriage way upon the lower, was suspended from four cables with a length of span between centers of towers of 821 feet. After the bridge had been in constant use for about twenty-two years an object of solicitude to the traveling public, it occurred to the management early in 1877 that it might be well to examine it.

When the masonry covering the wires at the Canadian end of the north cable was removed two or three of the outside wires were found to be rusted entirely in two, while a number of others were more or less rusted. As there was no telling what the conditions might be in the interior of the cable, or how many of the 3,640 wires of which each was composed might be rusted off, the company reduced the weight of trains allowed on the bridge and turned in a hurry call for Buck.

The engineer arrived at the bridge March 16, 1877, and at once began a more thorough examination of the inner wires as far as it was possible to get at them. As they proved to be clean and bright, the outer wires that had rusted off were spliced. The corroded parts of each wire were cut out and the ends filed to a scarf in which transverse nicks were cut.

A piece of new wire filed to a scarf and nicked to match the old one was clamped on, and the splice was wrapped with fine

wire. A device which was the forerunner of the wire-stretcher to be found on every well-regulated farm to-day for mending barbed-wire fences was attached to the splice, and the other end of the old wire and the ends were brought together, the strain being measured by a spring balance to make sure that the mended wire would do the exact amount of work required of it, no less and no more.

The proper place for the splice was then carefully measured and the strain taken off while the ends were prepared. Then they were brought together by the stretcher and spliced, making the wire as good as new. Some wires on each end of every cable were so mended, the greatest number on either end of any cable being sixty-five.

When the cables had been made as good as new a commission of engineers reported that, while each of the cables had now an ultimate strength of 6,000,000 pounds, the anchor-chains to which they were attached at the ends would only stand the strain of 3,465,000 pounds; so Buck was told to get busy on the anchorages.

He dug pits beside the old anchorages, an operation which required great care to prevent endangering the whole bridge. Then new anchor-plates were put down, and chains run from them up on each side of each old chain, and part of the strain transferred from the old to the new.

Iron Instead of Wood.

As soon as this was done the company wanted the old wooden suspended structure, which was decaying and in very bad condition generally, replaced with iron. As a matter of fact, the wooden bridge was in such a desperate state that any attempt to repair it would have resulted in the destruction of it all.

Buck was given from August 1 to November 1, 1879, to do the job. He examined the old floor beams, and found them so weakened that he did not dare to do the necessary notching for placing the new work. The first thing he had to do, therefore, was to replace them with the new iron floor beams before he could begin the work of erection proper.

As material was not delivered on time, work could not begin until April 13, 1880. Then, beginning at the middle of the bridge and working both ways, the iron floor beams were substituted for the rotten wooden ones, and the lower cables' suspenders were transferred to the end of the new beams as rapidly as they were put in place.

Then the lower cords were placed in position on each side of the lower floor and riveted. Next the upper wooden floor beams beginning at the middle were cut out. Then the posts were put in, and the suspenders were transferred to the new upper beams.

How It Was Done.

Each piece of wood was replaced by iron, and the job was completed September 17, 1880, without interrupting traffic and without injury to a man. The railroad company was so pleased with the reconstruction that it concluded it might as well go the limit by renewing the towers and thus have an entire new bridge.

Perhaps this decision may have been influenced by the fact that the original towers, built of limestone which could not stand exposure to the weather, was crumbling and cracking and showing every indication of an early collapse. Once more Buck was sent for. In September, 1885, he began the work of substituting iron towers for the stone.

Skeleton towers, enclosing the old stone ones, were built. Then a transfer apparatus, consisting of four cast-iron columns—carrying two transverse and two longitudinal girders—were set up beside the stone. The old saddles were wired to blocks on these girders and lifted, cable and all, and held up by six hydraulic jacks of 125 tons' capacity each until enough masonry could be taken out to allow new bed-plates to be slipped under and on top of the columns of the new iron tower.

Then the old bed with its cable was lowered to place and the trick was done. It was done none too soon, for in taking down the old towers many of the stones were found to be badly crushed. Indeed, not a single stone was found entire. One whole corner of one tower was ready to drop off.

An Early Wonder.

The Victoria tubular bridge across the St. Lawrence at Montreal, which was erected from 1852 to 1859, was regarded in its day as one of the wonders of the world. Perhaps the fame was not undeserved; for it certainly required some courage to undertake at that early day, when the science of bridge

building was so imperfectly understood and railroads were such modest affairs, the erection of a structure 9,144 feet long, containing 9,044 gross tons of iron and 2,713,095 cubic yards of masonry, calling for an outlay of $7,000,000.

Something more than size and great cost were involved, for it was necessary to build twenty-four piers in water up to twenty-two feet deep with a current running seven miles an hour, for the bridge is just below the famous Lachine rapids.

Working on Ice.

John Young, of Montreal, first proposed the Victoria Bridge in 1846; but it was not until a number of distinguished engineers had reported favorably upon the project that Chief Engineer Ross, of the Grand Trunk, drew up plans which were approved by Robert Stephenson, of England. Measurements for the bridge were taken on the ice during the winter and the location of the center of each pier marked by driving-rods into holes drilled into the river bottom through the ice.

It was planned to build the stone piers in the dry in coffer-dams or floating caissons, which were to be built in sections in still water, towed out to position, sunk and weighted with stone. Planning all this was very simple; but carrying out quite different. As soon as the first section of the first dam in tow of a steamboat struck that seven-mile current, the towing was done by the unwieldy box instead of the steamboat, with the result that both the box and boat came near being wrecked before lines could be gotten ashore.

Then two steamboats essayed the task. The two were powerful enough to hold the caisson, but the terrific current simply tore it into splinters. Another was built, and again the two steamers tried to tow it into position, but again only succeeded in producing a fine lot of kindling-wood.

Experience taught wisdom, and eventually the bridge builders learned how to maneuver the dam sections, though they were only placed with extreme difficulty. Even after they were placed in position and weighted with a hundred tons of stone, several sections were knocked into bits by rafts tearing down from the rapids.

Perseverance conquers all things. The first coffer-dam was solidly in place May 24, 1854, and the first stone was laid July 20 of the same year. When the piers were finally completed, false work on which to erect the superstructure over the quieter part of the river was built on scows which were towed into position, sunk and weighted with stone and further secured by iron-shod piles.

Out in the channel temporary erection piers were put down to carry the false work. These spans had to be erected in winter. Obstructing the channel so much increased the velocity of the current until it was almost impossible to do anything.

Finally by building the narrowest cribs possible and by maneuvering them with marvelous skill the end was accomplished. Piles were driven in pockets left for the purpose in these cribs on which to support the false work. Material for the bridge was hauled out on the ice in winter.

That winter work rather tried the endurance of the men, for in a temperature twenty degrees below zero they had to ream holes and drive rivets, clad in thick gloves and heavy coats, with handkerchiefs tied over the lower part of their faces. Night gangs worked by the light of fires kindled in braziers.

Many a man was so badly frost-bitten he had to go to the hospital. The vapor from the water in the open parts of the river caused the most trouble in cold weather. In a short time the men would be so covered with icicles that they would be driven from the work.

Twenty-six lives were sacrificed in the building of the Victoria Bridge. Most of the victims were drowned, for while nearly every man employed there could swim, and while life-belts and boats with watchmen were stationed at every danger point, there was no such thing as rescue from that fatal current.

Another Track Added.

Three thousand men, with the assistance of one hundred and forty-four horses, four locomotives, six steamboats, and seventy-five barges, contrived to get the last of the 9,044 tons of iron in place and the last of the 1,540,000 rivets driven by the latter part of 1859. The bridge was opened with great pomp by the Prince of Wales, who later became King Edward VII, and the first train passed through the long square tube December 17, 1859.

Rebuilding the Victoria Bridge from a

single track affair only capable of accommodating light traffic into a modern double-track structure with a live-load capacity of twelve thousand pounds per lineal foot, which was five times the capacity of the old tube, was a much simpler matter, for a great deal was learned about bridge building in the third of a century after the original structure was opened.

The first thing done was to enlarge the piers by building up from their sloping faces. Then square platforms of twenty-four inch steel beams were built encircling the tops of the piers. Next a pair of steel trusses 254 feet long, the length of the spans, was built at one end of the bridge and their tops connected by cross-pieces and braces. Beams were placed under the cross-pieces, and under these five sets of sixteen-wheel trucks running on a track on top of the old tube.

Some Quick Repairing.

All there was to do then was to jack up the trusses which were to form the basis of the false work for erecting the new bridge, trundle them out over the first span, lower them by hydraulic jacks to seats on the steel platforms on the pier tops, and get busy with construction. A traveler running on tracks on top of the erection trusses picked up material and carried it out where it was needed. Floor beams were swung down by a derrick on one side of the tube, caught from the other side and brought into position.

When one span of the new bridge was finished the erection trusses were jacked up and placed on their trucks and run out to the next span. When a new span was completed the old tube was cut up into chunks by a pneumatic rivet cutter that could cut 500 rivets an hour, loaded onto cars and taken away.

Extension of the piers was begun in June, 1897, work on the superstructure was begun in November of the same year, and the new bridge was finished July 15, 1898. The only times traffic was interrupted was while the erection trusses were being moved. This process required an average of seven minutes.

The total time occupied in moving on the entire job was three hours. The total delay to traffic during the entire period of reconstruction aggregated twenty-nine hours and forty-four minutes.

Still another clever job of reconstruction on the same great waterway from the lakes to the Atlantic was the rebuilding of the International Bridge across the Niagara River near Buffalo. This bridge, which was begun early in 1870 and completed in October, 1873, was also a difficult undertaking for the builders.

The Niagara at this point is 1,900 feet wide; the water is 44 feet deep part of the way, and the current, making ready for the coming plunge over the falls, races down at the rate of six miles an hour. Under such conditions false work built up from the river bottom was impossible.

Yet the engineers contrived to substitute false work on rafts and to put up the 248 foot spans in eight to ten days each. Rebuilding began in July, 1899, and was completed in May, 1901, without interfering with traffic, using the same scheme of erection trusses embracing the old bridge that proved so successful in replacing the Victoria Bridge.

The high level bridge across the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, 6,747 feet long and 212 feet from the surface of the water to the base of the rail, is one of the notable structures of this country. It was extremely difficult to build, for the water is sixty feet deep and the river bed is soft mud to a great depth.

The Poughkeepsie Bridge was designed to carry a train-load of 3,000 pounds per lineal foot headed by two coupled locomotives with a load of 24,000 pounds on each of four axles, which was considered ample in 1886. But it wasn't long until much heavier loads were thundering across at high speed, straining the structure so that it had to be reenforced in 1905.

Strengthening the Poughkeepsie Bridge.

It was decided that the thing to do was to reenforce the five main spans, two of which were 548 feet long, two 525 feet, and one 546 feet, by putting an extra truss in the center of the same design as the old and designed to carry all the load that the old trusses could not carry. Of course traffic was not to be interfered with.

So a new truss was put beside an old one to carry one track while the other old truss was taken out, sent to the shop and repaired. When it was replaced the other went to the shop. When the second repaired truss was returned the third was discarded, leaving

two old trusses and one new truss to carry one track.

In two spans the old trusses were made to support the erecting apparatus; in three other main spans the erection was done by cantilever construction with a very little support from the old trusses. For the shore spans false work was erected.

The masonry piers at the shore ends were enlarged by adding a shell of concrete. The pier on the west bank, which had not been securely anchored to the sloping rocky ledge on which it was built and which was getting ready to fall down, was tied back by heavy steel rods set deep in the rock. Altogether fifteen thousand tons of steel were added to the bridge at a cost of $1,300,000.

While the Poughkeepsie Bridge was being built a six-spool hoisting engine was wanted on the traveler. The engine was brought up under the traveler on a boat and four sets of tackle were hung from the top beams of the traveler, two hundred and fifty feet above the water. The lower blocks of the tackle were hooked to each corner of the engine-bed.

The fall of each line was wrapped around a capstan-head and kept taut by a man mounted on the engine-frame. A fifth man started the engine, and as the fall lines were wound up and tailed off the engine pulled itself and the five men to the top of the false work and was slacked down on beams slipped under to receive it.

Floating a Span into Place.

A favorite scheme of the engineers is to build a complete span of a bridge on shore, slide it onto pontoons, on which it is floated to the bridge and then lowered into position by sinking the pontoons. This scheme was first tried in building the Conway tubular bridge in England.

The span, 400 feet long, weighing two thousand tons, was loaded upon six pontoons March 6, 1848, and was placed in the bridge March 11, though the span was not secured in its permanent position until a month later. As the rise and fall of the tide was twenty-one feet, it was rather a troublesome job.

The same plan was tried in building the Britannia tubular bridge on Menai Straits, where the tidal current was nine miles an hour and the rise and fall sixteen feet. Under such conditions four spans of 470 feet each and weighing 1,587 tons were floated into position in 1848-1849. The Saltash Bridge on the Great Western Railway of England, with a span of 445 feet, was erected in the same way in 1859.

As usual, though, it is necessary to seek in America for the record feats. The largest bridge span ever floated into position was the 523 foot channel span of the Ohio Connecting Railway across the Ohio River just below Pittsburgh. It was slid out upon nine barges 130 feet long, 26 feet wide and 8 feet deep, at 8.50 A.M., August 19, 1890, and, at 7.20 P.M. the same day, it was in position and connected up in the bridge.

The End-Launching Method.

The most ticklish job of floating bridge spans into place was on Coteau Bridge across the St. Lawrence just above Coteau Rapids. The current races down at seven miles an hour and, unlike work in tidal waters, there was no possibility of recovering any slip. If the barges got beyond control they must inevitably be destroyed in the rapids, and every man on board faced certain death. As there was no other way to do it, the spans were erected on the river bank three miles above the bridge site, skidded on to trestles on pontoons, lashed in pairs and floated into position.

Water comes in very handy in bridge building by the end-launching method. A fine example of this method was the French River bridge on a branch of the Canadian Pacific near Sudbury, built in 1909.

The water was 90 feet deep, which put false work out of the question. So a through truss-span, 415 feet long, 55 feet deep, and 20 feet apart, on centers weighing 2,564,000 pounds, was built on shore, with one end overhanging the water one hundred feet.

A scow, which was sunk under the projecting end, lifted the span when it was pumped out, and hoisting engines, with tackle, pulled scow and bridge across the river, the shore-end of the span sliding on greased skids at the rate of four to six feet per minute. When the span was ferried across, it was lowered to a seat on the abutments by sinking the scow again. The entire process was completed in eight hours.

In France they do things differently. The Western Railway of France found it necessary to replace a number of bridges on its Paris-Havre line from 1892 to 1898, including four double-track, lattice-girder through bridges at Manoir, Trouville,

Oissel, and Bezons, with spans ranging from 106 to 232 feet. In each case the entire bridge was built on shore at the level of the track, and rigidly connected.

Then the entire mass, from 636 to 743 feet long, was pushed out end-wise by tackle handled by eight men at a windlass, who were relieved every fifteen minutes. The bridges were mounted on rollers. It was necessary to increase the weight by putting an "out" or "pilot" truss on the front end of the bridge to engage the rollers on the piers. Of course, this developed tremendous frictional and inertia resistances, so that it was necessary to get more windlasses and men toward the last. Wonderful to relate, they actually got the bridges into position in this singular way.

An Awkward Piece of Work.

The Bezons bridge was launched endwise like the rest, but, instead of using windlasses, a roller on each side of the span was provided with ratchets worked by levers extending up above the tops of the trusses. A cross-beam connected the two levers. Sixty men, walking back and forth on a platform on top of the trusses, worked the ratchets, and in the course of time got the bridge in place. The Frenchmen might have used a more awkward plan, only they could not think of one.

In trying to launch a lattice girder bridge of a design that American engineers had abandoned years before by this method at Eveaux, France, in January, 1885, the enormous mass, weighing 2,091,908 pounds, tumbled down to the bottom of the ravine, 195 feet below.

Where such engineering methods prevail, anything may be expected to happen. On July 3, 1897, the masonry arch-bridge across the Adour River at Tarbes, France, was washed out. The gap was repaired with an emergency span borrowed from the government, which keeps a lot of ready-made bridges on hand for use in case of war. July 16, two locomotives pulling a train was run out on the new span to test it.

When the first locomotive was within twenty-five feet of the opposite shore, a snapping sound like pebbles thrown against glass was heard, then the bridge buckled and dropped into the river with the test train. This led the engineers to suspect that the military bridges were no better than they should be.

American bridges, on the other hand, refuse to fall when, by all the rules of the game, they really ought to go down and take trains with them. A load of lumber tumbled off a car in a train on the Houston and Texas Central, a few years ago, and, striking a post in a truss bridge across the Trinity River, bent it ten inches out of the vertical.

Several trains passed over the bridge before the bent post was discovered, and blocked up and straightened. Soon after this a bale of cotton fell off a flat car on a train on the same road that was making a run down one hill to assist it in getting up another hill, and knocked a post completely out of a Pratt truss in a bridge at the bottom of the grade. Still the bridge did not collapse.

Finally, two bales of cotton fell from opposite sides of a car on the H. and T. C., actually knocking two posts, one on each side, clean out of the bridge across the Navasota River at the same time. Even under such treatment as this, the bridge stood up to its work until timbers could be put in while the posts were being repaired and replaced.

However, when it comes to hoodoo bridges, even the French must yield to the bridge over the Tennessee River at Johnsonville, Tennessee, on what is now a part of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad. This structure was originally built in 1866, and rebuilt in 1871 as a seven-span Howe truss affair on timber cribs filled with stone for piers. The Tennessee is subject to tremendous floods, rising sometimes fifty feet above low-water mark.

A Jonah Somewhere.

The troubles of the bridge began during a freshet in 1882, when a log house washed away by the flood struck one of the piers and knocked it out of place. Then the other piers began to skate around on the river bottom, aided by the scouring action of the water.

February 25, 1890, a tornado carried off two spans as souvenirs of its visit. The bridge department repaired the break in forty-one days, driving piles in fifty-three feet of water.

In 1901 things began to happen in earnest. On February 24 a spark from a locomotive fell in a sparrow's nest under the housing, and, as the water-barrels were all frozen, a span was burned out. In four

days the break was repaired. Then a contract was let to rebuild the whole bridge, piers and all, the job to be done by January 1, 1902, but, for various reasons, work was not begun till August, 1901. The steel work on span No. 1 was nearly ready to swing off, and span No. 2 was trestled and the old bridge taken down, when, at 3 P.M. on August 20, along came a flood that was not down on the program at all, and carried out span No. 2.

No. 1 stood, because the piles were driven right through some Federal transports that had been placed on the river-bottom by Captain Morton's Confederate battery some years previously.

The bridge-gang repaired the break by splicing piles to make them seventy-eight feet long, and driving them with track-drivers in forty-three feet of water, with a current running at six miles an hour and carrying lots of drift. On August 25 they had trains running again.

By December 14 all the spans were completed except No. 6, where two six-pile bents had been driven to carry one of the old iron spans to let drift through the falsework. Then heavy rains set in, which were the forerunners of the inevitable flood.

Just as soon as the flood was nicely under way there came a sudden drop in temperature, from fifty-five degrees above zero to six degrees below, accompanied by a terrific blizzard. On the night of the 15th a raft loosened by the flood struck a pier in span No. 6, knocking it out of place, and displacing the new truss so that the pins to connect it up could not be driven.

It was a difficult proposition.

The whole bridge force of the division was brought up and divided into day and night gangs to fight the drift borne by the flood, which was threatening to knock the whole bridge down, and to assist in lining up the bridge so the steel-work could be finished. But, in spite of all they could do, span No. 6 kept working down-stream.

On the night of the 18th the situation was obviously so dangerous that the men quit work on the bridge and drift. But their courage returned with daylight, and they succeeded in getting two east-end braces into position, and temporary pins driven in all holes where new pins could not be entered. All efforts on the steel work were abandoned, and the bridge was keyed up hard on the six pile bent on the west side in the forlorn hope that it might hold while the bents on the east were slacked and cut out.

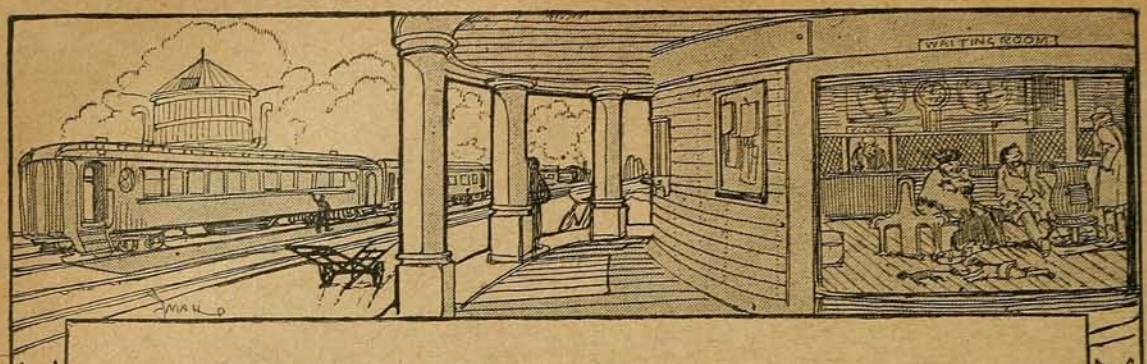
At this crisis a steamboat went through the draw at such speed that the waves she kicked up washed out the bents of the false work east of the six pile bent. The bridge men, who had prudently gone ashore when the steamboat hoved in sight, waved a long good-by to the bridge, but what was feared as a disaster turned out to be the salvation of the bridge, for the resilience of the steel track-stringers, which had been riveted up for the entire span, sprung it back into line, and the men rushed in to finish the work on the west end.

On the night of the 19th the driftwood piling up against the remaining falsework became so threatening that the men again quit. They did not return until Carney Pavat and Moses Gartin, responding to a call for volunteers next day, went out on the drift to tie lines, place hooks, and cut logs to loosen the threatening mass. That restored confidence, and work was once more resumed.

Half a day was spent in a vain effort to drive an eighty-foot pile in the flood to support the crippled span. The blizzard, which had raged unceasingly for six days, died away on the 22d, and next day the pile-driving gang had better luck.

By night of the 24th all but three of the piers were driven to complete the bridge. After trying for hours to get those pins in, an examination with a torch at two o'clock in the morning showed rivet-heads that should have been flat in the way of the pins. These were cut out, and at eight o'clock on the morning of December 25 the first train passed over the completed bridge after twenty-six hours of continuous duty for the bridge gang. It was a pretty strenuous session, but the men had the satisfaction of knowing that no other bridge ever came so near going down to a watery grave and escaped.

A dead engine can run down a grade but it takes a live one to pull up it. Don't drift.—Musings of the Master Mechanic.



ALL ABOARD!

BY THOMAS R. YBARRA.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

Being a Song About a Truly Majestic Conductor, viz:

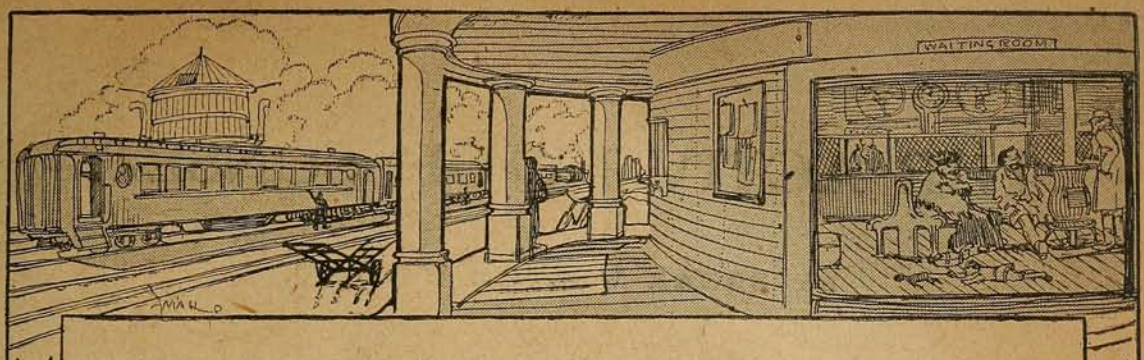
J. SALERATUS SIMPKIN, a conductor, was on the
Great Jujube and Northwestern's famous 7.33;
J. Saleratus Simpkin every morning loudly roared,
With splendid waving of his hand the fateful
"All Aboard!"

In Jujube and Northwestern points that waving of his hand
Was thought by all to be the perfect gesture of command;
From even the remotest points upon that railroad's line
They used to run excursion trains for folks to see that sign.

It had such simple dignity—it had such scope and sweep
That dukes and dancing masters stood around it seven deep;
'Twas Saleratus only who could set the engine free,
No brakeman ever dared to start the 7.33.

The engineer would storm and growl and fume and rave and fret,
He was a rude gazabo who detested etiquette;
With hand upon the throttle he'd volcanically swear
While slowly—calmly—grandly—Saleratus sawed the air.

But, lo!—one morning Saleratus, with tremendous sighs,
Sat on a Pullman's lowest step and raptly rolled his eyes;
The train filled up—the engine champed—yet not a sign gave he—
With fateful strokes the station-clock boomed 7.33!



J. Saleratus Simpkin never even budged a limb;
The dukes and dancing masters gazed, all stupefied, at him.
The clock booms seven forty-nine—he sits, inertly slack,
The folks from the excursion trains demand their money back!

Prance up the road's directors. "What's the row?" each sternly cries;
"I am in love," J. Saleratus Simpkin says—and sighs.
"When all one's thoughts ecstatically flutter far away
How can one wave a hand and give a vulgar signal, hey?"

"Oh, Polly H. McCarthy!—till thy pretty face I see
The Jujube and Northwestern runs no 7.33."
The words have scarcely left his lips ere those directors are
Careering madly down the street inside a touring-car.

At Polly H. McCarthy's home they stop. "What's up?" says she.
"Oh, you alone," they cry, "can save the 7.33!"
They state the sad predicament; she coolly shakes her head;
"J. Saleratus mourns," she says, "because we cannot wed."

"He has so little money that I will not name the day,"
The Jujube and Northwestern gives conductors paltry pay!—
"His salary is doubled!" the directors shriek at that;
"Oh, very well," smiles Polly H., "please wait—I'll fetch my hat."

She swoops into the station. "Oh, my love, to-day's the day!
The Jujube and Northwestern road has gone and raised your pay!"
J. Saleratus Simpkin's hand, with one majestic sweep,
Strikes dumb the dukes and dancing masters, standing seven deep.

"Eight twenty-two," remarks the clock as "All Aboard!" rings clear;
"What elegance!" exclaims the crowd—except the engineer—
He has the brazen nerve to growl, with corrugated brow:
"One minute more, b'gosh, and I'd have started, anyhow!"

THE ACTIVITY OF SUNSET.

BY EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

A Man, Like a Locomotive, Can't Always Be Judged by the Polish That He Wears.

IF you know of any road that has more heavy grades and sharp curves to the mile than the old Denver and Salt Lake had, I wish you would tell me about it, and I'll promise to keep away from it when I'm looking for a job.

When I first went to driving engines over the D. and S. L., I wondered how anybody ever succeeded in laying out the line without getting too dizzy to work.

Later on I decided that whoever drove those center stakes must have had a spinning head, or else he never would have run the rails around in so many little circles, one above another, all the way up those mountains and down again.

Pat Flynn, yard-master at Cadiz, used to declare that all the section-men lived in the valley, so that when their day's work was done, instead of pumping a hand-car a mile or two, they could take a leap from any part of the right-of-way, raise a parachute over them, and sail gracefully into their dooryard.

Anyway, that's the kind of a railroad the D. and S. L. was, and trying to keep traffic moving over the mountains without interruption and on time kept old man Hendricks, the super, scratching his head so constantly that he wore a barren streak across the crest of his dome of thought.

It did seem as though more annoying things happened on the D. and S. L. than on any other road where I ever pulled a throttle. You never could tell just what minute you might round a curve and see a husky landslide coming to meet you, or a big fat boulder squatting in the middle of the track. If it wasn't that, a coupling would give way when you had almost reached the top of the grade, and the rear portion of your train would go tobogganing, with the con hanging for dear life to the cupola of the caboose and wishing he was in Terrell, Texas, where there isn't a mountain within two good eye-squints and a steady stare.

Of course, when you have to stop to pluck an unhappy and vehemently complaining conductor from the branches of a cypress-tree two hundred feet below the level of the track, you can't be expected to keep up with the time-card; and whenever little incidents like that happened, the old man would yank a few more stray locks out of his head and express sordid and sulfurous sentiments regarding the railroad business in general and the D. and S. L. in particular.

So after a while the old man's nerves got frayed at the edges, and he ceased to exhibit any symptoms of patience or good humor. He made you think of some poor homeless cur that had been kicked and cuffed about until he couldn't take a bone out of your hand without snarling and showing his teeth. That was the condition he was in when Sunset was sent out to help him run the road.

Sunset was a son, or a nephew, or something, of one of the down-East stockholders, and had been through three or four colleges, and was fuller of theories than a poker joint is of bad habits.

The East being overcrowded with college-bred youngsters who had financial relations, and the West being hungry and athirst, as you might say, for more book learning, his dad or his uncle, or whoever it was, secured him a job as a kind of an assistant superintendent on the D. and S. L., and he came out with instructions to report to Hendricks.

He arrived one morning and stepped from the train, looking like a burst of glory at a negro camp-meeting. A soft fedora hat graced his brow; a pair of gold-rimmed glasses strode his classic nose; barber-pole socks and patent-leather oxfords encased his dainty feet, while a shirt-front, as red as the setting sun, nestled brilliantly amid the cloud-like fleeciness of a white duck suit, wherefore he was forthwith and forever dubbed "Sunset," which appellation fit him like a finger in the mud.

As soon as Hendricks got a square look at him an expression of heart-rending disgust spread itself athwart his worried countenance, and it began to look as if he contemplated wiring his resignation and not waiting for an answer. But presently he sent the kid into the yard shanty and came over to where several of us engineers were sitting on a bench.

"What," he asked dolefully, "am I going to do with that?"

"Give him something that will hold him a while," suggested Waldo, who was waiting to take No. 26 out; "something that will make him sweat until that red shirt runs down his back in rivulets of fire; something that will make him send in a hurry-up call for his paraphernalia and hit the back trail for home and mother."

"By the eternal!" exclaimed the old man enthusiastically, "I'll do it! I'll do it! Just wait until the next wreck occurs, and watch me set him a task that will make him take that college education of his out and trade it off for a yellow dog."

It seemed, however, as though the advent of Sunset served to ward off the evil influences that had been playing havoc with the D. and S. L., for during the ensuing six weeks nothing occurred to upset the time-card or do damage to the road-bed.

Then, of course, the director who was responsible for Sunset called the attention of the other directors to the vast improvement in the operation of the road; and Sunset began receiving letters, which he was careful to destroy. Seems like he didn't want Hendricks to know what was being said down at headquarters.

It wasn't long, however, until the old man learned of the praise that was being bestowed upon the new assistant superintendent because of the improved efficiency on the road, and Hendricks got so mad he looked cross-eyed, walked pigeon-toed, and swore over the top of his nose. I almost believe he lay awake at night wishing that something would happen so that he could give Sunset a taste of high life in the mountains.

As for Sunset, he never had much to say—just seemed to be set on getting acquainted with the lay of the land and the flora and fauna and like incidentals that the rest of us never wasted any time over.

Finally one day the opportunity that the old man had been waiting for arrived, and he smiled such a long, broad, and deep smile that I thought he never would get his features together again.

No. 33, west-bound freight, going up Squaw Mountain, broke in two, and before the runaway cars could be got under control two of them left the rails, plunged stuck, right side up with care, in the mud.

Hendricks took Sunset out on a special and showed him the cars.

"Now, young man," he said, trying to conceal the glee that was throbbing in his veins, "you get busy and put those cars back on the rails, and don't interfere any with the running of trains."

Sunset looked down at the cars, up at the old man, and then down at the cars again.

"Just how," he asked, as innocent as a kid at a Sunday-school picnic, "just how would you rather have me get them up here?"

"How?" growled the old man, pinching himself to keep from laughing. "Why, get 'em up any way you want to; only," he said, "you can't have any derrick, because there isn't any within two hundred miles of here."

Sunset stood and gazed down the embankment, up the track, down the track, and up the mountainside, all the time taking measurements with his eyes and seeing all that's to be seen.

Then he took a pencil and a note-book, did a little figuring, and said, as quiet as you please:

"Very well, just send me up a dozen men, six hundred feet of wire cable, six treble blocks and tackle, ten or twelve rails, twenty or thirty old ties, and a keg of spikes."

Hendricks squinted kind of mysteriously at Sunset for a full minute. "All right," he said, and, after making a note of what was wanted, he started back to Cadiz on the special, leaving Sunset sitting on the edge of the embankment, figuring in his book and sizing up the trees about him.

It wasn't long until Hendricks had the men and supplies loaded on a car and on their way up to where Sunset was surveying the scenery to his heart's content. An hour or so later, the engine and the empty car returned to Cadiz, and the engineer reported to Hendricks that Sunset had sent him down to get him out of the way of traffic, but that he was to go back up two hours later, trailing No. 23, which would be the last train to pass in either direction for an hour.

At this information the old man knotted his brows in speculation, but he was too hilariously happy to waste much serious thought on anything.

However, when No. 23 was due to leave Cadiz, and the engineer who had been assigned to assist Sunset in getting the cars back on the track was ready to follow it, the old man could no longer restrain his impatient curiosity. He felt that he just had to go along and see what kind of an answer to that puzzle Sunset was trying to figure out.

"Oh, my—oh, my!" he said to us fellows, "it's too bad to put a kid like Sunset up against a problem like that, but I had to do it. I couldn't help it." He was so tickled that the tears streamed down his cheeks.

When at last he reached the scene of Sunset's activity, the old man stood for a moment, with open-mouthed astonishment; then he lay down on the ground and roared and roared.

There, running down that almost perpendicular embankment, at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the road-bed, was a double line of rails, the lower ends resting under the wheels of the first of the two cars and the upper ends terminating in a mass of blocking and wedges on the lower side and between the rails of the road.

"What in the world?" bellowed the old man, as soon as he was able to get to his feet again. "What in the world are you going to do? I can't understand what you are driving at."

"Why," said Sunset innocently, rubbing his gold-rimmed glasses with a silk handkerchief. "Why, I'm going to pull these cars onto the track."

"What?" yelled the old man. "Do you mean to say that any engine can pull a car up that grade? Do you mean to say you haven't any more sense than to run an engine down that track? Do you know where it would land? Have you any idea how you would get it back again? What are you thinking about, anyway?"

"No," said Sunset, taking a meerschaum pipe from his pocket and calmly lighting it. "I have no thought of sending an engine down there. I haven't figured on using an engine in hauling the cars up here at all. In fact," he went on, "the only use I think I will have for the engine will be to take the cars down to Cadiz after I get them on the track," he says.

The old man squinted at Sunset and tried to speak but he couldn't. Sunset seemed to be too much for him. He just sank down upon the empty nail-keg and awaited developments.

Sunset didn't waste any time in words. He set the men to work and in a few minutes had those six treble blocks strung on that six hundred feet of cable, and fastened firmly to trees above the track. One end of the cable was then fastened to one of the cars, and when all was ready a dozen men grasped the loose end of the cable, and at a signal from Sunset started down the embankment.

What happened made the old man sit up and rub his eyes.

The car rolled up that perpendicular track and over the blocking and wedges and onto the main line rails as easily as if it had been trained. When the second car had been hauled up in the same manner, Sunset knocked the ashes out of his pipe and glanced at his watch.

"I think, Mr. Hendricks," he said, "that we will have plenty of time to reach Cadiz ahead of the 42."

The old man? He got off that nail-keg and took one of Sunset's hands in his.

"Say, kid," he said, "why didn't you come out here a year ago?"

The biggest load needs the strongest brake—A wise head carries a still tongue.—Cons of an Old Conductor.

Flashes from the Headlight.

CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS.

Railroad Stories That Are Supposed to Be Spick-and-Span and New, Just from the Shops. The Editor Is Looking for Some More. Can You Send One?

AN OPR'S RESIGNATION.

I'M growing tired of these barren hills, no place to go but the tank,
The mosquitoes are hell, the sheep-pens smell, and the grub is awfully rank.
I worked like a slave till I'm near my grave for the "Monkey Central Pike,"
And I haye a notion I deserve promotion, and I'll get it or go on the hike;
So upon receipt of this letter, if you've nothing better to offer a man of my stamp that OS'ing trains on this dismal dump, and running a worn-out six-horse pump,
I guess I'll go on the tramp.

Yours truly—OPERATOR,
VIRGELLE, MONTANA.

COULDN'T FIND IT.

THE ham received a "19," and the last thing "DS" told him was, "be sure and gi him a hi ball!" The ham turned the place upside down, pulled out all the drawers, flung books around in a frenzy, and when he had the place looking as if a cyclone had hit it he called the "DS" and said:

"I couldn't find no high ball in the place; the last operator must have taken the last one with him when he left."

The disgusted "DS" had to tell him to go out and give them the "go ahead" signal with a white lantern.

NOT ALWAYS THE SAME.

A TRAVELING salesman boarded a train at Chicago *en route* to Denver. He wanted to know the distance between the two cities.

"How far is it from Chicago to Denver?" he asked the conductor.

"A thousand and two miles," replied the con somewhat sharply.

The drummer thought that the con was an unobliging sort, so he waited until he came through the car on his second ticket-punching tour.

"How far is it from Denver to Chicago?" asked the drummer.

The con eyed the drummer with disgust. Then he said:

"I just told you that it was a thousand and two miles from Chicago to Denver and, very likely, it is the same distance the other way."

"Not necessarily," returned the drummer. "It is only a week from Christmas to New Year's, but it's nearly a year from New Year's to Christmas."

WHAT SHE WANTED.

THE train was one hour late coming into Berea, Kentucky. An old woman with a peaked black bonnet got aboard, and after surveying every one and everything in the coach, she turned to a red-headed boy in the seat behind, and pointing to the bell-cord asked, "What's that fur?"

"Oh," said the boy, "that is the bell-cord. It is connected with the dining-car. When you want anything to eat, just pull that and the waiter comes and takes your order."

The old woman hooked the end of her parasol over the bell-cord and gave it a vigorous jerk. Instantly the air-brakes were set and the train came to a stop. All the passengers hustled off to ascertain the cause of so sudden a stop and general confusion reigned through the entire train. The old woman was the only person not disturbed.

Finally the conductor rushed in and asked loudly, "Who pulled that bell-cord?"

The old woman looked up.

"I did," she calmly replied.

"Well, what do you want?" shouted the con.

"I'll take a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich," she answered meekly.

ON HIS FIRST TRIP.

ON one of the Southern railroads a negro found employment as a fireman. On his first trip, he noticed that the steam-gage showed

two hundred pounds, the hand pointing in the direction of the engineer.

"See the way that hand is pointing?" said the engineer.

"Yes, sah."

"Well," continued the man at the throttle, "you want to keep that hand pointing at me all the time."

They ran along for about fifteen miles, and the steam went down. The hand began to point toward the fireman's seat.

The negro watched it intently. Finally, he stepped over to the engineer and tapped him on the shoulder, saying:

"Cap, ah spect you better get over on the other side awhile!"

A LESSON IN ECONOMY.

THE new roadmaster was making his first trip of inspection. At the end of his division, having a few hours before starting on his return trip, he started for a section-crew at work farther up the yard. On the way, he saw three new spikes lying alongside the track. He stopped and beckoned to the section-foreman, intending to teach him a lesson in economy. When the foreman stood before him he asked:

"Didn't you receive instructions a few days ago to keep a careful eye open and guard against all waste of material?"

The foreman said he had.

"Well, then, what about these?" He pointed to the spikes.

"Did yez foind thim lyin' there?" asked the foreman.

"I did," said the roadmaster. "Right there."

"What de ye think o' thot," said the foreman. "Oi've had nine men lookin' fur thim fur th' last three hours."

DIES EVERY DAY.

THE following telegram was sent recently by a hogger to a station-agent on a branch of the Baltimore and Ohio:

"Engine 131 dead. Dies every day. Grate-bars burned and won't shake. Leaking badly. No wood here. Car of same ordered ten days ago. Advise."

SETTLING THE CLAIM.

ON one of the railroads of Wisconsin there lived a Swedish farmer who had the misfortune to have one of his cows killed by an engine. In a few days the claim-agent of the company called on the farmer, and, in his most urbane and smiling manner, proceeded to settle with him.

Said the agent: "Now, Mr. Jensen, you know your animal had no right whatever to be on our tracks, and, as the easiest way is always the best, I hope we can reach a prompt and just conclusion. It would save us both annoyance and money to settle this matter without resorting to the delays and hindrances of the law, and, therefore, what would you regard as a fair price for the settlement of all claims?"

The farmer hesitated a moment and said:

"Well, I bane poor Swede, but I tank I shall give you ten dollars. Is dot all right?"

WHAT HE FOUND.

"AS I was waiting for the train the other day," said a California man, "I noticed a man among the crowd who seemed a bit tipsy. Just as the train arrived, he cried, 'Somebody lose a dollar?' Of course, everybody pressed around him, feeling their pockets.

"He then said, 'Well, I found a nickel of it.'"

ALL RIGHT ONE WAY.

SOME years ago when Sir William Van Horne was president of the Canadian Pacific, the manager of the Cumberland County Railway, a small tributary to the Intercolonial in Nova Scotia, some fourteen miles long, called on him in Montreal and requested a pass to Winnipeg and return.

"Why," said Sir William, in reply, "I have not the slightest excuse for issuing a pass to you. Your line is foreign to us, and your total mileage does not cover as much as our local switching-yard, which you can see from my office-window."

"Well," said the Cumberland man, "I confess that my road is not quite so long as yours, but it is just as broad."

He got the pass.

A WIZARD OF MUSCLE.

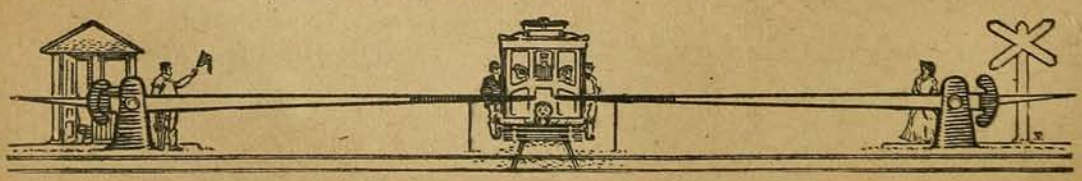
"SO you're the contortionist, eh?" asked the manager of the side-show. "Well, I don't know. I never heard of you. What can you do?"

"What can I do?" proudly replied the applicant, drawing from his pocket a bunch of documents. "Here are signed testimonials from ten sleeping-car conductors, certifying that I can undress myself in the ordinary berth."

NOT NECESSARY.

MAN in Pullman: "Say, porter, bring me a towel, please, and wet one end. My wife has a cinder in her eye."

Porter: "Look here, boss, this road am an oil-burner."



MASON, THE GRIZZLY.

BY CHAUNCEY THOMAS.

What Bad Men Would Resort To In Order To Gain Either Loot or Liberty.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

MASON, the Grizzly, and his partner, "Hungry Joe," prospectors in the Western wilds, entertain at their camp-fire a stranger who tells them of wonderful gold mines fifty miles up the mountains, to reach which, however, seems almost impossible owing to hostile Indians. Mason decides to make the journey alone. After riding all night, he comes suddenly on an Indian encampment and is compelled to alter his course. He encounters three Indians, kills them, disguises himself in their blankets and feathers, but is finally captured by a band of Utes, who proceed to put him to death in boiling water. Mason manages to escape during the excitement caused by his hurling the son of the chief into the boiling water, but is eventually captured by another band and brought back to be burned alive. He is rescued by Red Shirt, the chief of the second band, who claims him as his prisoner. He kills Red Shirt and escapes, but is arrested and accused of belonging to a band that had robbed the stage-coach. He proves his innocence, and later sets himself up in business in St. Charles, at which he makes a great success. A cloudburst devastates the place, ruining Mason, and he decides again to hunt for the lost mines. Arriving in Mexico, he lodges with an old Aztec and his daughter, who falls in love with the wonderful *Americano*.

CHAPTER X.

We Meet Salarado.

SALARADO was a buffalo. Within the shadow of the Rockies a buffalo may mean a great hulky, two-thousand-pound animal which, in the early days, used to lumber across the plains with the speed of a Kentucky thoroughbred, or it may refer to a man in whose veins is the blood of many races.

Salarado was a man; yet almost an animal. Of his past, he was in as blissful ignorance as was he of his future. The present alone interested him. Twenty-four hours was the measure of the present for Salarado.

Salarado was a sheep-herder by profession and necessity for three or four months of the year. The rest of the time he was a gentleman of leisure whose days and weeks rolled away in dreamy indolence, marred only at rare intervals by the protest of an empty stomach.

Salarado seldom had any trouble to get some ignorant, confiding Mexican woman to shelter and support him in return for the blows and curses he never failed to rain upon her whenever the humor seized him. But the worm will turn. Then Salarado would herd sheep for a few weeks. With the silver dollars thus earned he would purchase a flaming calico "mother hubbard," and perhaps a silver bracelet if the new *señorita*, or *señora*, as the case might be, happened to be particularly young and good looking, and, together with his hypnotic influence, he would thus obtain a new means of support for a month or two.

From an animal standpoint, Salarado was magnificent. Tall, straight, quick, lithe yet powerful in form, with a face of rare, deadly charm, Salarado was splendid.

There were many things Salarado did not know; fear was one of them. Cunning he was, and bold unto rashness. Treacherous and dangerous as the black panther was Salarado, the buffalo.

At one time in Wyoming Salarado had herded sheep for six weeks—an almost un-

precedented thing for him. Two weeks was his usual limit. The weather had been fine, the work easy almost to nothingness, and the pay good. Salarado was almost content.

But there came riding over the prairies three men. These men were train-robbers. In Saladaro they recognized one of their own kind; but in him they did not see their death. At their invitation Salarado joined them. The sheep he left to the wolves. Three days later the Union Pacific train was held up—but the safe was empty; the mail-bags yielded barely a thousand dollars.

A week later the posse came upon three corpses rotting in a deserted camp. The booty was gone—so was Salarado. He had calmly murdered his fellow criminals in their sleep and went over Berthoud Pass into Middle Park, then on again to New Mexico—easy in the thought that none were left to betray him. Besides, the stolen money would not now have to be divided. Two hundred and fifty dollars is small pay for the trouble of holding up a train. One could sleep and smoke much in the time required.

This was Salarado's first awakening. He became the terror of engineer, brakeman, conductor, and express messenger throughout a dozen Western States. The government took a hand. Five thousand was offered for his capture, dead or alive.

Salarado laughed.

CHAPTER XI.

Texas Charlie—Bad Man.

ALTHOUGH Salarado, the greatest bad man the West has ever known, had departed from Middle Park, he left behind him another, one too small for even his contempt, yet bad enough in himself—Texas Charlie. When Mason ran this coyote specimen out of Denver some years before, Texas Charlie had crossed the range to Hot Sulphur Springs. Here he bullied and bragged, until the news of his Denver exit soaked into the Park after him, when he left Hot Sulphur on a stolen bronco just four feet ahead of a rope.

He remained away—some said, perhaps truthfully, in the Missouri penitentiary—for fifteen years. Meanwhile Denver had become a city, and a city is no place for a bad man. Policemen, patrol wagons, and the chain-gang take the romance out of the bad man's existence. They reduce him to the level of an ordinary criminal. So Texas Charlie had come back to Hot Sulphur.

There was trouble at Hot Sulphur. Texas Charlie was offended. Court was being held. The whole proceedings displeased the bad man. The judge he did not like; the jury were disagreeable to him; the lawyers on both sides annoyed him. Other minor attachés of the court were unknown to him, but Texas Charlie included them in his displeasure for full measure.

The whole thing put him out of temper. He felt it in his bones that the judicial proceedings were aimed, more or less directly, at him. To simplify matters, Texas Charlie decided to kill the whole outfit. His intentions, when confided to Hot Sulphur, although not entirely unexpected, did not meet with enthusiastic approval.

Texas Charlie was lounging in a chair tilted back on two legs against the front of the Elk Horn saloon. Diagonally across the street was the Palace of Liquid Delight, inside of which were many men. The Palace door was closed. This door was famous through the country for having the only white door-knob in Middle Park. Texas Charlie, in calm contempt of such vanity, and, incidentally, to test his nerve that morning, carelessly slipped one of his ivory-handled 45's out of its holster and deliberately began to use that white door-knob for a bull's-eye.

He fired three shots. Ten years later those bullet-holes through the Palace door were one of the sights the tenderfoot tourists eagerly sought in Hot Sulphur Springs. A lady's hand could easily cover all three bullet-holes, as none of them missed the door-handle by over an inch. The distance was perhaps forty yards.

When the first bullet ripped a long splinter off the inside of the Palace door, the dozen or more men lounging in the place of fluid joy knew that trouble was afoot. Under the tables, out the side windows and the back door they bolted. The other two bullets sang through an empty room.

Such incidents were annoying to the owners of the Palace, and, incidentally, to the entire population of Hot Sulphur. The bullets missed killing or maiming some one by a rare chance. Texas Charlie did not know and did not care. All winter he had terrorized Hot Sulphur.

One man, early in the winter, had dared to oppose him and had been shot in the back. For a month thereafter the bad man

left Hot Sulphur in peace. Through the winter the wounded man suffered; in the spring his tired life flickered out. The killer was free; even from arrest. Hence the court proceedings and the ruffled feelings of the bad man.

The sheriff had sworn, time and again, when Texas Charlie was not near, that "he'd be hanged" if such things could go on. When the official threats reached the ears of the bad man he yawned. The next time the sheriff and the knight-of-the-hair-trigger met, Texas Charlie asked the officer to take a drink, for which the officer promptly paid.

Texas Charlie slowly blew the smoke out of the blue barrel of his metallic pet.

"Kid, toss that tin can there up in the air," he snarled to a small boy who had wandered near, but who, seeing the bad man, was attempting to slip, unnoticed, out of sight.

In Hot Sulphur, no one argued with Texas Charlie.

Up in the air went the can. Three times the revolver spoke; three times the tin rang; three bullet-holes were through the can when it struck the ground. Texas Charlie was satisfied. The boy disappeared. Texas Charlie reloaded his six-shooter, then counted the cartridges in his belt.

"There's his honor, that'll take one. Then these twelve good men and true, that will use up just an even dozen more. What a waste of lead! Then those mouthy gents with the books and their long wind, they'll require four or five more. The rest of the crowd I'll just knock on the head. As for me lord, the sheriff, a boot-toe will attend to him. I'll be bad medicine for that outfit over there. Well, it's time the show began. Here goes."

With this soliloquy, Texas Charlie, coward at heart like all his kind, ceased dangling his boot-heels together, rolled and lit a cigarette, inhaled his lungs full of smoke, snorted it out of his nostrils, left his seat, and strolled insolently across the open square toward the hotel where court had just opened.

"How still this layout is," he grunted to himself. "Guess the prairie-dogs are all in their little holes. Too bad."

Texas Charlie laughed.

Hot Sulphur was still. The black, weazel-like eyes of the killer, roving everywhere, saw not a human form. He puffed his cigarette and looked languidly about him. A sinister smile played on his face. He moved—but—suddenly:

Crack! Bang! Bang! Crack! Whi-z-z! Boom! Z-i-p-p! Bang! R-r-r-i-i-p-p! Z-z-z-i-i-n-n-g-g!

The air was full of lead.

Silence reigned once more in Hot Sulphur.

From behind a near-by wood-pile feathery wreaths of white smoke were rising. Out of the hay-loft window of the log livery-barn a faint mist was rolling. A vapory veil floated along the ground near the river-bank. On all sides was powder-smoke—and silence, except for a distant echo rolling among the mountains. Texas Charlie lay dying in the dust.

Buckshot from the front, rifle bullets from the rear, leaden slugs from both sides, six-shooter bullets from everywhere! The bad man was riddled. Hot Sulphur had turned executioner.

Court adjourned immediately. In ten minutes a coroner's jury, somewhat impromptu, was gravely discussing the question of: "Who killed Texas Charlie?" The jury were all armed—some with rifles, some with shotguns, all with revolvers. Five minutes later the following verdict was rendered:

"Texas Charlie, bad man, met his death at the hands of parties unknown. He needed it."

They planted the bad man in the boneyard on the hill. His was the first grave. The body of his victim sleeps beneath the blue grass of Kentucky.

A week after the killing, Mason dismounted painfully in front of old Chipmunk's cabin. The snow had gone, and the flowers had come. Limping into the cabin, Mason sat before the stove, quietly drawing at his pipe and looking through the open door in silence at the shadows racing in irregular blankets at Berthoud Pass. The man was older.

Filling his second pipe, Mason asked:

"Chipmunk, who killed Texas Charlie?"

Old Chipmunk wiped his hands on the dish-towel, jerked his thumb over this shoulder at a long military rifle hanging on elk-horn pegs above the door, and mumbled through his nail-like white beard:

"Who killed Texas Charlie? Hard to say. Don't know. Guess the whole town did. I was on the jury. Saw a fifty-caliber bullet-hole" — Chipmunk drawled the words — "through his brain-pan. Don't

know who killed him. Died for want of breath, I guess. High altitude here, pardner. Ain't healthy to ask too many questions 'bout what ain't nobody's business." Old Chipmunk's voice became a toothless mumble.

Mason glanced at the long rifle above the door. It was fifty-caliber. Without saying anything more, he hobbled from the cabin, climbed on his horse, took another long look at Berthoud, and cantered slowly down the timber-road along the Fraser toward the ranch, thirty miles away, which he now called home.

A recent snow-shoe trip with a mail-bag over Berthoud Pass, where he had encountered Salarado and all but lost his life, had strung Mason to the breaking-point, mentally and bodily. The people of Middle Park saw excuse enough in his frozen boot for quitting as mail-carrier, but his moroseness they neither understood nor liked. But the ranch where he was slowly winning back the splendid poise that had always characterized him was owned by a peculiar family — Mississippians by the name of Lawson.

This family was as self-hiding as Mason had become; and they, too, were neither understood nor liked in Middle Park. No one could openly say a word against them, for no one knew anything about them: their main fault seemed to be in attending strictly to their own business and insisting—none too courteously—that their far-away neighbors do the same.

Yet there were many whispers. It was hinted that the Lawsons were wanted in their own State for moonshining. Old man Lawson had found Mason, homeless and helpless, at Chipmunk's a week after Mason's meeting with Salarado on the range, and he had taken the disabled mail-carrier to the southern hospitality of the Lawson ranch. Both men were educated—thanks to Mason's bookstore—both minded their own affairs; one was injured and without home or friends, the other had been.

Therefore, Mason had gone to live with the Lawsons. Their indoor warmth and welcome he shared as one of the family; also, the outdoor coldness and dislike. This put him in bad odor. Why? None could tell. Besides, all unarmed, Mason had once been seen to walk up to Texas Charlie and talk long and friendly with that bully, and Texas Charlie had treated Mason with profound respect.

Mountaineers are clannish — be it in Scotland, the Alps, or the Rockies. So Mason, the Lawsons, and Texas Charlie, each widely different and in no way connected, were under the whispered social ban. Texas Charlie had died with his boots on, and side-eyes were cast at the Lawsons and Mason.

As neither Mason nor the Lawsons gave out the reason for this sudden and unfathomable friendship, it was said that strange comradeship is only rooted in suspicious ground.

Something was being hatched at the Lawson ranch. Cattle-stealing, no doubt.

CHAPTER XII.

Hot Sulphur's Only Lynching.

IT was late in the afternoon. Hot Sulphur was wet. The air was dripping with a light mist—half rain, half snow. In the post-office, which also was the general store, old Chipmunk, the trapper; Uncle Billy, a white-haired retired cattleman, "the bell-sheep of the town," and Snorts, the bronco-buster, sat smoking and steaming around the stove. The group were strangely silent.

A rattle of horses splashed up to the door, halted a moment, then slowly jingled away to Glenn's livery-barn. It was the mail-coach—just arrived.

Usually this was an event; but to-day only serious nods from old Chipmunk and Uncle Billy and a half grunt from the bronco-buster greeted Champagne Charlie, the dark-haired stage-driver, as he dropped the dry mail-sack on the counter and peeled his slicker.

"At it again," he announced angrily. "Peterson lost two more last night. Johnson stopped me just over the divide to send word that he had found the hide of that blue-and-white four-year-old of his, brand and all, hardly burned a bit, in a fire up by the Little Meadows, above Mark's, where the rain had put the fire out. This cattle-stealing has got to stop."

"Know that Beeman lost twelve yearlings? News just come in this morning?" asked Snorts.

"That makes, then," returned the driver, "sixty-one head of stock that has turned up missin' this fall. We can't stand this—"

"Rope!" thundered Uncle Billy.

"That's right," seconded a bass voice as

the door opened. Bob Adams came in soaked to the skin, his spurs musically wheeling over the floor at every step. A ranch-man of thirty-five, of little education, but popular for his genial, open nature, yet a man of hard common sense and quick, decisive action—a man through and through—was Bob Adams. Even he was wrought up at the common enemy of the settlement.

"Rope it has got to be," he repeated. "Just who to hang, though — that's the question. I ain't a sayin' nothin', but I found a calf of mine in the Lawsons' corral, and—"

"Say," interrupted Uncle Billy, "they have been hauling out a sight of hay to Denver lately, haven't they? Wonder if the bottom layer or two of those bales is meat?"

A startled silence smothered all comment. This was serious. Cattle-stealing that had been going on here and there all summer had become ripe in Middle Park within the past month, the first time since old Jack Summer, the scout, had squatted at Hot Sulphur Springs in 1859.

It meant hanging—but who? The Lawsons? That keen-eyed, straight-lipped family of newcomers—a father and two sons, Mike and Pete — were now all under the leadership of Mason. They had located two sections of hay meadow up on Willow Creek the year before. So far as making attempts to gain friends, these Mississippians still let it be thoroughly understood that no one but Mason was welcome at the Lawson ranch.

Keno Mitchel of the Lazy Three-Nine outfit, after an all-day lead through fallen timber from Lost Lake, had arrived, dead tired, at the Lawson place just at supper-time, and had not been asked to unsaddle and stop overnight.

In a week all Middle Park had heard of it, and resented. All summer long the Lawsons, with Mason's help, had grubbed, irrigated, and stacked from dawn to starlight, and now load after load of baled hay went up the Fraser, over the Berthoud, and down to Denver from their lone ranch.

In those loads what might be hidden? And Adams's calf? There had been hot, hard words over that.

"Yes," Adams broke the pouring stillness, "it looks that away. I ain't accusin' any one, mind you, but who took my calf? Old man Lawson said he found it bawlin' out in the sage-brush, so he run it in to save it from the coyotes."

"That might do once on a time; but it's a dangerous tale to tell times like these," said Uncle Billy.

"And," continued Adams, "last week some one stole all the cartridges and my slicker out of the hay-shed. Didn't leave nary a one. That man Mason packs a forty-five seventy-five now'days, same as mine. Says he's lookin' for rustlers, too; but, to my mind, he might find 'em quicker if he stayed to home. Say, Briggs"—to the store-keeper mail-clerk—"when you git that mail cut out, just put up three boxes of forty-five seventy-five for me before I forget it. Got any mail?"

"Here's a letter for you that has been here a week. Four boxes, did you say? Four dollars."

Bob Adams stared at the letter an instant, rather sheepishly tucked it into his shirt-pocket, mechanically picked up his ammunition, and with a hurried "Good-by, gentlemen; if anything happens, send me word, and I'll be there to help pull the rope," went out into the rain.

He had forgotten to buy another slicker, but that was not noticed at the time.

At that word "rope" the silence came again. In it, fainter and fainter, came clearly the pounding of Adams's rifle on his saddle as he loped away.

"Funny," muttered Chipmunk, but no one answered.

This happened on Friday.

Sunday morning, about nine, Hot Sulphur saw a powerful roan horse galloping down the trail from Potato Hill. From the empty saddle the stirrups hung flopping as the exhausted animal staggered along. Snorts clattered away with his rope and brought in the swaying roan. Snorts swung out of the saddle, pale but cool.

"Murder here, I guess. Cattle-stealing ain't enough, seems like. Where's Bob Adams? That's his horse. He's got a bullet through his paunch. There's blood-stains on the blanket where the rain didn't git. He ain't been unsaddled since he left here three days ago; that's plain. Where's Bob?"

Hot Sulphur got together. In twenty minutes three men, openly armed, were cantering toward the Adams place up Williams Fork. Boys, girls, and women—all on horses—scattered from Hot Sulphur to distant ranches. Seventeen men, with sev-

enteen rifles, rode swiftly and silently for Willow Creek and the Lawson ranch.

In Byer's pasture, near the sawmill, stands an old pine. It has seen many an Indian fight—many a man die. Under it that afternoon stood four men — grim, silent, bound hand and foot.

These four men were the three Lawsons and their friend Mason. The father, his snowy head and beard in striking contrast to his swarthy sons, stood trembling—not from fear, but with the feebleness of age.

"For an honorable life to end like this —and these splendid boys—" he was heard to murmur as if in prayer.

Pete, twenty-one, and Mike, a mere boy—but both almost six feet—towered like posts. Not a word had they uttered since a cautioning look from Mason. He, too, was silent.

A glance showed that Mason, by his very nature, was a leader. A cool, sharp-cut face, whitened now to a gray iron, revealed a knowledge of men. The head of a student on the body of a panther — such was Mason.

In the hay-fields of the Lawson ranch he had recovered his former strength and alertness—and more.

Behind the prisoners was a wagon; its horse had been led aside. In the box stood Uncle Billy, venerable as the frosted head beneath him. On the tongue sat Chipmunk. Around the group stood all Hot Sulphur and most of Middle Park. Little was said. The details of a lynching are simple. Uncle Billy spoke:

"We are gathered together here to do justice to all. If these men are innocent, and I hope they are, they shall not suffer from prejudice at our hands. If they are guilty, they must die. We all know that some one has been stealing cattle. Here, where circumstances of nature prevent each man from guarding his own, we all must see that no harm comes to any.

"Every horn and hoof on the ranges of Middle Park must be safe at all times. It is our living—our lives. Without our cattle, unless this is so, we cannot live here. This is known to all. Now, we also know that last Friday Bob Adams came here, told of having had trouble with these men, and of having some cartridges stolen from his hay-shed. The trouble was over one of his head of stock that he found in the Lawson corral.

"The afternoon of that same day Jim Whetson met this man, Mason, on Williams Fork, between here and Bob Adams's ranch, and Mason made threats about shooting the next man who rode into the Lawson ranch when only old man Lawson was home and took an animal out of their corral against his wishes. How about that, Mr. Whetson?"

"That is so," came the grave response.

"We can't blame the Lawsons or Mason for this," continued Uncle Billy. "Any of us would say the same thing maybe when mad; but, in the light of what follows, this threat is a serious matter. Yesterday Bob Adams's horse comes back here shot through the flank and with blood on the saddle. Chug Milton, Hardtack, and the Dane followed the trail as well as they could on account of the rain Friday night.

"There was not much to be seen, except just above the mouth of the cañon where Williams Fork comes into the Grand. Then they found these—" and the speaker held up to view three empty cartridge shells.

A murmur of surprise, then horror, that deepened into a sullen growl, swept from the center of the crowd outward.

"These shells," continued Uncle Billy, "fit a forty-five seventy-five rifle. Mason was seen by Whetson near there with his rifle—one that shoots this size cartridge. Is that so, Whetson?"

"It is."

"We find the cartridges bought by Bob Adams, though of the same size, untouched, the boxes unopened—and we found these in the Lawson barn—"

The growl broke out again, and became a roar. The prisoners showed no sign of hearing that threatening surge. At a motion of Uncle Billy, the sound ceased.

"It is only just to repeat that Mason claims he found the unopened boxes in the timber on the divide—"

"Aw-aw-aw-aw-awh!" went a verbal wave.

"Three of us, I for one, remember Adams's remark of not having a single cartridge left. Clearly, then, the bullets that left these empty shells did not come from Bob Adams's rifle—but it remains for us to see where they went to—to see if those bullets went into his body. So far, we have not found it. The prisoners will say nothing—"

"Get a branding-iron and make 'em!" some one yelled.

"The gentleman forgets that this is not a mob, but a court," rebuked Uncle Billy.

"Still, where is Bob Adams? If any one knows, or has any information on this

point, however slight, let him stand forth at once."

The speaker halted, but no one responded.

"Bob Adams has disappeared. His hired man, Tim, says neither Adams nor the horse has been at the ranch since they left there Friday noon in the rain for Hot Sulphur. The horse is here with a hole in his side—blood on the saddle—cartridges gone, but found in Lawson's stable. Bob Adams is—where? Probably these men can answer."

The speaker pointed down from the wagon-box to Mason and the Lawsons.

"Hang 'em! String 'm up! Lynch the thieves! Stop talking and get the ropes!" yelled the crowd as it closed in on the pinioned men.

"Hold on, gentlemen," half commanded, half entreated Uncle Billy. "Let us not act hastily. Let us decide coolly, calmly, and with equal justice to all. We do not want to forget ourselves, and in our anger commit murder on possibly innocent men just because a hideous, cowardly deed has been done in those hills yonder. Whether or not these men have been stealing our cattle, we do not know yet. It is only fair to them to say that we found no hides on their ranch, though we did find three beeves, skinned and dressed; but no hides—they said they had sold the hides to a camp outfit that came by there for robes—"

A low rumble broke from the crowd. Uncle Billy had touched these cattlemen on a long sore spot, but they held their peace and waited to hear the end:

"Has any one anything to say in defense of these men? If so, let him have the courage to speak now when it may do some good, and not after they are dead. Is there any one who has anything to say?"

Uncle Billy stopped. For a minute tense silence reigned. The hoary head of the elder Lawson raised and the eyes flittered from face to face, hope dying in them. No one spoke.

"My boys—my boys," he whispered, and the head sunk down to the quivering breast. Mike and Pete Lawson stolidly faced their accusers. Mason's keen, strong face was bitterly disdainful, his lithe form without moving grew haughty; he looked over the herd of men as if they were sheep. Then the steady eyes rested on the broken old father tied beside him, and grew strangely soft.

"Brutes!" said a sweet-faced woman in a farm-wagon on the outer edge of the gathering. "It is time we were going." She spoke to her daughter, but the dreamy girl did not answer. She was gazing at Mason.

"Have the prisoners anything to say for themselves?" asked Uncle Billy.

The crowd began to yell. Uncle Billy raise his hand.

"Give them a chance, men. It is their right. Every man has a right to speak in his own defense. We are Americans. Fair play, gentlemen."

Pete and Mike Lawson looked to the stricken white head, then to Mason.

Mason shook his head, so Pete and Mike kept closed lips. The crowd noticed this, and it boded the prisoners no good. The old man apparently did not hear. Mason looked at Uncle Billy, and said quietly:

"Not yet."

Then Uncle Billy faced the crowd, raised his hand for silence, waited a moment, removed his hat, and said solemnly:

"Men, by your vote it will now be decided. Are these men guilty?"

"Yes—guilty—yes—yes!" came from here and there. Then, catching at one word, came a confused but all-voiced:

"Guilty!"

"Silence, now!" commanded Uncle Billy. "Is there any one here who votes the other way?"

Not a voice responded. Perhaps it would have been dangerous, for that crowd was ugly. And when a number of men are about to hang four of their fellows, it is not impossible to add a fifth—or even a sixth.

"Guilty, then. Are these men to die?"

The word was too ghastly. It came too near home for each man to say it, but in the silence every right arm in the crowd pointed to heaven.

"Men!" Uncle Billy's voice shook. Controlling it, he said slowly—and no one in that band of mountaineers gathered to do frontier justice ever forgot that tone or those words:

"Men, you are to die for cattle-stealing and for the murder of Robert Adams. You may make your peace with God, and then—"

Uncle Billy stopped. Curley and Snorts began to prepare their cow-ropes. Chipmunk pulled a coil of half-inch hemp from under the wagon-seat. In the wagon was an old door, on which a limp body could be carried with less trouble than with the bare hands. Then Mason's voice rang out defiantly:

"Loosen these cords and give me a chance to talk like a man, not like a bound dog! Don't be afraid. I can't get away. I won't hurt any of you. You have your rifles—and mine!"

Uncle Billy looked with surprise. He jumped stiffly from the wagon, drew his pocket-knife, and cut the bonds. Chipmunk dropped the coil of rope back into the wagon and pulled out his shotgun.

"Let him talk if he wants to—won't do him any good—but I'll see he don't get away," muttered the surly old trapper as he stood guard over the now free prisoner.

Mason vaulted into the wagon. The crowd was hostile, but icily respectful. That face, built of straight lines and angles; that puma form, that subtle something in men, good or bad—magnetism, personality, call it what you will—wrung from the crowd the uneasy conviction that they faced their superior. In a clear, even voice, free from emotion, Mason said:

"Men of Middle Park—What I say to you is true, as my words themselves will tell you. I alone am guilty. I did it. Why? How? I shall never say. But this old man, a father, like your own; these two boys, his sons, like your sons and your brothers—they are innocent. They do not even know of it. They have told the truth in their few words of denial; though—most unfortunately—in the loneliness of their ranch there were none to prove that they were not on Williams Fork with me that day. You may kill me—but do not murder them. They are innocent. Set them free. I alone am guilty. I killed Bob Adams; no one else even knows of it. Hang me—but free them."

A great sigh came from the crowd. Chipmunk lowered his shotgun. Uncle Billy climbed into the wagon, raised his hand, and asked:

"Shall they go free?"

"Turn 'em loose," spoke Chipmunk.

"I second it," added Snorts.

"Shall they go free and this man die?" repeated Uncle Billy.

There was an unconscious lingering on that word "man." A murmur like distant waves at night voiced the sentence. Mason, standing by Uncle Billy's side in the wagon, heard the sentence with folded arms. Uncle Billy stooped down and picked up several rawhide strings. Mason, the self-confessed, was bound—ankle, knee, and elbow—just as Chipmunk's knife cut the cords of the other prisoners and they stepped forth free.

The old man's palsied fingers closed round the quiet hand of the bending figure in the wagon. The patriarch could not speak. Then brother Pete pressed the other hand, then turned away. Mike, the youngest, murmured:

"Good-by, Mason. Die game. You'll have company before long."

The two brothers smiled quietly into each other's eyes. They understood and believed in the Southern feud.

Mason shook his head, and said quietly:

"No, not that. One man is enough. Forgive it. I ask it." The two Lawson brothers did not respond. Their lips were set like steel-traps. Then the circle opened, and through the grimly respectful lane the old man and the two sons passed. They hurried along the trail to get as far away as possible from their horror.

Snorts shot his rope into the air, and it writhed over a limb. Many hands on the spokes wheeled the wagon under it. Uncle Billy grabbed the loop, put it over Mason's head, and drew it close about the neck—

"Hallo, there! What's goin' on? Holdin' 'lection?" came a cheery call.

It was the voice of Bob Adams. Mason's face glorified. Hot Sulphur whirled. There, beyond doubt, in a travel-mudded buckboard on the road the other side the fence, sat Bob Adams, grinning sheepishly. Beside him was the strange face of a buxom lass of twenty, in flushing confusion.

"Ghosts!" yelled the urchins, and melted into the sage-brush like quail. Nigger Tob softly drew forth a rabbit's foot, stroked it frantically, and gasped:

"Haunts!"

Then Hot Sulphur recovered. Some laughed, and a few shuddered. Chipmunk swore briefly, but to the point. Snort and Champagne Charlie looked silly. Uncle Billy flamed to indignation.

"Silence!" he roared. "What is the meaning of this? It is too serious a thing for a joke. Bob Adams! Explain yourself!"

"What about?" chuckled the resurrected. "Hain't been doin' nothin'. Leastwise nothin' worser than gittin' married. Gentlemen and ladies"—he rose to his feet with awkward pride—"let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Adams. Mrs. Adams, my friends, the people of Hot Sulphur—the best people on earth."

Adams motioned the crowd with his old battered sombrero.

"Pleased to see you," jerked back the damsel. But Hot Sulphur was in doubt whether or not it was pleased to see Mr and Mrs. Adams.

"Hor-r-a-y!" squawked old Chipmunk. Then erupted cheer on cheer until the sage-hens on the ridge a mile away took to frightened wings. Uncle Billy slashed Mason loose. The first man to capture Bob Adams's right paw was Mason.

"*Ouch!*" yelled the groom. "What's you doin'? Don't cripple a feller," he howled as he rubbed his stinging hand on his knee while he beamingly watched his self-confessed murderer bare his head and reverently raise the bride's fingers to his lips.

After the turmoil had settled somewhat, Adams managed to make himself heard.

"No; my rifle wasn't empty. Though all the cartridges were stolen out of the hay-shed, I still had some left in the magazine—half a dozen or so. Uncle Billy got the wrong idea about that. Ridin' along in the rain, I saw a deer and wanted meat. I let him have three shots. Those were the shells you found in the thicket near the trail. That was where I sneaked up to get in good range. I didn't open the new boxes because of the rain—had enough without.

"I got the buck hog—dressed him and tied the meat to the saddle. Then I started the roan for home along ahead of me, as I have often done before, so he'd git home first and Tim would have the meat all cooked when I got there. Guess he got scart at old Moses and bolted into the timber, for I seen that bear's signs along the trail comin' down, but clean forgot about it.

"That hole in his flank you will find is no bullet-hole, but probably where he just snagged himself. He pulled the deer off in the timber. That is where the blood on the saddle-blanket came from. The rain washed it and the deer-hairs off the saddle. The rest you took for roan horsehairs.

"You-all know I ain't much on book-learnin'; so I stopped at the mouth of the Branch to rest and make out that letter. I knowed it was from—this little woman here. She said she'd have me. As I have been two years gittin' her to say so, I wasn't takin' no chances of her changin' her mind, so I cached my rifle right there, and lit out on foot up the fork and over the range, and got to Georgetown, where she was next morning before sunup. We seen the preacher, I hired a rig—and here we are.

"They caught the thieves in Georgetown, and the stock—fifty-four head of them, anyway—I passed comin' back this way on the range. Fount and Ganson was a bringin' 'em right along. They'll be here to-morrow, likely. The Lawsons and Mason ain't cattle-stealers nor man-killers—even if they do have queer ways. They're good enough people for me—even if Mason and I did have words over that calf. I'll tell you what I'll do, Mason; we'll veal him, and each take half."

Then Hot Sulphur went wild. From the buckboard the team was unhooked. Champagne Charlie jerked his rope from the limb and knotted the loop to the tongue. Twenty hastily mounted men on excited horses fought to get hold of it. Away they went, in irregular double file, galloping into town. In the swaying buckboard, the bride was clinging to her husband, and he was ostentatiously holding her in.

From the wagon Shorts pulled the old door. It was to have been Mason's bier. A score of hands grabbed him. He was laughingly jammed on the door, the door was hoisted on eight sturdy shoulders, and, followed at a safe distance by a swarm of excited youngsters, to whom Nigger Tob was expounding on the infallibility of rabbit-feet, Mason followed the bridal pair in triumph. But his face was strangely drawn.

"What'd he say he done it for?" rumbled Chipmunk, and many a tanned forehead wrinkled.

Racers went after the Lawsons, now out of sight but not beyond hearing. In their ears they pushed their fingers to silence those distant yells. Then came the messengers on running horses, then the revelation. But they refused to return to Hot Sulphur. On to the lone ranch, on toward home, they went. They now rode the horses that had been thrust on them, while the bearers of the glad tidings trotted back to Hot Sulphur on foot.

They arrived just in time to hear Mason, standing in Adams's buckboard, say:

"No. I thank you, but I cannot stay to the dance. My place, to-night, is on the Willow. My best wishes, however, are with Bob Adams and that little woman through life. You ask me why I said I killed him? It was to save the others. Had I not done so, all would have died—all alike innocent. Better one than four. No man could die in a better cause; better men than I have died for less. In a right cause, I am ready to die at any time. I bear no grudge for this

mistake. You were all in more danger than I was. I was about to lose my life unjustly, while you were about to take it unjustly. Clearly, yours was the greater danger. From to-day let us all remember this: 'Confession is not conviction.'"

It was dusk when Mason, on one of Glenn's best horses, splashed through the Willow and drew rein before the Lawson ranch. The elder Lawson, his white hair flowing back from his high, proud head, met Mason at the door with both hands held out. The door closed. We will not look within.

A month later the Lawsons left Middle Park forever. Mason started for New Mexico. There he found Mexie and Salarado.

CHAPTER XIII.

Salarado and Mexie.

SQUATTED in the hot sage-brush before a tiny fire, over which a piece of mutton was broiling, was Salarado. Three miles away, in clear view, lay Old Maco's sheep-ranch. Ten miles beyond, farther out on the desert by the Great Water Hole, was a Mexican town. It had taken the buffalo a week to travel from the Spire to almost within touch of Mexie. Salarado had made his journey leisurely. No one saw him on the road. Salarado took good care of that.

The mutton was well warmed, but not cooked. Salarado ate it by holding it in his fingers and tearing it with his teeth. Satisfied, he smoked, slept a while, then indolently watched the ranch.

Presently he became alive. A figure of a woman he knew passed from the adobe hut to the corral. She was followed by something that limped. Evidently Maco and Mexie were enjoying their honeymoon alone. Salarado had watched two days and had seen no one else.

The time had come to act. Slipping to his feet, Salarado glided through the sage-brush on an easy run for the now empty hut. In twenty minutes he reached the side away from the corral. Crawling through the little square window, he found himself in the bridal chamber. When he knew where he stood, there was a gleam in his eyes that was like a red coal.

He heard Mexie coming. He knew that springing footfall. Behind her came a *stump-scrape-stump-scrape* that brought to his lips a dark smile. At the door he heard Mexie turn and say, angrily:

"Get out, you old coyote. Can't you leave me alone for an instant? Come in this house before sundown, and I'll kick you out of it! *Vamose!*"

A whine answered her, then a cracked, complaining grumble grew fainter and fainter as the scrape-and-stump sound receded toward the corral.

Mexie entered the adobe alone. Salarado had not moved. For an instant Mexie halted, paled, and gasped. Then she raised her lips and held out her arms. Salarado showed his teeth good-naturedly.

"Come here," he commanded softly. Mexie, with half-closed eyelids, obeyed.

This was early in the afternoon. At sundown Mexie went to the door and called:

"Maco! Oh, Maco! My husband, come here!"

Her voice had in it a note—gentle and cooing—that Old Maco had never heard before. The words to his ears were music. Not since he had cowed his bride three days before, with six-shooter in one hand and a cattle-whip in the other, had he known anything but jeers and revilings when her sullen consent had at times overboiled.

Old Maco, with an eager whimper, came on a stumbling, shuffling run. As he tumbled through the door, a great, dark arm throttled him. With starting eyeballs—he could not see what held him—he saw Mexie, his wife, calmly unbuckle the cartridge-belt from which hung his six-shooter and bowie-knife, and toss them across the room onto the straw bed. Then Salarado turned him loose.

Helpless, yet with frantic rage, the old cripple attacked Mexie and Salarado with his withered arms and crippled legs. Both dodged him, held him off at arm's length, laughed at him. For an hour they played with the old miser, like two cats tormenting a rat. In this case the cats agreed. They had no wish to eat him; they only wanted to kill him.

Played out, the old cripple sank in dumb, helpless fury to the floor. Mexie tried to provoke him to more sport, but he only glared at her. Then she curled her lips in disappointed weariness and smiled at Salarado and said, "Finish him."

Salarado laid aside his cigarette. He took his time and used no weapons—only one bronze hand on the wheezing, loose-skinned throat.

He buried the twisted body in the gateway of the sheep-corral. A few hours of tramping back and forth over the grave by

the bewildered sheep, as Salarado indolently drove them in and out of the corral, erased all traces of the murder.

Mexie had Salarado; Salarado had the sheep; both were blissful.

CHAPTER XIV.

Murder Will Out.

A WEEK later, Salarado sat chained to the floor in the center of the only room of the adobe jail. Mexie was the chief witness against him. She had betrayed him. She had thrown all of Maco's blood on Salarado to clear herself. Now the sheep were hers.

Salarado dead, meant safety and riches for Mexie. Salarado acquitted, meant quick and sure death to the treacherous woman. As the prosecution depended for conviction on the evidence of Mexie, and, incidentally, as the majority of the jury had an eye on Mexie and her sheep, Salarado's end seemed sure and near.

Life was cheaper than horse-flesh in New Mexico in those days. There was a general feeling abroad that it would raise the reputation of that section of New Mexico in the estimation of all law-loving people if Salarado were hung on general principles.

No man understood the exact situation as clearly as did the chained captive. He mused long on one point—kill Mexie. But how? Freedom first, then revenge — then come what may. What cared Salarado?

During the day the caged and chained desperado was an object of morbid curiosity to every one. Human nature is the same the world over. As long as daylight lasted, a gaping face was framed and barred by the one little window, a foot square, that connected Salarado's prison with the outer air.

The jailer, from Maine many years before, had at first turned his prisoner into a source of profit. Two-bits was the price he demanded for the privilege of looking through the little window. The crowd began to grumble. They were in a hanging mood that day. The jailer, being no fool and having lived long in the West, suddenly found his heart bubbling over with generosity for his fellow man; and, thereafter, the window was public property, free to all. This lasted all day.

Clearly, nothing toward escape could be done literally under the eye of the public. Salarado contemptuously turned his back to the window and thought out a plan of escape —and revenge. The plan completed, he calmly went to sleep till supper-time.

Salarado was fed twice a day, morning and evening. That night the jailer, armed with a six-shooter and bowie-knife, unlocked the wooden jail door and carried in Salarado's supper. Not being naturally a hard-hearted man, the jailer, at the prisoner's request, added one or two little luxuries to the evening meal. Bread and butter and a bottle of whisky were the dainties asked for and given.

A stifling storm of wind and flying, cutting sand was raging over the town that night. Hence, the little window was closed. Every one, including the jailer, was driven to shelter by the storm. Salarado was left alone and unobserved, although heavily chained and safely caged. The jailer, having no handcuffs nor leg-irons, and being also without suitable padlocks, had fastened Salarado's hands together with two feet of chain bound to the wrists with thick baling wire, twisted tight with blacksmith pincers.

Human fingers, working unaided, could not undo them—but Salarado used his mind. His legs were fastened in the same way, and the leg chaining in turn was fastened to a ring in the middle of the floor.

There was no sleep for Salarado that night. Had he not slept all afternoon? Had not Salarado all day to-morrow to doze away? Salarado had work to do.

A silk handkerchief, the gift of Mexie and formerly the property of their murdered victim, was knotted around the prisoner's neck. Salarado was something of a dandy. Unraveling the handkerchief, Salarado obtained a number of silk threads. A candle, also the gift of the jailer, gave him light. Salarado was always ready to extinguish it by a quick puff if he should hear the little window or the door being opened.

He would claim that the violent wind coming in through the window had blown out the flame. Meanwhile, under the momentary cover of darkness, he would hastily conceal his means of escape if surprised.

The jailer, knowing of no way that a shackled man with no tools nor other aid could either break out or cut a good, wrought-iron log-chain with links a quarter of an inch thick, nor untwist heavy wire that had been wound close with pincers, snored the hours away and left Salarado to himself. The jailer was dealing with the concentrated cussedness and cunning of thirteen races,

and knew it not. Otherwise he and several deputies, armed with sawed-off shotguns, would have honored Salarado with their never-ceasing presence until hung.

Salarado poured half of the whisky down his throat. Then, striking the neck of the bottle against his chains, he broke it off. Putting this glass into a tin-cup used as a mortar, and with a link of his chain as a pestle, in a few moments he had a small amount of powdered glass. With it he mixed a little butter, and slightly thinned the mixture with whisky. This mess he smeared over a silk thread.

Here was Salarado's saw.

Fastening one end of the thread to a protruding nail-head in the floor, and holding the other end between his white teeth, Salarado lightly but rapidly rubbed one of the many bands of wire on his left wrist up and down the taut string. The powdered glass on the thread, aided by the butter, cut into the soft wire like a file. Soon the thread broke. Another was quickly prepared, and the sawing went on. Before morning the iron links at his wrists and ankles, a strand of wire on each, had been all but cut in two. Only a shred of metal held them together.

Salarado then took bread, blackened it with the charcoal from burned matches, mixed with it a little candle-grease, and with this mixture concealed the bright cuts in the wire. The broken threads were burned in the candle-flame. The powdered glass was poured through a crack in the floor.

Salarado was almost free. A single wrench of those tigerlike muscles would free him from fetters. To get out of jail was another matter—and an easier one.

Having completed his task, Salarado pulled his serape over him and was soon sound asleep. Thus the jailer found him in the morning.

CHAPTER XV.

Star Eyes.

THERE was the face of one that did not peer through the prison window. The face shone with a light different than that of the rest. Curiosity was unknown to this one. The face was fair. The skin was clear and pearly, tinted with delicate rose, shaded with an almost imperceptible grayish-blue and green. The hair was as yellow and glistening as the sands of the desert at burning noon.

The eyes — they were stars. They were like the sky; sometimes a delicate yet dazzling turquoise, then as black as the midnight heavens. Black or blue, they were always like the depthless distance of the star space; clear, awe-inspiring, speaking with silence of sincerity, serenity, and spirit beyond rather than behind them. The eyes told of the purity, the unselfishness, the fearlessness of an angel. But, withal, the girl lacked reason.

The grossness of the world found her nature pure as light and too ethereal to cling to. Meeting with no resistance, passed through, and the unfelt wound closed, unsullied, like an opening in the air. This girl the ignorant worshiped as a visible spirit; the intelligent, as one not of this earth. Her father reverenced her as an angel.

"Star Eyes" he called her; and as "Star Eyes, the Pure One," she was loved, or feared, by all.

The mother was dead. Her reason and her life she gave that "Star Eyes" might be born.

The only child, Star Eyes was protected not only by her spiritual presence — that shrouded her like an atmosphere, and which cast a soothing influence, not without fear, over all—but she was known as the idol and the ideal of the richest and most powerful man in early New Mexico.

His followers were as numerous as his acres. He had never been able to count either. The adoring father had sworn that he would give his all if his spirit-girl could have reason.

Salarado, the buffalo, had never seen Star Eyes, and she had never seen Salarado. But Salarado had often heard of her. Because of a superstitious dread, he had always slunk away whenever he heard that she was near. In the register of nature, Salarado was the bass. Star Eyes was the music of the spheres. Neither harmonized with the other, nor with the world.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Devil Is Loose.

ONCE more dusk was creeping over New Mexico. All that day the captive had dozed in his chains. He was equally indifferent to the faces at the window and to the foregone result of the trial which had been held that day to decide his fate.

Salarado was a dangerous prisoner. No man lacks friends. The buffalo was a natural, although in a different sense an unnatural, leader among his kind. The criminal element, by no means a small or weak majority in New Mexico in those days, wanted to see Salarado free. The life of an old Mexican, and a respectable one at that, was no more to them than that of a sheep.

Legal methods in New Mexico in the early days resembled those of Spain rather than the teachings of Blackstone. Hence Salarado was tried and secretly condemned, with Salarado absent. This point the Anglo-Saxon element had grudgingly conceded to those of a Spanish way of thinking and doing. In return, those of Spanish descent had been compelled to grant the Anglo-Saxon form of trial by jury. The result of this legal hybrid was a dozen men gathered around a table in the largest adobe dwelling in the settlement.

Outside, the wind-shot sand cut and ground into the flesh. Not a living being was out of shelter that night. Only the jury were allowed inside the protecting walls of the adobe. Outside, the sandy sleet drove the morbid from the door. The jury were alone within the mud wall. The adobe on the outside was deserted. The town was asleep, drunk, gambling, or dancing.

Through the freezing, stinging, choking storm a bent figure fought its way. It was the jailer. He was carrying food and drink to Salarado. The jailer pushed the key into the padlock that fastened the huge iron staple on the outside of the prison door. He paused for breath. Dirt was in his eyes, nose, and ears. He rubbed it out before entering.

The grinding of the key in the sandy lock was heard by Salarado above the roar of the storm. The captive had been waiting an hour for that signal. The jailer was late. Four terrific twists with those small, steely hands, and the cut wires snapped and unwound. Salarado was free from chains. In one hand he held a two-foot log-chain—a terrible weapon in the hands of a strong and desperate man.

The candle burned in the neck of an empty bottle on the floor in the center of the room. As noiselessly as his shadow, Salarado moved to within a yard of the still closed door. There he stood, every muscle alert, tense, and quivering, close against the wall. The door, grinding on its sanded hinges, was cautiously opened an inch. A whirl of sand and frozen rain smote it, hurled it open and back against the inner wall with a crash.

The light went out. The instant the wind speared the flame, the jailer saw a shape with the head of a fiend standing with up-raised arm whirling a heavy chain.

The candle and the jailer's life went out together. Salarado had buried the end link in his jailer's brain.

Straining every muscle, Salarado closed the door against the storm. He relit the candle and bent over the dead jailer. From the twitching body he unbuckled the loaded cartridge-belt. From it hung the six-shooter and the bowie. He strapped the belt around his own waist. He quickly but carefully examined the two weapons. They were the best of their kind. Salarado was armed.

He searched the corpse with a practised hand. From it he took a watch, gold-dust, money, and trinkets, and a long-bladed pocket-knife.

He drank the water to the last drop and half the whisky. The rest of his spilled supper he crowded into his pocket. It might be needed later.

Salarado stepped out of jail. He locked the door behind him. The devil was loose.

Now for Mexie! Salarado knew where to find her.

A man and woman, almost petrified with terror, saw a smiling fiend noiselessly appear in the doorway and sweep the floor with his sombrero as he bowed low before them with the grace and courtesy of a knight of old Castile. In one hand was his hat; in the other a bowie-knife.

The blade flashed through the lamplight into the groin of the man. Three days hence would come sure death—three days of agony. Salarado had smokingly contemplated those three days.

Laughing, Salarado jumped at Mexie, catching her in his arms. He was snarling and holding her with iron gentleness—and he kissed her sweetly.

In an hour, Mexie could see no more.

This was Salarado's revenge and their punishment.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Game of Cards.

NOW for the desert, life, and liberty. Into the storm plunged Salarado. Just then a yell smote his ears. It was followed

by a chorus of enthusiastic shouts. The voices came down the wind from the jury-room.

Salarado turned like a speared tiger. Escape on the desert was almost impossible that night. Better meet death fighting. When a man decides to die he becomes invincible. Frenzied with desperation, Salarado, lunge by lunge, turning his back for breath, fought his way against the blinding, strangling storm to the windowed door on the sheltered side of the lone jury-room. Inside the jury-room was uproarious carelessness and twelve unarmed men. Outside was atmospheric chaos and a fearless fiend. Salarado looked through the window.

The jury had been unanimous in quickly agreeing that Salarado was to die. Then a novel thing was proposed, even for New Mexico in the early days. The foreman suggested that they, the jury, play a game of "freeze-out," with Salarado's life or freedom as the stake. The suggestion met with boisterous approval.

The wind carried this approval to Salarado's ears just as the murderer left the house of Mexie.

Through the pane, Salarado saw the jury divide by lot into two parties, six on each side. He watched the foreman give out one hundred chips to each man. Salarado counted these chips as they were stacked up before the players seated around the table.

The game began. Salarado stood outside in the storm, watching, listening, and smiling. First the sides stood six and six. After the first jack-pot, three players dropped out, two from the death party and one from the side that played for the freedom of Salarado. A bluff lost another man for Salarado's side. Salarado saw that it was even once more, with the sides standing four and four.

Another jack-pot cost the Salarado side three men, and the death party one; but Salarado's player had over two-thirds of all the chips. The next deal, two more of the death party left the table. It was man and man now, with an even number of chips to each. The chances were again equal. All depended on the cards, and the skill with which they were handled by two of the best poker-players in New Mexico.

The foreman dealt. Mexie's brother played for the freedom of the man whose liberty meant death to his sister. The father of Star Eyes played for the death of the murderer. Eleven breathless men watched the two players. Ten were inside the jury-room; one looked through the window.

Five men stood behind Mexie's brother, and over his shoulder read the faces of the five bits of paper that stood between Salarado and the noose. Five men did the same behind the chair of the father of Star Eyes; but the cards they saw meant death.

Neither player dared to shirk the responsibilities of the game. Social degradation, loathing, and utter contempt would have been the fate of either had he slighted the imposed or implied duties of his position. Within a month the slightest details of that game for human life were known throughout all New Mexico.

The game was over.

"Salarado dies!" exultantly shouted the father of Star Eyes. The jury thunderously echoed him.

Salarado opened the door. He sprang into the room. The door slammed behind him.

"Hands up, *señors!*"

Not a juryman moved.

Salarado free? Impossible. Yet there he stood, his back against the door. Held low in his right hand was a bloody bowie-knife; in his left, covering the jury, was a cocked six-shooter.

Salarado had the drop. The unarmed jury was helpless. At the quiet orders of their recent human stake—orders that were between a purr and a snarl—the jury obediently stood in line with its faces to the wall.

Save for Salarado's voice, in the jury-room all was silence. To yell for help meant instant death from the hurled knife or the hungry revolver. At any rate, the effort would have been useless. The jury-room was an isolated island in the deafening uproar of the storm. With a leader, the twelve might have closed in on Salarado bare-handed; but that meant instant death to the man who made the first move, so there was no leader.

Outside, the wind howled and shrieked in derision. Inside, Salarado smiled in sardonic silence. The jurymen dumbly obeyed his grim, laconic orders.

In the corners of the room were half a dozen Mexican saddles. Salarado cut the long rawhide thongs from them. With these he approached from behind the line of men facing the adobe wall and bound each man's hands behind him, both at the wrists and just above the elbows.

In this operation Salarado was merciless.

Then he lashed each juryman's legs together at the ankles and just above the knees. He gagged them with strips of Navajo saddle-blanket. Then he blindfolded them. No juryman dared protest or move. To do so meant eight inches of cold steel between the shoulder-blades.

The father of Star Eyes was the last man Salarado blindfolded. The buffalo hesitated. He paled slightly from superstitious fear. Then Salarado took the burly form of the man in his arms of steel and carried him to a chair apart from the rest. There Salarado tied him fast. He gently removed the blanket bandage from his helpless victim's eyes.

"Salarado dies? *Señor* will see," murmured Salarado with a voice as soft as that of a Spanish girl. Salarado put his heels together and, with his left hand over his heart, gracefully swept his sombrero to the floor. His eyes were snaky and his lips, though smiling, parted over clenched teeth.

A log ran overhead the entire length of the jury-room and parallel with the long table beneath it.

From the saddles Salarado took three horse-hair lariats. These he cut into eleven short ropes. He deftly knotted a slip-noose in the end of each. Placing a chair on the table and mounting it, Salarado tied the eleven ropes to the beam.

The father of Star Eyes counted the dangling nooses. A gleam of hope shone in his eyes. Salarado saw it. He had counted on it. Playfully he knotted and swung to the beam a twelfth rope. The faint glimmer died out of those eager eyes.

His plan was to place the jury standing on the table with their necks in the nooses, and, by suddenly overturning their support, hang all his former judges at once. A short time before they had played poker for his life. Now he was hanging them. The situation amused Salarado.

Then a more exquisite idea crept into his mind.

Salarado tore the bandages from the jury's eyes. He turned them around until all faced the table. The table he pulled back until the edge of it was only a few inches from being directly under the nooses.

The sight horrified the bound and gagged jury. These frontiersmen were accustomed to seeing terrible sights. The nooses and the silent, smiling Salarado froze their blood.

None of them resisted nor asked for mercy. What was the use?

Salarado grabbed the foreman by the collar and dragged him to the table, throwing him upon it. The doomed man straightened up into a sitting posture on the edge of the table and coolly held out his tied feet to his executioner.

With a nod of comprehension and a glance of admiration, Salarado cut the leather strings that bound the ankles and obligingly pulled off the man's boots. He cast another glance at his victim, questioningly. The condemned nodded.

Salarado severed the strings that bound the knees. Stiffly and awkwardly rising to his feet and standing on the table, the fated man placed himself beneath one of the nooses. Salarado lightly vaulted upon the extemporized scaffold and slipped the rope over the man's head. Standing thus, literally on the brink of death, the man winked with grim, hopeless humor at his murderer. Delighted, Salarado gave the man an approving slap on the back that all but knocked him off the table-edge into eternity.

Salarado laughed. The man on the table reeled. He struggled to regain his balance. He failed. He swung from the edge—and, plunging, writhing, kicking with his free feet, he was slowly choking to death.

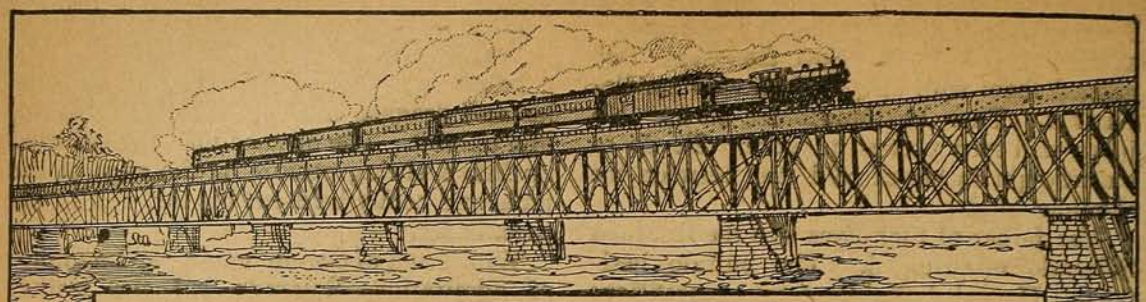
The door opened. The sheriff stepped across the threshold. His eyes were filled with dust. For an instant the light blinded him. One hand held the door, the other shaded his eyes. He was unconscious of danger.

Like a panther from a tree, Salarado leaped from the table upon the officer. Crushing him to the floor, he drove the bowie-blade into his breast. The blade struck the officer's star and the point was broken off. Salarado saw that it was ruined.

Then Salarado lost his nerve. He dropped the knife, and from his hip whipped his six-shooter. Whirling, he shot four of the jurymen, then plunged through the door into the outer blackness. A burst of flame shot into his face, almost blinding him. Unhurt, he instantly answered it with a bullet fired low. He felt a body reel from him as he struck against it in his headlong flight.

Then through the dark, the wind at his back, Salarado flew across the desert with the speed of an antelope. On through the night he went before the storm.

(To be continued.)



The Railroad Man's Brain Teasers.

FRITZ GANNON, Helena, Montana, sends the following for our mental nut-crackers:

(16) A, B, and C are stations on a railroad. Three-eighths of the distance from A to B equal four-ninths of the distance from B to C, and the total distance from A to C is 236 miles, C being between the two. Trains Nos. 1 and 2 leave A and C at the same time, traveling in opposite directions. No. 2 travels from C toward A at the rate of 40 miles per hour. At what speed per hour will train No. 1 travel to reach B at the same time as No. 2?

From O. L. Bourn, Kingfield, Maine, we received this one:

(17) A railroad in need of 100 additional cars set aside $100,000 for that purpose, instructing the purchasing agent to pay $5,000 each for parlor-cars, $1,000 each for day-coaches, and $50 each for some second-hand flats. How many of each did he buy?

E. G. Riegel, Mendota, Illinois, kindly contributes this teaser:

(18) A railroad has 3 road-engines and a pusher, the total capacity of which is 2,200 tons. The first engine and pusher will pull as much as the other two engines. The second engine and pusher will pull twice as much as the first and third, and the third engine and pusher will pull three times as much as the first and second. How much can each pull alone?

And this one from Judge O. W. Rowland, Paw Paw, Michigan:

(19) A man wishes to travel west 1,000 miles, north 1,000 miles, east 1,000 miles, south 1,000 miles, and then be at his starting-point. Where must he start from in order to make such a trip?

The correct answers to these puzzles will be found in the March number.

ON THE EDITORIAL CARPET.

Where We Get Flagged by Our Readers, and Find an Exhaust for Our Own High Pressure.

THE bright particular red car of this number is a new novel, "Vanishing Railroaders," being a collection of railroad stories of the old days. Although they tell of times that have passed, their grip is just as strong as the clutch of a Janney coupler on two loaded gondolas. Perchance, some of the stories told in this thousand-and-one-nights of railroad romance may not be new to many an old-timer, but they are the real thing in railroad yarns, and their atmosphere is as true as the first glimpse of the pay-car.

In this number we also present a very interesting article by Robert H. Rogers—his description of the fastest train in all Europe. In the March number we are going to publish another of Mr. Rogers's observations while abroad. This one deals with the railroad men of England, and it is a careful analysis and comparison of their work with that of the men in this country. This is only one of the many good things aboard the March special.

If you walk through the plush-upholstered Pullman of that train, you will find a very good article on the handling of United States mails; the first of a series on the transportation of the hundreds of immigrants that yearly come to this country—one of the great problems of the railway; a bunch of stories by Arno Dosch, giving some heroic escapades of railroad men, and a story of a man-hunt that is full of tragic moment.

W. J. Knight, the man who was actually chosen to run the famous engine "General," will tell in his own way the story of the Andrews Raid. This article, we hope, will settle for all time the doubt that is perpetually set in motion regarding this famous run.

Aside from these important subjects, Gilson Willets will have another bunch of stories from Missouri, and they contain all the excitement and interest that characterizes those we are printing in this number.

J. E. Smith has sent in one of the funniest of his "Observations," and all the well-known and popular features which our readers seem to like so well will be found in their respective places.

Then there is as fine a fiction way-bill as we have ever presented. There will be stories of railroad heroism, stories of railroad love-affairs, stories of tragic moments, and stories that are funny.

Of course, Honk and Horace will be aboard, and we take great pleasure in telling you, boys, that, disregarding the Hepburn Law, we have given these two amiable gentlemen a pass over all our lines for some time to come.

We are starting an unusually long train for March, but there will be no air friction in the train-pipe.

THE DEATH OF DU BOUSQUET.

THE recent death in France of M. Gaston du Bousquet, chief mechanical engineer of the *Chemin de Fer du Nord,* removed from foreign railroading its most active and, probably, the dominant personality in the shaping of its varied and pressing mechanical problems. For nearly half a century this wonderfully capable executive was connected with that railroad, and for twenty years he bore the heavy responsibilities associated with the exalted position as absolute head of its motive-power department.

It would require many pages to adequately narrate the significant events in M. du Bousquet's long and useful career, and the influence which they exerted in developing the continental locomotive in France, although its counterpart spreads to the high and efficient plane which it now undisputably occupies.

Many are the types of engines of which this eminent engineer—endowed with such keen and practical common sense—directed the plans. In the building of those engines, he painstakingly supervised the smallest details. Four main types will survive him and will insure the endurance of his name and memory for all time in the comprehensive history of railroading.

These are the four-cylinder compound; the engine with two sets of independent driving-wheels; the quick-starting suburban locomotive, which effectually solved the problem of the heavy Paris morning and evening business; and, finally, the engine with the water-tube fire-box, which he watched with jealous care, but unhappily had not the felicity and consolation to see finished.

Of these four types of locomotives, the four-cylinder compound is the one of which he had the most right to be proud. Read the careful description of it given by Robert H. Rogers in "Europe's Fastest Run," in this number of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. It was from this locomotive, in the rapid and interesting evolution undergone by railways in the last twenty years,

that the principles emanated which are now followed in the construction of practically all modern locomotives.

The designing of engines and cars, however, was far from being the entire scope of M. du Bousquet's remarkable activity and ability. He will long be remembered as an organizer without a peer, and as the originator of the scheme of carefully educating the rank and file to an exact and full comprehension of whatever new device was to be introduced and which they would be called upon to operate.

That this plan, which required the personal supervision of many years, has borne fruit is shown in the wonderful running skill of the locomotive-engineers handling the Du Bousquet—De Glehn compounds on the French Northern Railway, and by the absolutely unassailable system which prevails thereon in every detail of motive-power department procedure.

M. du Bousquet's talents and ability as an engineer were regarded by a large number of honorary distinctions. For fourteen years he had been an officer in the Legion of Honor and he held a large number of foreign decorations. Above all things, however, he was the kind master, whose main quality was human kindness. With grateful remembrance, the staff of every department of his railroad will recall the bountiful measures he took so frequently in their favor, even up to the very last hour of his life.

THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is pleased to be first in paying this inadequate tribute to the mechanical skill and executive ability which so easily places Gaston du Bousquet in the foremost rank of the railroad hall of fame.

DESPATCHING TRAINS BY TELEPHONE.

THE article, "Despatching Trains By Telephone," which appeared in the October number of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, brought to our office, as we expected, many letters of criticism. Some of our correspondents handed us a goodly measure of praise; others would have us dragged on the carpet forthwith.

It is evident that a great many railroad men are not in sympathy with this new movement. They regard the introduction of the telephone as a menace to telegraph-operators, notwithstanding all we tried to explain to the contrary. They also claim that the telephone simply means cheaper labor.

That is a question we cannot discuss. Labor matters have no place in our magazine. It is primarily for the entertainment and instruction of the railroad fraternity, and those of our correspondents who bring up this point in connection with despatching trains by telephone must seek elsewhere for an answer.

Our own position is easily explained. As we said in the introduction to that article, it is the province of this magazine, beyond all other conditions, to publish as *news* any invention, improvement, or change in railway practise that seems to be of interest to railroad men at large.

We publish such matter as *news* only. And such information is sought by all broad-minded railroad men. If we describe a new labor-saving device or devote some of our space to some new and intelligent improvement, it does not mean that we are advocating a change in labor conditions.

That is farthest from our editorial intention. THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE must keep abreast of the times.

Wouldn't you have it so?

$60,000,000 FOR CROSS-TIES IN 1909.

THE Census Bureau, in conjunction with the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture, annually collects and publishes a special report on the consumption of cross-ties. This information recently appeared in a preliminary comparative report covering 1907, 1908, and 1909, and it indicates the large increase of 10 per cent in the number of wooden cross-ties purchased by the steam and electric railroads in the United States in 1909, as compared with 1908.

In 1909, the total number of cross-ties of all kinds of wood, reported as having been purchased, was 123,754,000, costing $60,321,000 at the point of purchase, as compared with 112,463,000, costing $56,281,000, in 1908, and 153,700,000, costing $78,959,000, in 1907. The latter year does not, however, represent the true standard of comparison, as it was one of unusual railroad development. The decrease in 1908 was about 26.8 per cent, but in 1909, the balance swung back to 80.5 per cent of the 1907 record, and was, as stated, an increase of about 10 per cent over 1908.

A significant feature is the fact that in 1909 there were 16,437,000 cross-ties reported as purchased for new tracks, against 7,431,000 in 1908, and 23,557,000 in 1907. The amount expended for ties by the steam and electric railroads in 1909 amounted to $60,000,000. The purchases by steam railroads formed about 93 per cent of the total in 1909, as compared with approximately 94 per cent in both 1908 and 1907. While there was considerable variation in the number of cross-ties purchased during the three years, the average cost per tie remained close to 50 cents.

A WORTHY IDEA.

THE American Locomotive Company has begun an interesting experiment at its Rogers works at Paterson, New Jersey. It is proposed to pay weekly prizes to its employees for the best suggestions tending toward improvement in existing shop methods. This innovation has awakened a lively interest among the men, and since its introduction there has been no lack of competitors.

This idea is particularly appealing to those who feel that they know a good thing, and who would have no other way to present it than by dropping the idea into the suggestion-box.

Though some of the submitted sketches are crude, as might be expected, no disregard is shown by the judges in awarding prizes; what is wanted is a new, practical idea, and the intention is to develop all that appear to be of value.

CAN YOU HELP THIS MAN?

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

HAVING tried every possible means at my command to locate my father who worked on the L. S. and M. S. Railway, for twenty years, and having met with disappointment at every turn, I finally concluded to appeal to you.

I wrote to the division superintendent at Toledo, and the only information I received from him was that they had had a man by his name working for the company several years ago, but that he could give me no information as to his present whereabouts.

I have been reading your magazine for a long time. In my estimation there isn't another that can compare with it. The only objection I have is that it doesn't come often enough. I sit down and devour its contents from cover to cover like a hungry child with its favorite brand of breakfast food. If it came twice a month, I would certainly be at the news-stand to get the first copy.

I will give you as much information as I can, to help you in my case.

My father's name is Adam Smith. He was braking on the rear-end from Elkhart, Indiana, to Toledo, Ohio, on the main line of the L. S. and M. S. Railway and made his headquarters at Elkhart.

If I remember right, he lived at 702 Monroe Street, or at least on Monroe Street, close to the L. S. and M. S. yards. He was on the road as late as seven years ago, when he was braking on through-freight caboose, No. 232.

Any information you may be able to give me will certainly be gratefully received. I should like very much to pay him a visit in the near future, if he is still among the living.—A. ED. SMITH, 233 Livingston Ave Columbus, Ohio.

ANSWERS TO CERTAIN SIGNALS.

OLD-TIMER, Minneapolis, and others: Your letters criticizing certain articles were very interesting. We would like to publish them, but you do not sign your names. An anonymous communication is a baneful proposition. It is nothing more than an insult to the man who receives it and carries absolutely no weight. As we have said before, sign your names to your communications. We will not publish them unless you wish.

D. J. H., Oakland, California.—Regarding the poems about which you wrote us. "The Dying Hobo" appeared in December, 1909. "The Face on the Bar-Room Floor" (the first line of which is "The night was dark and balmy") appeared in March, 1910. You can secure copies of both these numbers by sending ten cents for each to this office.

H. D. P., Richmond, Kentucky.—The latest and most approved way to spell it is "despatcher." This is according to the Standard Dictionary, which is our green light along the line of spelling and such things. "Dispatcher" is an older form, but both words mean exactly the same. Some lexicographers (word-makers) claim a distinction. They say that the dispatcher carries the despatch, and therefore and most naturally the dispatcher would carry the instructions to the despatcher. However, the way we use it in our magazine is absolutely correct.

G. M. F., Vandergrift Heights, Pennsylvania.—We would like to print the song, "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" but our rule is to stick strictly to the muse that is inspired by the railroad. "Casey Jones" appeared in our July, 1910, issue.

TO MANY CORRESPONDENTS: In regard to the length of the bridge across Lake Pontchartrain on the Queen and Crescent Route, we have received the following information direct from the president of that line.

"There are 30,206 feet of trestle-work on the bridge. Also two steel draw-spans, each 250 feet long, making a total length of the bridge from shore to shore 30,706 feet."

A BRAKEMAN'S WIFE, West Derby, Vermont.—We were glad to see your poem, but it is always proper to send your name and address with a literary contribution. The editor may want to write to you about it.

"INCLUDING FINNIGIN."

IT was a railroad poem that made Strickland W. Gillilan known as a writer of verse. That poem was "Including Finnigin." It is one of the quaintest bits of humor ever written and it now forms the title of Mr. Gillilan's collected works. "Including Finnigin" contains some of the most human, homely verses ever penned since the days of Ben King. Glancing through its pages, we find several about railroaders. Although "Including Finnigin" is the best known, we are going to reprint it here, as it is worth reading every time one comes across it. The book is published by Forbes & Company, Chicago, Illinois. Price $1.

FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN.

SUPERINTINDINT wuz Flannigan;
Boss av th' siction wuz Finnigin.
Whiniver th' cyars got off th' thrack,
An' muddled up things t' th' divvle an' back,
Finnigin writ it t' Flannigan,
Afther th' wrick wuz all on agin;
That is, this Finnigin
Repoorted t' Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furrst writ t' Flannigan,
He writed tin pa-ages, did Finnigin;

An' he towld just how th' wrick occurred—
Yis, minny a tajus, blundherin' wurrd
Did Finnigin write t' Flannigan
Afther th' cyars had gone on agin—
That's th' way Finnigin
Repoorted t' Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin—
He'd more idjucation, had Flannigan.
An' ut wore 'm clane an' complately out
T' tell what Finnigin writ about
In 's writin' t' Musther Flannigan.
So he writed this back: "Musther Finnigin:—
Don't do sich a sin agin;
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got that frum Flannigan
He blushed rosy-rid, did Finnigin.
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pay
That ut'll be minny an' minny a day
Befure sup'rintindint—that's Flannigan—
Gits a whack at that very same sin agin.
Frum Finnigin to Flannigan
Repoorts won't be long agin."

Wan day on th' siction av Finnigin,
On th' road sup'rintinded be Flannigan,
A ra-ail give way on a bit av a currve,
An' some cyars wint off as they made th' shwarrve,
"They's nobody hurrted," says Finnigin,
"But repoorts must be made t' Flannigan."
An' he winked at McGorrigan
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin,
As minny a railroader's been agin,
An' 'is shmoky ol' lamp wuz burrnin' bright
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—
Bilin' down 's repoort, wuz Finnigin.
An' he writed this here: "Musther Flannigan:—
Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin.—Finnigin."

Boss av th' section wuz Finnegin.

MAINE'S NARROW-GAGE ROADS.

IS there a railroad in Maine with two-foot gage? and engines?—H. O. H., Haines Falls, New York.

It is the Bridgton and Saco River railroad, 21 miles long; 5 locomotives and 63 cars.—*Railroad Man's Magazine.*

Also the Wiscasset, Waterville and Farmington, 57½ miles, 7 locomotives and 114 cars; the Kennebec Central, 5 miles, 2 locomotives, 21 cars; the Monson, 6 miles, 2 locomotives, 23 cars; and the Sandy River and Rangeley Lakes, with 103 miles, 17 locomotives, 263 cars, one of which is a parlor-car.—*Maine Woods.*

FRONTIER DAYS.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I READ in the Christmas number of your magazine, Mr. W. J. Carney's story, "How the Julesburg Mail Was Lost." He states that this incident occurred in 1868. I was a member of Company D., Fourth United States Infantry, from 1865 to 1868.

On April 5, 1867, my regiment crossed the Missouri River, on the ice, to Omaha. No bridge had then been built. We camped for a short time on the bluffs south of the town.

The weather becoming warmer, we left Omaha and traveled to North Platte, which was then as far as the Union Pacific Railroad had been built. From North Platte we hiked up through the Platte River valley to our destination — Fort Sedgwick.

There we spent the summer of 1867. The railroad had been built to Julesburg, which town sprang up like a mushroom overnight, as Mr. Carney states.

In the fall of 1867, the railroad had reached Cheyenne, Wyoming. My company was stationed for a short time at Fort D. A. Russel, at Cheyenne. From that point, we marched through what was called the Chug to old Fort Laramie, where I spent the winter and summer of 1868, being discharged from the service in the month of August.

Mr. Carney probably was at Fort Sedgwick during the time that my regiment—including the famed Fourth Infantry band, which had been General Grant's headquarters band during the Civil War—was stationed there.

The troop that Mr. Carney belonged to was known as the old Second Dragoons. General Potter was post-commander. The Pawnee Scouts, under command of Major North, were camped near our company quarters.

Mr. Carney may remember the accidental shooting of First-Sergeant Boutelier, just as our company was ready to march out for Sunday evening parade.

The death of Sergeant Boutelier caused no interruption in the parade, during which the band played a lively march. General Potter and the ladies sat on the veranda viewing the ceremony with its tragic accompaniment. Such was the life of a soldier—to meet death with martial music and flying colors!

I have no recollection of the battle that Mr. Carney relates, but I have no doubt of its occurrence. Such encounters made heroes of the mounted men, while we poor "dough-boys" were building telegraph-lines, making adobe bricks, or chopping wood in the mountains.

The cavalry-men lived on the fat of the land, as they could follow the buffalo and antelope. We had to be satisfied with bean-soup and rusty sow-belly and a boiled concoction of hard-tack and other ingredients, the name of which I hesitate to write. Most of the time we were as hungry as wolves.

While stationed at Fort Sedgwick, I saw the famous Sioux Chief, Spotted Tail. His followers were not hostile at that time. The Sioux were divided into clans such as the Beules and Ogalalas and others. Not all of these clans were unfriendly. I mingled among them quite freely, and have, to this day, relics that were presented to me by my Indian friends.

At Fort Laramie, I saw the largest gathering of plains' Indians that ever took place in the history of the West. There were Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Crows, and other tribes. A treaty was being held, relating to the Black Hills country and other points of dispute.

Among the noted white men present were Generals Sherman, Auger, Terry, and Harney;

Brevet-General Slemmer, post-commander; Major Bullock, post-trader, and a Mr. Reichard, interpreter.

Chief Red Cloud's daughter was shot to death one night by a soldier on guard, when she failed to answer his challenge. This was one of the causes of the uprising that followed later.

I will not take up your valuable time by a recital of my own experiences. I am writing only to correct the data of Mr. Carney's story.

In the history of the frontiers, we have accounts, like Mr. Carney's, of troops driving the enemy before them. I have a distinct recollection of leading about two hundred well-mounted, bloodthirsty savages. I was not mounted, for the simple life had made me a great sprinter. The proof of my successful leadership is my ability to write you this letter.—J. M. S., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I HAVE just finished reading your article on freight rates in the January issue of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. I am a freight-rate clerk in New York, and desire to say a few words regarding the trials and tribulations of my position.

My chief and I quote on an average of one hundred rates a day from dry goods to locomotives and flying machines, mostly over the telephone, and I can tell you our heads certainly ache from some of the questions we are asked and names we are called by shippers who cannot seem to understand we are mere human beings and not unabridged libraries of knowledge.

We are asked to explain why the through transcontinental rates to San Francisco or some other Pacific Coast terminal are half as much as the rate to Missoula, Montana. When we endeavor to give a satisfactory reason, are told we don't know what we are talking about. Also, why cotton-piece goods are "rule 25" in the official class, third class in the Western classification, and fourth class in the Southern classification.

When we happen to make an error, even if of a half-cent per hundred pounds on a shipment of dry goods weighing 150 pounds, we are told we are trying to flim-flam the shipper and are going to be reported to the Interstate Commerce Commission. "A FREIGHT-RATER."

OLD-TIME POEMS.

SONG OF THE ENGINE.

BY DICK COFFIN.

ONLY a giant of brass and steel,
You wouldn't suppose that I could feel.
Only a monster, grim and great,
I stand on the track and wait, and wait.
Only an engine, a thing that's dumb,
But I understand when the orders come.
"We're an hour late," the conductor said,
And the goal but a hundred miles ahead!
An hour late. It is naught to me,
For I know the hand that will set me free.
I can feel it now, in callous dress,
Along my throttle in soft caress.
'Tis the engineer's. He knows my strength,
And loves every inch of my shining length.
An hour late. How long to start.
I feel a glow in my red-hot heart,
And my feather is waving proud and high—
For the time is near to do or die.
At last! The signal! I must away!
I sense a thrill of the coming fray.
My headlight shows me the track is clear,
I feel the hand of the engineer.
A wheeze, a puff, a snort, a cough;
My whistle shrieks. I'm off! I'm off!
My drivers whir like a flash of light,
As I grind the sand to a powder white,
And glide through the yards by the green and red—
There's a bum on the baggage-coach ahead!

Out on the main line rip-et-tee-zip,
Beginning to hit up a lively clip.
Hark! 'Tis the voice of the engineer;
"She's burnin' a hole in the atmosphere!"
'Tis the kind of praise he always gives—
He knows that I am a thing that lives.
As he leans from the cab and kindly smiles
While watching his pet reel off the miles,
'Tis now I know he has done his best,
And it's up to me—I'll do the rest.
So, away! Away! I fear no fate,
Nor a hundred miles, nor an hour late.
I tear along like a fiend gone mad,
And I hum a song, for my heart is glad.
On and on, through the inky night,
I rush with the speed of an arrow's flight.
On and on—plain, forest, town—
Cutting the distance down and down.
Roll and rattle, clatter and clank,
I dart like a flash by a water-tank!

A hundred miles. But I never flinch,
I gather speed with every inch.
My breath comes hot in a steady roar
Through the reeking stack, and the cinders pour
In a fiery stream from my brazen throat,
A sound as sweet as an organ's note!
A sound of wild unrest, so grand
To me and those who understand.
The wind cuts hard at my iron brow,
For I'm going, going, going now!
Faster and faster with every breath,
I run the race with Time and Death.
Faster and faster! I fairly leap
As I shoot a grade that is long and steep.
I take a bend with a screaming hiss,
And glide on the edge of a precipice.
Clang and clatter, rattle and clack;
Hard luck, indeed, if I left the track!
Faster and faster I tear along,
Louder and louder I shout my song.
I leave a village in swirls of dust;
Will I make it up? I must! I must!
Faster and faster! The landscape seems to whirl
and whirl like a drunkard's dream;
One grinding grip on the gleaming steel,
And I round a curve with a reckless reel,
And I swing my head in a dizzy flash
On a dead straight line for a last mad dash
To win the end of a hundred miles—
My reward? Will be my pardner's smiles!
Slam and clatter, rattle and roll,
Almost there! I can see the goal!
One mighty spurt. I'm nearly done,
Over a crossing—hurrah! I've won!

My bell rings gay as a Christmas chime,
An hour late? No! In on time!

L'ENVOI.

The bum on the baggage-coach ahead
Dropped off and a quart of cinders shook
From his hair, as he walked away and said:
"That's the fastest ride I ever took."

FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

Mrs. Garfield's Ride to Washington, July 2, 1881.

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, D.D.

"CLEAR the track to Washington!"
Flashed the order from New York.
Commerce, travel, all must wait;
Business, pleasure, play or work!
"Clear the track to Washington!
Fire the steam to lightning power!
Engineer, your orders are:
Fifty miles an hour!"

"Bring out 'Long-legged Tom,' whose wheels
Stride eight yards at every round!
Let them burn along the steels!
Make that splendid engine bound!
Like the fiery dragon's flight,
Let the train the road devour!
Engineer, your orders are:
Fifty miles an hour!"

"Why?" "A mad assassin's hand
Shot our President this morn.
Garfield's wife to Garfield flies,
Like an angel, whirlwind borne!
Engineer, be bold and true!
Test your art's consummate power!
Put this little woman through,
Fifty miles an hour!"

"Fifty million patriot hearts
Weep, and rage, and curse, and pray;
'Save, O God, our President!
Shield his wife, and speed her way!'
Engineer, not this for you;
Yours to stand a brazen tower,
And put this one weak woman through,
Fifty miles an hour!

"Ten hours' time to Washington,
You must cut it down to six!
For our Garfield's hero soul
Trembles on the shores of Styx!
Grim Charon's bark grates on life's strand;
But Love shall snatch his lifted oar;
For Love can bear the fearful strain
Of fifty miles an hour!"

Strong men, bare-browed, cheer the train,
Like a thunderbolt hurled past!
Women's tears fall thick as rain
Shook from rose-trees by the blast.
O, Wedded Love! ne'er angel flew
From heaven to earth with richer dower!
Angels! waft this true wife through,
Fifty miles an hour!

Philadelphia hails the car,
Like a meteor on its road;
Baltimore, thrilled at its jar,
Waves it on with prayer to God!
Venus's chariot, drawn by doves,
Fluttering from Love's myrtle bower,
Changed to steed of steel and flame,
At fifty miles an hour!

The true wife comes! Love fights with death!
The nation's prayer is heard!
E'en Shylock Wall Street's "bulls" and "bears"
With a human throb are stirred;
And a million gold were not too much
To make that brave wife's dower,
Who rode six hours to save her lord,
Fifty miles an hour!

A MAN'S NAME.

BY RICHARD REALF.

In memoriam, David Simmons, Railroad Engineer. Died, February 6, 1871, near New Hamburgh, New York.

THROUGH the packed horror of the night
It rose up like a star,
And sailed into the infinite,
Where the immortals are.

"Down brakes!" One splendid hard-held breath,
And lo, an unknown name
Strode into sovereignty from death,
Trailing a path of flame.

"Jump!"—"I remain"—No needless word,
No vagueness in his breast;
Along his blood the swift test stirred—
He answered to the test.

Gripped his black peril like a vise,
And, as he grappled, saw
That life is one with sacrifice
And duty one with law.

Home:—but his feet grew granite fast;
Wife:—yet he did not reel;
Babes:—ah, they tugged! but to the last
He stood there true as steel.

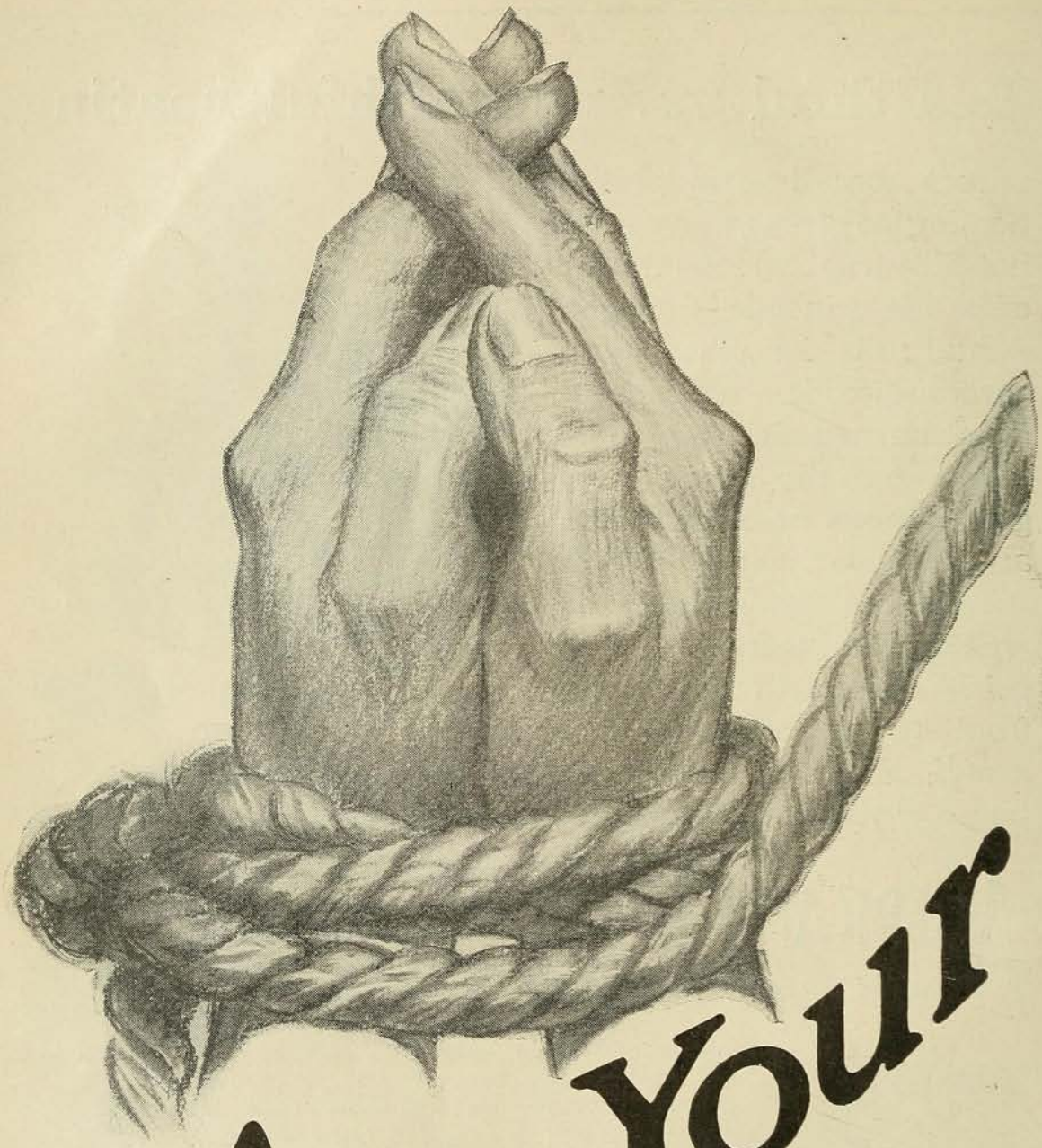
Above his own heart's lovingness,
Above another's crime,
Above the immitigable stress,
Above himself and time,

Smote loving comfort on the cheek,
Gave quibbling fear the lie,
Taught ambling fluence how to speak,
And brave men how to die.

Who said the time of kings has gone?
Who said our Alps were low,
And not by God's airs blown upon?
Behold, it is not so.

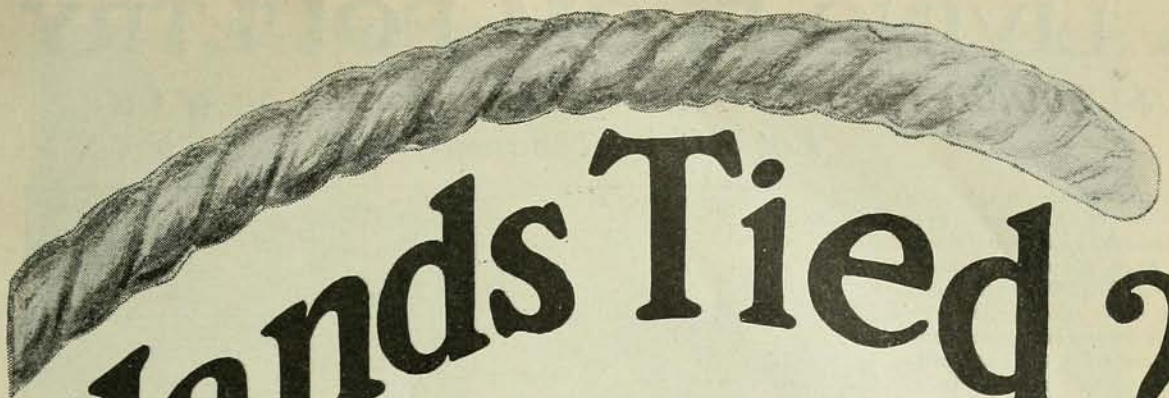
Out from the palace and the hut,
Dwarf-fronted, lame of will,
Limp our marred Joves and giants—but
Sceptered for mastery still.

And clothed with puissance to quell
Whatever mobs of shame
Are leagued within us, with such spell
As David Simmons's name.



Are Your

Do you long for BETTER THINGS—yet do not know how to reach out to get them? Or—do you feel as if your "hands are tied?" Don't give up—there is hope for YOU!



Hands Tied?

Have you ambition? Do you want to get on—SUCCEED—earn more money? Is there a certain line of work you think you could do better in—if you only had the training? Or a certain kind of position you would like to hold—only you fear your "hands are tied?"

DON'T let your ambition die! Don't think your hands are tied! Don't think that you can't strike out for advancement and *success*—that you do not dare, because you must eke out your daily bread—that you must go on in the same old rut as long as you live.

Get out of the crowd of ordinary *untrained* men—whose each day's work puts them *no further ahead*—for whom the future has no promise.

Start your advancement NOW—mark the coupon with a cross opposite the occupation you prefer, mail it *to-day*, and let the International Correspondence Schools give you full information on how they can *help you* to succeed as they have thousands of others — costs but postage—you incur no obligation.

Simply let the I. C. S. tell you how they can assist you to become an EXPERT in your chosen work—in your spare time—at home—no matter where you live or how little you now earn.

Your hands are not tied. Victory is within your reach—you can succeed. It's a winning game for you—if you will only enter.

More than 300 I. C. S. students monthly VOLUNTARILY report increases in pay due to I. C. S. help—331 in October.

The world owes you *success* if you demand it—the world owes you nothing if you do not. Mark the coupon—make your beginning—NOW.

This Coupon is for YOU

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Box 861, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

General Foreman	Electrical Engineer
R. R. Shop Foreman	Machine Designer
R. R. Traveling Eng.	Electrician
R. R. Trav'g Fireman	Mining Engineer
Locomotive Engineer	Mine Foreman
Air-Brake Instructor	Foreman Machinist
Air-Brake Inspector	Chemist
Air-Brake Repairman	Assayer
Mechanical Engineer	Architect
Mechanical Draftsman	Bookkeeper
R.R. Construction Eng.	Stenographer
Surveyor	Advertising Man
Civil Engineer	Automobile Running
Banking	Concrete Construction

Name _____

Employed by _____ R. R.

Employed as _____

Street and No. _____

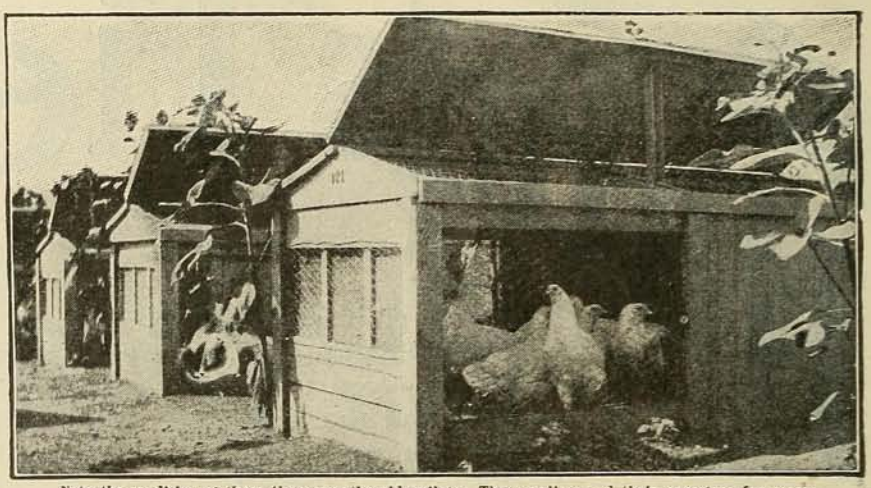
City _____ State _____

A LIVING FROM POULTRY

$1,500.00 from 60 Hens in Ten Months on a City Lot 40 Feet Square

TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a $1500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it can be accomplished by the

PHILO SYSTEM



Note the condition of these three months old pullets. These pullets and their ancestors for seven generations have never been allowed to run outside the coops.

THE PHILO SYSTEM IS UNLIKE ALL OTHER WAYS OF KEEPING POULTRY

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

THE NEW SYSTEM COVERS ALL BRANCHES OF THE WORK NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

TWO-POUND BROILERS IN EIGHT WEEKS

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here 3 cents a pound above the highest market price.

OUR SIX-MONTH-OLD PULLETS ARE LAYING AT THE RATE OF 24 EGGS EACH PER MONTH

in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, **THE PHILO SYSTEM OF POULTRY KEEPING**, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple, easy-to-understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

DON'T LET THE CHICKS DIE IN THE SHELL

One of the secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick, and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

CHICKEN FEED AT FIFTEEN CENTS A BUSHEL

Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

OUR NEW BROODER SAVES 2 CENTS ON EACH CHICKEN

No lamp required. No danger of chilling, over-heating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep the lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

TESTIMONIALS

My Dear Mr. Philo:— Valley Falls, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1910.

After another year's work with your System of Poultry Keeping (making three years in all) I am thoroughly convinced of its practicability. I raised all my chicks in your Brooder-Coops containing your Fireless Brooders, and kept them there until they were nearly matured, decreasing the number in each coop, however, as they grew in size. Those who have visited my plant have been unanimous in their praise of my birds raised by this System.

Sincerely yours, (Rev.) E. B. Templer.

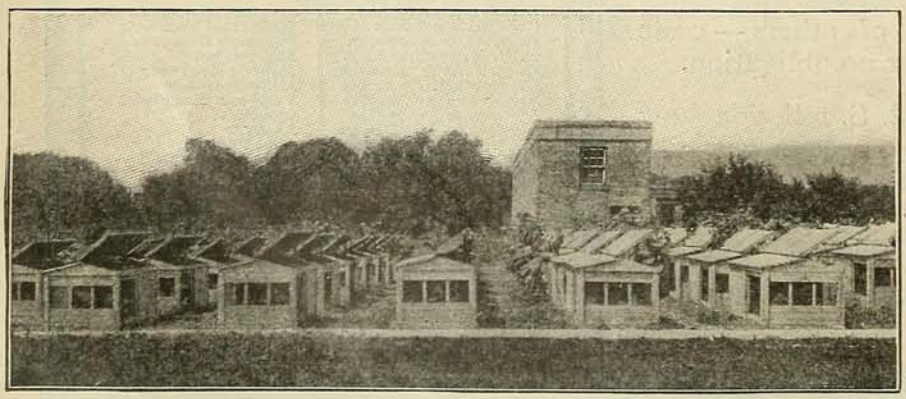
Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y. Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1909.

Dear Sir:—No doubt you will be interested to learn of our success in keeping poultry by the Philo System. Our first year's work is now nearly completed. It has given us an income of over $500.00 from six pedigree hens and one cockerel. Had we understood the work as well as we now do after a year's experience, we could easily have made over $1000.00 from the six hens. In addition to the profits from the sale of pedigree chicks we have cleared over $960.00, running our Hatchery plant, consisting of 56 Cycle Hatchers. We are pleased with the results, and expect to do better the coming year. With best wishes, we are Very truly yours, (Mrs.) C. P. Goodrich.

Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y. South Britain, Conn., April 19, 1909.

Dear Sir:—I have followed your System as close as I could; the result is a complete success. If there can be any improvement on nature, your brooder is it. The first experience I had with your System was last December. I hatched 17 chicks under two hens, put them as soon as hatched in one of your brooders out of doors, and at the age of three months I sold them at 35c. a pound. They then averaged 2½ lbs. each, and the man I sold them to said they were the finest he ever saw, and he wants all I can spare this season.

Yours truly, A. E. Nelson.



Photograph Showing a Portion of the Philo National Poultry Institute Poultry Plant, Where There Are Now Over 5,000 Pedigree White Orpingtons on Less Than a Half Acre of Land.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send $1.00 for one year's subscription to the Poultry Review, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive methods of poultry keeping, and we will include, without charge, a copy of the latest revised edition of the Philo System Book.

E. R. PHILO, Publisher

2638 Lake St., Elmira, N. Y.

Childhood's Appreciation

of the healthful products of sugar cane has never wavered in a hundred years. Don't *impose* upon it now. Pure *cane syrup* is Nature's best food. Georgia ribbon cane is the kind your great-grandmother used in her *cakes* and *cookies* and *candies*—it sweetened the buckwheats *fifty years ago.*

ALAGA

SYRUP

is the genuine Alabama-Georgia product—made by the old plantation "open kettle" process. Not a by-product but a *buy* product. Sensationally old-fashioned. Made because there's still a market for the best. Order it today—any good grocer. If your dealer doesn't keep *Alaga* write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Austin Nichols and Company
Largest Importers, Manufacturers and Wholesale Grocers in America
New York City
Distributors for the East
Packed by
Alabama-Georgia Syrup Company
Montgomery, Alabama

Startling Watch Offer!

READ!
A Watch Offer Without Parallel

Write for our FREE book on watches; a book that posts you on watches and watch values—explains reasons for our most remarkable rock-bottom-price offer DIRECT TO YOU on the highest grade Burlington.

IF YOU WANT a highest grade watch (ladies' or gentlemen's), or if you ever expect to own such a watch, write NOW for the free Burlington book. See coupon below.

We **won't** "knuckle down" to selling systems among dealers, so we have decided to make such a tremendous and wonderful offer direct to the public on a first-class time piece, that no trust, no dealers under contract will or can stop us. **You too** will seize this opportunity to get the "Burlington Special" direct on this wonderful offer.

You should not buy a worthless watch just because it is cheap. Nor need you pay trust prices now for a top-notch watch. The free Burlington book explains.

$2.50 a Month at the Rock Bottom Price

$2.50 a month for the world's most superb time piece? The easiest payments at the rock-bottom price—the **Rock-Bottom** price. *To assure us that **everybody** will quickly accept this introductory direct offer, we allow cash or easy payments, just as you prefer.*

No Money Down

We ship the watch on approval, prepaid (your choice of lady's or gentleman's open face or hunting case). You risk absolutely nothing—you pay nothing—not one cent—unless you **want** the great offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch.

Get the FREE Burlington Book

THIS BOOKLET will quickly convince you too that you **DO** want an independent watch—made in the independent factory that is fighting the trust as best it can by giving better quality and superior workmanship throughout; we will quickly convince you that the Burlington watch, on which there is only **one** rock-bottom price (the same rock-bottom price everywhere) is THE watch for the discriminating buyer; that it is THE watch for the man or woman who wants, not the largest selling brand which everybody has, but the **best** watch, the watch bought by experts, THE watch that is absolutely perfect in its many points of superiority—the **Burlington Watch.**

You will be posted on **inside facts** and prices when you send for the Burlington Company's free book on watches.

Now Write

for the free book. It will tell you what you ought to know before you even examine a watch. It will tell you the inside facts about watch prices, and will explain the many superior points of the Burlington over the double priced products. Just send your name and address **today.**

No Letter Is Necessary—COUPON Will Do

BURLINGTON WATCH COMPANY
Dept. 1102 19th and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

CUT OR TEAR ALONG THIS LINE

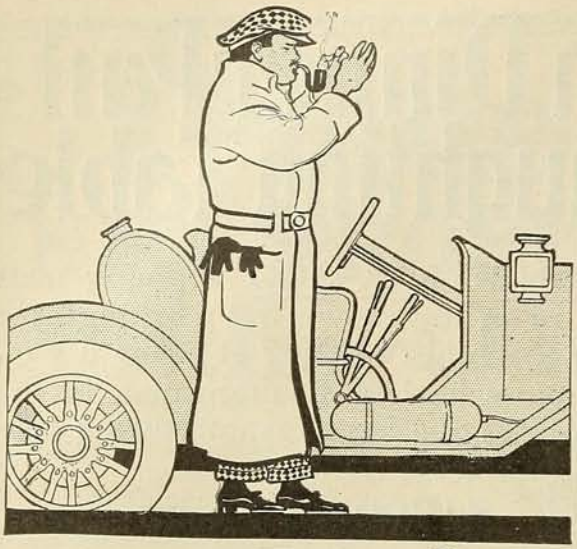
BURLINGTON WATCH CO.
Dept. 1102 19th and Marshall Blvd.
CHICAGO • • ILLINOIS

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches and copy of your $1,000 challenge, with full explanations of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....

.....



Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

Automobiling — the right thing to smoke is a pipe — the right thing to put in it is Velvet. It's bully — different from the ordinary tobaccos. Velvet is Burley—the very choicest of Burley leaf—mellowed for two years and in that two years every particle of the essential oils permeate each leaf thoroughly and make Velvet the mildest, coolest, sweetest smoke that you ever tasted. It burns even and it smokes cool. You may have tried other Burley tobaccos, but you will never know how good Burley tobacco *can* be until you've tried Velvet. Get a can. Don't let your dealer fool you. Say "Velvet" and stick to it.

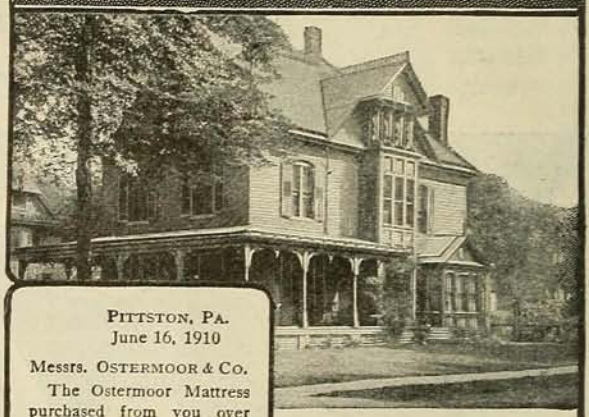
Spaulding & Merrick
Chicago, Ill.

In a neat metal can

10 cents

At your dealer's or if he is sold out, send us the 10 cents. We'll send you a can to any address in the U. S. A

11 Years Here



PITTSTON, PA.
June 16, 1910

Messrs. OSTERMOOR & Co.

The Ostermoor Mattress purchased from you over ten or **eleven years ago** is still in use in my home, and it is so comfortable and satisfactory I assure you we would use no other.

Very truly yours,
FRANK C. MOSIER
Attorney-at-Law.

WHICH means more to you—actual proof of value from families who have used the Ostermoor for years, or the mere claim of a "just-as-good" imitation, so many of which have cropped up to deceive buyers who really want and *should have* the

OSTERMOOR

MATTRESS $15.

"Built—Not Stuffed"

Your education along the lines of sleeping comfort—your knowledge of mattress quality and what scientific mattress making can bring you—demands the Ostermoor, *and none other.*

It represents fifty years of *experience* instead of five years of "experiment."

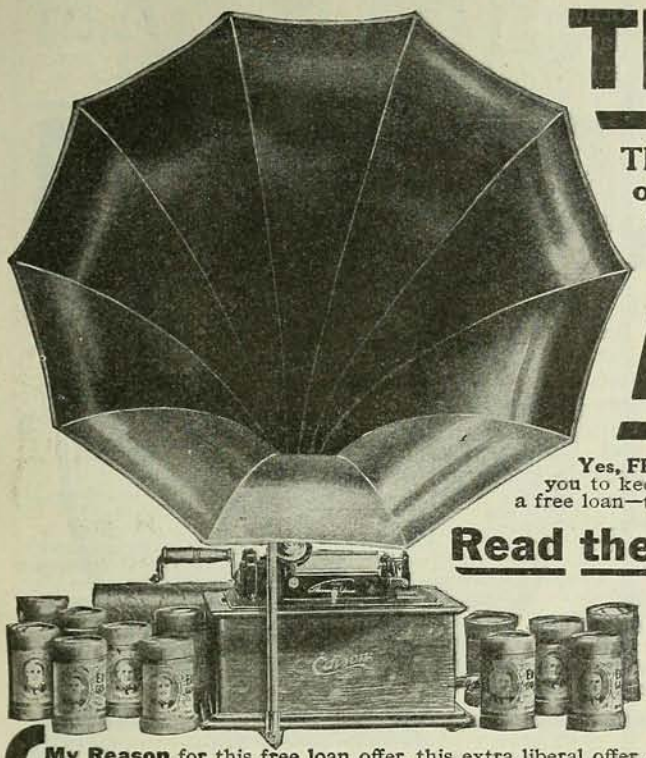
144-Page Book and Samples Free

The Ostermoor Mattress is not for sale at stores generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places. Write us, and we'll give his name. We will ship you a mattress by express, prepaid, same day your check is received, where we have no dealer or he has none in stock. Try it 30 days—money back if you want it.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 248 Elizabeth St., New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

MATTRESSES COST
Express Prepaid
Best blue and white ticking
4'6" wide 45lbs $15.
In two parts 50c extra
Dust proof, satin finish ticking, $1 50 more.
Mercerized French Art Twills, $3.00 more.



The Edison!

The latest style Edison Phonograph in our grand new outfit—this superb entertainer, Mr. Edison's latest, final improvement of phonograph, shipped

FREE!

Yes, FREE! I don't ask a cent of your money—I don't want you to keep the phonograph—I just want to give it to you on a free loan—then you may return it at my own expense.

Read the Offer:

I will ship you free this grand new outfit, Fireside Model, with one dozen Gold Molded and Amberol records. You do not have to pay me a cent C. O. D. or sign any leases or mortgages. I want you to get this free outfit—the masterpiece of Mr. Edison's skill—in your home. I want you to see and hear Mr. Edison's final and greatest improvement in phonographs. I want to convince you of its wonderful superiority. Give a free concert; give a free minstrel show, music, dances, the old-fashioned hymns, grand opera, comic opera—all this I want you to hear free of charge—all in your own home—on this free loan offer.

My Reason for this free loan offer, this extra liberal offer on the finest talking machine ever made—see below.

Mr. Edison Says: *"I Want to See a Phonograph in Every American Home."*

The phonograph is the result of years of experiment; it is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. He realizes fully its value as an entertainer and educator, for the phonograph brings the pleasure of the city right to the village and the farm home. **Now, the new Fireside Edison Phonograph** of our New Outfit improved Model, is the latest and greatest improved talking machine made by this great inventor. If you have only heard other talking machines before, you cannot imagine what beautiful music you can get from our new outfit. **We want to convince you;** we want to prove to you that this outfit is far, far superior to anything ever heard before. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer.

My Reason

I don't want you to buy it—I don't ask you to buy anything. But I do feel that if I can send you this great phonograph and convince you of its merits, of its absolute superiority, you will be glad to invite your neighbors and friends to your house to let them hear the free concert. Then, perhaps, one or more of your friends will be glad to buy one of these great new outfits. You can tell your friends that they can get an Edison Phonograph outfit complete with records for only $2.00 a month—$2.00 a month—the easiest possible payment and, at the same time, a rock-bottom price. **Perhaps you, yourself would want a phonograph,** and if you ever intend to get a phonograph now is the chance to get the brand-new and most wonderful phonograph ever made, and on a most wonderfully liberal offer. But if neither you nor your friends want the machine, that is O. K. I simply want you to have it on a free loan, and perhaps somebody who heard the machine will buy one later. I am glad to send it on the free loan offer anyway. I will take it as a favor if you will send me your name and address so I can send you the catalog. Then you can decide whether you want the free loan. There are no strings on this offer, absolutely none. It is a free loan, that is all. I ask not for one cent of your money, I only say if any of your people want to buy a phonograph, they may get one for $2.00 a month, if they want it.

Now, remember, nobody asks for a cent of your money

I want every responsible household in the country, every man who wants to see his home cheerful and his family entertained, every good father, every good husband, to write and get these free concerts for his home. Remember, the loan is absolutely free from us, and we do not even charge you anything C. O. D.

Write Today for this interesting catalog FREE

Just sign and mail the coupon at the right and get this FREE catalog. Write today

Write for FREE Edison Catalog

In this catalog you will find a complete list of music and vaudeville entertainments. Get this catalog at once, then you can decide whether or not you want a free loan and when you want it. You can also decide just the music you want. Remember, I will appreciate it as a favor if you will give me the opportunity of sending you this latest style machine—the climax of Mr. Edison's skill—on this free loan offer. **Sign the coupon today.** Do it right now.

F. K. BABSON Edison Phonograph Distributers Dept. 1102 Edison Blk., Chicago

Western Office; 65 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Canadian Office; 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Can.

FREDERICK BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributers, 1102 Edison Block, CHICAGO, ILL.

Without any obligations on me, please send your Great Edison Catalog, and also full explanation of your Free Loan Offer on the Edison Phonograph.

Name.....

Address.....

No letter necessary; just sign and mail this free coupon right now, today.

$13,245 IN 110 DAYS

$30,000 in 9 Months

R. V. Zimmerman

Amount of orders from R. V. Zimmerman, Ind., *farmer (address upon request)*, for our

NEW INVENTION

First experience as an agent. **M. Stoneman**, Nebr., *artist (address upon request)*, *spare time* orders total

OVER $15,000.00

One order exceeds $6,000. "Best thing ever sold. Not one complaint from 2,000 customers." C. A. Korstad, Minn. *(address upon request)*,

Orders $2,212 Worth in Two Weeks

Hundreds enjoying similar prosperity. Agents breaking all records—actually getting rich. **Let us refer you to 10 more whose total orders exceed $51,000**; to hundreds like O. Schleicher, Ohio **(minister)**, whose first 12 hours work sold 30 outfits (profit $81.90). A. Wilson, Ky., who ordered **$4,000** worth and **sold 102 in 14 days** (profit $278.40). J. Hart, Texas, **$5,000** worth and **sold 16 in 3 hours** (profit $43.68). Reese, Pa. **(carpenter)**, solicited 60 people—sold 55. Reader, these results possible for **you**, at home or travelling, as **exclusive agent for Allen's Wonderful Bath Apparatus.** New, powerful, irresistible. Truly wonderful! **Gives every home a modern bathroom for only $6.50.** Abolishes tubs, bowls, buckets, wash rags, sponges. Supplies hot or cold water in any room. **No plumbing, no water works, self-heating,** makes bathing **5 minute** operation. Easily carried from room to room. Child operates easily. Means no more cold rooms, drudgery, lugging water, filling tubs, emptying, cleaning, putting away. No wonder **agents without previous experience make small fortunes, buy homes, have an automobile, bank account.** Average 8 orders to every 10 families. Fascinating, dignified, exciting work.

Sectional View

Free Sample, Credit, Liberal Terms to active agents. Don't hesitate—business supplies capital. Investigate by all means. Address postal today for full details—decide afterwards.

ALLEN MFG. CO., 3161 Allen Bldg., TOLEDO, O.

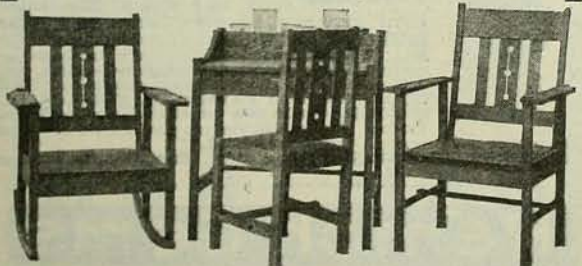
DIRECT SECTIONAL Trade Mark FURNITURE

LESS THAN WHOLESALE prices—less because we sell for cash only, cutting out bad debt losses, exorbitant installment charges and bookkeeping costs. LESS because we save you ALL the dealer's profits and expenses, store rents, salesmen's wages. LESS again because we sell only from our factory "DIRECT" to YOU. STILL LESS because we ship in SECTIONS, cutting freight charges in half and saving expensive packing.

This $25 Solid Oak Mission Library Suite $11.75

Completely Finished in Golden or Weathered

Three splendid chairs, correctly designed, special "BOSTON LEATHER" seats, and a handy, substantial desk with large drawer, shipped in sections, all in one box, ready to set up in a few minutes, on UNLIMITED APPROVAL, $11.75.



YOUR MONEY BACK any time you are not perfectly satisfied that you have a good $25 worth. Order from this adv. to-day for prompt shipment.

Catalogue of a score of other astonishing values sent with every order or mailed free. Write for it.

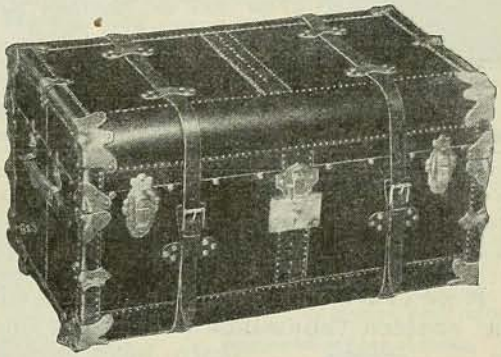
THE DIRECT FURNITURE CO.

208 Oak Street Ann Arbor, Mich.

Why You Should Buy a G & S NEVERBREAK Trunk

Here is a Facsimile of the Guarantee Certificate Furnished by the **TRAVELERS' CASUALTY COMPANY, of Newark, N. J.,** a copy of which is permanently attached to each **G & S NEVERBREAK TRUNK,** and backed by the largest manufacturers of trunks in the world.

If you buy a trunk before seeing the **G & S NEVERBREAK** you'll make a mistake that you'll certainly regret.



G & S NEVERBREAK Trunks are sold at $7.00, $10.00, $12.00, $15.00, $20.00 up to $50.00.

The guarantee on our $7.00 G & S NEVERBREAK Trunk is just as binding and absolute as the guarantee on our $50 trunk.

This Trade-mark on Every G & S Neverbreak

GUARANTEED NEVER BREAK G&S L. GOLDSMITH & SON TRUNKS NEWARK, N.J. BY TRAVELERS CASUALTY CO.

Quality talks. Insist on securing a **G & S Neverbreak Trunk.** Look for the trademark. Be sure that the trunk you buy has it on. Our faith in our trunks is proven in the liberal guarantee. **G & S Neverbreak Trunks** are so carefully and so thoroughly put together that they are **Bound to Wear.**

Send us the name of your Trunk Dealer and we will mail you Illustrated Catalogue and Price List, together with unique Celluloid NEVERBREAK Pocket Memo.

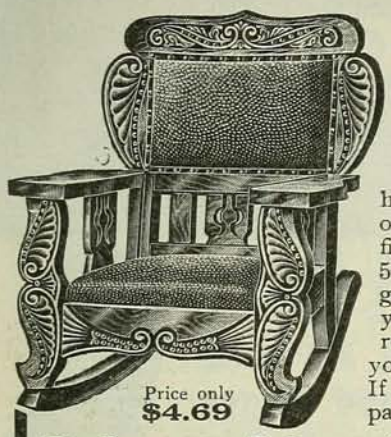
Mr. Dealer, try out the selling qualities of this successful line—now—you can establish a satisfactory business. Write to-day for a supply of Trunks, subject to approval

L. GOLDSMITH & SON

47 Cherry Street **Newark, N. J.**

Largest exclusive trunk factory in the world. Estab. 1869.

Sent for 50c



Price only **$4.69**

THIS handsome rocker will be sent at once to your own home merely on receipt of first payment—50c. If not the greatest value you ever saw return and get your 50c. back. If you like it, pay

Balance 50c a Month

Rocker is exactly like cut shown above. Beautifully made of specially selected quarter-sawed oak, polished to high piano finish, strongest coil springs to make it comfortable as well as durable, and seat richly upholstered in genuine Nantucket leather. Price $4.69—sent to you on receipt of 50c cash—balance payable 50c a month.

Direct-From-Factory Prices On Complete Home Furnishings

We operate 22 big retail stores in the larger cities and have furnished 800,000 homes. All the style, distinction and elegance which marks the best city homes is yours, on terms to suit your convenience. And the prices we quote are so low that only our tremendous business and the fact that we control our own factories make them possible.

Big Book FREE

"Everything for the Home," a big 300-page book, illustrating the latest styles in home furnishings, sent absolutely free. Shows you how you can furnish your home in a way that will be your pride and the admiration of your friends—and do it on our liberal open-account credit plan on payments that you won't miss.

Write today for **your** free copy—no home-lover can afford to be without it.

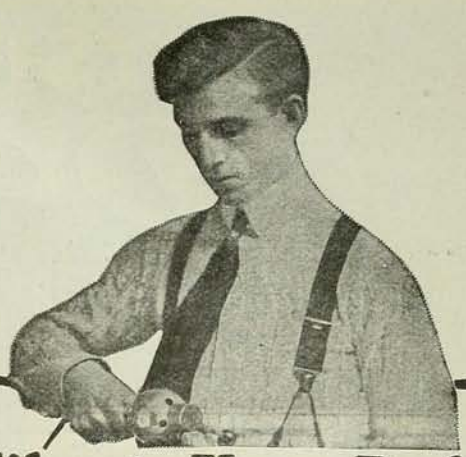
HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

206 S Wabash Av., Chicago, Ill.

Largest, oldest and best known home-furnishing concern in the world.

Established 1855—55 years of success.

22 Great Stores—**800,000** Customers.



Vibrate Your Body And Make It Well

You have no **right** to be sick. No matter **what** ails you—even if others have told you your case was **incurable DON'T GIVE UP HOPE.** The great natural forces, **Vibration and Electricity,** are relieving hundreds of people who have found no satisfaction in drugs.

Vibration for the Racking Backache of Women.

The White Cross Electric Vibrator

gives you your choice of Vibration, Faradic and Galvanic Electricity, either separately or in combination, just as you wish. **It relieves pain and brings grateful letters from happy patients.**

The White Cross Electric Vibrator gets at the **cause** of disease. It sends the rich blood leaping and coursing through your veins and arteries **straight to where the disease begins.** It tones up your nerves, muscles and every vital organ. It makes you **fairly tingle with the joy of living.**

FREE Book "Health and Beauty"

Send TODAY for the magnificent free book, "Health and Beauty." This valuable work tells you all about the human body in health and disease. It tells you how you can **get** well and **keep** well, no matter **what** your trouble is. Besides, this book tells you all about the wonderful **White Cross Electric Vibrator**—It tells you about the **very special offers** which we are making **for just a short time,** and how you can get a **White Cross Electric Vibrator** on a **genuine free trial.** Your name and address brings this intensely interesting book by return mail. Sign the coupon and mail it to us at once.

Send coupon today for Free Book

DON'T DELAY A MINUTE. Whether you are **sick** or **well,** you should send for this book **anyway.** Learn how you can **save on drug bills** and treat yourself right at home without expense.

Send No Money, just your name and address on the coupon. *But write today.*

LINDSTROM, SMITH CO.
253 La Salle St., Dept. 1102. CHICAGO

SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

LINDSTROM, SMITH CO., 253 LaSalle St., Dept. 1102 CHICAGO.

Without obligations on me, please send free, prepaid, your book "Health and Beauty," on treatment of disease by Vibration and Electricity. Also Free trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

Buys a Fruit or Truck Farm in Florida That May Make You a Fortune Right from the Start

We offer you at the rock-bottom price per acre a small farm of from ten to forty acres on one of the richest tracts of land in Florida. This tract is located only a few miles from Tampa, and is crossed by three railroads. Transportation facilities and the comforts and conveniences of a big city are thus almost at your door.

You can have a money-making farm on this land for the remarkably low terms of $1.00 an acre per month, which is the same as only three and one-third cents per day.

If you could but see this land we are offering, we know that you would eventually want to own one of our small farms. YOU DO NOT NEED MORE THAN TEN ACRES OF THIS LAND TO MAKE A FAIR PROFIT AND ACCUMULATE A BIG BANK ACCOUNT.

The soil on our tract is remarkably fertile. Almost every kind of produce can be raised. Vegetables will grow between the rows of fruit trees, so that almost every square foot of ground may be cultivated.

The climate of Hillsboro County, in which both Tampa and North Tampa are located, is almost perfect. Temperature variations from winter to summer are less near Tampa than at most other Florida points. One of the greatest testimonials to the excellence of the climate of Hillsboro County is that the American Medical Society selected this county out of all America as the site of the organization's proposed Health City.

Climate and soil combine to produce crops at just the time northern markets are demanding them as winter luxuries. This means higher prices and more profit.

Every day we receive letters from people who have personally investigated our lands. This was recently written by Mr. L. S. Meyer, 5914 Winchester Ave., Chicago:

> "I have just returned from an extensive trip through Florida, and am convinced that your tract is the very best that it is possible to buy.
>
> "While on the property I investigated especially the farms of Mr. E. W. Bearss. What Mr. Bearss is doing is a revelation to me, and proves conclusively that immense crops of vegetables and fruit can be raised on this land when properly developed.
>
> "I am simply astonished at the possibilities of this country, the health and prosperity that await homeseekers here. The fact is YOU CAN LIVE LIKE A PRINCE IN FLORIDA on the same amount of labor that would afford only a bare living elsewhere.
>
> "It is my intention to move my family onto my land in your North Tampa tract within the next few months and immediately develop the same." (Signed)
> L. S. MEYER.

The advantages of being located near a big metropolitan city like Tampa can hardly be overestimated. Tampa is now the metropolis of southern Florida. It is already the second largest city in the state and its population is going up by leaps and bounds. Though a comparatively young city, it already boasts of industries whose annual payroll is nineteen million dollars!

You see, then, that there are many reasons why you should invest in a Florida farm on our tract. Our land lies high and dry, while the natural water supply is just enough to keep it properly moist.

These are no idle claims we make for our lands. We guarantee to prove every single statement.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

Send a postal today, and we will forward you our **BIG, FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK,** containing all the proof you need. It proves every claim we have made, and is fully illustrated from photographs actually made on the ground. Twenty pages of reading and illustrations that will make you almost as fully acquainted as though you had personally visited North Tampa. **JUST SEND THE COUPON.**

NORTH TAMPA LAND CO.
558 Commercial Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Chicago.

Please send without any expense or obligation to me your FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK about your North Tampa Land.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

WHILE Pompeian Massage Cream is used in several million homes by both husband and wife, yet in some homes men still think it is a woman's face cream, and again, women think it is a man's cream. Pompeian is for both, just as much as soap is for both. But Pompeian cleanses, refreshes, improves and invigorates the skin as no soap possibly can. There is no logical reason why either man or woman should have the cleaner or more wholesome skin.

We are all judged largely on first and general appearances—yes, judged before we speak. Comparatively few people come to know our inner selves. Hence the value of appearance; hence the necessity of a fresh, healthy, wholesome skin. Such a complexion is in itself a good introduction for man or woman into either social or business circles.

You are judged before you speak! "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

Don't confuse Pompeian with "cold" or grease creams. Pompeian Massage Cream is entirely different in purpose, use and results. Pompeian "rolls" out of the pores, bringing the hidden dirt with it. It is this rolling-out feature which makes Pompeian Massage Cream entirely different from "cold" or grease creams, which stay in the pores. Use cold creams for cold cream uses, but when you want a cleansing massage cream insist on Pompeian. At all dealers.

Trial Jar and Art Picture, both sent for 10c. (stamps or coin) for Postage and Packing

All dealers 50c, 75c and $1

For years you have heard of Pompeian's merits and benefits. To get you to act now we will send a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture, in exquisite colors, with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. This "Pompeian Beauty" is very expensive and immensely popular. Clip coupon now.

MAGAZINES & BOOKS FOR LIBRARY SLIPS ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE

Cut along this line, fill in and mail today

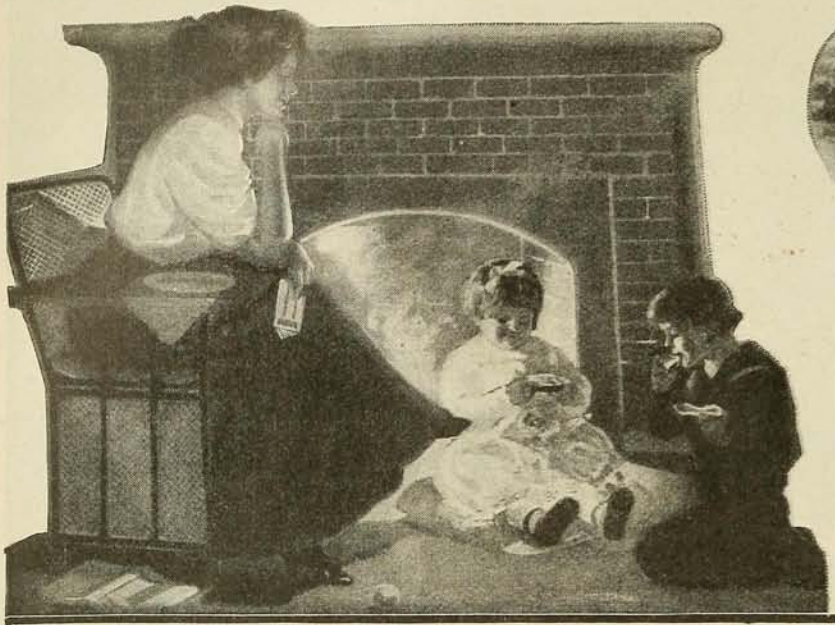
The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
171 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 10c. (stamps or coin), for postage and packing, for which please send me a trial jar of Pompeian and a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



The Best Sweet for Children

THE CRAVING of your child for sweets is not abnormal. It is nature's call for the necessary "fuel-food" to build up the thriving child.

Simple food flavored and sweetened with a pure syrup is nourishing, satisfying and easily digested.

Towle's Log Cabin

The Pioneer Maple Syrup

Full Measure—Full Quality—Full Flavor

By its purity and deliciousness delights the whole family.

Don't confine its uses to the breakfast table, for it adds a new flavor to desserts, ices, sherbets, candy, cake, puddings, pies, sauces, muffins, waffles, cold and hot drinks and preserves.

We have an attractive book "From Camp to Table," which tells of the many ways Towle's Log Cabin can be used and gives thirty-three prize recipes.

Send For It. It's Free

Every woman should have a copy of this interesting, instructive, and useful book. To every reader of this advertisement who sends us ten cents in coin or in 2 cent U. S. stamps, we will mail, postpaid, a beautiful full-sized, long-wearing, silver-plated teaspoon as illustrated. No advertising on it.

A Souvenir of Towle's Log Cabin

There is a coupon on every can of Log Cabin Syrup, which enables you to secure more of these spoons.

The Towle Maple Products Co.
St. Paul, Minn., U. S. A.

Refineries and Offices:
St. Johnsbury, Vt.
In the Virgin Maple Sugar Forest
St. Paul, Minn.
In the Center of North America
San Francisco, Cal.
Pacific Coast Headquarters

Telephone Etiquette

Co-operation is the keynote of telephone success.

For good service there must be perfect co-operation between the party calling, the party called, and the trained operator who connects these two.

Suggestions for the use of the telephone may be found in the directory and are worthy of study, but the principles of telephone etiquette are found in everyday life.

One who is courteous face to face should also be courteous when he bridges distance by means of the telephone wire.

He will not knock at the telephone door and run away, but will hold himself in readiness to speak as soon as the door is opened.

The 100,000 employees of the Bell system and the 25,000,000 telephone users constitute the great telephone democracy.

The success of the telephone democracy depends upon the ability and willingness of each individual to do his part.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

May We Send You Free Samples

To Prove That You Can Artistically Color and Finish Any Kind of Wood About the Home

YOU can produce any desired shade and effect. The expense is slight—the work easy and simple. First apply Johnson's Wood Dye—made in 14 shades as listed below. Over the Dye lightly apply Johnson's Prepared Wax—and you have a beautiful, rich, subdued finish that will not mar or show scratches.

Johnson's Wood Dye must not be confused with colored varnishes or stains which merely coat the surface of the wood, hiding the natural grain beauty. Johnson's Wood Dye is not a mere stain—not merely a surface dressing—it is a deep-seated Dye which goes to the very heart of the wood and stays there, fixing a rich and permanent color.

Johnson's Wood Dye

is made in fourteen attractive shades as follows:

No. 126	*Light Oak*	*No. 128*	*Light Mahogany*	*No. 121*	*Moss Green*
No. 123	*Dark Oak*	*No. 129*	*Dark Mahogany*	*No. 122*	*Forest Green*
No. 125	*Mission Oak*	*No. 130*	*Weathered Oak*	*No. 172*	*Flemish Oak*
No. 140	*Manilla Oak*	*No. 131*	*Brown Weathered Oak*	*No. 178*	*Brown Flemish Oak*
No. 110	*Bog Oak*	*No. 132*	*Green Weathered Oak*		

Pints, 50 cents each

Johnson's Prepared Wax

dries quickly over Dye or any other finish so that it may be brought to a beautiful, dull, artistic finish. It should be used for all woodwork, floors and furniture, including pianos and is just the preparation for Mission furniture.

Free Sample Coupon

Please send free samples of Wood Dye, Shade No. ..... Prepared Wax, and Under-Lac—also booklet. If samples are found satisfactory, will ask my dealer to supply me.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

R. M.-9-11

Johnson's Under-Lac

is not a common varnish—but a thin, elastic spirit preparation superior to shellac or ordinary varnish, and is to be used over Wood Dye where a higher gloss than a wax finish is desired, drying hard in half an hour. Best preparation for linoleum and oilcloth, bringing out the pattern as glossy as new. Gallons, $2.50—smaller sizes down to half-pints. *Fill out the coupon for free samples and booklet.*

S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wis.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Fairy Soap Looks Good Enough to Eat

That's because it is white—untainted with dyes and high perfumes—and is made from edible products. We could charge you five times the five cents we get for it, and we could add nothing to the quality. In higher-priced soaps, you are paying for expensive perfumes and fancy labels, not better soap. Try Fairy—the handy, floating, oval cake—and know true soap luxury.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO

"Have You a little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

Just WHY

Old Dutch Cleanser

Is UNEQUALED For Cleaning

Enamelware

Agateware, Graniteware, Aluminumware, Tinware, etc.

Because it quickly and easily removes all discolorations, corrosion and grease without scratching or injuring the surface in any way. Soap-cleaning leaves a sticky film that catches more dirt.

Moreover, Old Dutch Cleanser is the only pure, hygienic cleanser for food utensils—it is entirely free from caustic acids or alkali.

Sprinkle Old Dutch Cleanser on a damp cloth or brush and go over vessel thoroughly. Rinse well in clean water and wipe dry.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can 10c