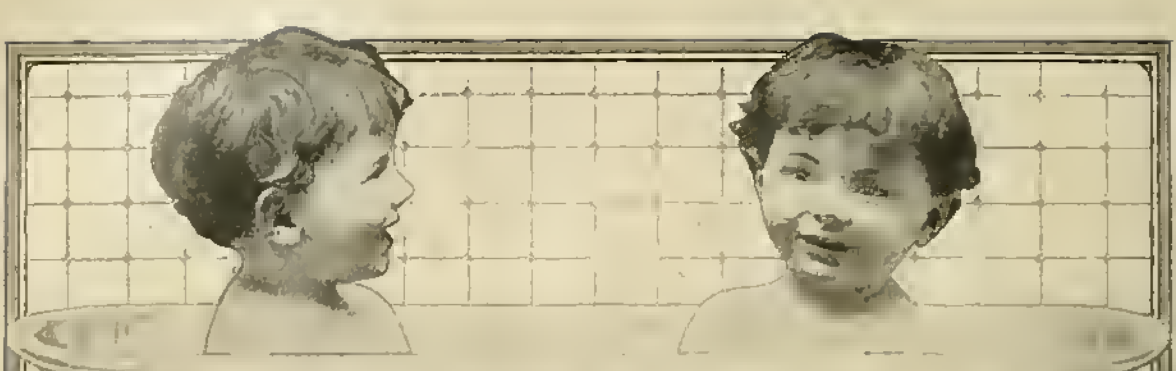
PRICE 10 CENTS BY THE YEAR $1.00

THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

MAY



Good morning! Have you used

Pears' Soap?

Mother's Day

Is when she moulds the habits, health and beauty of her children. Beauty and softness of skin texture are the natural heritage of nearly all infants. Unfortunately, this birth boon is often undervalued and neglected, with the result that the beauty gradually disappears.

The use of common impure soaps is answerable for much of this skin deterioration, and for this there is no excuse, since the best and purest of all skin soaps

Pears' Soap

is really more economical than ordinary soaps, because of the fact that it lasts twice as long. The pre-eminence of Pears' Soap all the world over is easily accounted for. It is composed entirely of natural beauty preserving ingredients. Its emollient action ensures the skin of a permanent softness and delicacy of color, and exercises a protective influence that keeps it in perfect condition.

Pears is all solid soap purity and goodness having no water mixed with it, and being unaffected by heat or cold. Since 1789 Pears has been the Mother's Soap of the world.

The general idea of Mother's Day is a simultaneous observance in every country of the love and reverence men, women and children owe to a good mother. The second Sunday in May is observed as Mother's Day throughout the United States. The Movement is not denominational—Every society and organization is asked to unite in making the observance universal. Do some distinct act of kindness to the sick or unfortunate, in loving remembrance of your mother. The White Carnation is the Mother's Day special flower.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

Victor

Victor III
$40
Other styles
$10 to $250

The advantages of the "goose-neck" tone-arm

The patented Victor "goose-neck" tone-arm in playing position.

The patented Victor "goose-neck" tone-arm when not in use.

"What makes the Victor tone so sweet, clear and natural, and of such splendid volume?" people ask as they become captivated by the unequaled Victor tone-quality.

The "goose-neck" construction of the tone-arm is largely responsible. A little thing in itself, but a great big thing in what it accomplishes.

It puts the weight of the sound-box in the proper place and at the proper angle to get the best results from every record.

Its flexibility enables the reproducing point to follow the lines of the sound-waves so closely that every detail is reproduced with absolute fidelity.

And besides improving the tone, the "goose-neck" adds to the convenience of using the Victor.

This exclusive patented "goose-neck" is only one of the many valuable features that help to make the Victor the world's greatest musical instrument.

If you have never heard a Victor of the present day, go to the nearest Victor dealer's and hear it. You'll be astonished at the height of perfection it has reached in recent years.

And be sure to hear the Victor-Victrola

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors
To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records
New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

STICK
POWDER
CREAM

and every shaver satisfied

With Colgate's, you now have your choice of three methods—Stick, Powder or Cream. The result is the same, for whichever you use, you get the perfect

COLGATE'S
SHAVING LATHER

Softening, soothing, sanitary. The most wiry beard yields quickly to the blade. Your skin is left with a sensation of coolness, comfort and refreshment.

Colgate's is the *safest* lather because of its proved antiseptic qualities. Do not ill-treat your face or handicap your razor by using an inferior lather.

Trial size of Stick, Powder or Cream sent for four cents.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 55, 199 Fulton Street, New York

THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR MAY

SERIALS.

SHORT STORIES.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

VERSE AND DIVERSE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ISSUED MONTHLY BY THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, and Temple House, Temple Avenue, E. C., London
FRANK A. MUNSEY, President. RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON, Secretary. CHRISTOPHER H. POPE, Treasurer.
Single Copies, 10c.

By the Year, $1.00

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Munsey's Magazine	$2.50
The Scrap Book	—
The Argosy	$1.50
The All-Story Magazine	1.00
The Railroad Man's Magazine	.75
The Cavalier	.50
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A BONANZA! PUSH-POINT LEAD PENCIL, WITH Sharpener That Slips Over Eraser When Not In Use!! (Sharpener weighs 1-22d ounce); solves pencil economies problem better than devices costing more than ten times as much; no whittling away wood, always same length; 100% profit at ten cents; sells on sight; outlasts ordinary pencil three to five times. Send ten cents silver—no stamps—for sample and terms. APEX SALES CO., 1224-1226 17th Street, Denver, Colorado.

REPRESENT US in exclusive territory and earn 100% profit selling patent gas cooking appliance that every housewife wants on sight. Good proposition for men and women to work individually or organize and direct selling crews. A. G. DECKER, Sales Manager, 37 E. 28th St., New York.

$100 MONTHLY AND EXPENSES TO TRUSTWORTHY men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S. SCHEFFER, Treas., M1132, Chicago.

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AGENTS EARN BIG MONEY WEEKLY selling our new styles embroidered waist patterns, princess dresses, petticoats, art linens, drawn work, silk shawls and scarfs, etc. Catalogue free. J. GLUCK, 621 B'way, New York.

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AGENTS, MILLIONS OF HOUSEHOLDS USE LAMPS. Our Sun-Ray mantle kerosene burners fit all lamps. Cheaper than gas. Prices defy competition. Particulars *free*. SUNLIGHT GASLIGHT CO., Dept. 20, New York.

WANTED—SALESMEN. GOOD COMMISSIONS PAID to high-grade men. Fine opportunity for active, able men. Also men write. UNION ENGINEERING COMPANY, Columbia, South Carolina.

SALESMAN—AS LOCAL MANAGER—to handle complete line of formaldehyde fumigators, liquid soap, floor oil, liquid wax, disinfectants and sanitary supplies; goods used by U. S. Government, New York Central and Pennsylvania R. R. The Formacone Co., 50 Church St., New York.

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AGENTS—$50 weekly. We manufacture the best needle case made; a wonderful seller; 200% to 500% profit; talking unnecessary; our "Trust Scheme" Envelopes do the work; general agents can make $100 weekly; send 10c for a 25c sample containing 115 needles; particulars free. PATY NEEDLE CO., 203 Union Sq., Somerville, Mass.

GOOD HUSTLERS CAN MAKE FOR THEMSELVES elegant future, selling "Raincoats." We are manufacturers. New proposition. Write for interesting particulars. REGAL RAINCOAT CO., Dept. 66, 1367 Broadway, New York.

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THE GREAT FRUIT CANNING TOOLS. The Milwaukee Fruit Jar Holder and Wrench. 500 other red hot sellers. Samples of best sellers and big catalog sent free. GEO. V. EDGREN CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

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MOTORCYCLES—1911 M.M. TOURING MODEL. Has more actual features than all others. Idler, free engine, roller bearings, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. AMERICAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Brockton, Mass.

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MEN WANTED: EVERY RAILROAD COMPANY wants signal engineers. There are positions for every graduate enrolled with us before August 1st, 1911. Send for free catalog No. 70 for full particulars. The School of Railway Signaling, Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

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MEN AND WOMEN to sell Whitcomb's "Flexsole," unlined shoe for women; no tacks, no seams, no lining; advertised in magazines 9 years; handsome income assured; all orders filled the same day received; protected territory. Eastern Shoe Co., 240 Broadway, Beverly, Mass.

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FREE—AN IMPORTED IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEF with our $1.00 men's outfit of 1 pair French Guyot Suspenders, known for 60 years for their surpassing quality and durability, at 50 cents, 1 pair of socks, 1 pair Garters, both of Guyot quality, at 25 cents each, all for $1.00 postpaid to you. Fullest value ever without the handkerchief. You will be delighted or money refunded, we paying return postage. Fair, isn't it? T. S. Todd & Co., 42 Broadway, New York.

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We will show you hundreds of testimonials.

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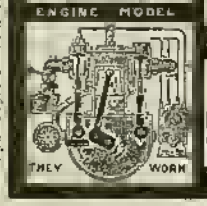
Dyke's system is POSITIVELY the only system which can successfully be taught by mail.



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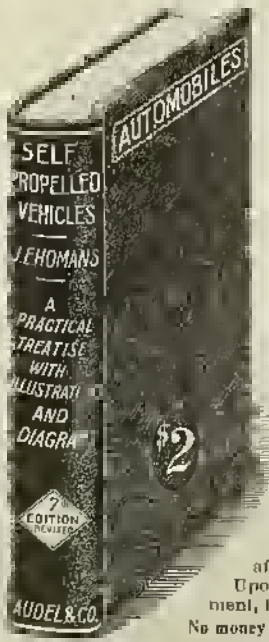
L. H. BISSELL, Pres.

HOW TO RUN AN AUTO



"Homans' Self Propelled Vehicles" gives full details on successful care, handling and how to locate trouble.

Beginning at the first principles necessary to be known, and then forward to the principles used in every part of a Motor Car.

It is a thorough EH course in the Science of Automobiles, highly approved by manufacturers, owners, operators and repairmen. Contains over 400 illustrations and diagrams, making every detail clear, written in plain language. Handsomely bound.

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Kindly mail me copy of **Homans' Automobiles**, and, if found satisfactory, I will immediately remit you $2.00, or return the book to you.

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OCCUPATION.....

ADDRESS..... R.R. Man's, 6-11

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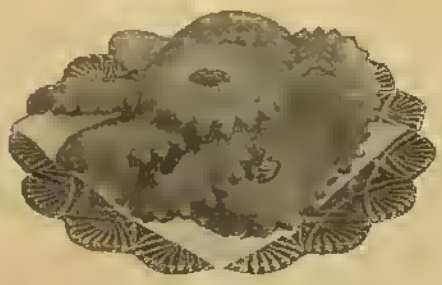
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, BOX 1003-S, SCRANTON, PA.

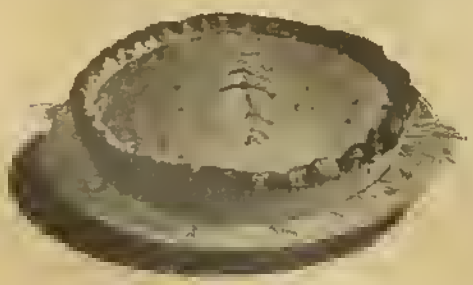
The Best of All Shortening is Real Leaf Lard

Tea Biscuits—Silt one qnart of flonr with one teaspoonlnl of salt, and three ronnding teaspoonluls of baking powder. Into this rub one large teaspoonful of Armonr's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard. Add just enough sweet milk to make a dongh easily handled. Roll ont and bake lor aboni fifteen minutes in very hot oven.

New England Doughnuts—Scant cup granulated sngar, rounding tablespoonful "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, cupful sweet milk, two eggs, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon nutmeg, foni cnpluls flonr, four ronnding teaspoonluls baking powder. Roll out one-fonrth of an inch thick, cnt and fry in Armoni's "Simon Pnre" Leaf Lard.



Old-Fashioned Sugar Cookies—One cnpful of Armour's "Simon Pnre" Leaf Lard, three cnpfuls sugar, three eggs, one cnplul bnttermilk, one level teaspoonlnl soda, one-half nntmeg grated, pinch of salt, two cupfnls pastry flonr. Add enough flour to make a dough easily handled. Cut ont one-eighth of an inch thick; cover with granulated sugar and bake a delicate brown.



Pie Paste—One level cup of pastry flour, one-half cup of Armoni's "Simon Pnre" Leal Lard, one-half teaspoon salt, one-lonrth cnp cold water. Mix salt and flour thoronghly, chop in the lard, add water. Use as little flour as possible when rolling ont. This makes a light, crisp, flaky and delicious pie crnst.

It is the shortening that made old-time cooks famous for their wonderful hot breads, flaky pastry, light and feathery cakes—all digestible as well as delicious.

These old-fashioned cooks rendered their own lard—made it in open kettles just as "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard is made today.

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard is the fine, pure, sweet, delicate lard our grandmothers had to make for themselves, but even better because of our wonderful facilities, materials and long years of experience.

Armour's "Simon Pure" LEAF LARD

is the very cream of the land — better than butter when butter is called for because it doesn't cook so dry.

And while it costs a trifle more than ordinary lard you need only use two-thirds as much.

There is just one way for you to get this finest of all lard. Be sure the label reads Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard.

Save this advertisement and try some of these recipes. They will give you wonderfully good results. Then write to us for "Pastry Wrinkles," from which they are taken. We send it free. Address

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Dept. G 152 **Chicago**

THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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The Railroad Builders.

BY WALTER GARDNER SEAVER.

WHEN railroads throughout the West were warring with one another for new territory and pushing their tracks through that part of Kansas and Nebraska known as the Great American Desert the intense rivalry between the builders of competing roads often gave rise to incidents, many of which are still unwritten history.

The first instalment of Mr. Seaver's series of stories told by promoters, engineers, and contractors deals with the rough-and-ready tactics of these Western railroad builders whom no obstacles however great could overcome, and who sought to finish their work on time even if they had to help themselves to the building material belonging to another line.

PART I.—THE FIGHT FOR RAILS.

Master-Strokes of Nerve, Daring, and Audacity That Marked the Efforts of the Men Who Struggled To Win Supremacy for the Roads They Were Building.

BATTLE FOR COUNTY AID BONDS.

Joab Mulvane Learns that It Pays to Have Public Opinion Behind a Railroad.

IN 1883 the freight and passenger traffic of that part of Kansas lying west of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad and south of the Arkansas River was controlled by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe lines, with the exception of what went to the St. Louis, Fort Scott and Wichita, a part of the Missouri Pacific system. The Frisco system had a line running from Monett, Missouri, to Wichita, but offered no competition to the Santa Fe, as it was controlled by that line.

The Southern Kansas, from Kansas City to Independence and thence west to Medicine Lodge, was the only line through the Osage Diminished Reserve from east to west, and the two southern tiers of counties depended upon it entirely for their supply of fuel and lumber. It was almost impossible to get soft coal from the mines in south-

eastern Kansas during the winter of 1882-1883, either for the reason that the Southern Kansas did not have cars enough to serve the territory, or because of a combination between the dealers and the railway to restrict the supply and thus advance prices. Whatever the cause, coal at any of the stations west of Elk City cost from twenty-five to forty cents a bushel, delivered.

During the fall of 1882 an immense corn crop had been gathered all through southern Kansas, but the price was low, the grain bringing but ten cents a bushel delivered at the railroad. As a result, corn was used for fuel, and made a quick and exceedingly hot fire, though the majority of people found that in the spring their stoves were burned out and fit only for scrap.

Colonel Joseph Hansen, superintendent of the Union Depot at St. Joseph, Missouri, and prior to that superintendent of the St. Joseph and Denver City, was thoroughly familiar with the situation and the country. He planned a line of narrow-gage road that was to connect the Cairo, Arkansas and Texas, then being built down through Arkansas and Texas by the Palmer-Sullivan Syndicate, with the Denver and Rio Grande, also a narrow-gage system running out of Denver.

Wanted Broad-Gage.

Associated with him was J. J. Burns, of Belle Plain, Kansas; Charles C. Black, of Winfield, Kansas; Colonel John Doniphan, Henry M. Hansen, Frederick C. Parker, of St. Joseph, and a number of others who had filed a charter incorporating the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic Railway.

The line was to run from Memphis, Tennessee, crossing the Cairo, Arkansas and Texas (now the Cotton Belt) at or near Brinkley, and thence along the White River Valley in Arkansas to Joplin, Missouri. It was to pass through Baxter Springs, Kansas, crossing the Missouri, Kansas and Texas at Chetopa, Kansas, and thence through Coffeyville, Sedan, Winfield, Belle Plain, Kingman, and Larned.

The proposed line would tap the rich coal-fields of southeastern Kansas as well as those of Arkansas. In Arkansas for a hundred miles it ran through forests of yellow pine. The announcement of the project was hailed with delight by the people all along the proposed line, and when issues of bonds in aid of the line were proposed the elections were carried in every county with very little opposition.

Just about the time that the contract for the underwriting of the bonds was to be closed, the Palmer-Sullivan lines went into the hands of a receiver, as did also the Denver and Rio Grande. It was found that no funds could be secured for a narrow-gage system, as the Palmer-Sullivan smash caused bankers to believe that narrow-gage lines were not practical when brought into competition with those using standard gage.

Special Act Passed.

Something had to be done; so the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic secured the passage of an act in the Kansas Legislature, permitting companies incorporated to build narrow-gage lines to build standard-gage roads instead. This was in the winter of 1885-1886.

The time stipulated for the building of the line in the county aid propositions had elapsed, or so nearly so that a compliance was impossible, and it became necessary to make a second appeal for help, Colonel Hansen having received assurances that, with the aid voted for a standard-gage line, the underwriting would be forthcoming.

Just about this time the Santa Fe, which had ignored the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic scheme, began to sit up and take notice, under the impression that there was something doing. Joab Mulvane, of Topeka, had charge of the Santa Fe extensions. He incorporated the Independence and Southwestern, and entered the field against the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic. Mulvane intended to build only enough of the Independence and Southwestern to head off and kill the Denver road, and then leave the Independence line to be operated as a spur only, as he thought that the people wanted a railroad, and did not care who built it so long as they had the line.

Not in Touch with Public.

He either forgot or did not know that the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic was really the result of a short-sighted policy on the part of the Southern Kansas management, and that the cordial warmth of the people toward the Denver road was due not so much to the fact that it was a new project as to the fact that it promised them cheap lumber and coal and opened to them the

markets of the Southeast. From their knowledge of the personnel of the Denver directorate, they were satisfied that the line would be one that would benefit the people.

Joab Mulvane was a keen, shrewd, sagacious man, so loyal in every fiber of his being to the Santa Fe that the success of his road had actually became a religion with him. He could not tolerate the idea of another line coming into its territory, and could not see why a network of Santa Fe lines would not serve the people better than a score or so of small ones.

He was not in direct touch with the mass of the people, however, and he did not know that the efforts of the men at the front and in the operating department to secure the friendship of the farmers along the line was handicapped and in many cases entirely nullified by the traffic department.

Caused Some Excitement.

The first time that Mulvane came up against the Denver in a square tussle was at Sedan, in Chautauqua County, when the question was put to the people as to which road should secure the county bonds amounting to $125,000. The campaign had been a hot one, and everybody in the county was worked up over it. No political campaign had ever evoked the interest that this one had.

With few exceptions, the entire press of the country along the proposed line were heart and soul with the Denver proposition. The story of the battle at Sedan is thus told by one who was there, not merely as a "looker on in Vienna," but as an active worker for the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic:

"I guess that the first time that Joab really got a full understanding of the feeling of the people was when he ran against Charlie Black, secretary of the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic, at Sedan, the seat of Chautauqua County. The Denver, Memphis and Atlantic was asking for $125,000 bonds of the county in aid of the road.

"The Independence and Southwestern was asking for the same. Joab Mulvane was president of the Independence line, which was building from Independence down toward Cedar Vale and Arkansas City. It was a Santa Fe extension, and the people had an idea that it was only a scheme to head off the Denver road, and that if the latter had not entered the field no one would have ever heard of the Independence and Southwestern, for it would practically parallel the Southern Kansas.

A Fight to the Finish.

"Both roads had the requisite number of signers to their petitions to call the election, and the county commissioners were in a quandary as to what they should do in the matter. Mulvane and Black both appeared before the commissioners and made arguments in favor of their propositions.

"Mulvane laid strong stress on the fact that the Denver was a paper road and had no assurances to give the people that it would ever be built, and told the commissioners that they should demand of Black the names of the underwriters of his proposition as an evidence of good faith and a guarantee that the road would be built.

"Now, the Santa Fe had been moving heaven and earth to find out who was behind the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic, but it had been foiled at every turn. So far as the public at large knew, there was not a dollar behind it. Mulvane said that, on the other hand, everybody knew the Santa Fe, and that was evidence enough that the road would be built if the bonds were voted to the Independence and Southwestern. He closed by challenging Black to show the people that he could build the road before he asked them to tie up the bonds.

Cheap Coal and Lumber.

"Black responded in a speech in which he set forth the advantages that his line offered in the matter of cheap coal and lumber from Arkansas, as well as giving the people a competing market at Memphis against Chicago and St. Louis. He said that the names of his underwriters concerned only the members of his board, and that it was not necessary that he should give this information, as in so doing he would give the Santa Fe information that it had been vainly scouring New York to obtain.

"The proposition was plain on its face. No bonds could be issued, if voted, until the road was completed with cars running thereon to the points in the county named in the petition, and, therefore, it was no concern of the commissioners whether the road had a dollar behind it or not.

"They were there to determine which road would be of the most benefit to the county and the people, and if this result was in

favor of the Denver road the county commissioners assumed no liability, for if the road was not built no bonds would be issued.

"An overflow meeting was held in the court-house, at which young Joab Mulvane and the editor of a little country paper in Crowley County, who was an assistant to Black, did the speaking.

"Young Mulvane wore a black alpaca coat, a white vest, white shirt and tie, dark pants, patent-leather shoes, and a straw hat of the latest style.

Didn't Know Rube Editor.

"The country newspaper man, on the contrary, had been in the saddle all the week campaigning from house to house among the farmers, and was clad like the majority of men in the audience. He wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, through a hole in the crown of which a wisp of hair stuck out, a checked hickory shirt, and jeans pants stuck into his boots.

"He had not been shaved for a week, and though he stood close to young Mulvane the latter did not know him.

"During the latter's speech he said that the Denver crowd claimed to be building the road to benefit the people, but they were only out for the dollars, and their design was to get aid voted along several hundred miles of their proposed line, and then expected the Santa Fe to buy them out. If they were wise they would demand of the county commissioners that they call the election for the Independence and Southwestern, and thus be sure of a railroad, and not find themselves sold out when it was too late.

"He was followed by the newspaper man, who, by reason of his campaigning, had become known to every man in the county, who made only a few remarks, closing by saying:

"'Men, you all know me. I am one of you. I live in this section of the State. My interests are your interests; your success is my success. I suppose I ought to have rustled up a silk hat and a biled shirt to talk to you in and tell you how to vote, but you know me, and know that I can't afford it. My friend says that we are out for the dollars. Certainly. That's what I am running my paper for.

"'It is what you fellows are raising corn, wheat, oats, hogs and cattle for. Now, men, I would like to make enough out of this scheme so that I can afford to wear a little dinky straw hat and a biled shirt when I come down here to tell you how to vote the right ticket! Now, people, will you help me to get it?'

"All the men there were clad in their rough working clothes, just as they had come in from their farms, and this young editor's talk struck them just right, for they had the Western contempt for a man that was dressy.

"The county commissioners decided to take a vote of the crowd as to which railroad should have the election called, and they all adjourned to the outside and joined those in the square. The chairman of the board of commissioners put the motion from the court-house steps, requesting all who desired the election to be called for the Southwestern to step to the right, while those in favor of the Denver road should step to the left and line up so they could be counted.

"When the line-up was completed, the Denver supporters outnumbered the Southwestern crowd four to one. They were so clearly a majority that it was not necessary to count them, and the election was ordered for the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic petition. Joab then set about preparing petitions for township bonds to be voted in aid of his line, and this was granted. He went back to Topeka with a good sized flea buzzing in his ear, however, and he marked out his future campaigns on the line of conciliating the people instead of talking against new railway propositions."

BORROWING A TRAINLOAD OF RAILS.

Thayer's Steel Was Delayed, So He Helped Himself to the First He Could Find.

A STORY is told of D. J. Thayer, chief engineer of the Fitzgerald & Mallory Construction Company, that was building the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic from Chetopa to Larned.

The company had contracted for a lot of steel from the Joliet rail mills, but the twenty cars of rails, which had been delivered to the Santa Fe at Kansas City through a mistake, had been forwarded to some point near Dodge City, Larned, I think it was, which, though on the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic line, was several hundred miles away from the point of delivery.

S. H. Mallory was fretting and pulling his whiskers as if he wished that they belonged to Mulvane, instead of himself, when he heard that a shipment of twenty cars of steel for the Independence and Southwestern had been received by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas at Parsons, to be sent up to Cherryvale, to be delivered to the Southern Kansas at that point.

Mallory's son-in-law, Thayer, was chief engineer of the construction company. They had just received two new engines, which had been set up. One of them had steam on her, and she was sent to the front, about five miles from Chetopa, where the Denver road crossed the Katy.

Getting the Steel.

The other was being tested when Thayer climbed on her, with his superintendent of construction, and told the engineer that they would run her up to Parsons and have the division master mechanic of the Katy look her over and see if anything was lacking.

Now the engineer knew that there was nothing the matter with the engine, but Thayer was the boss, and what he said had to go all along the line, so they ran out onto the Katy and traveled light to Parsons. Here the master mechanic looked the engine over and said that she was all right, and then Thayer asked him to go over to the hotel for supper.

About ten o'clock that night, after the southbound passenger had left Parsons, and there was nothing more on the card until along in the shank of the morning, Thayer got a clearance for his engine running light from Parsons to Chetopa. The twenty cars of Santa Fe steel were on a siding, and between it and the main line were the house and wagon tracks.

The Operator Gets Busy.

The Denver engine had been set in on the south end of the wagon track next to that occupied by the steel cars. Thayer told the engineer that he intended to steal those rails, and to pull out on the main line and back down and hook on to them. He dropped the fireman to close the switch as they pulled out with the steel, and the superintendent of construction ran across to be on hand to make the coupling.

They set the engine back as easily as possible and made the coupling, and it was not until they took up the slack and the cars began to move that the night men in the depot caught on to what they were doing.

The jolting of the cars as they straightened out attracted the attention of the night operator, and he ran out with a lantern, but both the house and wagon tracks were occupied by strings of box cars, and he had to climb through between these before he could reach the track occupied by the cars of rails.

When he got there they were moving too fast for him to catch on, as the engineer had pulled his engine wide open when he took the slack, so that the cars were running at the rate of thirty miles an hour as they went over the leads.

The fireman knew from the way the engine started that if he expected to get back to Chetopa that night it was up to him to get aboard, and as she passed he swung up. The superintendent of construction had climbed on the tank as soon as he had made the coupling, and they went on without bothering about the fact that they had left an open switch behind them.

There was no night operator at Chetopa at that time, and the engineer kept up the gait, without easing up for curves or shutting her off for the slopes.

Off the Rails.

As soon as the operator found the cars of rails were moving out, he at once tumbled to the little game that Thayer was playing. He hustled across to the roundhouse, where there happened to be an engine under steam and he ordered her out to catch the thieves.

When the engine came out she was headed north, and the boys did not stop to turn her, but set out after the Denver gang, running in the back motion. All went well until they struck the switch, a brakeman riding on the back of the tank with a lantern to flag the way.

The switch was a stub, and there was no switch light, so when the brakeman caught a glimpse of the target by the light from his lantern it was too late, and the tender went off the rails.

That settled the question of their ever stopping the runaways, and it was now a case of hustle to get that engine back on the track and out of the way of No. 4, which was due about three o'clock, and with all the trucks of the tender off, the boys had no time to lose.

Thayer reached Chetopa all right, and

ran by the depot without stopping. South of the depot he whistled for the Denver switch. The boss track-layer, who knew the sound of the two spot's whistle, ran out and opened the switch, and they ran on to the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic rails without slacking up.

Spiked Down!

They concluded to pull on down to the front, and the boss track-layer, seeing the cars of rails going by, routed out his men, so that when the 2 stopped for the switch to be opened onto the main line, they were swarming over the cars like a lot of flies over a saucer of molasses. They ran the cars on down to the end of the track and stopped, the rails were dumped on either side, and the empty cars were then pushed back to Chetopa and set on the siding.

The agent at Parsons reported the taking of the rails to the Santa Fe, and then there was wailing and gnashing of teeth and some language, but it did no good. Thayer claimed that his steel was three weeks overdue, and that when he saw the stuff at Parsons he naturally concluded that it was his. Parsons was a division point, and it was only natural that it should be temporarily set out there.

Thayer wasted no time getting the rails spiked to the ties as fast as his men and a Harris track-laying machine could hustle. The Denver, Memphis and Atlantic rails were hurried back, and the Santa Fe had to take them in place of those Thayer had borrowed. As the weight and section were the same, it made no material difference.

CARTTER'S "MISTAKE."

He Needed Bridge Timbers, and Couldn't Wait Till His Own Arrived.

WILL CARTTER, who has been a bridge and railroad contractor for forty years, tells the following story:

"Now, I don't want to boast, but in the '80s there were subsidy bonds to be earned, and it was up to the contractor to get things ready for the track, so the road could get through in time for the bonds. I had a contract on a Santa Fe extension. A. A. Robinson was then chief engineer, and I have never had a contract under a better man. He was as inflexible as steel, but absolutely just.

"We had a lot of bridge timbers coming to us over the Santa Fe lines, but a washout came on with the material on the wrong side of the break. My time was very short, and I had to get some kind of a structure that would carry the rails across the Cowskin, a tributary of the Salomon, which was a little dinky stream, but as treacherous as a copperhead.

"While I was in this dilemma several cars of bridge material, bound to some point west on the Kansas Pacific, were sidetracked at a little station near where I was working. I believe they were delayed by defective draft rigging, or something of the sort.

Worked in the Dark.

"There was no night operator there, and the station closed at about eight o'clock. Along toward midnight I routed out my men and teams and we sneaked over there and unloaded every stick of that stuff. As fast as a wagon was loaded it would drive away. We worked in the dark, using no lanterns, and I would not allow the men to smoke, lest the fire in their pipes should be seen and attract the attention of some prowler to what we were doing.

"Long before daylight we had the stuff unloaded on either bank of the stream, and the teams were put up while the men went to sleep.

"Bright and early I had the bridge gang out, and, while they wondered a little at the miraculous arrival of the material, no questions were asked, and they settled down to the work. It was three miles to the station, and I heard nothing, as none of the men had occasion to go to the railroad, and I was busy rushing the work.

The next day the iron gangs were within a mile of me, and Robinson came out to see how we were getting along. I told him we would make it all right, and would let the track gang through on time. He looked at me a little quizzically and said that he would order the bridge material sent to the front. I knew then that he was on all right, but said nothing.

The Agent Buffaloed!

"We got the temporary bridge in all right, and the track was laid across before I went to the station. The agent told me that my bridge material was on the siding. I looked at him and said that he must be

mistaken. My material had arrived some time before and I had unloaded it the same night and took it out to the work.

"The agent looked at me a moment and ejaculated:

"'Well, by the jumping Jehosaphat! Here they have been jacking me up about a lot of bridge material that was set out here to be reloaded and sent on west, on account of defective cars, and I swore by all the gods that no bridge timber had ever been left here, nothing but half a dozen empty flats.'

"The agent reported the arrival of the missing material and was ordered to rush it west on the next freight. Whether the Kansas Pacific ever caught on, I don't know. Perhaps they did, but as they had plenty of bridge material, they thought it was not worth kicking up a row about, especially as I had the stuff already in the structure, and it would do them no good to make a rumpus.

"But I want to say here, and now, that I firmly believe that it could get hotter, rain harder, snow fiercer, and the wind could blow swifter in Kansas than in any other place in the universe."

A RACE FOR A PASS.

General Bryant Had a Great Deal To Say, but Was Not Betraying Any Secrets.

GENERAL J. H. BRYANT, who died in Washington during the latter part of November, 1906, was one of the old-time Western railroad men. He built the Seattle and Northwestern, and was president of the road until it was sold to the Northern Pacific. General Bryant was a real general and won his title during the Civil War in the Union army. He was an Irishman, and used to say there were only two days in the year when he would wear a silk hat—St. Patrick's Day and the Fourth of July.

He was a good railroad man and was popular with the people along his line, and consequently the road was successful under his management. He never refused an interview to any newspaper man who requested it, but he could talk more and tell less than any man in the business, except Jay Gould.

He came into St. Paul one day on his private car, and there were rumors afloat that the Northern Pacific was about to take over the Seattle and Northwestern. A reporter called on him, from the St. Paul *Globe*, and sent in his card.

He interested the newspaper man so much that he forgot all about the news he had come to get. When he looked over his notes afterward he found that he had material for a first-class article, but not one word about the rumored sale and transfer of his line. The general knew when he came in what he was after and had set about forestalling him.

The Other Fellow's Stakes.

One of General Bryant's favorite yarns was a story of an occurrence that happened on some road in the west. He did not name the road. It seems that two lines were racing for a pass in the mountains, and the one that got its stakes set first would hold the right of way.

One day the engineer in charge of one of the parties was out ahead looking up the line, and he picketed his pony at noon, ate his lunch, and lay down to take a nap while the animal was browsing. When he woke up his pony was gone, and he had a long, weary walk back to his camp.

It appeared that the engineer in charge of the other party had ridden up, and seeing the other man asleep, had led his pony some distance away and turned him loose. The pony came into camp the next day, trailing his lariat. If the object of the prank was to delay the other party and beat them to the pass, it proved a failure, for the engineer who was forced to walk jumped his party ahead ten miles, took up the line at the spot where he had ended his reconnaissance, and ran his line into the pass. He then went back and filled up the gap and checked afterward, so that when the engineer in charge of the second party reached the pass he found the other fellow's stakes. He had to back up on his line some twenty miles and run for another hole in the hills, with the result that the road was several miles longer than was originally intended.

How he squared it with the men higher up no one ever found out.

This is the first of three papers on the adventures of the railroad builders and contractors. The second paper will appear next month.

HANDS UP!

BY THOMAS R. YBARRA.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

Being a song about a perfectly charming and eminently proper young train-robber, to wit:

A YOUTH of barely twenty-one, Montgomery V. Cox,
Assisted by a moonless night and two enormous rocks,
Derails the Lightning Flier on the L., M. N. and O.,
And stands the crew and passengers before him in a row.

An awkward pause ensues—young Cox, embarrassed, rubs his head,
And, in the midnight stillness, turns conspicuously red.
The passengers seem quite annoyed; so, likewise, do the crew.
(A man wants sleep or action on a winter morn at two.)

"Well?" snaps the flier's engineer, as angry as two sticks.
Poor Mont explains: "I'm green and young—and, oh, I'm in a fix!
I've held you up; I mean to steal your cash and jewels rare;
But—what's the next move in the game? I'm dashed if I'm aware!"

He looks so terribly ashamed; such blushes burn his face
That passengers and crew grow interested in his case.
"I should suggest," a banker says, "that motion number one
Is to exclaim 'Hands up!' at us while flourishing a gun!"

A deeper, hotter crimson overspreads poor Monty's cheek,
For fully forty seconds he cannot emit a speak.
"I have no gun!" Across his lips the statement scarcely creeps
Ere Monty flops upon the track, and tears his hair and weeps.

"Come, that's all right," observes a pretty schoolgirl, "dry your phiz;
I have a big revolver in my satchel—here it is."
"Hooray!" exclaims the highwayman—then, at his rude commands,
Both crew and passengers in proper fashion raise their hands.

"Go through our clothes," the banker says, "that is your second task,"
"No, no," objects the banker's wife, "he hasn't got a mask!"
"Alas!—too true!" poor Monty groans—his bold demeanor's gone—
"I'm selling masks," remarks a quiet fellow, "try this on."

It fits! His victims wildly cheer. Then Monty, very gruff,
Annexes twenty-seven thousand dollars' worth of stuff;
"You did that well," the engineer agrees, and then explains
A really scientific method of derailing trains.

Then off the flier whizzes. "Such a promising young lad,"
Opine both crew and passengers, "will certainly make bad!"
"What thoroughness!" the banker cries, "to be his prey I'm proud;
That highwayman would pinch the silver lining off a cloud!"

And when, next week, those victims read: "Montgomery V. Cox,
Assisted by a thunder-storm and four enormous rocks,
Derails the Arrow Special on the L., M. N. and O.,
And swipes two million dollars," they exclaim: "I told you so!"

CROMPTON'S TRAIN-ROBBER CLUE

BY J. R. STAFFORD.

His Determination To Run Down Some Forgotten Outlaws Didn't Jibe with Old Tinkworth's Tangent.

AS chief of the G. and T. Railroad Company's western department of secret service, Mr. Crompton looked his part admirably. He was tall, well-formed, active, apparently fifty years old. He had mild gray eyes, and mustache six inches long. His manner was unobtrusive—almost deferential—and he wore at his belt, as was proper for him, a pair of large white-handled pistols the holsters of which sagged half-way to his knees.

In short, he could have posed for what might be termed the latest standardized American man hunter — but Crompton never posed.

As was to be expected, his record with the G. and T. fully measured up to his appearance. In his twelve years as chief detective the company had suffered the robbery of only two trains; and that was away back in his first year.

Other robberies had been attempted — two others—but both had failed. They failed because Crompton, after the first two hold-ups, always rode with the big shipments of valuable express. On each occasion, when the train was stopped, he quietly slid back the door of the express-car before the bandits ordered it opened and, each time, with the same calm disregard of what they might want him to do, he opened fire with a pump-gun into the surrounding darkness.

Each time, too, after he had thus bombarded the right-of-way, he quietly dropped to the ground, a pistol in each hand, and waited on the field until daylight.

THE LATEST STANDARDIZED AMERICAN MAN-HUNTER.

The second and last time, finding a trail, he had followed it, and coming up later with a nondescript character who claimed to be a sheep-herder he had marched him back to civilization and the law.

Though it was afterward proved that the prisoner really was a mere sheep-herder and quite innocent, his sheep, it seemed, had followed the trail of the bandits, obliterating it, but leaving his own trail clear. The moral effect of Crompton's act was in nowise lessened. Every one said, "Well, what of it? If it had been the robbers, Crompton would have followed them just the same, and he would have caught them or fought to the last ditch."

Without doubt, this was a correct estimate of the man. The general advertising of it speedily resulted in train robbery on the G. and T. becoming a thing of the past, for train-robbers only operate where the chances are at least even that they will meet with no resistance.

As for Crompton, all the to-do over him, over his bravery and all, made not a whit of difference. Really, it rather annoyed him, for he was a modest fellow and so honest that when he was dragged into the business of talking about himself, as frequently happened, he always felt it his duty to apologize for the blunder he had made in arresting the sheep-herder.

He usually made his apology after this fashion: "Awh, yeah! But openin' on fellers with buckshot when they air figgerin' on ye handin' 'em a large sum o' money! That hain't much! It don't make up fur some other things. A detective ort to know clues. If 'e does, he allus gits the right parties."

Then, as a rule, he would sadly conclude: "'E never lets 'em git plumb away."

This last dictum referred directly to the first year of his service when the two robberies had occurred. The perpetrators of those two robberies had never been apprehended; worse yet, the identities of the bandits had never yet been ascertained.

Now it must be admitted that the escape of the miscreants in each instance might have been prevented very easily. The first time, Crompton took all of his men and scoured the desert, but the robbers undoubtedly left the country on one of the G. and T.'s own trains.

The second time, in an attempt to profit by his former discomfiture, he put all his men guarding trains and terminals, and the thieves rode out of Arizona and into Old Mexico on nothing fleeter than some broken-down pack-mules.

Of course, Crompton really did make a mistake each time—as any one else in this world might have done—but, unlike many another man, on finding himself hailed with praises later on, he did not forget. Perhaps Crompton's ideal of efficiency was really too high.

At any rate, he worried over those failures, strove to improve himself along the lines of his weakness, and about every two or three months he would come into the office of Brasfield, manager of the G. and T.'s Transmountain Lines, and would say to him: "I hain't sure that I'm the right feller in the right place after all."

To this, Brasfield, who was a big, rough man of highly developed commercial instinct, always made this sort of answer: "Go along with that, you big simpleton! I don't want any Sherlock Holmes! What I want is a man who won't allow any work to be made for your story-book detectives. Shippers and travelers don't patronize a road for its record on catching thieves. They'd rather patronize a line that ain't given to sensations, see? So you get out of here! Go off and clean up your pistols or something, an' leave me alone! I've got work to do. Here, take a cigar and get out."

Then, as always, Crompton obediently held his peace, took the cigar, and went his way—not to clean his pistols, however, but to read or rather to study the latest detective story, or the press despatches which contained news of the bolder variety of robbery.

As a result of all this persistency, and in the face of every one's good-natured toleration, Crompton, like any other man who follows his ideal alone, acquired much information and some rather curious theories.

For instance, he knew the names, general characteristics, and the records of practically all the men who had robbed trains west of the Missouri River. Again, he could locate all the hiding-places of the organized bands, and he had a fairly good idea of the trails leading thereto from well-known Hole-in-the-Wall to the more obscure fastnesses of Horseshoe in southern Utah, and The Roost which is in western Arizona.

So far as his limitations would allow, for he was not a ready or a close reasoner, he had gained some familiarity with the processes of deductive reasoning as applied by the detectives whose names appear in best sellers, and as the crowning achievement of all his researches, he had formulated a theory by which he hoped some day to retrieve for his early mistakes.

His theory was this: Some day, the men who had robbed the G. and T. would look back to their ease of escape and conclude that it might be safe to try again.

To be sure, he knew that they would not try unless they could work some scheme to get his attention directed elsewhere.

Crompton was not quite an egotist in this. He really believed that if he were in an express-car with a repeating shotgun in his hands, he could stand off all the robbers that ever got together for a hold-up. It was because he believed this that he had made it win, and believing that train-robbers are rational men, not running up to a man just to get shot, he felt very certain of his conclusion that they would make an effort to outwit him.

They would make some sort of demonstration in a given place, and when he went off to see about it, they would strike in another quarter.

Crompton confidently expected all this. Expecting, he had planned how to meet it. In the first place, he would send some of reliable young men with the train that bandits evidently designed to attack. He would go himself to the scene of demonstration, find out who of the gang had done this part of the work, and, afterward, he would keep that man under such close surveillance that in time he would be able to connect all of the band with the fact of crime, and convict them to the last man.

It must not be supposed that Crompton intended a robbery to take place. Not at all; he merely intended to get a clue—a clue which would lead him to the perpetrators of those two robberies which every one else but himself had forgotten.

Consequently, he went on his habitual way; studying his books and papers in leisure moments; and when on duty, guarding his bullion shipments by sitting upon them with a loaded shotgun in his hands and the big pistols loosed in their holsters at his waist.

Wherever he went, no matter what he was doing, he had that air of quiet watchfulness which a man assumes only when he has watched and waited for years.

It was only logical, therefore, that one night as he was riding eastward in an express-car, with two of his men, carrying a particularly heavy shipment from the San Francisco mint, he should have been more than usually alert, for this particular shipment was big enough to tempt all the bandits in the West.

Therefore, he was not surprised when the train stopped at Homan Flats and the station-agent rushed out and thrust into his hands a telegram that read as follows:

> Engine number 1192 with tender stolen from roundhouse at Falls and run west on main line. Local offices fifty miles west closed for night so cannot wire derail instructions. Probably the work of hold-ups who either intend to let engine run into your train wild and wreck it, or else wished to take large party into rough country along Grapevine and hold you up. Look out. Wire any instructions you see fit for our cooperation at this end.

"I ain't got no instructions for 'em," Crompton advised the waiting station-agent, "only ye might tell 'em, seein' they'll probably worry about it, that there hain't a goin' to be no wreck nor no robbery."

He rolled the door shut and, beckoning his two men into the forward end of the car, said to them:

"Now, when we git to where that engine is, I'm a goin' to hop off. They hain't a goin' to be no robbers around there at all. Naw, sir. They'll be up the line, I figger, about forty or fifty mile beyond Falls, in the Paint Hills. They hain't a bit o' doubt, either, but what they'll stick ye up.

"I'm a goin' to count on you boys to do what I've done myself a couple o' times. The two of ye can do it easy. One o' ye jist open the door the minute the train stops, and the other'n, without waitin' to say 'Good evenin', gents,' or 'What kin I do fur ye?' wants to jist open with the pump-gun, p'intin' it sorter lowlike and shootin' in a different place ever' time.

"Them fools'll be figgerin', o' course, that it's me they air afeard of; but by the time ye've raked all the hillside around there with buckshot, they'll have a different idee. They'll know that it wasn't me they was skeered of at all. They'll reecollect that it was the shotgun that was liable to git 'em into trouble, an' they'll dig out.

"Now, when ye git done shootin', jist close up the door an' don't neither of ye git out. It won't be necessary. I got a surer an' a better way o' ketchin' 'em. Besides, you fellers is young an' foolhardy, an' ye might foller 'em off an' git into a box."

Both were young, and both were foolhardy. They were delighted with the task he had set them; but, after a moment's jubilation over their opportunity to do something approximating the greatness of their chief, Jackson asked: "But, say, cap, s'pose'n' the hull bunch is with that eugine. What'll you do, bein' by yerself? You ort to let us have a chance to he'p ye."

"Humph!" Crompton grunted. "Yer a mighty young man, Jackson. An', though I hain't sayin' that I'm a better detective right now than you air — for the Lord knows you hain't never let nobody git away from ye as I have—I'm bound to say that this job I'm aimin' at now is what ye might call first-class.

"An' if I git it done as I figger I will, you lads is goin' to have full credit for your share in it. O' course, what I'm askin' ye to do is, as ye might say, the rough

work; but it's important, jist the same—jist as important as the fine work I aim to do. So don't ye sabe that yer helpin' me the best way ye kin by jist ridin' right straight ahead?"

Of course, they did not understand; and, of course, they said as much—but they got nothing out of him.

A man who has planned a coup for ten years does not communicate it even to his lieutenants until he has need of their assistance. Then he tells them as much as is necessary, and no more.

An hour later, when the engine ahead of them whistled for a train without the right of way, and Crompton peeped ahead and saw what he knew must be the headlight of the stolen locomotive, he said as he prepared to alight:

"Whichever of you fellers does the shootin', I wish ye wouldn't go to no extra pains about killin' anybody. If ye killed 'em, they wouldn't be no ketchin' of 'em; an' I'm powerful set on ketching them fellers by high-class work. I'd jist like to do somethin' once that I'd have a right to be proud of."

Opening the door a little farther, he dropped off the now slowly moving train.

Running alongside, he came to the cab just as the fireman was getting down to go forward and ascertain what was meant by an engine standing dead still on a siding which was never used for anything except as a derail for cars accidentally breaking loose from trains.

"Burgess," Crompton said persuasively, "you leave that there to me. It's jist a engine. It hain't got no cars hanging on behind onto the main track. You fellers go ahead slow if ye want to, but don't ye stop. If ye do, ye are mighty apt to spile something for me. They hain't a going to be no trouble here. So you fellers jist go on."

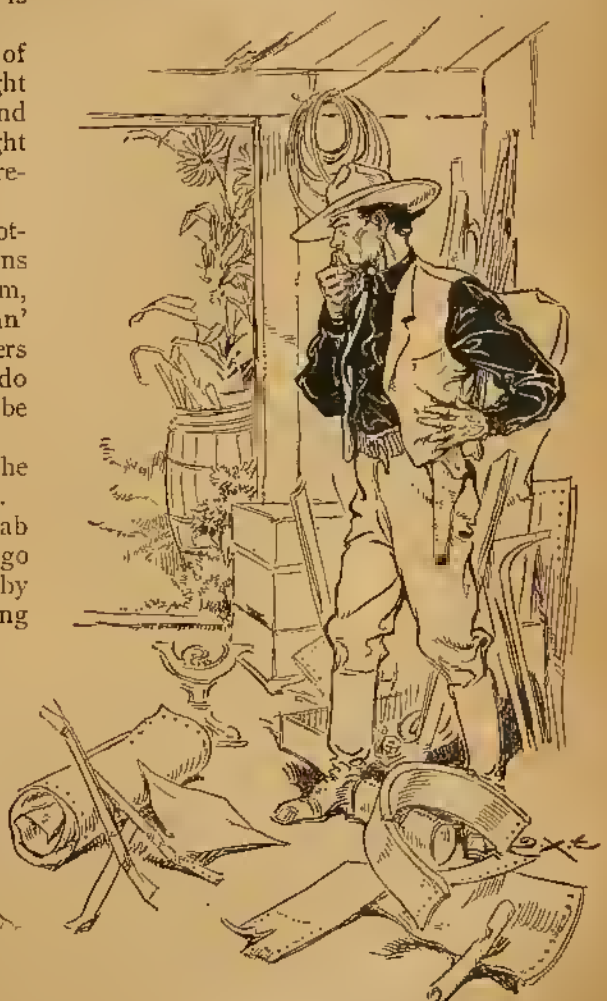
Burgess laughed, and so did the engineer.

"All right, old horse," the engineer agreed. "I hain't lost nothin' up there, and I'm danged glad to skin by if you say so. An', seein' it was a train-bandit warning, I reckon you're the boss. So here we go."

The fireman crawled back up the steps. A moment later the drivers were spinning merrily. By the time the train had gone half a mile, it was well under way.

Crompton smiled to himself and plodded up between the rails toward the motionless headlight. Approaching within forty feet of it, and still well out of the zone of its rays, he sat down and listened. After half an hour, during which time he did not hear a sound—except the cinders dropping from the grate-bars, as happens when the fire is going out—he crept up closer and closer, until at length he put his hand on the step.

He listened for a long time. He heard



ALL THIS WAS MERELY THE PRETENSE OF A LEGITIMATE OCCUPATION.

nothing. Finally, realizing that the engine was quite deserted, he crawled up into the cab and made himself comfortable on the engineer's cushions.

He did this very carefully so as to disturb nothing. Of course, he had hoped to find a bandit or two. Failing that, he still had hope of finding some clue to the identity of the one who had stolen the engine.

His wish, therefore, was more than gratified at the coming of daylight. He then found on the floor of the cab a man's hat, an empty whisky bottle, and an empty grain-bag, on which was stenciled in big, red letters: "Hy Tinkworth."

As if this were not quite enough, when he got down to examine his find and chanced to look back into the tender, he saw Mr. Tinkworth sprawled on the coal, apparently dead-drunk.

With all haste, Crompton slipped from the cab to the ground. He knew Mr. Tinkworth.

Tinkworth was about the most unregenerate old rascal along the whole line of the G. and T. He was somewhere past sixty years of age; had never done an honest day's work in his life, but always had money, and when not actually doing some devilment was drunk.

Moreover, he was an exceedingly clever rascal, always wriggling out of his misdeeds entirely, or else getting off with the very lightest of punishments. He always had some sort of a plausible excuse which tickled the jury. Once, when he had been arrested for stealing a horse, he had made it appear that he only wanted the halter. While guilty of stealing small articles, he had never committed a crime that would approximate grand larceny.

Therefore, Crompton wanted to get away without being discovered. He believed, as every one else did, that Tinkworth must be hand in glove with all the rascals in the country, and reasoned that if the old fellow learned that his part in the stealing of the engine was known, all communication between him and his confederates would cease.

To be sure, Crompton could place him under arrest for theft and "sweat him," but that wasn't the way Crompton wanted to work. Moreover, Tinkworth was not the sort of man who perspired information freely, either as to his associations or enterprises.

Beyond doubt, it seemed wise to hurry away. Crompton hurried.

About nine o'clock that morning, having flagged down a through freight and boarded it, Mr. Crompton alighted at Falls. There he learned, even before making inquiries, that the express-train had been held up in the Paint Hills, and that only the haste or ignorance of the robbers had saved the thousands of dollars in the safe.

He was also apprised of the fact that Jackson and Miller—the other lad he had counted on—simply had forgotten their guns and his orders, and that the bandits had made a very easy escape.

"They're probably somewhere in the Paint Hills," the superintendent of the division suggested, "and if you'd take a posse up there from here and have the trains watched, they couldn't get away."

Crompton shook his head modestly. "Naw, I've tried them tricks twice, an' they won't work; but I've got 'em with the goods on, I reckon, this time. That's what I was doin' that I wasn't with the train."

"Well, you'd better have been with the train," the superintendent advised.

The superintendent, like Brasfield, had no sympathy for Crompton's artistic ideals. Still, he had great respect for Crompton's record, so he concluded: "Well, do as you want. I reckon you know your own job best. Are you going to want any extra trains, or men, or anything?"

"Naw, nothin'. I jist want as little said as possible till I git ready. I aim to git the whole works—them fellers from away back, too—at one swipe."

The superintendent, who had almost forgotten those robberies of bygone years, laughed incredulously, but said nothing. It was not his place to criticize the plans of a man whose work had been a success as Crompton's had been. However, suddenly recalling the theft of engine No. 1192, he asked about it.

"I've looked into that," Crompton replied with the nearest approximation to vanity he had ever been guilty of, "an' between you an' me an' the gate-post, that engine was takened jist for a blind. Sabe?"

The superintendent understood. Now that he came to think of it, the stealing of a locomotive was a most improbable sort of larceny, so he slapped Crompton on the back and congratulated him, and then asked: "But how did you happen to think of that?"

"Humph! A feller that's been a groaning in sperrit, ye might say for ten years, over his early mistakes has a right to git somewhere, if he digs for it."

In a hoarse whisper he explained his long-cherished theory, and wound up with his discovery of Tinkworth in the cab.

"You ought to have nabbed him," the superintendent said. Amazed at the working out of the theory, he could not help thinking of the company's interests. "The

old devil may get off with that engine yet. No telling but what he'll drive it on over to Homan Flats and sell the coal in the tender. He might get a train wrecked. Don't you see, it would be like him to come up with some sort of a tale of that kind—that he stole the engine for the coal in it, as he stole the horse for the halter? Crompton, you ought to have nabbed him."

Again Crompton whispered, and at length the superintendent, seeing the whole plan and astounded at the vastness of it, went down on his knees in apology.

"I'll wire Brasfield," he said as he trotted off, "that you've got 'em all."

For the first time in many years, Crompton strode along the platform in real pride. Passing down the street, he met the recreant Jackson and Miller in front of his hotel. They tried to avoid him, but he smiled patiently at them and generously said:

"I hadn't ort to have sent you kids on sich a job. I might ha' knowed ye wasn't hardened to shootin' human bein's down; an', anyway, I don't mind except on yer own account. We'll git 'em, anyhow."

Without pausing to demand their shameful confession, he went up to his room.

Having run through his scrap-book to find out if any of the noted American train-robbers had ever been heard of as inhabitants of Arkansas — Tinkworth's native State—and finding no evidence of such, he left the hotel and went to Tinkworth's shack.

This was situated on the edge of town, somewhat apart from any other house. Around it grew rows of irrigated sunflowers, forming a most complete screen for the seeing eyes of the passer-by.

HE GRINNED WITH SUCH OBVIOUS DELIGHT THAT THEY ALL KNEW HE WAS NOT GOING TO LOSE ANYTHING.

Without hesitation, Crompton entered the premises and made a thorough search of them. He found nothing except evidence of old Tinkworth's masterly shrewdness.

There were several piles of old iron in the back yard, some ragged bales of discarded rubber-boots in the kitchen, and in various corners and odd nooks of the other room were pieces of brass castings. All this, of course, was merely the pretense of a legitimate occupation. Old Tinkworth pretended that he was a junk gatherer.

Crompton returned to his hotel. For ten days he patiently waited the return of old Tinkworth. On the tenth day, however, there was plenty of excitement. Not only

did old Tinkworth return, but, what was almost unbelievable, Mr. Brasfield appeared on the scene. Mr. Brasfield left no doubt as to the reason for his coming.

He called Crompton into the division superintendent's room. In a voice that might have been heard all over the building, he demanded:

"Now, say, have you gone and let 'em get away again?"

Crompton, of course, whispered.

"Thunderation!" roared Brasfield. "The public has forgotten all about those old robberies; and I don't want 'em recalled, even if you get the robbers. Why don't you nail this old rooster and send him up? That'll satisfy everybody that the whole gang has been caught. Why, confound it, we've lost ten thousand dollars' worth of business just because of that robbery week before last. Say, you've got to do something, or we're going to be ruined. Go right now and pull that old rascal and send him up."

This was quite disconcerting. To obey Brasfield would not result in the capture of *real* train-bandits. Crompton shook his head and argued: "Naw, I'd ruther not do that. Tinkworth hain't no ginooine bandit. We could send 'im up; but if we did—well, that would be the end of it."

"That's what I want. Send 'im up. I want the thing ended. It will get into the papers. That's the main thing."

When Brasfield wanted a thing done, there had to be a good reason why it wasn't done.

Knowing this, but resolved to make the best of his situation, Crompton began to bargain.

"Well, say," he declared, "lemme arrest 'im an' offer to let 'im off if he'll turn state's evidence ag'in' the rest o' the gang. I know where to find whoever it is, and I'll go an' git 'em."

For a moment Mr. Brasfield remained undecided. Then he agreed: "All right. That's logical. Go get him while I bring the district attorney."

Half an hour later, Brasfield with the district attorney and Crompton with old Tinkworth, met secretly in the prosecutor's office in the court-house.

The lawyer, a young man anxious to win renown as one who could ferret out and convict train-robbers of ten years' immunity, was in high spirits.

Old Tinkworth, who had been arrested in a saloon where he had just finished bibulous preparations for a tremendous spree, also seemed to be feeling that life was one grand and glorious holiday. Crompton, noting this, was in the seventh heaven of anticipation; drunks, he knew, are apt to talk freely.

Mr. Brasfield, seeing everything, grew very glum.

"Now," said the prosecutor with great severity, "Tinkworth, we've got you with the goods on. I've prepared an indictment against you for complicity in the Paint Hills hold-up. You are charged with being an accessory before the fact. You can't get away from it that you stole that engine and ran it off down onto the derail-switch, thirty miles west of here, on the night of the robbery. You can be sent to the pen for the larceny of that engine, or, again, for unlawful appropriation of the property of a common carrier, or for doing such acts as constitute a menace to the lives and property of the patrons of that common carrier; or, again—"

"Hold on," old Tinkworth wearily replied, as drunken men sometimes will when they cannot follow what is being said to them, "let that go till some other time. I'll jist take yer word for it. If ye say I'm guilty o' ever'thing, I reckon I am."

"Or, again," the prosecutor went on, "we can send you up for—for—"

Recalling that he had completed the catalogue of Tinkworth's crimes, he concluded somewhat lamely: "Well, here's what I propose to do. I'll dismiss the information against you which would make an indictment for larceny of the engine or threatening the lives of travelers, and I'll just charge you with being an accessory to the train-robbery, provided you'll agree to tell all you know about that robbery. What do you say to that?"

Old Tinkworth's sodden features sharpened with sudden eagerness. Really, it seemed that he never could get so drunk but that he always saw his chance. The prosecutor smiled grimly. Crompton almost swelled. Mr. Brasfield even looked expectant.

Then Tinkworth suddenly declared, "All right! I'll go ye if I lose," but he grinned with such obvious delight that they all knew he was not going to lose anything. Recalling his past misdeeds and the ingenious methods through which he had always wriggled out of them, they all laughed.

When the necessary papers were signed,

Crompton, who had prepared his questions, seated himself in a chair beside the old rascal and, with no thought of humor now, propounded: "Well, Hy, what d'ye know about that robbery?"

"Nothin'," came the drunken answer.

"Nothin'?" shouted Crompton "You tell about that as ye agreed, er we'll convict ye for swipin' the engine."

"Cain't tell nothin' more'n I know," Tinkworth replied, with the somber gravity of a man deeply inebriated, "an' I don't know nothin'."

"Well, then, seein' that's too direct for ye, ye bein' drunk, gimme the straight o' why ye takened the engine?"

"Sure," said Tinkworth, with imperturbable dignity, since he knew that he was safe in the confession. "I been a wantin' to steal a engine for a long time. Been thinkin' about it for ten year, ye might say. Well, that night I'd jist got a check for a lot o' old copper wire, an', gittin' on a powerful jag, I sorter lost my judgment, an' so I started. It was a powerful fool thing to think o' doin', but," he added with a sly grin, "it seems I'm a gittin' off with it."

"Here," suddenly demanded Brasfield, whose patience was quite exhausted, "why did you want to steal an engine?"

"Awh, say, now," old Tinkworth demanded solemnly, "what would a feller want to steal a engine for? D'ye think he'd want it to play with? I reckon not. He'd want it to git the brass off'n it. They's over a hunderd dollars' worth o' brass on one of 'em."

"Did you get the brass?" the manager demanded.

"Awh, sure I did. I got it sold, too; an' ye might say I was gittin' drunk on them brass-works when Crompton fetched me up here."

"Crompton," ordered Mr. Brasfield, "you go and call up the master-mechanic and all the roundhouse men that had anything to do with that engine after it came back."

Crompton did so totteringly, and in response to that summons the men soon appeared.

"Ragon," said Brasfield to the master-mechanic, "was there any brass-work missing on that engine when you got it back? That engine which was stolen a week ago?"

"Any missin'?" snorted Ragon; "that ain't a proper way o' speakin' about it. We been a huntin' ever since to see if they was even a brass rivet left about her."

Then seeing old Tinkworth, and suddenly recalling certain baffling suspicions which he had held for a long time, Ragon shouted: "And that danged old rat was the feller that done it! I know 'im! I'm onto him now! Say, he makes his livin' swipin' oil-cups an' castin's."

Crompton and the district attorney crumpled down in their chairs, but Mr. Brasfield did not. He arose and galloped up and down the room three or four times. At length he wheeled on Crompton, and said:

"If ever I hear of you trying any more of this detective business, I'll fire you. Don't you monkey with it again."

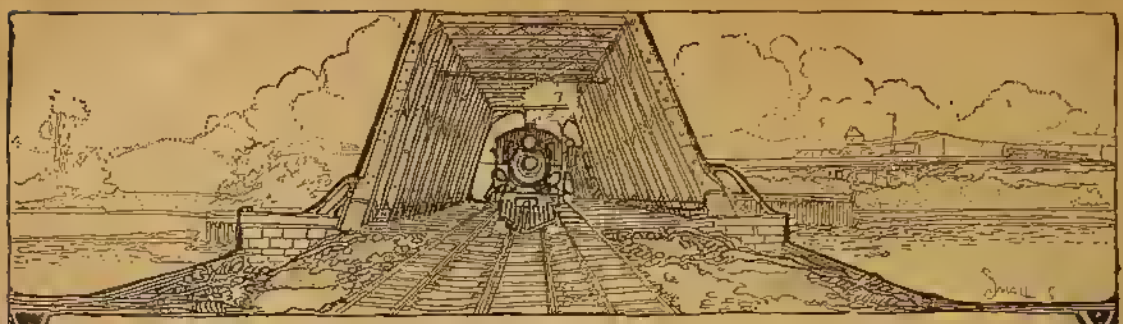
Humbly Mr. Crompton arose. His pride was gone—he was the same old Crompton now, but a little more chastened, more unobtrusive, more mild than ever before. Putting on his hat, he bowed obediently.

A lifelong hope or a lifelong ideal must perish tragically. It was but natural, therefore, as he started out of the room that he should sigh heavily and say:

"O' course, I can go on as long as I live a herdin' fellers off with a shotgun—but that's nothin'. I'd like to make a record that a feller could take some pride in."

SOME HIGH BRIDGES.

ACCORDING to the *Industrial World*, the new steel three-span cantilever bridge over the Kuskulana River in Alaska, built by the Copper River and Northwestern Company, is the seventh highest bridge in the United States and the twenty-third highest in the world. According to statistics prepared by *Engineering News*, the highest bridge in the world is St. Giustina, in the Tyrol, which is 460 feet above the water. The highest already completed in the United States is at Pecos, Texas, which is 328 feet high, and ranks twelfth in the list. However, bridge number seven in the list will shortly be built over the Crooked River, in Oregon, 350 feet high. The Kuskulana bridge is 328 feet high. It consists of standard trestle approaches and three pin-connected steel spans, with piers of solid concrete. The total length and approaches is 800 feet; of the steel structure, 525 feet. The bridge was completed on Christmas day, and has since been placed in regular operation for construction and ore-trains of the Copper River and Northwestern, which is building 50 miles beyond the bridge to the Bonanza mine. An electric plant was set up in the cañon, which lighted the entire works day and night, owing to length of darkness and cold.



THE RAILROAD ALPHABET.

BY GEORGE F. MERRITT.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

A—is for Auditor, who handles the money.
B—is for Brakeman, with a yarn that is funny.
C—the Conductor in charge of the train.
D—the Despatcher, with keen-working brain.
E—is the Eagle-eye, fearless and cool.
F—is the Fireman, who obeys every rule.
G—the Grasshopper, an engine that's right.
H—is the Hostler who keeps 'em so bright.
I—Interlocking, a system to beat.
J—for the Journals that concentrate heat.
K—is the Key—the pounder's delight.
L—Locomotive, the acme of might.
M—is for Mogul, oft used to haul freight.
N—is for Narrow-gage, gone out of date.
O—is for Oil-burners, and Operator, too.
P—is for Porter in the swell Pullman crew.
Q—is for Quartering—then the crank-pin's ajar.
R—is the Red light we see from afar.
S—is the Semaphore, lord of the way.
T—are the Tickets for which we must pay.
U—is the Union which holds us together.
V—is the Ventilator for relief in hot weather.
W—for the Watchman with lantern at night.
X—for Xtra which has the least right.
Y—for Yardmaster, the boss of the yard.
Z—for the fellows who work mighty hard.

Great American Train Robberies.

BY HOWARD MORRIS.

TO the series of gripping hold-up tales already published in THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, dealing with historic desperadoes who have plundered railroad trains ever since the first steel trails were stretched across the prairies, we now add No. 16. It is the story of two cold-blooded, desperate men, who measure up well with the worst outlaws of the past.

The looting of the crack train of the Harriman system was more than a surprise. People who sit in the electric-lighted drawing-rooms of the luxurious hotels-on-wheels are little apt to think of the daredevil feats of Jesse James and the Younger gang except in the light of an entertaining novel to while away the after-dinner hour. Those who parted with their valuables on a west-bound Overland Limited last January had the unusual experience of being dumped from romance to reality in a remarkable short space of time.

No. 16.—THE HOLD-UP OF THE OVERLAND LIMITED.

Daring Feat of Two Outlaws, Carried to Success by Coolness and Deliberation, Though Marked with Deeds of Violence and Utter Brutality.

NO pleasant thoughts accompanied the mental evolutions of Engineer Ed Rowse when he saw that the light of an automatic semaphore was blazing out red against his six-hours late Overland Limited. Yet it never occurred to him that this tantalizing state of affairs was the initial happening in a series of sensational events which a short time later would result in his gazing into the muzzle of a sawed-off shotgun, along the barrels of which glistened two beady eyes, peering over an improvised handkerchief mask.

On the evening of January 2, 1911, the palatial train of the Harriman system which runs between Chicago and San Francisco arrived in Ogden, Utah, six hours late. At this point the train leaves the Union Pacific tracks and, on the right-of-way of the Southern Pacific Company, begins the last lap of its two-thousand-mile journey.

The train consisted of a combination baggage and dynamo-car, six Pullman sleepers, a diner, and an observation-car. Railroad posters and guides proclaim the train a veritable palace on wheels, and indeed it offers conveniences to tourists which are not to be had everywhere. Its arrival in Ogden so far behind its schedule was

a most unusual proceeding, and when the new crew stepped aboard, it was with the avowed intention of diminishing this last time or at least to maintaining schedule speed while the train was in their charge.

At 10.32 P.M. Engineer Rowse opened the throttle, and the limited started west. The light of the junction city soon faded in the rear, and on the level road-bed approaching the Lucin cut-off, which stretches across Great Salt Lake, the limited sped at a rate of sixty miles an hour.

Most of the passengers had retired for the night, and there was a stillness throughout the train that was broken only by the monotonous rumble of wheels. Conductor W. A. Middleton had checked up his tickets and the result showed twenty-seven passengers aboard.

Six miles west of Ogden, the engineer whistled at West Weber, and three miles farther on Rowse again opened the screech-valve for Reese siding. Between these stations there is a block, governed by automatic semaphores at either end.

One mile and a half east of the home signal at Reese station is an intermediate semaphore.

There is nothing else to mark this particular spot, there being no habitations of any kind in sight. The land on either side of the track is barely worth the tilling, for in wet seasons it is flooded by an inland sea and is too soaked with salt water to be fertile. It is altogether a bleak, desolate place, but to those on the speeding train this made little difference, for the scene was hidden by darkness even to the passenger who might be finishing a last cigar in the smoking-compartment.

Stopped by the Semaphore.

His eyes riveted upon the glistening track ahead, Rowse sat silently in his cab until, with a start of alarm, he perceived the intermediate semaphore just east of Reese piercing the night with its single red eye of danger. Reluctantly he closed the throttle and applied the air.

The chance of making up lost time went glimmering as the brake-shoes gripped the steel tires and the train came to a dead stop alongside the signal-stand. Head Brakeman William Cross alighted from the front coach, and by the aid of his lantern groped his way past the engine and down the track to ascertain the trouble.

A hundred yards ahead of the locomotive he waved a faint assurance with his lantern, and the engineer caused the train to creep along in the wake of the hurrying brakeman. Thus for a mile and a half the Overland Limited, already desperately behind time, was man-paced toward the modest station of Reese. There they found the home-signal was clear, indicating that the fault was merely a defect in the mechanism of the intermediate semaphore.

The head brakeman climbed aboard the train and the man at the throttle gave two short blasts on the whistle.

In another minute the Overland Limited would have been on its way, but something happened to prevent Engineer Rowse from carrying out his intentions. The brakes suddenly gripped the wheels, and the train could not be moved.

Warned of the Hold-Up.

"Well, this beats the Dutch," came with disgusted vehemence from the lips of the engineer. "First it's the signal and now it's the air. I'll have to go back and find out what's the matter."

"Yo' better not go back der, Mister Engineer," said a voice with unmistakable Ethiopian accents from the top of the tender. Engineer and fireman looked up and saw an ashen-hued Pullman porter climbing toward them.

"Der's robbers got this yer train and dey is killin' all the porters what they kin fin'. Dey's already killed Mister Davis, and dey has shot Mister Taylor so's he can't live. They is robbin' all de people. Better not go back, Mister Engineer."

There was no mistaking the true purport of the frightened porter's words, yet, disregarding his warning, Engineer Rowse coolly lighted his torch and climbed from the cab. He worked his way slowly back along the coaches, peering at the couplings and hose connections as he went. Standing on the track behind the last coach was Brakeman Cross, his lantern lighting a little circle of the bleak surroundings.

Flagman Made Prisoner.

The engineer, who there discovered and closed the open angle-cock which had set the brakes, was again told that the train was in the hands of bandits. Neither of the trainmen was armed, yet they decided to

enter one of the cars and learn more of the robbery which was then taking place.

When the train had stopped at the first semaphore, almost a half hour before, Flagman H. H. Hancock, who had gone back to flag the rear-end, was in the act of responding to five short blasts of the whistle when unforeseen circumstances prevented. He had just grasped the hand-rails when his attention was arrested by the gruff order: "Throw up your hands!"

Still holding to one hand-rail he turned to gaze behind him, and found a double-barreled shotgun pointing at his head, with the muzzle not more than three feet away. Without waiting for further explanation, he complied with the order.

At the side, and only a few feet to the rear of his companion, the flagman discovered a second bandit, for such he realized the men to be. The two men had suddenly appeared at the rear of the train like darker shadows which had detached themselves from the surrounding gloom.

The train was already moving when Flagman Hancock received his second command, which was to get on board. He obeyed with alacrity and was closely followed up the steps by his two unwelcome acquaintances. Standing on the wide rear-platform of the observation-car, Hancock, with his hands again extended skyward, was able, by the aid of the dim light from the drawing-room lamps, to make a more careful scrutiny of the bandits.

Ready for Business.

One of the pair was more than six feet tall, with stooped shoulders and a gaunt, slender form. He was dressed in black, and wore a short, shabby overcoat, with collar turned up. His companion was several inches shorter, and of more rotund proportions.

He was apparently darker in complexion than the other, but his clothes were of the same hue, and he, too, wore an overcoat. Both wore caps which partly covered their ears and foreheads, and the lower portion of their faces was masked with large blue handkerchiefs.

About each man's waist was a cartridge-belt with two automatic revolvers of heavy caliber, and in their hands they carried sawed-off shotguns. There could be no mistaking their motive in thus boarding the train.

The train robbers did not tarry outside the coach, for, be it known that their intention was to complete the looting of the train before its slow progress brought it to the home signal at Reese Siding. With a warning to Hancock, they pushed on into the train. From the first berth the robbers seized a pillow-slip and, handing this receptacle to the flagman, they began the sacking of the train.

Shot in Cold Blood.

Coming to the smoking-compartment, at the end of the third Pullman, the shorter bandit attempted to push open the door. It did not yield to his first effort, and, believing that some of the passengers had barricaded themselves in the little room, the bandits prepared for trouble. Throwing the weight of his stocky body against the door, it flew open and the short bandit lunged into the compartment with his shotgun ready for instant use.

He was surprised to find only two negro porters, William Davis and W. A. Taylor, who had entered the room to eat their midnight lunch, unmindful of what was taking place on the train. Both men jumped to their feet with exclamations of alarm when the bandit burst in upon them.

"What'll we do with these porters?" asked the shorter of the outlaws, evidently believing that the colored men had opposed his entrance to the room.

"Kill 'em—they're only niggers," answered the taller desperado, with an oath, and, acting upon these brutal words, the short train robber fired pointblank at the two men.

Both negroes dropped to the floor of the car. The heavy buckshot from the bandit's gun had pierced Davis's heart, and he died without a struggle. Taylor's right arm was shattered by part of the charge, and, though he did not lose consciousness, he lay beside the dead body of his companion feigning death, until the murderers had passed on out of the narrow passage and into the next car.

Caught in a Trap.

That Flagman Hancock did not share the fate of Davis shortly afterward is most remarkable. While the attention of both bandits was temporarily occupied by the negroes, Hancock, still in possession of the

sack containing the valuables so far collected, made a dash for liberty. He ran ahead through three cars, and would probably have left the train had he had time to open a vestibule door, for unfortunately all were closed.

He had scarcely vanished when the taller bandit discovered his absence, and both robbers gave chase. Upon reaching the rear platform of the baggage-car Hancock found the door locked, and here he was overtaken by the outlaws.

Considering their murderous deed of a few minutes before, it would have seemed most natural for them to send a charge of buckshot into the flagman's body, but, with a volley of oaths, they ordered him to come on back and finish up his work. Reluctantly Hancock preceded the bandits back to the point where they had paused in their robbing to commit murder.

Fiction writers have clothed the bandits of the West with more or less chivalry. The marauders of the Overland Limited were not bandits of fiction, and even the crude chivalry which attaches itself to many of the tales of the James boys cannot be credited to these men. Their entire trip through the train was marked by coarse brutality.

No Regard for Women.

Women passengers were greeted with curses and vilest insults, and some, clothed only in their sleeping garments, were jerked roughly from berths and forced to drop their jewels and money into the yawning sack held by the flagman.

One woman, who indignantly resented the intrusion of the robbers into her berth and who refused to take off her rings at the request of the masked men, was dealt a vicious blow with the butt of a revolver. Her valuables were then taken, and she was left in a faint upon the floor.

A traveling salesman, who had not yet retired, was reading a newspaper when the outlaws approached from the rear and ordered him to throw up his hands. Bewildered by such an unexpected order, the salesman stared dumbly at the train robbers until the shorter bandit struck him a blow over the head with the barrel of his shotgun.

This man dropped more than a hundred dollars into the plunder-poke, and he gave a last wistful look at his watch and two-carat Kimberley stone which had gleamed from a Tiffany setting on his middle finger, as he bade them good-by.

Conductor Middleton, in the front Pullman, was informed of the hold-up by the fleeing porter, as he scurried past on his way to the engine. Middleton is small in stature, and has been in the service of the Southern Pacific a score of years. What he lacks in height he makes up in dignity.

Face to Face with Them.

The startling words of the colored man caused him to arise from his seat, twist one of the frail ends of his gray mustache nervously and start toward the rear of the train. Like the captain of a ship he deemed it his duty to face any danger that might be lurking. Incidentally he transferred his timepiece from his vest to his hip pocket.

In the next car he came face to face with the plunderers.

"Dig up," was the laconic salutation that greeted him, and the sack, now growing heavy with its booty, was held in an accommodating position by its unwilling custodian. What change the conductor had in his pockets he dropped into the proffered sack.

"Put in your watch," he was roughly ordered.

"I forgot my watch this trip," he lied boldly, pulling back his coat that they might see the vacant pockets of his vest.

The taller man stepped to his side with an oath.

"Better give it up," whispered Hancock, who knew the brutal temperament of the men Middleton was trifling with.

His Timepiece Is Taken.

The tall bandit reached forward, seized the conductor by his mustache, and nearly tore the facial decoration out by its roots. A cry of pain escaped the distorted lips of the trainman; his hand moved speedily to his hip pocket and came forth with the hidden watch.

Middleton joined Hancock as a prisoner, and under the guns of the enemy marched forward as he was bid. It was shortly after this incident, and before the bandits had completed their canvass of the passengers, that the slow progress of the limited was momentarily checked, followed by two blasts of the whistle.

Realizing that the train had reached the

home signal at Reese siding, and that Flagman Cross had found the block clear, the train robbers thwarted Engineer Rowse's intention of proceeding by setting the air against him.

When the last coach was looted and the end door of the baggage-car was reached, the robbers ordered that the door be opened, but as it remained closed, they did not endeavor to force it, but compelled the trainmen to open the vestibule door leading from the train.

As soon as they got outside, Hancock was relieved of the plunder, which, in cash and valuables, amounted to more than three thousand dollars. He was then forced, with the conductor, to lead the way toward the engine. Here again the masked men displayed a knowledge of railroading. The taller man, climbing into the engine-cab, ordered Fireman McLean to pull ahead and clear the switch.

Following the orders, so threateningly delivered, the fireman turned the steam into the cylinders until the train moved ahead a few car-lengths.

What the Engineer Found.

Let us return to the engineer and the rear-brakeman, who but a few minutes before this movement of the train climbed aboard the rear platform. The engineer boldly opened the door, and the two trainmen entered the train, to find every person in the last Pullman with his hands extended upward. The bandits were gone, but the passengers, hypnotized by fear, were still obeying their orders. Engineer Rowse could not repress a smile—grim humor though it was.

"What's the matter with you people?" he asked.

"Train robbers!" exclaimed the boldest in the coach, and at the words the others attempted to reach higher into the air.

"They're gone now," assured the trainman. "Better give your arms a rest."

"They are in the next car," ventured a passenger, and not a hand was lowered.

Engineer Rowse left the car by the rear door and began walking back to his engine. The train jerked and strained at its brakes and then moved slightly ahead. This phenomenon led the engineer to believe that the robbers must be on the engine, for the fireman of his own volition would not attempt to move the train.

Rowse hurried ahead. Two of his fellow trainmen stood near the locomotive with their hands above their heads, but he had grown accustomed to this pose and it elicited no further smile. He did not speak. Holding his torch ahead of him he began elevating himself into the cab of his engine.

Forced To Obey.

The muzzle of a gun was shoved so close to his face that he glanced along the murderous barrels until his eyes met the steel-blue orbs of the tall train robber, who backed away and permitted him to climb into the cab. Covered by the gun, the pilot assumed his accustomed seat.

"Cut the engine and baggage-car loose," ordered the tall man, and his companion climbed from the cab and told Hancock to assist him in uncoupling the train.

Singled out again to do the bidding of the robbers, the flagman accompanied his guard to the point where the baggage-car was coupled to the first coach. He was ordered to uncouple the cars and began the task, which was no easy one.

"Stand back and I'll fix it," said the bandit, after the flagman had tugged at the valve of the steam-hose for several moments. With the shotgun at his side the bandit crouched between the cars like a veteran trainman. He succeeded in closing the valve and disconnecting the hose, but the steam was escaping so badly that he did not stop to break the other connections.

With a half-audible statement that they would "just pull 'em apart," the bandit unhooked one safety chain, raised the coupling-lever and told Hancock to signal the engineer to pull ahead.

Escaping on the Engine.

There was a rending of hose between the baggage-car and coach as the front part of the train glided ahead a few feet. Severed from the dynamo-car the coaches were pitched into darkness. Leaving Hancock with Middleton, the short bandit climbed aboard the engine, and again Rowse was ordered to pull ahead.

The locomotive was wheeled to the Reese switch, which was opened by Fireman McLean, at the command of the outlaws. The engine was backed upon the siding, run eastward past the coaches, and again shifted to the main track.

It was easy to divine the intention of the bandits. It was no part of their plan to mount horses held in waiting and gallop off to some mountain fastness. They were not train robbers of the old-school, but of the modern type, and they desired to have the engine carry them back to the outskirts of Ogden. Once in the city, they knew they would be safer from capture than were they hidden in the very heart of the Wasatch Mountains.

Every detail of the hold-up to this point seemed to have worked as the bandits planned. But fate, which had favored them in every move, at this juncture turned for the moment against them.

In their planning they had not reckoned that the Overland would be followed by a meat train, and now, as the stolen engine rolled toward Ogden, the headlight of the second locomotive loomed in their path like a nemesis. The freight had stopped at the semaphore and the front brakeman had already advanced ahead of the engine and was walking toward Reese.

Engineer Rowse brought his engine to a standstill within a short distance of the freight locomotive. The walking flagman paused by the side of the bandit train and held his lantern high.

The light enabled him to see that a shotgun was pointed at his head, and when the holder of the weapon told him to back to the fence and hold up his hands, he followed instructions without argument.

The outlaws climbed from the cab and, passing the freight-engine unnoticed, walked along the track toward the caboose. The short bandit entered the way-car and covered the lone brakeman with his menacing shotgun.

Then, momentarily turning his back on the man, the outlaw tore a portable telephone from the wall of the car and broke it upon the floor. Satisfied that this move would allow more time for escape, the bandit swung himself from the steps of the caboose and, joining his companion, disappeared into the night.

An hour later the sheriff's office at Ogden received a telephone message from James Wayment, a bishop of the Mormon Church at Warren, that his two daughters, with their escorts, while walking home from a country dance, had been held up by two masked men and relieved of what few valuables they carried with them. This robbery occurred about seven miles from Ogden and about two miles from the point where the train robbers abandoned the engine.

Almost simultaneous with this report came the information of the train robbery, the message reaching Ogden from Promontory Point, fifteen miles west of the scene of the hold-up. Engineer Rowse had returned with his engine to his abandoned train and, recoupling to the coaches, had pulled westward to the nearest telegraph station.

The usual western plan which prevails in crimes of this character was followed in this instance, except that the sheriff's posse, all heavily armed, rode in automobiles instead of on horseback in scouring the country for traces of the train robbers. Within a few hours after the first report of the hold-up detectives from three railroads of the Harriman system were arriving in Ogden by dozens.

A special train brought a number of railroad officials and more detectives from Salt Lake City. For days Ogden and surrounding country fairly bristled with officers and detectives, but the identity of the men still remains a profound mystery.

HORSE-POWER FOR LUXURIES.

THE public demand for all the luxuries of the modern hotel, in travel, together with a desire for speed, has put a tremendous tax on the twentieth-century locomotive. Not only must the heavy train of steel cars be kept in motion at a high speed, but it must be heated, lighted, ventilated, and braked as well. All of these are important considerations, as they cause a constant drain on the locomotive boiler. The steam consumption of auxiliaries is so great that locomotive designers have been forced to consider it in selecting power for limited trains. It happens that the drain on the boiler from auxiliaries is greatest in winter; the time when the train resistance and radiation from the boiler amounts to the most. In winter the horse-power consumed by auxiliaries is about 300 for a ten-car train, which may be divided as follows: 75 horse-power for operating the two 9½-inch air pumps; 60 horse-power for operating turbo-generators for train lighting, and 150 horse-power for heating and ventilating. The total of 300 horse-power calls for the combustion of about 1,500 pounds of coal per hour. It is common for Pacific type power in this service to consume 8,000 pounds of coal an hour. Hence we may say that about 18 per cent of the coal consumed is used for auxiliaries.—*Railway and Locomotive Engineer.*

CAPTURED BY CHEYENNES.

BY R. M. WEST.

This Remarkable Incident in the Life of a Frontier Soldier Is Founded on Fact.

N a frosty morning in the fall of 1868—just the sort of morning to jump into the saddle and dash over the buffalo grass of the prairies—eleven cavalry men, members of Troop M, then stationed at Fort Wallace, Kansas, were ordered fifteen miles into the wilderness for fire-wood for the fort.

Our mules had been in the corral for several days, eating Uncle Sam's grain and hay, and were unusually frisky. When we started, the light pistol-like snap of the black snakes mingled musically with our shrill voices and the rattle of the wagons. A squad of soldiers, under command of Sergeant McCoy, of the Fifteenth Infantry, was sent along to act as escort. Sergeant McCoy and Tom Davis, the wagon-master, rode ahead. McCoy was mounted on a big brown horse, but Davis rode a little black mule named Ned, which played a prominent part in the little drama I am about to relate.

We hit the dusty pike for several hours, until we came to a steep bluff bordering a ravine filled with fine cotton-wood trees. It was easy enough to get the empty wagons down the bluffs, but when loaded it was impossible to return to the roadway back of the fort without following the course of a sandy creek for four or five miles.

While the wood was being gathered, one man was posted on the bluffs to signal the camp if Indians approached. At one o'clock we all gathered round the mess-chest for our luncheon of bread and cold buffalo meat.

The man on picket duty was called in for his luncheon. He said that shortly before he had seen mounted men riding to the south and east of us. We tried to laugh him out of it, but he seemed positive, claiming that he saw ten or fifteen in all riding in the same direction and strung out one behind the other.

As this picket was a raw recruit and had never seen an Indian, the other men were inclined to doubt him. I took particular interest in his observations, however, for he described the Indian style of riding so well that I believed him.

While in the midst of his description, we saw the picket who had been sent to relieve him, waving his musket from the bluff, about half a mile away. I was ordered to go to him and learn the trouble. Mounting the wagon-master's little mule, Ned, I started for the bluff.

While riding up the steep incline from the ravine, I thought I heard firing, so I put the spurs to little Ned and sent him to the top at full speed. As I came out on the bluff, the picket was dashing toward me on foot. The report of firearms was now plainly heard, and the dust caused by bullets was flying up near the fleeing man's feet. He had deserted his mount.

While I stood watching, I saw the man fall. He was up again and running, but fell again, only to climb to his feet. This time he limped along very slowly.

I started for him, but a bullet plowed up the ground directly in front of me. Whoever was doing the shooting was under cover, so I looked in the direction from which the shot had come and saw a head duck down behind a shelf of stone.

All over the prairie in the vicinity of Fort Wallace there were ridges of soft sandstone. Over to my right there was a long ridge of it, and I judged that the attacking party was behind this ridge, and that they were approaching the wagon camp from that direction.

The poor fellow ahead of me was now lying quite still. I kept a close watch to see if he stirred. It struck me that he did move, so I made for him to take him to camp, thinking he might only be wounded.

When ten yards farther in his direction, I encountered a storm of bullets. My left leg was struck four inches below the knee. I knew it would be the height of folly to attempt to warn the camp. I dismounted and, leading my mule, tried to get into the ravine.

On arriving at the edge of the long bluff that led down to the cotton-wood camp, my last hope of getting back to my comrades left me. On both sides of the ravine were the red devils. They were not in great numbers, but they were sufficient to stop my retreat.

I made a dash for the table-land. The Indians did not seem to be worrying about me, so I took the way leading toward Fort Wallace, and prepared to run the gantlet as best I could. I rode clear around the stouy ridge, keeping as far out as possible and lying down on the side of my mule.

I came in sight of the outlet through which I must dash if I intended turning directly toward the fort. If I failed, I would be run out on the open prairie, where the race between the Indian pony and my fat little mule would end in only one way.

I started down the stony side of the bluff at a good stiff gallop, the thin slates of the loose stones clattering and rattling under my mule's feet. The mule is one of the most sure-footed animals. At one time, my little mule made a jump that must have been fifteen feet out and downward. I expected that we would both laud with broken necks, but we were still going over the ground at good speed.

Mules do not like Indians, and Ned had an interest in this affair. As we began to ascend the bluff on the other side, ten Indian horsemen confronted us and opened fire. Their aim was poor, for I was not struck. I did not return their fire just then, having left camp with only my two six-shooters. I had uot taken a gun with me, which was a great mistake. But I did not suppose for a moment that I would go further than to ascertain the truth of the picket's story and then report back to camp.

When I saw the Indians in front of me, I turned to the left, and throwing myself along the left side of my mule, rode toward the wagons in that position.

I had a good line on the Indians, and let them understand that I had shooting-irons by letting three broadsides into them.

I must have hit some, for one stopped and others gathered around him. I now turned my mule and rode back up the sandy bottom, for the red-skins were plenty in my front as well as on both my flanks. They had only to throw a line across my front and I would be hemmed in like a buffalo.

Turning Ned's head, I galloped up the ravine about a quarter of a mile. Ahead of me was a little gulley that seemed to lead to the level plain beyond. I rode into it, and kept looking to the right and left, hoping almost against hope to be able to get to the level prairie with a fair start for the fort.

I had not gone far when a shower of bullets came from all sides. Poor little Ned and I went down together. My mule was dead.

I did not feel hurt, but one of my legs was penned under the side of the mule, so I opened fire with my right-hand six-shooter. I was soon knocked out, however, and for a time lost all interest in the fight.

When I next began to take notice of my surroundings, I lay on an old, dirty piece of a blanket. It was dark and a drizzling rain was falling. I tried to make out where I was. I soou began to make out objects more plainly, and noticed a number of "feather-heads" near me.

I did not move or speak, but lay perfectly still. I found I was not tied. Then I tried to learn if I was badly hurt. The leg that was hit was a little sore, but there were no bones broken. Further investigation proved that the ankle of my other leg was badly sprained.

I sat up with my arms and head on my knees and began to think. I tried to make out where I was aud how to get away. I could not hope to move unless I could get on the back of a horse.

I was in a bad fix; one I had always dreaded even more than death. A prisoner in the hands of the Indians! Oh, for a six-shooter! Five shots would have sent five of these red devils to the eternal fires—and the last bullet for myself!

At the first streak of day I tried to look about me. If a pony or any other animal that I could ride had been within my reach, I would certainly have made a break for liberty.

As I was straining my eyes trying to survey the camp, I was so startled that I nearly shouted with joy. I heard a voice—not a cultivated or refined voice—but one that was touched with the north of Ireland brogue.

The voice was singularly familiar. Sitting near a big bundle of buffalo robes was the speaker. If it had not been for his fiery red hair and his short turned-up nose, he might have been taken for one of the savages, for he was dressed like the rest of them.

He did not look in my direction, but I knew from his first words that he was talking at me, or rather, singing at me. The tune was one I had often heard under more favorable circumstances. It was "The Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow," but his words ran like this:

> Now don't let on you know me,
> But I know you—ahem!
> For you are Mr. Bobby West
> Of old Troop M.

I looked at him, and, perhaps, I smiled. Anyhow, he went on singing, making up the most remarkable verses, so the Indians would not understand that he was giving me instructions just what to do. First he told me what to do—to make out that I was very sick, and could not stand or walk; that he could not help me now, but would as soon as he had a chance. Then he went on singing. I recall these words:

> I hope God put it in your mind
> To bring along your mouth-organ
> These devils like that kind of music
> So play it all you can.
> Who—who—too-loo-too-de—
> You're with "Standing Otter's band."
> Don't look behind you,
> No matter what you hear or see—
> Hum—hum—te-dee, te-dum.
> If you try to speak to me,
> They will kill us both.

All this was sung in a kind of a chant, with frequent pauses, while the singer was working on a pair of moccasins of green buffalo hide. It was the sweetest song mortal man ever heard. There are marvelous singers in the world, but I am sure none of them will ever get the applause that I secretly gave that morning to stubby little red-headed Peter Farrell—the last man on earth I expected to meet just then.

I had known Peter Farrell as a soldier at Fort Sedgwick a few years back. Because he could not go through the manual of arms, he was discharged from the service. How he got among the Indians, I was yet to learn.

And yet I did not believe that he could do much for me. I had shot at the Indians and, no doubt, killed one. I was pretty sure that Peter had not. It was more probable that a year or two before he had wandered into their camp, little knowing or caring where he was going.

Suddenly my surmises fell to the ground. I remembered that unless it is in self-defense, an Indian will not attack or injure a red-headed man. If they are obliged to kill one, they will not scalp him. They kept their hands out of red hair just as if it were red hot.

Well, as the dawn broke I saw that there were not more than three hundred Indians all told.

So Standing Otter had me! And he was as bloody a woman-killing fiend as there was on the plains. I knew I had nothing to hope from his soul of black ink.

Only a few moments were lost in getting breakfast, which consisted of "bread and meat." The "bread" was jerked buffalo meat, the "meat" was the fat or tallow of the same animal.

Then the camp began to move. We traveled, I should say, about six miles an hour. I rode in an Indian wagon. This vehicle is made by fastening a long pole to each side of the pony, the ends dragging on the ground, and swinging a stiff untanned buffalo hide between the poles in such a fashion that it makes a bed something like a hammock.

They placed me on this and tied my feet in such a way that I could not slip out. My bad leg did not get accustomed to the jolting of the pole ends over the ground, and my suffering was intense. In a short time the torture was so great that, at intervals, I lost all sense of my misery and must have been unconscious.

The fever in my leg got so bad that I was afraid inflammation had set in. I looked for death from blood poisoning. If I could have got hold of a weapon I would have made such a fight that the Indians would have killed me.

We had not gone far before I began to suffer for water, and kept calling for it in the hope that Farrell would find a way to help me. My head began to ache, and with every jolt it seemed as if my brain would

burst. Every inch of my body was afire. The pain I suffered is beyond my power to tell.

About two hours later, a bladder of water was thrust into my hands, but, even then, it was difficult to manage it so as to drink the warm, filthy stuff. Still, it was wet, and as soon as I could master the bladder I let nearly all the water run down my throat.

When we stopped for the night, and the persistent jolting ended, I slept for a few hours. It was still twilight when I awoke. Peter Farrell sang to me again. I tried to get a conversation with him, but he would not allow it, singing to me that if we were discovered exchanging confidences his life as well as mine would pay the bill.

With my leg swelled to four times its usual size and the almost certain prospect of death before me, the warning had very little meaning—only so far as not to compromise Peter, who, no doubt, in his own way was doing all he could to help me.

I also learned from Peter's singing that, if nothing happened to stop us, the Indians would be at the big village by noon the next day.

This was good and bad news. Good that I would not have to be dragged any farther; bad that I was probably being taken to the Indian village to make sport for the squaws and papooses while I was being transferred to the happy hunting grounds.

Remembering what Peter had chanted about my mouth organ, I got mine out and struck up a lively tune.

This so pleased the Indians that I had some faint hopes that they would not roast me just yet; at least as long as my little tin harmonica amused them.

For some reason or other, Peter became so timid that he sang me very little—in fact, no information whatsoever about the village, where it was, or the number of Indians living there. At night, when all was still, I tried to wriggle over to a pony that stood in a dejected attitude near by, but it was no use. I found that I had to crawl over sleeping redskins to get near him, so after a few feeble efforts I lay still and waited the coming of another day.

I was overjoyed to find myself on the back of a pony when we started early next morning.

"Now," I said, "here goes for a break. They will never take me to their village alive."

Calmly but intently I studied the situation. I was hemmed in by half a hundred mounted Indians. I kept pretty quiet, and we jogged along. I did not see or hear Peter all that day. This made me feel very blue, especially about the middle of the afternoon, when we began to meet the runners from the Indian village.

Some were mounted on fleet little colts, while many of the squaws were on foot, with heavy loads of fresh-killed meat on their backs.

It seemed strange to me then that none of the bucks of our party offered to carry the bundles for them—but this is not the Indian way of doing things. The men rode easily along on horseback, with their wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters trudging wearily under their packs by their horses' sides.

There were now several dozen young boys running alongside my pony. They talked to me all the time, but I knew nothing of what they said. However, I replied to them in the few Indian words I had picked up.

My conversation must have been very funny, for they laughed a great deal, and for a people who laugh so very seldom, I took it as a great compliment.

I made signs to one for water, and imagine my surprise when he ran some distance away and waited for me to ride up. When I did, he gave me a drink of very fair water.

I took this as a good omen. At that time I was not quite eighteen years of age, and I had a faint hope that the young Indian boys had, boylike, taken a fancy to me.

We were soon in the middle of the village. The returning heroes were warmly welcomed by wives and sweethearts, and there was mourning for the hero who would never return. Whether I was guilty of being the cause of the lamentations, I did not know, and had no way of finding out, for Peter Farrell had disappeared.

That night he turned up again. I learned from his chanting that this party had been out nearly three weeks, had been beyond Smoky Hill, and had run onto our wood-train by accident. Peter had so much to sing that he was soon out of voice. Putting my trust in God, I went to sleep.

I had lost no opportunity to bathe my lame ankle and the bullet-hole, thus reducing the swelling in both and causing

them to heal rapidly. Although my stomach rebelled against the stuff the Indians called food, I tried to eat to maintain strength for the first chance to get away or get killed.

I had given up all hope of help from Peter. When I made any indication for his assistance in escaping, he seemed scared to death, and repeated that if I did get away they would be so mad they would kill him to square matters. I wondered how he could be so contented with those filthy people. From time to time as he sung to me, I learned that he had been picked up by the Indians while tramping along the old abandoned North Platte road, and as he had no arms and did not try to hide, they took him along. He soon went to work with a few shoemaker's tools he had with him and made the chief a kind of a half moccasin and half shoe out of green-tanned buffalo-hide, and this established him as shoemaker for the tribe. He could talk quite a little of their gibberish, and he seemed to like them.

For my part, although not wanting to make matters any worse, I had to draw the line on poodle soup. When it came to sitting around a big pot of dog stew and plunge and struggle for such titbits as the short little legs and stumpy tail to pick, as is done at weddings, I had to quit!

The Indian has but one good trait—bravery. He is game to the backbone, a fighter to the core. For all danger and pain, and even death itself, he has a contempt that amounts to indifference. The expression "Indian bravery" has become the measuring stick by which we size up all other kinds of courage.

Yes, I waited patiently to make my escape. I pretended all the time that I was sick and could not walk, otherwise my red friends would have used me for a bonfire. As it was, they did not even tie me. From what Petter caroled to me one day, I found out that one reason why I had not been disposed of sooner was that this village was supposed to be at peace, and that the government agent would soon call and distribute blankets for the cold weather.

All day long, however, I kept giving them good lively tunes, "Money Musk," "Marching Through Georgia," "The Red, White and Blue," and "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The music also helped to keep up my own spirits, but when the sun went down and the squaws lit the fires, there were the sounds of deviltry by night.

Then the fiends began their dance, now slowly, then leaping faster and faster, shrieking and writhing as they circled the crackling flames—and I often expected that the rising sun would illumine naught of me but my ashes.

I kept cool, however, and was always planning and watching. Oh! if Peter Farrell could only disappear for a day and get word to the fort! If into that wild, weird Indian swinging chant and the thump, thump of the tom-toms should burst the crackling music of the Spencers!

I managed to play the cripple pretty well, and had not as yet let them see me on my feet. My wounds were healing and I was getting stronger.

On the fourth day after arriving at the village my opportunity came.

A duel to the death was to be fought by two young warriors. Stripped perfectly naked, they rode out to the end of the camp, and the whole tribe was present to see the fight.

My two guards were no exception, and, though they kept a good, close watch on my movements, they were attracted by the fight.

I began to squirm around as if eager to see the sport, but all the time shaping my course toward a good-looking American horse with "U. S." branded on his hip.

I had spotted this animal at the very first and resolved that I would get him, if I could, when my turn did come.

Not more than ten yards from the horse was a rawhide bridle. Now, ten yards is not much of a distance, but in my case yards were miles and minutes hours.

Two or three times my body-guards glanced over at me, but at each glance my whole attention was directed to the two fighters. Their mode of dueling was something like Don Quixote's encounter with the Knight of the Mirrors; they rode in a half circle, one to the right, the other to the left, and when drawing near each other their ponies were put to a good run, and as they passed each tried to drive his spear through the other.

It took a long time to draw blood, for they were splendid horsemen, and would drop on the opposite side of their pony when nearing each other.

It was on the third round that one

managed to rip a gash on the shoulder exposed by the other. At each dash the fighters shortened the distance. I judged that if one did not kill or disable the other soon, they would slide from their ponies and settle it hand to hand.

As things became more warm, the interest of the spectators become more rapt, and my guards were now paying strict attention to the two gladiators.

I waited for the propitious moment. It came sooner than I expected. The wounded warrior jumped from his pony and made a mad rush at his adversary, jabbing his spear into the rival pony's side.

As I expected, the whole village tried to be where they could see the finish. I looked and did not see my guards anywhere—they were lost in the rush.

This was my time. I hobbled for that rope-bridle and slipped it on the big "U. S." horse, but just as I was climbing onto him my leg was grabbed and I was pulled back to the ground.

I turned and saw an old buck, half blind and supposed to be crazy. He did not seem to be angry, but made signs and tried to say something.

I said "how" to him for good-by, and again tried to mount, but this time he grabbed my arm and gave me a powerful jerk that swung me around in such a way as to place him between the horse and me.

Then I threw all sentiment to the winds and went at him with the only weapons I had, my feet and fists.

He did not yell or fight back, but kept grabbing at me when I would try to mount. Getting a good opening, I butted him in the stomach. This doubled him up and made him grunt, but on turning to the horse I got a sharp crack on the top of the head from a little club which he quickly picked up.

I went at him again and butted him in the stomach with my head, following this up with blows and kicks. The club coming in contact with my hand, I pulled it away from him and struck him two or three times on the head.

He fell to the ground. I did not wait to see whether I had killed him or not. I mounted the horse and lost no time in putting him to a gallop toward what I had taken all along to be a river of some kind.

I thought it must be the Arkansas. I made straight in its direction.

I did not look behind, but kept urging my horse to his greatest speed. At first I was afraid I had picked the wrong animal for I had all I could do to get him out of a trot. However, he proved to be only in need of urging.

As soon as he struck a gallop, I turned on his back and looked behind. I saw a great commotion among the Indians. Some were running after me on foot and others were mounted. I knew that my success or failure depended entirely on the speed and endurance of my horse. He was going splendidly now; that "U. S." on him was beginning to tell.

The bridle-rein had a long, whiplike end, and this I used to keep him up to his work until he lengthened out into springs that made the prairie flow back under us like a river!

The Indians were now in full chase after me. They had spread out like a fan, making it necessary for me to take a straight course ahead. I was overjoyed to find that my horse was no mere sprinter, but was keeping up a good rate of speed; that there was none of the wabbling, uncertain motion of a broken down, winded plug.

I kept my face toward the line of bluffs in front, expecting they must skirt a river. When I next took a survey behind me, I saw that eight of my pursuers were away ahead of the others, and that one of the eight was leading the whole tribe. He, then, was the one with whom I must first deal.

How I wished for a Henry rifle or even a Long Tom! I had nothing in the shape of arms, so it all depended on the bounding animal beneath me. He was holding his own. If he could keep going until dark, I would have a show to dodge the outfit behind me.

On I went, straight ahead. I thought I must be close to the bluffs, but distance on the plains is very deceptive, and they seemed as far away as ever.

The Indian leading was now not more than five hundred yards behind. I saw that he was slowly gaining on me.

I had no doubt but that the little Indian pony would do as he had always done—run down the big horse in a long chase. Besides, the Indian has a secret of twisting speed out of a horse that a white man doesn't possess. There was a saying on the plains that "A white man will ride a horse till he drops, and then an Indian

will mount him and ride him twice as far."

In selecting the big horse I knew this. I would not trust a pony to take me out of the village. Some may laugh at this, but when they see as many tricks performed by those knowing little rascals as I have they will not laugh. Besides, I felt a companionship for the American horse with the big "U. S." on him.

When the nearest Indian got to within two or three hundred yards of me I expected to feel the wind of a bullet; but for some reason he bent forward flat on his horse and rode in silence. The others were so far behind that I did not fear them, for it was getting late, and darkness would soon be with us.

I was riding toward what looked like a big rock, but it turned out to be a cone-shaped mound of dirt. My horse when he brought his forefeet down was now making that heavy flop that is the forerunner of total collapse in the tired-out horse. I well knew that, pound him as I might, he would soon slow down to a dog-trot or tumble—but I had already planned what to do when flight was no longer possible.

I glanced back at the naked savage. The shadows behind me were growing longer, but it was not yet dark. I could see only this lone Indian. I could hear his pony's short, hard breathing.

He did not shoot. I lay on the side of my horse, but he should have been able to fetch me with an arrow at that distance—not more than seventy yards. The knoll was just ahead, and my hopes were high; but in one leg I had a bullet-hole, and on the other a sprained ankle; and my horse was beginning to stagger.

Lashing him once more into a wavering gallop, and keeping a good grip on his mane, I slipped from his back and on my lame legs ran by his side. Be it known that a good man on foot can easily outrun a tired horse—even if it is ridden by an Indian.

The pain was frightful, not so much from the wound as from the sprained ankle. The horse kept me from falling. I held on to his mane until my foot became numb and would bear my full weight.

We were now about fifty yards apart, and, behind me, I could hear the Indian quirting every possible inch of speed out of his gasping pony. I looked back, let go the horse's mane, and ran with all my speed for the top of the hill.

On gaining it, I looked back and saw my horse eating grass, while the Indian, who had reached the foot of the hill, had not tried to follow me, but was riding around the base of the hill to head me off.

His pony was about as winded as my horse, and, as the red gentleman seemed to be unarmed, I was not much afraid of him; so, as he went on around the hill, I doubled on him and ran back to my horse. Out of sight on the other side of the hill, the Indian sent forth shrill war-whoops to guide his companions.

They would soon be here. I snatched the horse's bridle over his head and started to run along and lead him, but he proved balky, so I left him and struck out on foot down between the steep banks of a small, dry water-course.

That bloodhound had not seen me, and I bore off in an entirely new direction. It was now growing dark. I kept on through the winding gulleys, never going to the top of the ridges if I could help it, for an object moving along the sky-line can be seen far away—even at night.

I knew that I had little or nothing to fear from the Indian. His finding me would be a mere chance. In the darkness he could not follow my trail, and, besides, I was able to make almost as good time as he could.

Though my wounds hurt, I had to keep moving. If I rested, my leg would get so stiff and sore that I would not be able to walk.

All night I went on. Two or three times I thought I saw a mounted man. I stopped still a moment, but must have been mistaken—for it was never so dark but I could have seen any large object moving on top of the hills.

It was now gray in the east, and I had not yet come to the Arkansas. I expected at every turn to see the valley where the river was, and it was nearly daybreak when I found myself plunging through the tall, dry grass which, in the plains, is a never-failing sign of water.

Daylight found me still in this grass—at times as high as my head—but I could find no water.

I was so utterly tired out, and my leg pained me so badly, that I lay down and went to sleep. About noon the burning sun awoke me. Observing nothing to hide from,

I pressed on. I was both hungry and dry. The thirst was the worst of the two. At first I made little progress, but after a while I limbered up and kept up a good three-mile-an-hour gait for the rest of the day.

Still nothing to eat, and no water. Along toward night the grass began to grow shorter. I must have traveled parallel with the river, or else this was the widest valley I had ever struck.

Soon, however, I was out where I could look around me—and I was mighty glad when I saw a small shanty about half a mile ahead.

Before I reached it I saw the shining water of a good-sized river.

After drowning my thirst I stuck my foot in the cool water, lay back on the grassy bank, and again fell asleep.

There was a good road along the river, and I felt comparatively safe from my enemies, as the Indians seldom traveled on the roads. When they attack trains or camps they always make a sudden dash from the bluffs which line the river valleys.

At this time the Overland stage did not run on the lower Arkansas. It crossed the river at Fort Lyons, and the mail was then taken from the forts and towns to the smaller places by military mounted men or four-mule ambulances.

On coming to the old hut I found it empty. I entered, found a bunk, and concluded to spend the night there.

I lay down, but soon heard a noise. I listened, but could not make out what it was. A rustling noise seemed to be all around me.

I lay still to listen, when soon, by the faint light that streamed in from the open doors and windows, I saw a large snake—the largest I had ever seen—glide across the dirt floor and under my bunk.

Before I could make up my mind what to do another moved out to the middle of the floor, stopped still, then made a dive for the place under the bunk. I made a dash, and was soon marking good time down the road.

The next morning it seemed as if the sides of my stomach were rubbing together. As I started forth I noticed little campfires at my front. I approached them very carefully. Finally I made out the canvas-covered wagons of a bull train. I need not attempt to describe my feelings when I realized that I was near my own kind of people.

I was soon telling my story to A. N. Mackay, the wagon-master of a bull train loaded with grain and bound for Fort Reynolds. The boys did all they could for my comfort. What a breakfast I did eat! The amount of bacon and flapjacks I stored away, to say nothing of the coffee, almost wrecked the grub-wagon.

Mackay invited me to travel with him until I came to a stage line, where I could get back to Fort Wallace. Bull trains travel slowly, and it took four days to reach Fort Lyons. There I reported to General Penrose. He listened to my story, and decided that I had been captured by a band of Cheyennes which had been sent to Silver Creek to await the government agent, who was to send them to a new reservation.

"That's the way of it," he said. "You can't depend on an Indian when he is once out of sight. I have no cavalry, or I would send a squad out after them."

The quartermaster at Fort Lyons furnished me with transportation back to Fort Wallace, and next day I climbed aboard the coach.

When the Concord lumbered up the dusty road and rolled into the fort it carried a pretty happy youngster. Every one was surprised to see me come back with my hair on.

Twenty days after I returned to Fort Wallace a newly arrived troop of the Seventh Cavalry was sent out to hunt up the Indians that had captured me.

I went along. I wanted to see Standing Otter. Besides the usual allowance, I took an extra supply of cartridges, and one in particular I marked and made "good medicine" over, and carried handy in my vest-pocket for the Indian who chased me.

Before we started I went to the quartermaster's clerk, bought some lump sugar, and took it along. This was for the big American horse with "U. S." on his hip. but I guess that run about finished him.

We found the camp, but all was still and lonesome. I fired my "medicine cartridge" at a coyote.

I have wondered often if Peter Farrell is alive to-day. If he stayed with the Indians he is probably a rich squaw man, living on some reservation surrounded by his interesting family. But, alive or dead—good luck to him! I shall never forget his singing when I lay a wounded captive, sick and hopeless, waiting to be burned at the stake. His rich Irish brogue was sweeter than the angels' singing. God bless red-headed Peter Farrell—and that big American horse.

Observations of a Country Station-Agent.

BY J. E. SMITH.

No. 36.—Matt White and Sam Horne, of Two Kentucky Freight-Houses, Indulge in a Battle Royal Because "Barko" Would Ride in a Way-Car.

"YOU can't tell me," urged the express driver, "that women think more of cats than they do of dogs. A cat ain't one, two, three in the affections of a family compared to a dog. Not on yer life."

"A woman will go as far for a cat as she will for a dog," persisted the freight-house man. "I know. I've seen it tested."

"How can you tell anything about it, truckin', checkin', and deliverin' freight?" demanded the express driver. "When you drive an express wagon as long as I have you'll entertain different views. I've been pickin' up and deliverin' express five years in this town, and I've never handled a cat yet. Think of that! Never had one boxed, crated, or led by a string to ship out or that came in. Not a single cat, y' understand!

"If people think so all-fired much of cats as you say they do, how does it come no one ever has a cat expressed to him or her, and no one ever sends a cat out by express? Ain't that good evidence? They can't be much affection, or somebody would send somebody a cat—or somebody would get a cat from somebody. Every week somebody sends a dog away, or somebody gets a dog. I've handled a thousand dogs and nary a cat. That ought to tell which of 'em people think the most of."

"You can't tell me anything, either," argued the freight-house man. "I know when a woman gets attached to a cat she thinks as much of it as she does of one of the family, and she wouldn't think eny more of eny dog. People think so much of cats they won't trust 'em to express drivers. I've known 'em to come all the way from Ohio and git 'em theirselves. I've seen examples of tender regard for cats that would open an express driver's eyes."

"Maybe you have," acquiesced the express driver with the Missourian accent; "but when I see one thousand dogs shipped in and out, and nary a cat, I can't help forming some private opinion of my own which of the two the human family thinks the most of.

"Why, a dog's a friend of a man. He'll stick to you till they tie the crape on the door, and then follow the hearse to Crown Hill. A dog will take care of the baby and be a chum to the boy, while the cat's stretched out asleep behind the baseburner.

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

"There's something in the wag of a dog's tail like the human handshake, and nothing else in creation has it. He's barking his welcome to you and showing his dumb affection, while the cat's inside sneaking up on the canary. Can't convince me any one thinks as much of a cat as they do of a dog. It ain't human."

This argument ended as all arguments between man and man end, whether politics, religion, or philosophy. Each had his own slant to the proposition. The freight-house man because of the woman who came back from Ohio after her cat, and the express driver because he had handled a thousand dogs and "nary a cat."

We base many a robust conclusion on a slender incident. In the blindness of toil by which we earn our bread there is only now and then a flicker of light, in which grotesque and ill-defined outlines are impressed on the mind of the worker and from which he works out his state of mind, his estimates and conclusions.

He retains the primitive instinct of combat. So we spend many hours in argument and wrangle, and we touch everything from the eternity of the soul to the domestic value of the dog and the cat, proving but little and convincing no one.

"Well, there's one thing sure. You couldn't give me the best dog or the flossiest cat that ever lived," concluded the freight-house man, grasping the truck handles. "If you should ever get a dog addressed to me, you'd do me a favor to stop at the drug-store and git a package of pizen. Then we'd have what they call one of them closed incidents right away."

He released the truck handles.

"I was up at the drug-store the other day, and the clerk was showing me a big, woolly spider in a bottle of alcohol.

"'What's that?' I asked.

"'Why, that came out of a bunch of bananas,' said the clerk. 'It's a tarantula. The boss is keeping it; it's a pet.'

"The other day old Judge Holbrook's family mare ran two miles, and only touched the ground about a dozen times. When she brought up she had only a piece of one tug hanging to her. She had scattered the various members of the family at convenient distances along the roadway. The old nag has been in the family ten years and is a pet. These animal pets is something fierce.

"Why, you can't even pet your own wife. If you do, she will cast you up as a soft mark and relieve you of all your change, or have you scrubbing the back porch, doing the dishes, and filling the bottle for the baby. When you pet anything you got a weakness that will be used against you every time."

"Well, I wouldn't want any spiders, and a horse is a horse," observed the express driver. "But a dog's different from any other animal there is. He's the only living thing you can abuse and treat mean and that will come back to you a friend. He's the only living animal that knows you and picks you out and follows you true."

"Nix on eny of 'em for me," protested the freight-house man, "and durn a dog."

It is said of a well known but odious personage, who sportively displays a cloven hoof and two short, roguish horns, that if called, "Here, Satan! Here, Satan!" he will at once appear. So it was in the case of Matt White, the freight-house man. Having passed a sweeping condemnation of all animal pets, with the final anathema on the dog, he proceeded to break the seal of a way-car that had just been set out by the local from the West and placed at the freight-house platform.

It should be explained in this connection that every day a way-car from the West was partly emptied at Willowdale, after which it was set out at Mosstown, which was Matt White's station. Then from the East there was a way-car every day, with the reverse operation: that is, partly unloaded at Mosstown and set out at Willowdale.

These are industrial towns ten miles apart and with the usual keen rivalry for the world's attention.

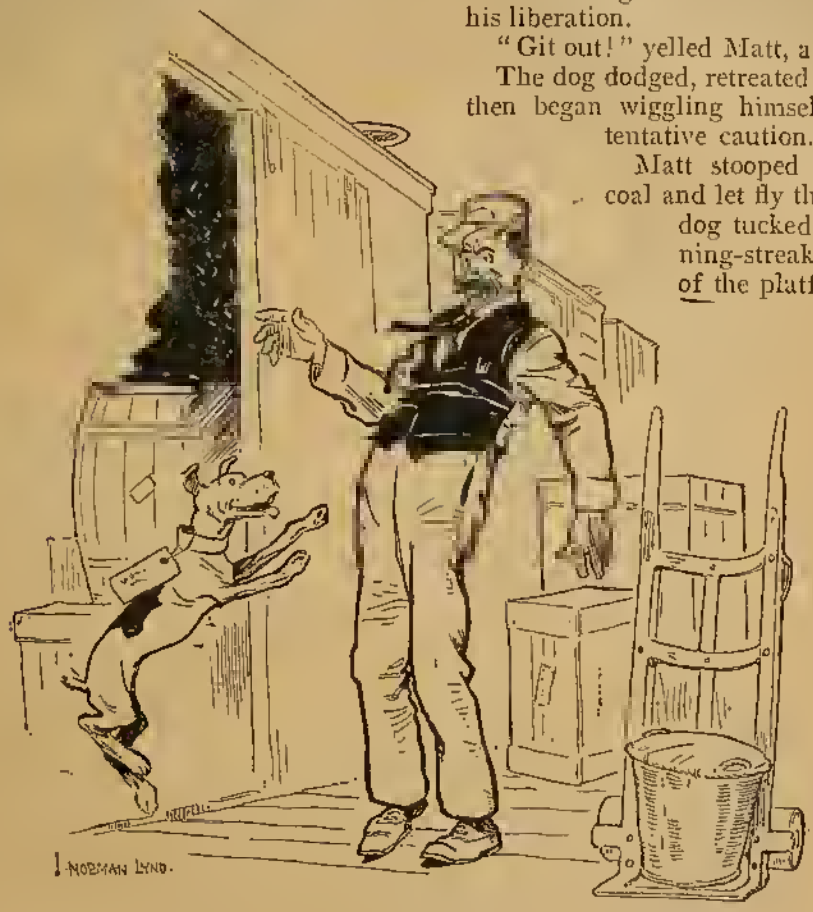
Intense loyalty to one's surroundings, the passion for exulting over a superiority, the glory of outdoing and surpassing, are ever strong in the human breast. It is particularly marked among office men at various railroad stations.

The consuming passion of the force at Willowdale was to be ahead of Mosstown. Ditto the reverse.

It was a matter of keen interest to each station every month to know how many way-bills the other station had issued, how many expense bills had been made, how much the tonnage, and the total revenue.

This feeling of live interest and rivalry is not confined to Willowdale and Mosstown. Everywhere, be it village, town, or city, there grows up a rivalry with a particular near-by station of the same class.

There is glory and exultation in the freight office of Akron to surpass Canton. There is rejoicing in the office of Kalamazoo to learn they have outdone Battle Creek. The old agent at Onward, with one sawmill and one general store, boasts with triumph and some braggadocio that last month he made eighteen way-bills, while his neighbor station, McGrawsville, with a grain elevator thrown in, only made thirteen.



HE JUMPED UP TO MATT WITH AN EFFUSIVE DEMONSTRATION OF GRATITUDE.

It is always stimulating to be a little ahead of some one else. All the glory of the world is like the earth's physical foundations—one strata above another.

In the freight office of Mosstown there was but little concern about the weal or wo of the commonwealth or the question of dividends for the railroad company. The only motive of inspiration was to be a better station in rank than Willowdale. In this strained relationship the two stations were neighborly, but faultfinding and critical with one another.

Thus it was with the excoriation of dog pets on his lips Matt White, the freight-house man of Mosstown, broke the seal of the way-car that had stopped last at Willowdale, and opened the car-door.

He was greeted with a plaintive whine and a lusty bark. Then a white dog with a black spot on his back, soiled by the dirt of the car, made a bound for liberty and jumped up to Matt with an effusive demonstration of gratitude and friendliness for his liberation.

"Git out!" yelled Matt, aiming a kick.

The dog dodged, retreated a safe distance, then began wiggling himself back with a tentative caution.

Matt stooped for a piece of coal and let fly the missile. The dog tucked tail and lightning-streaked to the end of the platform. Then he stopped, rested on his haunches, and barked a few scattering volleys at Matt.

Matt temporarily suspended hostilities and turned his attention to the way-car.

"That's no way to treat a dog," protested the express driver, letting out an encouraging call and whistle. "When that dog tried to say 'Thank you' in his dumb way, you kicked him. Maybe he was in there by accident. Maybe some one was shipping him here. Maybe he's a piece of freight. If he is, there is one check clerk that ought to be fired."

"IF I CAN'T FIND 'BARKO,' I FEAR SHE MAY LOSE HER MIND."

The express driver sat down on a box and whistled again. The dog started back with circumspection and wariness, but as he drew nearer he almost doubled himself in manifestation of friendliness, and then crawled in humble submissiveness to the feet of the express driver.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the driver. "He's tagged. He's marked to some one. Nice way you have of handling freight shipped to this station!"

The express driver leaned over and took the tag between his fingers.

"Well, wouldn't this jolt you!" he exclaimed. "'To Matt White, Freight-House Hustler, Mosstown, Kentucky.' Matt White getting a dog! Matt White, the animal-hater, importing a spotted pup! What's his name, Matt?"

Matt hurried out of the car and took a look at the tag.

"They ain't any reason why any one should send me a dog," said Matt with a puzzled expression on his face. "But, all the same, I know where that come from! That's some of Sam Horne's work! He's the freight-house man at Willowdale.

"He's always doing some low-down thing that will get me in bad. Whenever he's over anything he don't know what to do with, he sneaks it into this way-car and lets it come to Mosstown, and that puts it up to me.

"I've handed him some warm ones in the way-car that runs out at his station, if any one should ask you. Now, here's about that worthless cur there. He's been hanging around the freight-house at Willowdale, and Sam Horne has just passed him along to me. You can't fool your Uncle Mathias. That dog goes in the piano-box at the end of the freight-house, and to-morrow he goes in the way-car tagged to Sam Horne."

The dog submitted without resistance, and was duly incarcerated.

The next day Sam Horne, at Willowdale, opened the way-car the local had set out at the house and met the joyous greetings of a white dog with a black spot on his back. He, too, administered a kick, but spying a tag on the dog, he called him back and read: "Sam Horne, Freight-House Sop. Willowdale, Kentucky."

"What do you know about that!" exclaimed Horne. "Some one's marked that coyote to me. Come here, Rastus! I don't know for certain, but I think I know where you come from. To-morrow you take a special journey to Mosstown. I'll feed you on choice cuts to-day, and all I ask of you in return is to nab Matt White by the calf of the leg when he opens the way-car to-morrow. Nab him, Rastus!"

The dog bristled into a show of belligerency, and for his understanding found himself under a box in the freight-house awaiting the next day's way-car.

Matt White opened the way-car at Mosstown and was at once repaid by the cordial and affectionate greetings of "Black Spot."

"Hey, cut it out!" cried Matt sharply. "To the piano-box with you! You don't get any farther than Ellis Island. To-morrow you are going to be deported."

Matt White was puzzled. The dog would go back to Sam Horne in the Willowdale way-car next day, and there was no question on that point. But he wanted to add some sharp and sizzling words to the tag, and he could think of none that would adequately carry his bitter emotions.

Matt was no wit. Freight-house trucking doesn't develop the art of apt response and the withering come-back. He called the express driver to help him mark a tag that would be suggestive, comprehensive, and commensurate in conveying the dislike —nay, the disgust; nay, the loathing—of one Mathias White, freight-house man of Mosstown, for one Samuel Horne, freight-house man of Willowdale.

The express driver favored a verse of poetry written on the back.

Matt was inclined to one rapier-thrust—a single stiletto stab under the name of Samuel Horne.

But Pegasus, being the winged horse of poesy and swifter than the dull fancy of a freight-house trucker, won out.

The express driver went into the problem of meter, measure, and rime to express the freight-house contumely, and by the next day had this on the back of the tag:

> When you pass away the preachers say:
> "Dust to dust" we here inter.
> But, alive to-day, all we can say,
> In truth, of you, is: "Cur to cur."

"Cur to cur," explained the express driver. "That's the rub of it. Means dog to dog, you know. We send this dog to the other dog! See the point?"

Matt could hardly pick it out through the verbal ambush, but stood for it, and "Black Spot" was tagged to Sam Horne, Willowdale, with "Over" printed conspicuously to direct attention to the lyric on the reverse side.

Immediately on receipt of "Black Spot," Sam Horne directed him to the prison-box.

He read the insinuating verse, but failed to catch the hidden thrust in its full significance, and only understood that the cur, Matt White, of Mosstown, had once more returned the other cur, "Black Spot," to Sam Horne, of Willowdale.

"THAT DOG GOES IN THE PIANO-BOX AT THE END OF THE FREIGHT-HOUSE."

J. NORMAN LYND

On the following day "Black Spot" cleared again for Mosstown, bearing a tag with Matt White's address, coupled with the pseudonym "Rastus" and the tart quotation, "Two of a kind."

This was short and pointed, and its meaning was not befogged by any literary infusions.

For a week "Black Spot," *alias* "Rastus," was whipsawed and seesawed and shuttle-cocked back and forth between the two towns, with resentment and anger augmenting day by day in the breasts of Matt White, of Mosstown, and Sam Horne, of Willowdale, until written words were no longer potent to conduct the heat and the gages showed personal violence pressure.

Then the affair took a sudden and unexpected turn.

The dog was due from Willowdale, but the way-car had not yet arrived at Mosstown when the express driver, who had all along taken a live interest in the exchange, drove up in haste to the freight-house door and called out with some eagerness to Matt:

"Matt, come here! Want to show you something. Where's 'Black Spot'?"

"He's due from Willowdale most any time now," answered Matt, coming across to the freight-house door.

The express driver thrust a paper out to Matt and pointed out a paragraph.

"Read that!" he exclaimed. "That's this morning's *Leader*."

Matt read aloud:

> Twenty-five dollars reward for the safe return of my white dog. He has a black spot on his back, and answers to the name of "Barko." He strayed or was stolen about ten days ago.
>
> EZRA PHILLIPS,
> Willowdale, Kentucky.

"That's 'Black Spot'!" urged the express driver. "He commenced coming from Willowdale about ten days ago. Nab him this time, Matt, for keeps! It's our money! We'll go half and half on it! Hope that freight-house man at Willowdale won't light on that advertisement and beat us to it!"

"That mutt can't see anything," answered Matt assuringly. "He don't get half his freight out of the car. If he can't read the name of his own town on freight packages, you wouldn't expect him to light onto an 'ad.' like that, would you?"

The agent came from the office to interview Matt.

"Look here, Matt," said he. "The superintendent complains that you are secreting a dog in the way-car that sets out at Willowdale. Saturday he ate a basket of sausages. You understand that kind of work must be cut out. If you do that again you can cash in. You will settle for the sausage when the bill comes in, understand that!"

"Willowdale commenced it," urged Matt with a sort of boyish doggedness.

"Well, it's up to you to put an end to it," directed the agent, returning to the office.

"We'll deduct for this sausage before we divide the reward," said Matt to the express driver.

The local was very late and the eagerly expected way-car did not come in.

On the afternoon passenger from Willowdale a slight, somewhat bent, middle-aged man got off and made his way over to the freight-house. He did not stop at the office. He cast furtive glances about him, but spying nothing, called "Barko! Barko!" a number of times.

"What is it?" asked Matt White.

The man sat down on a box in evident disappointment.

"I am looking for a dog," said he. "A white dog with a black spot on his back. He's been missing about ten days. I was informed yesterday that a dog answering this description had been shipped up here in a freight-car. Can you tell me anything about him? Do you know where he can be found?"

"I seen in the paper this morning," said Matt diplomatically, "that a white dog had been lost, and had a black spot on his back. Let's see. Seems to me there was a reward. If I recollect right, it was five—no, twenty-five—dollars."

"No doubt that was my 'ad.' I have offered that," said the man slowly, "for his safe return. I will explain it. We had a little boy at our house—little Jimmie. He was a cripple. He could not run and romp with other boys. When he was three years old we bought him a pup, a little, affectionate fellow, and he stayed and played with Jimmie and never deserted him a minute.

"No child ever had a more constant devotion for an animal pet than Jimmie had for that dog. He filled the long, dull hours with frolics.

"At last Jimmie could play no more. He lay in bed for weeks, drawn and shriveled,

and all the time 'Barko' lay by him. Every sound of the little fellow's voice brought an affectionate greeting from 'Barko,' a show of friendship or a token of devotion. Jimmie knew he could not get well, and his great regret was parting from 'Barko.' Over and over he made his mother promise to take

"BLACK SPOT" ALIAS "RASTUS" ALIAS "BARKO" APPEARED.

care of 'Barko'—to always keep him with her and let no harm befall him.

"Maybe you can't understand it. Jimmie died, and it's a sacred trust with us. Mother doesn't sleep day or night. If I can't find 'Barko,' I fear she may lose her mind. I am a poor man—"

There was a touch of huskiness in his voice. He took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his eyes.

"I am a poor man, but I will pay twenty-five dollars for the dog's return—because we promised Jimmie—"

"I'll accept the offer," said Matt, missing the pathetic feature and fixing his mind on the reward. "I don't know just what time I can find the dog. It may be pretty late, but I'll take care of him. Will you wait here this afternoon? You see, it's this way. He'll come in our local freight. He's been riding the way-cars."

"I must return on the next train—that's in a half hour," replied the man. "But if you will get him and take care of him and let me know, I will come after him early in the morning."

This was eagerly agreed to by Matt. The man returned to his home.

A short time before the local arrived, Matt received this message from Willowdale:

> Return dog by baggage-master No. 3 this evening. Owner is here waiting.
>
> SAM HORNE.

Matt White responded briefly:

> Dog will not be returned. Will deliver him to owner himself.

"Huh!" chuckled Matt. "That guy has just woke up! He's never found out until

after 'Barko' lifted anchor this afternoon from his station that there was a reward, then he yelps for him back—quick! When he finds out I git that twenty-five-dollar reward, when he had such a good chance at it, he'll probably jump on the track in front of the limited."

It was quite late when the local got in. Matt opened the door with extreme caution.

"Black Spot" *alias* "Rastus" *alias* "Barko" appeared to be within, but he was not in an amiable frame of mind. When the car-door was opened the width of a hand he snarled and bolted for liberty.

Matt grabbed him none too gently, and the supposed "Barko" at once Shylocked about a pound of Matt's calf. Matt held on, choked him loose, and threw him into the piano-box like he would a rat.

"I won't have that ugly whelp around a minute, if he is a pet," said Matt to the driver. "He goes back on No. 3, by express, C.O.D. twenty-five dollars!"

Matt juggled him into a box, nailed him up securely, and marked him to "Ezra Phillips, Willowdale," and was forthwith assessed one dollar by the express company, which takes no chances on a dog.

Matt rubbed on a little arnica, and chuckled at being able to wind up the dog incident twenty-five dollars to the good, and in triumphantly putting over such a neat one on Sam Horne.

The next day Matt was stunned by a note from Mr. Phillips, which read:

> The dog you expressed is not "Barko." He was returned to me yesterday evening by Mr. Sam Horne, of the local freight-house. You should have consulted me, as I requested, and saved this misunderstanding. Dog is held by express company subject to your orders.

Matt was dazed. Sam Horne had returned "Barko" to the owner and raked in the reward! And Sam Horne, the low-lived, treacherous wretch, on the last exchange had rung in a stray and vicious cur resembling "Barko" just to fool the honest Mathias White, and had sent the fake telegram to whet Matt's cupidity!

There was the rattle of the express driver's wagon and the call of his voice at the freight-house door.

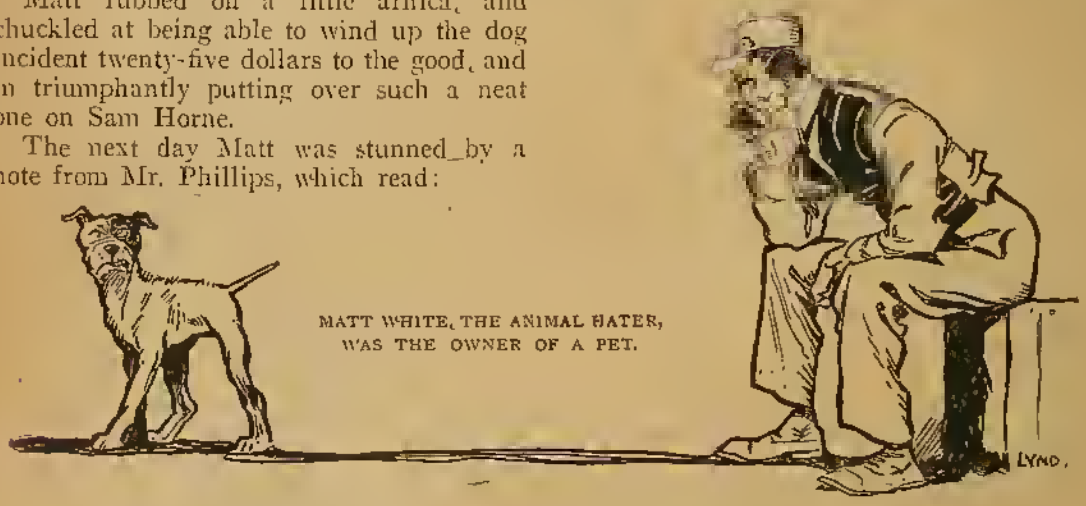
"Hey, Matt, here's your dog! Where do you want him?"

"Git out!" yelled Matt furiously. "I don't want him!"

"No you don't!" responded the driver. "He's your'n. You shipped him, and he's back to you!"

He dragged the box inside and drove away. The dog let out an ominous growl.

Matt White, animal hater, was the owner of a pet.



MATT WHITE, THE ANIMAL HATER, WAS THE OWNER OF A PET.

AND WHAT DID THE CON SAY?

ONE of Michigan's railroad companies decided to establish a freight and ticket office at a small flag station in the southern part of the State, and the grocery keeper of this hamlet was commissioned as agent. The honor thus conferred on Mr. Storekeeper, whose knowledge of railroading was very limited, somewhat razzle-dazzled him and led to the following incident:

The first morning after he had donned the "regulation suit" he awoke about five o'clock and, hearing the "limited" whistle in the distance, hurriedly slid into his trousers, and without stopping to finish dressing, dashed down the stairs, flag in hand, ran out upon the platform, and began wildly waving the flag across the track. The train stopped, the conductor alighted, and seeing no one but the agent, turned to him with the inquiry: "Where's your passengers?"

"Haven't any," replied the agent, as he made another grab at his trousers.

"Then why in thunder did you stop us?"

"W-well, I—I—thought perhaps there might be some one who would want to get off here."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE THOUSAND-MILE TICKET.

BY DAN DUANE.

Author of "In the Hornet's Nest."

Fate Brings Together Fulward and the Person Who Seems To Be an A1 Accomplice.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

OXENHAM FULWARD, assistant cashier of the Snowball Trust Company, had been robbing that concern systematically for five years. His peculations reached an amount of over one hundred thousand dollars. At the opening of the story, he is in sore straits as to how this money is to be paid back without detection. J. Erasmus Low, multimillionaire, owes his wealth to the Thousand-Mile Ticket, on the back of which had been written a will which gave him the nucleus of his fortune, willed by a man whose life he had formerly saved. Low prized this Thousand-Mile Ticket above all his other possessions, and Fulward, knowing this, decides to steal it, hoping the reward offered will cover his losses. While standing in front of the Low home, trying to decide how the theft is to be consummated, he is surprised to see an expensively dressed young girl coming out of the servants' entrance. He is attracted to her and follows her up-town, but loses her in the crowd. A few nights later upon entering his own rooms he surprises some one ransacking the apartment, and quickly turning up the lights, discovers the young girl.

CHAPTER V.

The Charming Intruder.

CLUTCHING wildly at her throat, her face mirroring every phase of grief-stricken horror, her body trembling, and the great tears forcing through her eyes, the young woman was the picture of a hunted fawn run to bay.

Fulward stood and looked at her. He was so dumfounded that he could not find words. The situation in which he suddenly found himself—in his own apartment at an ungodly hour of the morning with a young girl, and a very pretty young girl at that, who seemed intent on robbery — had unstrung him.

Fulward eyed her as she knelt on the floor with her clenched hands and her tears coming faster and faster. She was so daintily molded; her form was so very chic; her face was so dainty and her hands so small—in fact, she seemed so very ladylike that the man wondered what strange kink in her brain had driven her to such straits.

She seemed to be trying to speak. Her lips quivered painfully, but uttered no sound. She wanted to say something to him, but couldn't.

"No doubt she is a thief," said Fulward to himself—"and I am a thief, too! What a fortunate meeting! She is just the one person of all the inhabitants of this big city for whom I am looking. Thank the fates for this boon!"

Perhaps she noted the friendliness that his facial changes exhibited, for she managed to say in a voice that was broken with tears and almost incomprehensible:

"Oh—please, sir! Oh—"

If she said anything else, it was lost in sobs. She buried her face in her hands and cried as if her heart were breaking.

Fulward, who had stood as resolute as an oracle, stepped across the room. When he was beside the girl, he leaned over, put his hand gently on her shoulder, and said:

"I am not going to hurt you, miss. Get up. Sit in that easy chair by the table and tell me all about it."

He partly lifted her throbbing body from the floor and tenderly placed her in a chair.

His manner was sufficiently kind to insure her that his words were honestly uttered—that, instead of calling the police, he would treat her as a guest.

He extinguished some of the lights so that the glare would not hurt her eyes. He drew the blinds down and placed a chair quite close to the big one, in which she was huddled like a punished child.

She still sobbed violently. Fulward knew sufficient about women not to ask one to break off her flow of tears too suddenly, so he let the girl sob on while he carefully selected a well-seasoned meerschaum, which he filled with his private mixture. Then he sat beside her, and blew three or four inhalations of the fragrant smoke to the ceiling before he noticed a cessation in her throbbing body.

It wasn't just time to speak. He waited a little longer—and smoked.

Up to that moment both of her small hands had been used to hold to her eyes the tiny bit of lace and linen that she would have called a handkerchief. One finally dropped in her lap. Fulward looked at it, and then he turned and looked at the rather large jimmy and the hammer with a sawed-off handle with which she had tried to pry open the walnut locker in which he kept his liquors.

They were lying on the floor, mute evidence of the fair one's guilt. Beside them rested a long bull's-eye lantern—the new-fangled electric kind, not the old-time brown headlight of song and story.

Fulward looked at these — er — "burglar's tools." He didn't much like to give them so terrible a name, for surely the little thing nestling in the big chair beside him could not be a burglar.

He looked at them, and then he looked at the small, trembling hand of the girl, and wondered at its strength to ply so formidable an instrument of crime.

It couldn't be possible. And yet he had seen her with his own eyes and heard her with his own ears breaking into his locker. She!—the very girl who had left the Low mansion so mysteriously and who had attracted his attention so strangely.

There could be no mistaking those two very important points in her disfavor.

Fulward leaned over and laid his hand on hers. It was an act of friendship. He wanted her to understand that he meant her no harm; but she drew away as if he had touched her with a red-hot poker.

"I won't hurt you," said Fulward, laughing a pleasant little laugh and tempering his voice with gentleness. "I won't hurt you. Perhaps I may be so bold as to say now that I may prove the very best friend in all the world. Come. Don't carry on that way. Dry your eyes and tell me all about it."

She almost interrupted him.

"You won't send for the police! You won't — will you?" she cried, extending both her hands.

"No. I sha'n't send for the police," replied Fulward with the same gentleness and compassion in his voice. "Why, I couldn't have the heart to turn a little girl like you over to the police. It would be—it would be—" Fulward was at a loss for a word, so he went on: "And, besides, you haven't taken anything that I can see. If you had succeeded in opening that—that wine vault over there, I don't know what you would have done with its contents.

"There is some rare old vintage wine in there, and a pretty good burgundy; but I don't know what a little girl like you would do with them. You'd be a funny sight running down the street with a bottle of champagne under each arm and the cops chasing you — at this time of the morning — now, wouldn't you?"

If the girl saw any humor in the picture, she didn't convey it to Oxenham Fulward.

"Now," he went on, "I want you to tell me all about this—this midnight raid—who you are and why you should have picked out my rooms as a place to plunder."

She drew herself closer into the big chair and looked at him with eyes of wonderment. If he were really friendly, as he claimed, she wanted to be quite sure of it; so she studied him most minutely to detect some little curve in his face and manner that would prove otherwise.

Fulward refilled his pipe and looked at the girl, as if by vibration he could transmit the thoughts that were uppermost in his mind much more potently than by spoken words.

She was looking at him strangely. Her eyes seemed to penetrate his mind and body. The tears in them were drying. Her lips were set and immobile. He wanted her to speak.

In order that she might have further indication that he wanted her to be entirely at her ease, he arose, strolled easily across the room, and removed his coat. He reached

into the dresser and took out a comfortable smoking-jacket, which he donned with ease and satisfaction. His shoes he also removed and laid side by side in their accustomed corner, and as he slipped his feet into his comfortable slippers he glanced over his shoulder to detect her observations.

She had watched him as a cat might watch a mouse. She had followed every little movement that he made with the keenest intensity, and when he returned to the chair he had placed beside her she was almost certain that he was not a detective.

She hadn't quite been able to make up her mind on that point. At first, he seemed so very plausible and nice; he had talked with so much charm that her doubts had been aroused; but when he slid across the room for his house garments she felt pretty certain that he would not have taken to another man's wearing apparel so deftly if he had been a detective. Still she was not sure.

Fulward dropped into his chair again, and again the fragrance of his pipe floated over their heads.

"Come, little girl," he said, "I want you to tell me who you are. I promise you that I mean you no harm. As I have already told you, I may prove the very best friend you ever knew. Can't you trust me?"

The girl looked at him with a most suspicious glance, and asked:

"Are you Mr. Fulward?"

"Yes," replied the banker.

"Are you sure," she went on, "are you sure that you're not a detective?"

"A detective!" Oxenham Fulward uttered a convincing hearty laugh. "Perhaps you would like some proof. Here is my card," and he opened his pocketbook and handed her an engraved calling-card bearing his name. "If that does not suffice," he went on, "here is my crest on my ring, with my initials under it," and he thrust his left forefinger under her eyes.

She took his hand in both of hers and eyed the crest and the initials beneath strangely — and Fulward was not unconscious of the tender touch and softness of those little hands.

What a dear little burglar! he thought.

The girl did not seem to be greatly impressed by the ring, judging from the manner in which she eyed it. Fulward noticed this; and then he noticed also that she picked up his card and looked at it again, and seemed to want some further proof.

Taking a bundle of personal letters from the inside pocket of his coat, he threw them in her lap—but even a detective might borrow another man's calling-cards and letters in order to hide his identity.

"You still disbelieve me?" said Fulward.

"Yes—and no," the girl replied.

"Make it no," he said. "I am Oxenham Fulward. If you don't believe it, you may call up the office of this apartment-house and have them send up a clerk to identify me. Owing to the lateness of the hour, I am sure that you would not like that."

"No! No!" cried the girl. "Don't do that!"

"Well," Fulward went on, having found a weak spot, "if you don't believe me, I shall call up a clerk on my own account and prove it against your wishes. Perhaps you wouldn't like that, either."

The girl shook her head.

"We can't waste time here all night," Fulward continued, "and I must get you out of here — before daylight. And I don't propose to let you go until you tell me all about yourself."

Fulward drew his chair closer to hers that no syllables might be lost in the cross-examination that he was about to undertake.

Here, right under his very eyes, as if hurled in his lap by the god Luck, was the very person he needed in all the world to be a party to his crime.

CHAPTER VI.

Getting Down to Facts.

"WHAT is your name?" was the first question asked by the banker.

"Minnie," she replied, almost inaudibly; then in a clearer voice, after a pause, she gave it in full, "Minnie Payne."

"Minnie Payne," repeated Fulward; "and how old are you, my girl?"

Minnie did not hesitate to reply. She was going on twenty-one, she thought, but she wasn't sure.

"Didn't your father and mother ever tell you the date of your birth?" asked Fulward.

"I ain't had no parents," replied the girl.

Fulward saw at a glance one of the hundreds of beautiful girls of the great city of New York who, like Minnie Payne, are orphans, who become the prey of the masters of the underworld and are taught to

steal. Their beauty is their best asset. In nine cases out of ten, when one is caught, she usually gets off with a reprimand. Through her willing tears she can promise so smoothly not to do it again.

Minnie Payne was undoubtedly one of these girls. Her absolute disregard for the English language proved to Fulward that she had grown up without an education. The more she replied to his questions, the more he was convinced that she was hopelessly a criminal by instinct; but there was no telling what might have come to her had she been given a chance to improve her mind.

That she looked younger than the twenty and one years to which she laid claim, Fulward was also convinced.

"Do you do this for a living—this stealing?" asked Fulward.

"Yes," she answered.

"What do you do it for?"

"My uncle makes me."

Fulward looked aghast.

"Your uncle!" he repeated. "You don't mean to tell me that you deliberately do this work for a man. Does he pay you?"

"He gives me my home and clothes—ain't that plenty?" she asked in return.

"Have you ever been to school?" was Fulward's next question.

"I went onct," said Minnie, "an' when I gets home I tells my uncle that the teacher carried her money in her purse an' that I seen it. He told me not to come home nex' day without it—an' I didn't," Minnie added as a sly humor played in her face.

"And you didn't go back to school, either?" said Fulward.

"You can bet I didn't," Minnie continued. "Uncle an' me went an' hid."

"Tell me about this uncle," said Fulward. "Who is he? Where is he? What is he?"

"You sure ain't goin' to tell no one?" asked Minnie appealingly.

"On my honor, little girl," Fulward replied as he raised his hand to establish an oath.

"All I know," Minnie said in telling the story of her life, "is that I was taken by this man some years ago when I was a little girl. He came to the asylum and got me and took me to his house. He told me that he was my uncle. He was very kind and bought me cake and candy on the way home. When we got to his house," and Minnie mentioned a certain number in that part of New York not far from Hell's Kitchen, "there were three other girls there and his wife, and she was very kind to me."

"Do you live there now?" asked Fulward.

"Yes," replied Minnie, "in the very same place."

"And this uncle is the man who taught you how to break into these rooms?" questioned the banker with a sweep of his hands.

"Not uncle, exactly," Minnie continued, "but the girls. They taught me how to steal vegetables and meat from the stores in the neighborhood, and then they taught me how to get away with purses in a crowd. I like that best. It is very easy, specially with women, when the streets are crowded and there is a parade or something going on. Why, I have gone home with ten purses on an election night," and the girl's eyes fairly beamed with satisfaction, "and I would have taken more—only there was no way to carry them."

"Umph!" exclaimed Fulward with a smile, "you ought to be in Wall Street."

"Not for mine," replied Minnie. "I never could get anything out of that district. It's women for mine—and nice houses after dark."

"I should gather that you are rather proficient in your—profession?" Fulward advanced.

The girl caught the meaning.

"Yes," she answered, "uncle says that I can beat the rest of the girls put together."

"You will pardon me for asking you one or two rather pointed questions," Fulward said.

"Ask what you like," said the girl. "I guess I've told you more now than is good for me."

"Don't say that," Fulward answered reassuringly. "What you have told me has deeply interested me, and it will be of the greatest help to me in what I am planning for your future. What I want to ask you particularly is this: Were you ever apprehended?"

"Do you mean did the cops ever get me?"

"Yes."

"Once," said the girl. "I dipped for a woman's purse coming out of a matinée. She was too quick and grabbed my arm. I looked surprised and began to cry, and she held onto me until a cop came up. I swore that she was a liar, but the cop took me in. The next morning the judge released me, because the woman didn't show up against me. That's another good reason for tack-

ling women, they hardly ever come back at you. Men always want to prosecute."

"Was that the only time?" asked Fulward decidedly.

"That's the only time," she assured him, "unless you hand me over to-night. I'm pretty careful, because that is the only thing I dread. It would kill me to go to jail."

Behind the girl's words was real sincerity, something which indicated that she was not a born criminal. Somewhere in her make-up there was a strain of good blood.

"Now, Minnie," and Fulward turned on the tap of his extremest sweetness, "do tell me why you picked me out as a victim?"

"Uncle told me that you were rich."

Fulward was filled with glee.

He laughed outright, and slowly the ripples faded into a very serious countenance. For a few moments he had nothing to say. He was facing for a brief space of time his greatest accuser—his own conscience. Insanely, he thought that this girl's uncle, whoever he might or might not be, had some cognizance of his stealings at the bank and had sent her to find some of the loot—just as if he kept it hidden in a wine-locker.

Then the ludicrous side of the idea brought him to his senses.

"And what did you expect to find in that locker?" he asked.

"Oh, I have found jewelry and money in queer places," she went on. "Before you came in I looked around the room, and I didn't find—much. I came to the conclusion that there might be something hidden in that place. I started to open it when you came in."

"You didn't find much?" asked the man in a quizzical tone.

"Only these," and the girl produced from a fold in her skirt a diamond scarf-pin and a pair of cuff-links of heavy gold, with a huge ruby burnishing each center.

She handed them to Fulward. He took his property and eyed it as if he had never seen it before, then carelessly threw it on the table beside him.

"Minnie," he asked further, "there are only a few more things that I want to know. How did you get in here?"

The girl pointed to an open window in the sleeping-room.

"Came up the fire-escape, eh?"

"That's right," she answered, "and I got on the fire-escape from the roof of the building next door; and I got onto that roof by going up in the elevator just before dark and waiting in the hallway of the top floor for hours—until I was ready to make my—play."

"Poor little girl," said Fulward, "you don't have it easy, do you?"

"Not always," she said, "but I expected that the trouble of coming here would be worth while."

"It will—believe me!" Fulward assured her with some emphasis. "I want you to put your trust in me, Minnie. I have a little scheme to unfold to you later on; and if you will do as I say, you won't have to undertake any of these queer midnight journeys again."

He held out his hand and she clasped it, and seemed to be much happier than she had ever been in all her life. Just why, she did not know. It wasn't prompted by a feeling of reform, either.

Fulward was not at the end of his quizzing, however. The one particular bit of knowledge for which his brain was tingling he was now to seek. If Minnie Payne answered the next question to his satisfaction, he would immediately endeavor to form a partnership with her—a partnership which would have as its basis the getting of the Thousand-Mile Ticket owned by J. Erasmus Low.

Fulward leaned back in his chair, picked up his diamond pin, looked at it, and threw it down as if it were valueless; he did likewise with the ruby cuff-links; he crossed his legs; he stuck his thumbs in his armpits, and then he put the question with slow enunciation, that Minnie might not lose any of its import:

"I saw you coming out of the Low mansion on Fifth Avenue the other night. What were you doing there?"

Minnie Payne hesitated for a moment. She seemed disinclined to answer. A little blush appeared and disappeared on her cheeks, and then she admitted that she was a friend of the second butler of the millionaire's establishment, and had called that evening to have a little chat with him.

Fulward didn't quite care to believe this.

He remembered that Minnie had left the place rather peculiarly, and that she had walked from Fifth Avenue and returned toward that thoroughfare when she saw a man ahead of her. He brought all of this to her notice; but she quickly waved it aside as nonsense, and proved to Fulward that his own warped mind was responsible for such suspicions.

"I walked away from Fifth Avenue because I was not sure of my direction. The man who approached me did not frighten me in the least. You were standing on the corner. If I had been frightened by him, why wouldn't I have been frightened by you?"

Fulward saw the force of this logic.

"I stood on the corner and waited for the bus, didn't I?" she asked. "And you stood almost beside me—and stared straight at me! And when you got into the bus the same time that I did, I thought that you only wanted to flirt. But I don't flirt, Mr. Fulward. Whatever my life may be, I don't trifle."

"You say that you know the second butler?"

"He is a friend of mine."

"A very intimate friend?"

"He was a boy in the orphan asylum when I was there. I met him several years ago on Broadway, and he told me how he had acquired an English accent and had become a butler. He took me to the theater several times—and I only called on him that night.

"I rather like him," Minnie confessed, and added that in her dull, prosaic life the little friendship that he held out to her was one of its few bright spots.

That night she had called on him, she told Fulward after he had closely questioned her, because she had not heard from him for some time and feared that another woman might have taken her place in his heart.

It was just a touch of feminine jealousy—that was all—and it comes to the poor pariah of the streets just as it comes to the lady who is blessed with the luxuries of life and counts her lovers among the men to whom second butlers are the under-crust of creation.

No, it was only a little satisfaction for this unfortunate girl to know that her Charlie had been faithful to her, and that his silence was not caused by his attentions to another woman. She had gone to him as her duty seemed to dictate. She had talked to him that night only a few minutes, because he was very busy at the time; she made an appointment for the following week and departed; and if Mr. Fulward noticed anything peculiar in her actions, it was his own actions that aroused suspicion, not hers.

Fulward listened to her story, and then he apologized profusely—most profusely.

"Oh, don't!" said Minnie. "After finding me here as you did to-night, it is only natural that you should think that my visit to the Low house was not honest."

"Did you ever think of it as a place to—to break into?" Fulward was surprised at the ease with which he said the last three words.

"I know it's full of stuff, but there's enough cops hoverin' around there to stock a hen-coop," said Minnie. "Oh, don't think that uncle hasn't had it on his list; but he's afraid to tackle the place. It has a bad name among—among—"

"Say it, Minnie. Go ahead. Don't mind me." Fulward spoke with easy assurance.

"Thieves," said Minnie, and she turned her head away. To tell the truth, she didn't like the word.

"Did you ever hear of the Thousand-Mile Ticket?" asked Fulward.

"The Thousand-Mile Ticket!" It was like introducing the girl to an old friend.

"Why, uncle talks about it night and day. He says that if we could get our hands on it, we would be on Easy Street the rest of our lives."

"Has he ever made an attempt to get it—or to have you get it?"

"No," answered the girl. "We have talked it over many times, but we have always been afraid to tackle the job."

"Does your 'uncle' know that you are acquainted with the second butler?"

For the first time, Minnie seemed to show a spirit of resentment. She drew away from Fulward as she remarked:

"Say, what are you asking me that for? What do you want to know so much about me for?"

"Minnie," said Fulward quietly, "I have a reason for asking you these questions. You shall know in a very few minutes. Only answer this one, and then I will take you into my confidence. Does your 'uncle' know?"

"No," the girl replied, returning to her former attitude. "I didn't dare tell him. I was afraid that he might want me to use Charlie."

CHAPTER VII.

The Second Butler.

FULWARD emitted a long "m-m-m-m," and resolved himself into a committee of the whole for a few minutes.

Although Minnie had protected the plebeian Charlie from the man who held her in thrall and made her steal for him for her living, there might come a time when Minnie would be obliged to call Charlie into the Fulward service.

At the moment, however, it was a matter of secondary importance. Fulward turned his thoughts to his own case.

Just how to tell the girl why he wanted her to come into his friendship, his confidence, and his employ was puzzling him somewhat.

He thought it best to blurt it out in a heap; then he thought it best to parley with her and learn just what she would agree to do; then he decided to let the matter rest for the present, and ask Minnie to call on him in the morning when he would unfold his plans to her.

His thoughts were finally interrupted by the girl who spoke.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked, her voice faltering somewhat. "I have told you the truth about myself, and you said that you would be my friend."

"I mean to keep my word, Minnie; but it is difficult for me to get started—to tell you in the right way, I mean. When you hear my story, you will be—dumfounded. Let me think a few minutes longer."

"I'm very hungry—and thirsty," said the girl.

"Why didn't you say so before?" put in Fulward quickly. "That part of it is easily remedied."

He went to the telephone and called the office. In nearly all well-conducted New York bachelor apartments the kitchen is kept open all night, and Fulward's place boasted its little accommodations of that sort.

"Let's see, what would be nice at this hour?" he said, turning to her; but Minnie, be it known, was not a particular being when it came to food, and shook her pretty head. Turning to the telephone, Fulward gave the order for some oysters on the half-shell, lamb chops with browned potatoes, a salad of hearts of lettuce, and an omelet and coffee.

"That order is for two," he shouted into the telephone and hung up the receiver.

"I think that will make a very nice supper—for two," he said. "We can open a bottle of that rare vintage I caught you pilfering to-night, if you like."

He patted her head to assure her that he did not mean to hurt her feelings.

"Please don't," said Minnie, looking up at him with the eyes of an injured animal. "I'd give anything in this world to lead an honest life—and, besides, I don't drink."

Here was a queer combination, indeed; but the girl's desire for a better life, and the fact that she was not given to drink, did not soften the heart of the man.

If he had hunted the world over, he thought again, he could not have found a more satisfactory person for the theft that he was planning. It all fitted in so well. Everything seemed to shape itself so perfectly—and there was Charlie, the second butler!

Fulward cleared the little center-table of its paraphernalia and books, and turned it so that it stood squarely between them. He placed his own chair, and then went around to Minnie; and twisted the great armchair from which she hadn't moved, so that it faced the table.

Then he went to the sofa, carried back an armful of pillows, and propped them behind her so that she could eat more comfortably. As he administered the last pat to the last pillow, he leaned over the girl and put his arm around her shoulders.

She drew back with a timidity that startled him. Her natural thought was that he intended to insult her in some way. She felt like the sparrow that finds itself in the claws of the cat. But Fulward was not a man to trifle with such as Minnie Payne.

This was a matter of business. It was business for him to be kind to her; it was business for him to assure her of his confidence, and it was business for him to show her that he liked her and wanted to trust her.

The next words that he uttered made her shudder still more. Ever since she had been discovered by Fulward, Minnie wondered what he intended to do with her. The outcome of the night and the plausibility and kindness of the man had taken more shapes in her not too well-developed mind to enable her to settle on any one as a possibility. Fulward had decided on his plan. There was no time like the present.

"Minnie," he said, bending still closer, "I am in great trouble, and I want you to help me. Like you, little girl, I am a thief—"

She drew away from him in horror.

He stood erect, and stepped a few feet from her chair. Holding his arms wide as an orator would while making an impassioned peroration, he continued:

"What I tell you is true. I am no better than you. In fact, I am a more pitiable object, for my stealing has been premeditated — it could have been avoided. You were forced to it, for you became the tool of a desperate man, who uses you because you are young and pretty. If you had grown up in better surroundings, and had known a father and mother, you would have a different story to tell. I am confident on that point.

"Minnie," he went on, as he returned to the table and took his chair opposite her, "lean over; I want you to understand me perfectly."

She moved her body so that she could place her arms on the table.

"You and I are both thieves, Minnie; we understand each other on that score."

She nodded.

"Do you really know me—do you know just who I am?"

"You are Mr. Oxenham Fulward," she replied. "You belong to a trust company."

"You have heard of me many times before?"

"We have had you spotted for a long time," said the girl.

"You thought I was a rich man?"

"Yes."

The customary idea of the general public regarding gentlemen connected with trust companies, thought Fulward.

"Well, I'm a poor man — a very poor man," said Fulward. "I need a great deal of money, and I need it at once—and I am going to employ you—"

The waiter bearing the supper knocked at the door.

"You can go in that room if you do not want to see him," said Fulward, pointing, "but it is not unusual to give late suppers here, and the waiters know their business."

Minnie shrugged her shoulders as if it mattered nothing to her.

"Come in!" called Fulward.

The waiter entered, and with the silent activity of his kind proceeded to set the supper. While he was spreading the snowy cloth and placing the dishes of food where they would be in easy reach of Fulward, not a word was said. The waiter seemed to be particular in having everything just so, as careful waiters will, and Fulward became impatient at his persistent attention. When he finally handed Minnie a serviette and stood at attention, the banker sharply said, "I'll serve," and the waiter retreated.

The supper was hot and inviting, and Minnie ate as she had seldom eaten before. Fulward noticed how famished she seemed, and spoke of it in a kindly tone.

"I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday," said the girl. "I can't eat much when I am on one of these affairs. I had to come here yesterday and look over my ground and study how to get in, and," she went on, "what is more important, how to get out."

Fulward helped her to another chop.

"What is this great scheme of yours? What do you want me to do—rob a bank?" she asked with a twinkle.

Fulward rested his arm on the table and looked steadfastly at the girl.

"Minnie," he said, "you eat and I will talk. But listen carefully, for I am going to make you a proposition that will mean much to you. Before we go any further I want your sacred promise that if we should disagree, and you should decline my offer, you will never speak of this visit or what I shall tell you to any one. In return, I shall keep sacred all that I know about you."

"I agree," said Minnie between bites as she held out her hand. Fulward shook it warmly. Then he proceeded:

"Minnie, I want to get the Thousand-Mile Ticket in my possession, and I want you to help me."

Minnie looked up from her supper as much as to say that's about the most impossible thing in all the world; but she waited to hear the rest of Fulward's proposition.

"I am short in my accounts at the company's office. I need money, and I need it quickly. I am certain that the easiest and quickest way in which to secure cash is to get hold of the Thousand-Mile Ticket.

"Now, I want you to help me solve that part of the problem. If you care to work with me and for me from this moment, you will have everything you may want to keep you comfortable until I get that document in my possession. When I do I will give you five thousand dollars in cash—and in the kind of cash that will be easy to handle.

"I want you to meet me here to-morrow evening and make the final arrangements. We will then go into the details, and find out the best way to operate. What principally interests me at this moment is whether or not you accept my proposition."

"Supposing I fail," said Minnie, with an eye to business, "what do I get for my trouble then?"

"I will take care of that," replied Fulward. "I won't ask you to work for nothing."

"Couldn't you give me some idea?"

"Well, say, I promise you a thousand dollars, anyhow," Fulward said. "But I would rather not state anything definite just now. We must work for success. If we fail, I will see that you do not lose anything."

"Why do you think I will succeed?" asked Minnie.

"Because you know Charlie, the second butler, so well."

This was an obstacle over which Fulward feared that he and Minnie would trip, and he wanted to tackle it early in the game.

"Oh, no—no!" Minnie put both hands to her face. "I couldn't! I couldn't! He doesn't know that I—that I steal! And he's so honest!"

"Are you sure?" asked Fulward, whose ideas of honesty were not too solid.

"Sure of what?" Minnie asked in return.

"That Charlie is so very honest. Wouldn't he like a few thousand, too, and a little trip to Europe?"

Minnie realized that the banker meant business, that he was prepared to spend all the money necessary to carry out his plan.

"I don't know," the girl answered. "But he has been the one person I have looked up to in all the world. I would hate to think that Charlie would go bad, too. Everybody I meet is either a thief—or—wants to be. And Charlie—" Minnie brushed away a tear.

"Well," Fulward went on, "we won't worry about Charlie just now. There are a lot of better things in this world than being the second butler of a millionaire. Young men want to get ahead, and I guess that Charlie won't pass by the right kind of an opportunity."

"He is not the kind of man you think he is," said Minnie sharply.

"And you are not the kind of a girl he thinks you are," retorted the banker.

A second later he was sorry that he had made that reply. It made the girl mistrust him. Of that he was sure. She looked at him for the first time during the night as if she hated him, as if he were trying to make her and the man she loved the tools of his scheme.

If they failed, she would be to blame; and if Charlie were dragged into it, he would be jointly to blame with her. She could see it in no other light. She was struggling inwardly with herself. She was not a match for the keen mind of this man, old enough to be her father. All she could do was lead her humble life as a pickpocket and a sneak and abide by the orders of her "uncle." And when the time came and she could marry Charlie—when he earned sufficient money to support them both—then she would give up the terrible life into which fate had so rudely thrust her—and be a lady!

Fulward had made a mistake.

"I'm sorry, Minnie," he said; "I didn't mean to say that."

"I think I had better go," she said, reaching for her things.

"No. I forbid it," said Fulward. "You must wait and hear me further. I can't afford to let you go now. We will not speak of Charlie again. I will apologize for what I said about him. I did not know that you would take it so much to heart."

The girl was gathering up her "tools," seemingly unconscious of his presence.

"Minnie"—Fulward caught her by the arm—"you must listen to me!"

He turned her around until she faced him. He placed his hands on her shoulders so that she could not get away from him.

"Do you know what I am doing for you? Do you realize? I want you to help me. Do so, and I will take care of you always. Here! I will talk real business to you now—this very moment."

He pulled a well-filled wallet from his pocket, and opened it so that the bills were exposed. He sat at the table and began counting them out. Minnie stood as one transfixed.

(To be continued.)

It might be fun to see your steam indicator rising without work, but it would only mean there was something wrong with the gage. Always distrust a cinch.—Comments of the Cynical Super.

MONTAUK (ARROW) THE PROPOSED TERMINUS OF THE ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP LINES, AND THE FAST RAIL ROUTE THROUGH NEW YORK CITY.

The New Atlantic Gateway.

BY JOHN WALTERS.

NEW YORK harbor's claim to the title of "Gateway of America" is being seriously threatened. The call for longer wharves for Europe's gigantic liners, which grow larger every year, is not being satisfactorily met, and shipping facilities are fast becoming limited. In looking about for a future docking place, however, the steamship companies have found what they believe to be the complete solution of their difficulties. It consists of a well-sheltered bay, free from shoals, lying at the eastern extremity of Long Island, within two hours' travel of the metropolis, and well fitted for handling the commerce of a great nation. It will bring Europe six hours closer to America.

Overcrowding of Shipping in New York Harbor Gives Promise of Rival Port on Long Island and Will Shorten Mail Routes Across the Continent.

IT looks now as if the big Eastern railway and steamship terminal of the near future will not be New York City, but a place known as Fort Pond Bay, situated at Montauk Point, Long Island, the most easterly spot in the State of New York. Ever since the Pennsylvania Railroad got control of the Long Island Railroad, this project has been the talk of Eastern railroad circles. Part developments indicate the realization of this gigantic scheme. The principal builders are the Pennsylvania Railroad and the International Mercantile Marine Company.

The Titanic and Olympic, the new leviathans of the White Star Line, may inaugurate the Montauk Point service before the end of the year, giving the Pennsylvania Railroad, through its connection with the Long Island Railroad system, control of a great portion of the transatlantic traffic.

As a seaport second to no other in the world, the Fort Pond Bay improvement will involve the expenditure of many millions of dollars. Piers great enough to accommodate railroad trains for passengers and freight will be projected one thousand feet into the bay, with elaborate stations for the rapid handling of luggage by the customs inspectors.

Along the water-front for a mile and a half the pier system, which includes steel reenforced concrete bulkheads and double concourses, will form the main part of the terminal from which passengers will be carried, without change of cars, to the Gulf of Mexico or the coast of California.

When Austin Corbin, the consolidator of the Long Island Railroad lines, took the initial steps for the Fort Pond Bay harbor improvement, the scheme was regarded as a far-distant possibility, but since the Hudson River and New York harbor, crowded with ships of every description, has been considerably narrowed by the big docks on the Manhattan and New Jersey shores, Montauk is left open as the natural gateway to New York.

Ralph Peters, now president of the Long Island Railroad, who recently closed a deal with Edward C. M. Fitzgerald and Robert C. Baldwin, a brother of the late William H. Baldwin, for many years president of the Long Island Railroad system, for the purchase of the mile and a half water-front, including two hundred and twenty-five acres of land, expects to carry to completion the Corbin idea.

Before announcing the purchase of the harbor at Montauk Point, Mr. Peters spent several months with the officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the International Mercantile Marine in forming tentative plans for the gigantic seaport and the tracking of the railroad system to accommodate the fast electric trains which will be operated from the Pennsylvania terminal to Montauk, a distance of one hundred and eighteen miles.

To New York in 150 Minutes.

By actual demonstration, Mr. Peters and James A. McCrea, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, proved that the run from the Fort Pond Bay station to the Manhattan terminal of the Long Island Railroad can be made in one hundred and fifty minutes, including a stop at the Sunnyside yards in Long Island City, where an electric motor-car was substituted for the last part of the trip under the East River.

In preparation for the Fort Pond terminal, the Long Island Railroad is completing the big freight terminals at Bay Ridge and Jamaica, which will be connected with the proposed Jamaica Bay improvement and the New England connection of the Montauk main line. This connection will include a system of bridges and tunnels to connect with the Mott Haven yards in Manhattan. The new right-of-way has already been obtained by the New York Connecting Railroad.

With the Montauk main line as the back of the elaborate system planned by Mr. Peters and his predecessors, the Pennsylvania Railroad, spreading four track-lines south, east, and north from its New Jersey yards, will control one of the most important railroad systems in the United States.

On the land side of the main terminal at Montauk, five thousand acres of land have been reserved for the building of a city in which to house the thousands of employees who will be required to handle the passenger traffic when the seaport is completed. At the end of a strip of land where the Montauk Point lighthouse stands, one thousand five hundred acres have been reserved for a summer resort.

Although the International Mercantile Marine Company, which controls the White Star Line, the Atlantic Transport Line, the Red Star Line, American Line, and Leland Line, is not recorded as having interests at Montauk, its close connections with the Pennsylvania Railroad brought about the negotiations which resulted in the announcement that Montauk is about to be established as a steamship-station.

Recently, J. Pierpont Morgan hastened to Washington in the interest of the White Star Line to make application for the extension of two of the Chelsea piers for the accommodation of the Titanic and Olympic. The War Department refused the application four times, but finally granted permission for the erection of some temporary piling at the end of the present piers so that these great ships can make a landing on their maiden voyages.

The license stipulates, however, that the Secretary of War may at any time order the removal of these additions without legal protest from the White Star Line.

This leaves still unsettled the question of future docking facilities in New York har-

bor for the big transatlantic liners now building or which will be built in the future, and makes the using of Fort Pond Bay as imperative as ever.

The interests in favor of extending the steamship piers contend that Montauk Point will take from New York its supremacy in handling transatlantic shipping, and that after passenger service has been inaugurated to Fort Pond the freight service will soon follow, leaving the biggest ships entirely out of the Hudson River.

In Favor of Montauk Point.

"It remains to be seen," said an officer of the International Mercantile Marine, "whether New York will keep up the strides which are making in steamship advancement. Boston is offering inducements to shipping in many ways, but Montauk will be the most favorable to New York should the War Department turn down the application for longer piers in the Hudson River.

"The objection to Brooklyn as a docking-place for the leviathan steamships is the small depth of channel and little available land. In Manhattan the steamship companies can only build their piers in the river, as the city will not allow the condemnation of land for us to dredge inland."

With the decision of the steamship lines to adopt Montauk as the alternative of the Chelsea piers, engineers and experts in the handling of passengers and freight have been engaged to work on the plans for the Fort Pond harbor terminal. The secrecy with which the work is being guarded is equaled only by the secret methods employed by the government in preparing fortification plans.

The engineer who prepared preliminary plans for the four big piers to extend into Block Island Sound from the Fort Pond Beach declared that five million dollars will have been spent before the first ship lands at Montauk.

From Oakdale, Long Island, a town sixty miles west of Montauk Point, the Long Island Railroad right-of-way will be double-tracked and later probably four-tracked. Amagansett, the least-populated town on Long Island, which is eighteen miles from the proposed Fort Pond station, will be the starting-point for the elaborate system of tracks which will be laid through the cut now used as a single-track line to Montauk Point.

Following the present railroad course along Napeague Beach, the narrow neck of land between Napeague harbor and the Atlantic Ocean, the system will run through Hitherwoods. From the present woods the lines of tracks will spread along the water-front to connect with the gigantic terminal.

Piers One Thousand Feet Long.

The big ships entering Fort Pond Bay will pass through the deep-water channel in Block Island Sound, and, entering the harbor protected by a bulkhead from Culloden Point, the most easterly point of Fort Pond Bay, will steam alongside the one thousand-foot piers, which, according to present plans, will be three hundred feet apart.

Where passengers are now compelled to stand on cold piers while customs men go through their luggage, those landing at Fort Pond Bay will be at once conveyed to the examination on a long moving platform. The same means will be used to carry luggage to the concourse, where it will be piled for rapid examination.

On the lower floor of the pier will be the railroad tracks for the trains, which will be loaded with baggage as rapidly as the custom-house officials have finished their work. These trains will be run to New York at intervals of a few minutes, so that no time will be lost after leaving the ship.

An elevated promenade will extend over the tracks in the railroad yards, which, when completed, will be the largest in the world. This promenade will lead to the heights, where the promoters of Montauk Point expect to build modern hotels.

Along Fort Pond Bay a tentative site has been selected for an electric power-house to operate the trains and the many devices which will be installed on the piers for the quick handling of passengers. This power-house will also furnish electricity for the town now being planned on the site of Hitherwood Hills.

Will Land Immigrants.

In connection with the power-house, there will be a special pier in addition to a terminal for coal-cars, which will be ferried to Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, from Greenville, and then run over the Long Island tracks through the Bay Ridge railroad cut, connecting beyond Jamaica with the Montauk main line.

It is expected that the high land at

Rocky Point, which is the west end of Fort Pond Bay, will be selected for the immigration stations if the steamship companies finally decide to land all passengers at Montauk. This land borders on the railroad yards, and by a system of moving platforms above the tracks the immigrants can be shifted from the pier to the station in less than fifteen minutes, doing away with the steamboats, which are packed to the limit by immigrants leaving the big ships in the Hudson River.

After the immigrants have been passed, special trains will carry them to the Pennsylvania terminal in Manhattan or to their destinations in the West. The engineers now at work on the plans will submit their ideas to the government experts as soon as it is decided to establish the station.

It will be possible to select one of the small islands in Napeague Bay for a quarantine station. The boarding-officers can take charge of the ships at Fort Pond as soon as they round Montauk Point and pass into the Block Island Sound. There the water is protected from the northwest winds by the low stretch of Gardiner's Island.

A ferry service from Fort Pond Bay to New London, Connecticut, and connections there with the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad and the Central Vermont Railroad will be considered as the means of transporting passengers to New England and Canada. It is estimated that fifteen hours and many irritating transfers can be saved by the operation of the ferry-line, which will consist, as planned, of fast ships capable of crossing the Sound in less than two hours.

Foundation experts who have made tests of the soil at Montauk Point have found it suitable for big buildings. In most of the spots there is a solid rock foundation, while in other places there is heavy sand, which is said to be ideal for foundation work. On the ocean side of the land the engineers are planning to build a sea-wall to skirt the cliffs, which are now gradually being changed by the action of the water.

The sailing-time of fast ships from a point opposite Montauk to the docks in the Chelsea district is estimated at eight hours, with considerable delays in case of fog. When Montauk is used as the landing-place, the time to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot will be cut to two hours.

From Montauk to Philadelphia will be four hours' run on the proposed all-electric line, making that distance in half the time it now takes for a ship to reach its pier in the Hudson River. To Chicago in twenty hours from the time of leaving the ship will be a possibility.

In connection with the plans, freight-experts are considering the ultimate adoption of Montauk as a freight-station. The steamship companies say that this will not be done for many years, but those who are working on the plans are considering a location in New York for a central freight-depot in connection with the steamships.

"This depot would be an immense building provided with entrances for the trucks which now block the steamship-pier entrances," said one of the freight-experts.

"It would mean tubes under the East River, so that no delays would be possible between New York and Montauk. Freight designated to the West could be sent through by way of Bay Ridge and Greenville, New Jersey, while the proposed New London terminal would take care of the New England freight-handling."

GOVERNMENT INSPECTION OF ENGINES.

(From the report of Congressman James R. Mann, Chairman, Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.)

THE bill [Burkett Locomotive Boiler Inspection Bill], as now reported, has the approval of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, the Order of Railway Conductors, and the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. It also has the approval of the special committee on relations of railway operation to legislation, representing the railroads. It also has the approval of the American Federation of Labor.

The bill forbids the railroads from using locomotive engines propelled by steam power in moving interstate and foreign traffic unless the boilers and appurtenances thereof are in proper condition and safe to operate, and unless such boilers shall be inspected from time to time in accordance with the provisions of the act. It provides that the inspection of the boilers shall be made by the railroads in accordance with rules and instructions to be prepared in the first instance by the railroads, but subject to approval and modification by the Interstate Commerce Commission,

which may itself prepare the rules and instructions for any railroad if that road fails to prepare and file the same.

The bill provides for the appointment of one chief inspector and two assistant chief inspectors of locomotive boilers, to be confirmed by the Senate. The chief inspector to receive a salary of $4,000, and each of the assistants $3,000. It provides for the division of the country into 50 locomotive boiler inspection districts and the appointment of 50 inspectors, who shall be in the classified service and be appointed through the civil service commission. The 50 inspectors are each to receive $1,800 a year and expenses.

It authorizes any district inspector to order any locomotive out of service if he finds the boiler or apparatus pertaining thereto not in serviceable condition, subject to an appeal to the chief inspector, and a further appeal from the chief inspector to the Interstate Commerce Commission, but provides that pending the appeal, the requirements of the inspector shall be effective.

It provides that in case of accident resulting from failure from any cause of a locomotive boiler or its appurtenances, resulting in serious injury or death to one or more persons, statement must be made by the railroad to the chief inspector, and that such accident shall be investigated by a government official, and that the results of such investigation shall be made public in such manner as the Interstate Commerce Commission deems proper.

THE GOOD SAMARITANS.

Conductor: "Fares, please."

Old Lady Passenger (fumbling for her purse): "Is this the car for Auburn Heights?"

Conductor: "No, ma'am. One along in a few minutes."

Alert Young Man (on her right): "Well, she can change at Grove Street, can't she?"

Conductor: "Sure, she can. Take a green car marked First Avenue. Transfer-checks on the right. Fares, please."

Old Lady: "I want to call on my cousin who's took a house on Elgin Square."

Alert Young Man: "That ain't on the First Avenue line."

Conductor: "Who said it was? Your best car, then, lady, is the Fairmount Village line. Get off at Lafayette Street and walk four blocks."

Benign Old Gentleman (leaning forward from opposite side): "Excuse me, madam, but it's much easier to take a Greenville car. I used to live on Porter Square myself. A red car marked Western Point."

Alert Young Man: "Not a red car, mister. Used to be yellow, but they're white now."

Old Gentleman: "They were red five years ago, I'm sure."

Conductor: "All going to be green next month. Fares, please."

Old Lady: "Then what's my best car when I change, did you say?"

Irascible Matron (on her left): "If I was you, ma'am, I wouldn't change at all. If you keep right aboard this car till it goes round the loop and over the creek, and ask to be let off at Searle Street, you can take a cross-town line that'll take you to Wulfson's Corner for an eight-cent check, and from there it isn't more than five minutes to Elgin Street. I declare, it's a shame the way the conductors treat poor, helpless women on this line, trying to bamboozle 'em for the sake of an extra fare. This ain't the first time I've seen 'em."

Alert Young Man: "Well, I guess that's right, too."

Conductor: "It ain't Elgin Street she wants. We connect with a Belford Place car that goes right by there."

Matron: "Don't the two run into each other?"

Alert Young Man: "No'm; they're three 'n' a half miles apart, one in Grandview an' the other in South Hilford."

Matron (subsiding): "Oh! I always thought—"

Old Lady: "Then, what'd I better do?"

Conductor: "You can get off right here, if you wanter, lady, an' take a car that'll be along in twelve minutes if it's on time—'C' an' Brockway Streets, via Bayville."

Old Lady: "I don't know. I think I'd rather stay on this car, now I've got a seat, and it's so cold and all. Besides, I'm late now. Did you say to change at Baywood?"

Conductor: "Not if you stay aboard this car, Fares, please."

Old Gentleman: "It isn't Baywood, madam; it's Bayville. I don't wonder you get confused with these names. It was years before I could get the difference between Fisher's Falls and Fisher's Avenue straight, and living on Castleton Crescent all the time."

Alert Young Man: "But she don't want Bayville, anyhow. Lucky she don't! It's a mighty poor line at that."

Matron: "Huh! I know some real elegant folks on it, all the same."

Old Lady: "Well, I'm sure I don't know what to do when I change."

Conductor: "Just leave it to me, ma'am. I'll see you get right. Fares, please."

Old Lady: "Oh, dear! I guess I'll get out right here."

Conductor: "This stop won't do you no good."

Old Gentleman: "But you don't change here, any way."

Alert Young Man: "No, no! Sit still! He'll look after you."

Matron: "Oh! I'm just as much obliged, but I've just remembered I left my money on the bureau." (Exit.)—*Samuel F. Batchelder in Lippincott's.*

THE SECRET RED LIGHTS.

BY HARRY BEDWELL.

Bert Daily, the Conductor, Begins an Investigation of a Queer Happening on the Lobo Division.

PART I.

HE engineer of the work-train was forcing his undersized engine do her best to make time. It was Saturday night, and the crew was impatient to be at Lobo, the division headquarters, for Sunday.

The headlight thrust its wedge of white into the darkened desert. The east was beginning to be faintly tinged by the coming moon.

It was a light train that the engine pulled, a few empty flat cars, a tool-car, and the caboose. The workmen sat on the edge of the flat cars and stared vacantly into the desert. The gang-boss stood stiffly erect in the middle of one of the cars, his hands behind his back, trying to look masterful. Bert Daily, the rear brakeman, came out of the caboose and stood on the platform, gazing ahead, his lantern swinging idly in his hand.

The train rounded on a curve at the foot of a line of sand-dunes, and the flaming tail-lights of a freight-train which stopped on the track ahead of them showed almost in the engineer's face. A flagman sprang from the rear of the freight-train, and frantically waved down the work-train.

The fireman's "Hold 'em!" was tossed broadcast over the desert as the air-brakes went on with a roar that convulsed the train. It checked the train so suddenly that the gang-boss soared upward with flapping arms; then came to earth on the soft sand, alighting on his face.

The workmen were tumbled off the cars like tenpins. Bert Daily glimpsed the red lights ahead in time to anticipate the shock of air-brakes and to study the distance between his train and the freight with a calm eye.

"We're going to hit 'em hard," he judged reluctantly.

The left-hand tail-light blinked once, and Daily knew the head brakeman had deserted the cab. It blinked again, and he guessed the fireman had unloaded.

"It's time I, too, was going," he said grimly as the whistle screamed a final protest, and the engineer swung clear of his engine.

Daily glanced back as he swung low on the bottom step for the jump. He saw the conductor spring from the rear platform of the caboose and bound off at a tangent, and then over a bunch of sage-brush. He fell heavily and shattered his lantern. Daily swung lower still, and sprang away easily.

The freight-train began to move ahead slowly. Then the work-train struck, and went tearing through the caboose.

Bert Daily rounded sharply about and ran to his conductor, who was getting painfully to his feet, spitting out sand and vicious oaths with the same breath.

"We've torn those fellows up some," Daily panted. "I'll go back and flag. You have your work cut out for you."

Still running, he struck the track and swept on around the sand-dunes. He untwisted two torpedoes from his lantern-frame, planted them at the prescribed distance, then walked back some way toward the wreck and sat down.

He could catch only faint sounds from the wreck. These became fainter as the

night slipped by, and at length ceased altogether. Something definite had been done—help sent for, or perhaps the two crews had settled to the work of getting under way again.

The chill of the desert night caused Daily to get up and pace about restlessly. The hours dragged out till midnight and into morning, yet no sign came from the other side of the sand-dunes to proclaim how affairs were with the two trains.

Daily's impatience waxed hot as his body grew chill. This was a deuce of a way to spend Saturday night! What were those fellows over there doing to take up so much time—and yet make so little noise? And why had there been no trains along to be stopped? Two or three were past due from the east.

So he fretted out the hours till some time after sunrise, when the desert fumed like a furnace under the hot sun. Then a train streaked up over the long horizon, shot toward him, struck the torpedoes, and stopped beside him.

"Work-train tore up the hind end of a freight around on the other side of those dunes some time last night," Daily explained to the conductor and the engineer. "Haven't heard anything of them since. Don't know if they are still there or not."

"You look as if you had spent a pleasant night of it," grinned the conductor. "We've been tied up behind a wreck ourselves."

"What have you there?" asked Daily, nodding gloomily at the two dusty coaches drawn by the engine. He had hoped for a passenger-train with diner attached.

"Superintendent Hood's car," answered the conductor easily.

A straight, slim young man, with a face of great gravity, strode from the rear end of the train.

"What's the delay, Morris?" he asked the conductor.

Tone and gesture were self-conscious of his fresh, clean clothes, and his authority over these older men. Daily looked into the restless eyes with his own direct gaze, and saw the other's flinch.

This was Ellis Sargent, Mr. Hood's chief clerk.

The conductor explained why they had stopped.

"All right," said Sargent briskly. "Run down to where the accident happened, and see what has become of the two trains. Daily, you come back to the car with me, and tell Mr. Hood what has happened."

Daily followed Sargent back to the private car, and swung up on the platform as the train started slowly forward. Sargent entered the car. Daily paused in the doorway till his eyes, used to the glaring hot light, could distinguish objects in the cool, dark car.

"Oh, it's Daily!" came Mr. Hood's quiet voice. "What has happened now?"

Daily began to see the interior of the apartment more clearly. Mr. Hood sat comfortably tilted back in a chair, a newspaper on his knee. At the far end two ladies sat at a small table, on which glasses of cold stuff clinked musically. Daily sat his useless lantern down upon the platform.

"Here, sit down," ordered Mr. Hood, pushing out a chair with his foot. His quiet eyes had noted that Daily's face was haggard from a sleepless night of watching.

Daily slumped wearily into the chair and explained how he happened to be there, and his eyes kept turning toward the glasses of cool liquid that clinked so merrily on the little table between the two young ladies.

He had neither eaten nor drunk anything since the afternoon of the day before.

"Yes," he heard Sargent murmur to the young women, "he has been out all night flagging."

"You don't know if any one was hurt, do you?" asked Mr. Hood.

"No, sir." Daily shook his head, and the motion caused a row of sweating glasses to ring themselves about the car.

The train came to a stop, and Mr. Hood and his chief clerk walked out into the sunlight. Daily arose stiffly, and started to follow. At the doorway a quiet voice checked him suddenly.

"Wouldn't you like to have a drink after your night out?"

Daily came about slowly. One of the young women was coming toward him with a glass held out.

"If—you—please." He counted out the words slowly, to be sure of them.

He put the glass to his lips and drank deliberately. The cool stuff seemed to saturate his being with a divine fire. The grave face of the girl before him became radiant and glorified. It seemed to lure him kindly out on an azure cloud.

"Won't you have another?" the glorified face asked.

Daily willed himself to refuse, but his will was broken.

"If — you — please," he again counted out soberly.

Another glass loomed before him; again he drank, and again the grave face of the girl became glorified and floated above him in a vague mist. He gave up the glass slowly, thanked her with a tearful voice, and walked out into the hot sunlight.

The work-train and the freight-train were gone, leaving behind only the caboose —a splintered and mangled hulk tipped disconsolately to one side—the only mark to show there had been an accident.

Daily forgot to be angry because he had not been called in when the trains had departed.

"I wonder what that was she gave me to drink?" he asked the solitude.

The girl was Miss Glen Hood, the superintendent's daughter.

II.

MR. HOOD was holding an investigation in his office to determine the cause of the rear-end collision between the work-train and the freight. All those interested, and some who were not, were gathered to give testimony.

Mr. Hood, his chief clerk, and the trainmaster sat at one side of a big table and examined witnesses. The investigation was wearisome to all, particularly the rear brakeman of the freight-train, for the evidence tended to show that his swiftness in getting out to flag any train following his own was not great.

To the rest it was nerve-fretting, for cautious train and engine men make poor witnesses.

Bert Daily was called, told the little he knew, then went back to his chair at the back of the room and the paper he had been reading.

Four days had elapsed since the rear-end collision, and in that time he had been promoted to the rank and pay of a conductor. He had made two trips, and had but a few minutes before going on the stand been called to take an extra east at five o'clock.

Daily raised his head from his paper to listen to the testimony of the engineer of the freight-train. The engineer said doubtfully that a few seconds after rounding the sand-dunes he had seen a red light swing across the track and disappear.

"I gave her the big hole," he concluded his testimony doggedly, "and had her stopped within her own length. That's all, except I guess maybe there really wasn't any red light there."

Daily grew tired of the questioning, and wandered into the outer office. There was no one there. Business had been suspended during the investigation. Daily got himself another paper, a more comfortable chair, and sat down by a window.

Presently Miss Hood and her friend, Miss Harnett, came in quietly, nodded gravely at Daily, and sat down. Daily lost interest in the paper and stared idly out of the window.

The investigation broke up; and men began to file through the outer office. Ellis Sargent came out hurriedly, spied the ladies and Daily, and came forward with his quick, nervous stride. He turned to Daily from greeting the young women.

"I'm going out with you to-night, Daily," he said. "Wait till I get my hat and coat, and I'll go down to the yard office with you." He hurried back into the inner office.

"I hope there were no bad effects from your night of flagging," Miss Hood said, turning slowly to Daily.

The conductor looked at her idly, and the vague speculation began again in his brain as to what kind of drink she had given him to make this grave face appear glorified. Her remark hardly broke his chain of thought, for the thought of so many harder nights than that one made it seem pointless.

Why Sargent was going out with him was of more interest.

"The beverage you gave me killed all evil effects before they even came to a bud," he said.

Mr. Hood came out of his office, followed by Sargent, who carried a long coat on his arm.

"Been entertaining Conductor Daily?" smiled Mr. Hood at his daughter as they were moving to follow Sargent and Daily down the stairs. "Be careful of him. He never does anything just as you expect. There was never a man came to this division with a recommendation like his. He came in here one day over three years ago—thin, red-eyed, and rather old—and gave me a letter from an old friend of mine in the East. 'This man is as good a one as I know of when sober—but he is seldom

sober,' is the way the letter ran. I put him in the train service, expecting the job to break him. He's still there."

Daily and Sargent turned up the street to a restaurant. Half an hour later they had collected the orders from the despatcher's office, the way-bills from the yard office, and soon the freight-train was swinging out of the yards. Sargent lounged in the cupola, where Daily joined him.

The train pushed steadily into the silent, starlit desert. Sargent and Daily seldom spoke. An hour and a half, and the sand-dunes began to loom up on the right.

"It was about here the collision occurred, wasn't it?" Sargent finally asked.

Daily nodded. His eyes still continued to follow the path of the headlight. He stiffened suddenly and gripped his chair. The air-brakes went on with a roar that boomed away and lost itself in the desert. Cars jammed together savagely, and one in the middle of the train reared and plunged clear of the track, dragging one or two others with it.

"Now, I *saw* that," Daily bit out as the crash of cars ceased.

Sargent arose, battered and shaken, from a corner of the cupola.

"Saw what, Daily?" he questioned.

"Saw a red light swing across the track. Come on and let's see what kind of a job that engineer did stopping us."

They dropped to the ground from the caboose steps and hurried forward. Sargent was bruised and excited, and gasped out eager, useless questions.

They found Dave, the head brakeman, swearing indifferently at two cars turned over, and a third with the front trucks plowed deep into ties and dirt. Daily walked around the derailed cars and examined the track by the light of his lantern. Sargent followed, barking useless questions and giving useless advice.

"We'll have to cut loose the engine and run in for help," he said. "Daily, this is a bad spill."

Daily rounded on him suddenly.

"Why did you come out with me to-night?" he demanded. "Was it about these mysterious red lights?"

"Yes, and to keep in touch with the freight service," answered the chief clerk, unconsciously using a phrase from Mr. Hood's instructions.

Daily took him by the shoulder and faced him toward the rear of the train.

"Do you see that red light down the track there?" he asked. "That is Billy Mack, my rear brakeman, back there flagging. You get a lantern from the caboose, run back there, and take his place. Send Mack up here to me. Now, do you think you can do a decent job of flagging?"

Daily's tone was fatherly; but it came hard to disobey his orders. Sargent went with relief in his heart, for he liked little responsibility.

"Now, we'll clean up this mess," said Daily briskly.

He ordered out cables and flanges and the other simple paraphernalia from caboose and engine, and they began pulling and hauling at the two cars that lay on their sides. They dragged them clear of the track, and left them. The track was blocked up where the wheels had crushed through the ties, and the front trucks of the third car were pulled back on the rails.

Daily worked his men deliberately, with hardly a glance at his watch, for it is not well to hurry men by reminding them just how much time they have left.

Fifty minutes, and they were ready to start. Sargent was called in and the train pushed on through the desert. Daily and Sargent hung over the railing of the rear platform of the caboose and watched the dunes steal softly by.

"It's a God-forsaken country," said Sargent, shivering at a breath of chill air.

"I'd like to ride through those dunes some day," mused Daily thoughtfully. "It must be a queer place. I've ridden through the mountains a great deal, but it never struck me before that the dunes could be interesting. Did you see that red light a while ago?"

III.

LOBO recognized few gradations in the social stratum. The occasional Saturday night dances given at the big railroad hotel were attended by individuals from every walk of local life.

On a Saturday night, when Lobo foregathered to enjoy, Bert Daily lounged in a corner of the hotel office, idly watching the crowd gather and reading a paper.

He saw Ellis Sargent come in with Miss Hood and Miss Harnett. Then the dance started and Daily was lost for a time in his reading. He threw away the paper when Sargent sat down beside him, nodding somewhat gloomily.

"Mr. Hood has decided not to investigate the wreck of your train the other night," said the chief clerk. "There have been two more trains stopped at that same place since then—both of them passenger-trains."

Sargent in his gloom was growing superficial. Every one on the division knew this, and knew also that this was but a small part of the trouble which has visited the division of late.

Among other things, an engineer had pretty well torn up his train stopping at sight of a rag effigy tied across the track so conspicuously that it was easy to see the ropes by which it was fastened. Cars left on blind sidings had been run through the derailing-switches; water-tanks and coal-chutes had been emptied on the ground by a mysterious hand, and a great many other destructive happenings had occurred during the week.

"What do you make of all this bad luck?" asked Daily, eying Sargent to see if the question was impertinent.

"Blackmail," breathed the chief clerk as if his heart chilled at the mention of the word. "We got notice this morning. It's from a gang that wants one hundred thousand dollars. They threaten to put this division out of commission if they don't get it. Mr. Hood started east this afternoon to see the general manager. As I was coming over here, I got a message that when his train stopped at the Volcano water-tank some one cut all the air-hose on the train and got away without being seen."

Daily slid upright in his chair.

"Well," said he slowly, "it's a fight. You can't buy them off this time without doing it again."

"That's what Mr. Hood thinks," replied Sargent, "but what can we do in this country of little civilization that is all desert and mountains? Either way there will be trouble."

"Sure," breathed Daily. "That's mostly what makes life worth while."

The two drifted to the door of the dining-room where the couples were dancing, and Daily saw why Sargent had deserted the ballroom to talk to him.

Glen Hood was dancing with a lithe, black-haired man, and Daily gathered from the smiles some of the ladies turned on the couple that something amusing had occurred. He guessed that in a contest for Miss Hood's favor Sargent had lost his head and his temper and had been vanquished.

As the couple swept by him, Daily saw that the man had dark skin and hard features. For a few moments Daily felt that something in life had gone wrong.

"A Mexican!" He tried the word doubtfully. "A Mexican!" Then, deliberately, "a greaser!"

The smoky light faded and long shadows sprang out of the corners of the room. The dancers whirled into a dim circle and dwindled away, leaving a face with a straight nose and a gleaming smile, topped with stiff, black hair, standing out like a portrait on a canvas.

Then the will that had driven a broken body from end to end on the division gripped him and cleared his mind.

"A puncher from the south—or a gambler," he decided more calmly. "Anyway, I'm going to try to stop him."

Daily stepped forward quickly when the music ceased and stood before Glen Hood as she sat down. The first quick look of doubt and estimate she gave him as he made his request hurt him more than anything else had hurt him in years. In that glance she really took consideration of him for the first time, and judged him. Then she accepted him, and the Mexican melted away with his gleaming smile.

They danced twice together, then Freddy Dyer, the second-trick despatcher, came and Daily strolled out to the veranda.

As he turned slowly out of the doorway he noticed, in the moonlight, four men gathered at the far end of the veranda. One leaned idly against the railing, talking in low, insinuating tones with glinting teeth. Daily also recognized the back of Sargent. The little group stood almost motionless, listening tensely to the speaker.

Daily paused doubtfully. A call-boy touched him on the arm, holding out his book. The conductor saw that he was to take an extra east in an hour, and signed the book. Then he strolled down the long veranda.

He heard the Mexican's low laugh, and saw Sargent double up grotesquely in the dancing light—saw him strike out passionately, blindly, an amateurish blow at the Mexican's face.

Daily drew in quickly. The Mexican's nose streamed blood as he came upright with a springy jump. Then he lunged at Sargent, his arm stiff, a slender knife quivering in the light.

Back of Daily were three years of rough-

and-tumble fighting, of sudden blind rages and quick attacks. As the Mexican lunged, Daily caught Sargent by the shoulder and kicked savagely at the hand that held the knife.

The knife flickered into the sand and the Mexican spat out a Spanish oath as he staggered against Daily's fist. He stumbled back against the railing, holding his wounded hand in dumb pain, peering doubtfully at Daily.

Then he squared himself on his feet, brushed by them all, strode to the veranda-steps, and out toward the railroad-yards.

Sargent was trembling under the hand on his shoulder. He turned his white face, twisted into a smile, to Daily.

"Thank you," he mumbled. "The fellow is a blackguard."

"That's all right," said Daily hurriedly. "I must be off now."

An hour later his train was nosing its way into the moonlit desert.

For a long time Daily sat in his caboose sorting way-bills. The moon dropped over the rim of the sky, and when the conductor climbed into the cupola beside Mack, his brakeman, the desert was darkness.

"Guess there's a tramp on board of us. I'm goin' up ahead to see," said Mack, and disappeared below.

Daily watched the brakeman's lantern swing out over the cars and pause midway on the train. From the sudden rush of sound and chill air, he was conscious that the caboose door had been opened.

The next moment he was peering down into the grinning face of the Mexican.

"Hallo!" Daily said abruptly. "How did you get here?"

"Your brakeman ran me this way, so I came in. Don't move, or I'll kill you. I shoot as well with my left hand as with my right! I'm going to climb up there to that seat on the opposite side of the cupola from you so that I can keep an eye on your brakeman! Then you and I will talk!"

The Mexican climbed to the seat and peered ahead at Mack's lantern still twinkling at the middle of the train. Daily eyed him curiously, then settled back in his chair, smiling quietly.

"All right," he said, "talk your head off."

"I never dreamed of such luck as meeting you so soon again, when I hid on this train," grinned the Mexican.

The train pushed on through the desert; the two men faced each other with quiet eyes.

"All this clash and friction between us has given me an inspiration," went on the Mexican steadily, resting his revolver comfortably on his lap. "I'm going to take you from your train at Volcano and keep you with me for a time. I may kill you, but I don't think so. You see, I am trying to get this second-rate railroad to part with a hundred thousand dollars to be rid of me, but, so far, it seems to be more inclined to the company of both myself and the hundred thousand."

Daily's eyes danced wickedly.

"So you are the fellow that's blackmailing the division," he said softly. "Well, I don't see just why you are mixing me up in this deal of dollars. All I did to you was to stop you from sticking a friend of mine, and keep your own royal person alive and free. If you had ever struck Sargent, you would have been out of it all by now."

"But, as you see, I am not at all grateful," glinted the Mexican. "My kidnaping you will make the railroad sit up and take a little more notice."

"Just what are you going to do with me?" asked Daily anxiously.

"Have you stop your train at Volcano, get off, then signal your train to proceed. There are comrades of mine there who know I am coming. It is best to do as I say."

The many-toothed smile gleamed evilly in the faintly lit cupola. Daily peered ahead into the darkness thoughtfully. He saw that his rear brakeman's lantern still spotted the darkness in the middle of the train. Then he turned to the Mexican deliberately.

"I don't see the sense of it," he complained. "Have you a cigarette? I suppose you won't let me get into my own pockets. Thanks. And a match? You take me away from my work and my pay and do no good to yourself."

The match flared. Daily held it to his cigarette as he talked eagerly.

"If you go to stealing men instead of dollars you will have the whole State against you instead of the railroad. Don't you see that? Give me another match, will you?"

Another match flared, and Daily puffed hard at the cigarette. Then he argued on, leaning forward eagerly, his voice raised somewhat above the roar and click of the hurrying wheels. He held the Mexican's

attention by tense tone and calm eye. As he talked, the Mexican's smile became cold and cruel and his eyes were lit with a smoldering madness.

"You think you will talk your way to freedom and to life—for you fear death," he cut in coldly. "You fear death!" he repeated, "and you'll fear it more before—"

The narrow window at the back of the cupola rasped harshly in its frame as a rush of cold air struck in from behind. The Mexican's hands fluttered helplessly to the arms of his chair.

In that second of his terror, two long arms ending in two huge slabs of hands drove in on the cold air, seized him by the shoulders and jerked him backward through the little window. The chair was broken from its one iron leg; the revolver clattered to the floor.

Feet scuffled on the roof of the car as Daily sprang to the open window. As he thrust his head into the darkness, he saw the Mexican, heaved clear of the car, squirm out of sight.

A pair of boots appeared on a line with the conductor's face, and he moved to one side to let his brakeman slide feet first through the open window.

"I knew the hobo was on the train some place," panted Mack as he struck the floor. "It took a lot of nerve for him to come in here and try to stick you up. I saw him when you struck the first match. What was he trying to do to you, anyway?"

Daily bit out short sentences of explanation as he dropped to the floor and reached for his lantern.

"Here," he ordered, as he thrust the lantern up at Mack. "Stop her! We've got to go back there and hunt—for that fellow."

"I couldn't help throwing him off," Mack apologized, as he wormed through the window. "He fought like a cat."

Mack's lantern swooped back and forth in the quick half-circle of the "wash-out." Some one in the cab saw the signal, the whistle screeched, and the brakes began to nip the wheels.

Daily lit another lantern, picked up the fallen revolver, and swung off the train before it had stopped.

He ran along the track to the point near where the Mexican had lit and swung his lantern. Mack joined him, and they both searched for half an hour, but found not so much as a track in the sand.

"Anyway, we couldn't see much in this lantern light," Daily complained. "We can't find him. That fall would have killed a white man. This fellow has crawled out of the way and is most likely watching us, trying to decide whether to pot us or not."

They tramped back to the caboose. The shadows played about their feet in the circle of lantern light. A light bobbed at the rear of the train, and Dave, the head brakeman, swung about to stride beside them to hear what had happened.

"Let him ramble now," said Daily, as they came up to the caboose. His lantern doubled in the air and the air-brakes whistled. "Dave, run forward and tell the engineer to stop at the next station."

More track began to drone in the darkness behind them. Daily and Mack brooded silently in the caboose while the desert whispered by. As they came to a stop at Thunder Creek, the two swung off and walked into the office where the night operator idled away life at the telegraph-desk.

"Ask the operator at Volcano if he has noticed any punchers or armed man loafing about his station this evening," said Daily.

The operator rippled a call; the instrument chattered for a few seconds.

"Volcano says there's some cow-men, or something like that, camped over by the corrals, but they haven't any wagon with them. Says one of 'em kept inquiring for a telegram, and about nine o'clock this evening he got one from Lobo."

"Tell the operator," said Daily, "to keep an eye on them, then you tell the despatcher that we are going to stop at Volcano for a little time so he needn't lay anything out for us. I want all the guns you have about the shack."

"There's the agent's sawed-off shotgun and his rifle over there in the corner. There's a revolver under the ticket-window, and one here in my desk," the operator enumerated.

"You fellows must be always looking for trouble," grinned Daily. "I'll take all but your revolver, and send them back to you tomorrow."

"Be careful of the shotgun," warned the operator. "It's dangerous at both ends."

The three took the guns and walked to the engine. In a few minutes the train was moving again.

Daily, Mack, and Dave swung onto the caboose and mounted to the cupola.

"It's funny what can happen in such a

little time—ain't it?" said Mack, as he began to hum, "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown" in a nasal buzz.

"This cannon is bound to scatter shot all over the country," complained Dave, who had the sawed-off shotgun. "You fellows will have to stay well back of me when I go into action. If you get into my line of fire, you'll get your lights put out."

The train swung into the yards at Volcano, and stopped with the caboose just outside the front windows of the station.

The engineer and fireman dropped from their engine and walked through the yards toward the back of the depot. Daily jumped to the platform and walked to the office, leaving his two brakemen crouched in the doorway of the caboose.

"Have you seen anything more of those fellows who got that message from Lobo?" Daily questioned the sleepy operator.

"They're over there by the corral yet, I guess," the operator mumbled drowsily. "There's four of them."

Some one outside called something and Daily swung around to the doorway. A second later, four men rode restive horses into the light that streamed from the open window and door, one riding in close and peering down at the conductor.

"Do you belong to that train?" demanded the man on the horse.

"Hands up—*all!*" came Mack's excited yell from the rear end of the caboose.

A horseman turned in his saddle and fired, all in one quick writhe of the body and turn of the wrist, that showed practise in that exercise.

The bullet plunked into the caboose over the heads of the brakemen who were crouched behind the sheet of steel hung on the railing of the platform. The horseman fired twice again in as many seconds, and the horses danced and plunged.

Daily knelt down in the shadow under the lighted window, and fired at the man nearest him. Mack's rifle spat wickedly, and four or five guns blazed at once.

The operator seated in the window seemed to be in the greatest danger, but he was accustomed to such scenes, and quickly slid to safety under his table.

With a roar that drowned all other sounds to mere cracklings, Dave let go both barrels of the sawed-off shotgun. A horse snorted; a man yelled and cursed. Shot ripped through the windows and bored into the station walls.

With that shot the firing ceased. Flying hoofs rang on the track and plowed away into the desert. A man began muttering to himself.

Daily crouched for a little time longer in the shadow to see if any pain would develop. He felt nothing unusual, so he reckoned that by some accident no buckshot had found him.

"Gosh!" he breathed, and stood up.

He turned into the station to fetch a lamp.

The light showed one horse and two men down on the cinder platform. One of the men raised on his arm and took a quick shot at the light in Daily's hand and extinguished it.

"Don't do that again," warned a voice. "Daily get another light." It was the engineer.

Daily got another light. The outlaw surrendered his revolver to the engineer.

"Where are you hurt?" asked Daily.

"All over mostly," answered the man, and fainted.

"Let's see where Mack and Dave are," said Daily.

Mack they found sitting close beside the caboose nursing his head in both hands. He peered up at them round-eyed.

"Dave is around here some place," he told them. "I can't hear a thing you say. The noise of that gun knocked me crazy. It knocked Dave down, then kicked him twice after that."

They found Dave on the flat of his back and the shotgun on top of him.

They gathered up the wounded and took them into the office to look them over. Both of the outlaws were senseless. Dave opened his eyes to the lamplight to ask for a drink, and Mack walked the floor holding his head.

"This is an awful mess," complained the engineer, who sickened at the sight of so much blood. "But they should have known better than to tackle us," he added, and his face cleared a little.

"Of course they should," said Daily briskly. "Send your fireman over to the town for a doctor."

The conductor pulled the sleepy operator from under the telegraph table, and set him in his chair.

"No need sending for a doctor," said the operator, his fists in his eyes. "There ain't any. But there's whisky."

Daily began scribbling on a pad of paper.

"Tell the despatcher this," he ordered the operator, pushing the paper under his nose; "and ask him if we shall go on to Newpoint with these fellows."

The operator reached for his key. After a few moments he looked up.

"The despatcher says you had better go on in with your train," he said, "then pick up the sheriff at Newpoint and come back to find the Mexican if you can. He says there's no one in command now that Mr. Hood has gone East, for Sargent is afraid to issue an order. You are very likely to get fired whatever you do."

"All right," said Daily. "We'll go in."

IV.

AN hour later, Daily was in Newpoint pulling the sheriff from bed.

"I've got a job for you," he told the sheriff.

He sat on the bed and talked, while the officer got into his clothes.

"I can get two men and enough horses within half an hour," the sheriff said. "You get the train ready, and I'll meet you at the station."

Another hour and they were careening westward, racing behind a sleek little engine to be on hand at daylight. In a box car between the engine and the caboose were four horses. Another conductor was in charge of the train, for Daily was to ride with the sheriff.

"I am going to sleep like a dog," said Daily, as he stretched himself out on a cushioned bench.

The sun was up when the train stopped at the point where Mack had tossed the Mexican from the top of the caboose. After a good deal of searching about in the sand they found where the Mexican had landed on his feet, bounded forward a few steps, then plowed up the sand in a hard fall. His trail began there, dragged across the desert, and was lost in the shimmering heat.

"Get out the horses," ordered the sheriff. "From the swing of his feet that fellow is pretty well in towards the mountains by this time. We have likely come too late; but we'll give him a try."

The horses were unloaded and saddled. The four men mounted.

"You may as well run into La Salle and ask for orders," Daily told the conductor in charge of the train. "We won't need you any more."

They spurred away into the silent waste and aching glare of the sun. It was like riding into a furnace.

By eleven o'clock the trail had led them into the shadow of the mountains. At noon it ceased in a rocky cañon.

"This is his own country," said the sheriff, as he looked up at the mountains. "There's no use trying to find him here. Daily, we've lost."

"I don't like to think we have come all this way for nothing," Daily complained. "Let's try a little farther. That fellow may have dropped just around the next turn of the cañon wall."

"We may be riding straight into hell," said the sheriff. "That cañon is narrow and high, and once in it we're in a hole for sure. If the Mexican had won through all right he's sure to have picked up some of his men, and may be waiting for us."

"Shall we go in?" asked Daily quietly.

"Oh, I guess so," answered the sheriff, and they rode forward.

They made the first turn, and the cañon lay there blankly before them. At the next turn it lost itself in the gloom of its own towering walls.

"No good," said the sheriff sullenly. "I won't risk it further."

"Do you see that black lump in the shadow against the wall ahead there?" asked Daily, pointing. "I am two-thirds sure it's a rock or a log, but I'm going to be sure it isn't the Mexican. You stay here."

He walked his horse forward for three hundred yards, found the lump to be a mound of earth, and then he faced back. He reined in as a rock clattered down the mountainside.

A rifle spoke faintly from high above. Daily's horse sank to its knees with a tired grunt, and the conductor leaped to safety.

The sheriff spurred for Daily. Then two rifles spoke sharply from above, and the sheriff threw himself clear of his own horse as it went down. One of his men was at his side in another moment. He hauled the sheriff up behind him, and the two horses clattered swiftly out of sight.

Daily was left alone. He cleared the width of the cañon in a swift sprint, sprang up at a handful of dry shrubs, caught them, and pulled himself up among the rocks, where he lay for a few moments. The marksmen above began to pester him with bullets that spat uncomfortably close.

Daily glanced upward along the moun-

tain wall, then began slowly to climb higher to a spot more on a line with the marksman. His progress was followed by the steady, persistent spit of bullets, and it was an hour before he plumped down panting behind a huge boulder.

The bullets pecked about him for a little while longer, then ceased.

"Those fellows will about move around where they can get me going and coming," commented Daily, idly fingering the loose stones, "and then where am I?"

He scanned the bare walls above him, then peered out at the rocks which concealed the marksman. The range was too great for his revolver, so he lay down and watched the mountains above and below.

After an hour, he caught a movement far to the left. A second later, a bullet threw dust in his face. Another bounced from the rock a little above his head. Daily threw himself into a small niche, and thrust his revolver forward. He fired at the next puff of smoke, and for the next few moments answered shot for shot.

He played for time and darkness. He reasoned that the sheriff would return by daylight of the next day with more men to rescue him. With the fall of darkness, he hoped to avoid the outlaws.

But the lone marksman on the mountain-side seemed intent that the sun should not set on Daily alive. He drew down nearer. A shot gently touched Daily's coat-sleeve. Daily crowded more of himself into the niche, but the next shot came from a different angle, and cut his arm.

"Ouch!" protested Daily.

A dry, mirthless laugh came from behind a boulder. Daily watched the big rock with restless eyes, and when a gun-barrel showed over the top of it, he promptly fired.

The rifle slid from sight, then reappeared cautiously around the side of the boulder. Daily fired again, but the answering shot came close on his own, and a bullet slit open the tip of his shoulder.

Anxiously he calculated the distance to the boulder, and gathered himself for a rush. The blue barrel came slowly in sight again. Daily fired three times quickly, and held still and tense waiting for the stinging bullet from the rifle to strike.

Then, and no sooner, would he rush the man on the other side of the boulder.

In the pause his eyes swept the mountains swiftly. The shadows were become long and dark in the low land.

Why didn't he fire? His heart beat off the seconds distinctly and audibly: One, two, three. His restless eyes turned downward in a racing glance. Then his caught breath went out in a long, slow whisper.

The impossible had happened. A saddle-horse, strayed from others belonging to the outlaws, came slowly down the cañon, pulling at tufts of dry grass as it came. Three more heart-beats, and it was almost beneath him. He could plainly see the bridle hanging from the saddle.

Daily's eyes were pivoted on the gun-barrel nestling at the side of the boulder. The top of a black head came in line with the glowing steel, and Daily fired again. The horse raised its head curiously, then continued grazing. The top of the black head was withdrawn.

Then the horse thrust out its nose, planted its feet, and snorted. It had come to Daily's horse shot in the trail.

Daily bunched himself, rose, and leaped the boulder in front of him. He went tobogganing down the mountain, starting a mass of earth and stones. Twice he turned over to right himself and spit out dirt. He struck the trail, and went sprawling on.

He jumped to his feet half blinded, and seized the horse before it could elude him, ran a few steps as it shied past the dead horse, then swung to the saddle. The horse leaped forward in a few short, stiff jumps, then struck into a long, racing stride.

Guns began to sputter and spit from both sides of the cañon. The saddle bow was torn away under Daily's hand, a stinging wound in his side grew into an agonizing ache.

The mountains began to careen and fade away, and the sky flamed and seethed like liquid fire; but he set his grip on the saddle and swept around the first turn in the cañon, around the second, and away to the desert.

His burning, straining eyes photographed the riotous scene as he looked backward. High on a sliver of rock, seeming to move with the swaying mountains, a slim figure, with a puffing revolver in the left hand, was carved. Even after a filmy darkness settled down and blotted out all else, that lone figure remained a darker blot against the blackness.

(To be concluded next month.)

CHECK 7-87-45.

BY EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

There Was Something Doing in the Baggage and Express Departments When Mr. Grimm Got Busy.

MRS. GRIMM arose suddenly from the dinner table and, hastening into the adjoining room, took from her ample purse a brass baggage-check.

"In the excitement of my home-coming, and of greeting you and the children, Mr. Grimm," she said, "I quite forgot this; but I wish, James"—Mrs. Grimm always used his given name in addressing her husband whenever she desired to add emphasis to her remarks—"I wish, James, you would have my baggage sent up this afternoon—I want to unpack it at once."

"Your baggage?" Mr. Grimm looked at his wife interrogatingly. "If I remember aright, my dear, we brought your grip with us in the auto. You did not take a trunk with you, did you, Mrs. Grimm?"

"I am fully aware that what you say is true, Mr. Grimm," his wife replied impatiently, "but I have some baggage at the station. It is a box, Mr. Grimm."

"A box?" James G. Grimm was evidently surprised. "Did you say it was a box, Miriam?"

"A box," replied his wife severely. "A common cracker-box. You see," she explained further, "Sister Jenevieve gave me so many things for myself and the children that I could not get them all in my grip. So I put them in a box, put handles on the box, and checked it."

"How thoughtful!" said Mr. Grimm. "I shall have the box brought up at once."

"IF I REMEMBER ARIGHT, MY DEAR, WE BROUGHT YOUR GRIP WITH US IN THE AUTO."

"Very well, James," replied his wife grimly. "See that you do."

A half-hour later, James G. Grimm's auto stopped in front of the office of the Fairfax Transfer Company, and Mr. Grimm, with such dignity as naturally became the president of the Security Savings Bank, alighted from the machine and approached the desk, where a clerk greeted him cordially. Mr. Grimm took the baggage-check from his pocket and laid it upon the counter.

"I wish," he said pompously, "you would have that baggage taken to my house at once. My wife is in a hurry."

"Certainly, certainly!" replied the clerk. "Is it a grip, Mr. Grimm, or a trunk?"

"Neither," replied Mr. Grimm. "It's a box."

"A box?" The clerk was gazing at him curiously.

"A box," reiterated Mr. Grimm. "A common cracker-box."

"Indeed?" said the clerk, a peculiar intonation in his voice.

Mr. Grimm's face flushed. It had suddenly occurred to him that the clerk might think he compelled his wife to check her belongings in a box.

"Of course, it is none of your business," he vouchsafed rather curtly; "but I might explain—"

"It isn't necessary," interrupted the clerk.

"I might explain," resumed Mr. Grimm, "that my wife was visiting her sister in Dalton, and wishing to ship this box home, she had handles put on it and checked it as baggage."

"I see," smiled the clerk understandingly. "Nothing like beating the express company when you can, eh, Mr. Grimm?"

The clerk was a keen young man. Furthermore, he was a brother of the local agent of the express company which was one of the heaviest depositors in the Security Savings Bank. Mr. Grimm began to feel decidedly uncomfortable.

"That wasn't the reason at all," he returned. "You see, my wife didn't have her trunk with her, and she had so many things to bring home that she couldn't get them all in her grip—"

"I see," said the clerk for the second time.

For a moment Mr. Grimm continued to stare at the clerk; then he went his way, feeling that he would give a good deal to know what the clerk was thinking about.

Other matters, however, so intruded themselves upon Mr. Grimm's attention during the afternoon that he did not give so much as a passing thought to either Mrs. Grimm's baggage or the inquisitive transfer clerk; but no sooner had he entered his home that evening than his wife greeted him in an accusing voice.

"James," she called down to him from the head of the stairs, "why didn't you have my baggage sent up?"

Mr. Grimm paused and gazed up at her.

"I did order it sent up," he replied. "Didn't it come?"

"No," replied his wife in evident ill humor. "And James, the children are so anxious to get the things Sister Jenevieve sent them that the poor little dears won't give me a moment's rest until the box comes."

"Confound that talkative clerk!" broke in Mr. Grimm hotly. "If he'd ask less questions and give more attention to business—but just wait, my dear, I'll stir him up as he never was stirred up before!"

A moment later Mr. Grimm was in communication, over the wire, with the Fairfax Transfer Company. On the part of Mr. Grimm, at least, the conversation was exceedingly animated while it lasted; but presently the president of the Security Savings Bank was compelled to temporarily discontinue the transmission of vehement language for the reason that there was no one listening at the other end of the wire.

The clerk was making an investigation of the cause of the delay in delivering Mrs. Grimm's baggage, during which Mr. Grimm contented himself in scowling at the inoffensive telephone and formulating, for possible future use, a series of brand-new remarks sufficiently tropical to blister at ten paces.

Presently the clerk announced the result of the investigation. The reason, he confided to Mr. Grimm, that Mrs. Grimm's cracker-box had not been transferred to the Grimm mansion was because Mrs. Grimm's cracker-box had not arrived at the station.

The transfer company, Mr. Grimm was informed patronizingly, would keep a sharp lookout for the box and immediately it arrived—

"Bah!" yelled Mr. Grimm over the wire. "Why don't you tell me the truth? Why don't you admit that you forget to send a man after it; that you overlooked it, or something like that? Why do you tell me it hasn't come; because, of course, it has!"

"But really it hasn't come," persisted the clerk.

"Bah!" exclaimed Mr. Grimm for the third time. "Bah!" And he hung up the receiver with a loud noise.

"James!" Mrs. Grimm had descended the stairs and now stood facing him. "Did he say the box hasn't come?"

"Nonsense! said Mr. Grimm explosively. "Stuff and nonsense, my dear! That's just a subterfuge to cover their own mistake!"

"But, James, suppose it is lost? Oh, why did you trust others to look after it? Why didn't you go to the station yourself?"

"Because the handling of baggage being an important part of the Fairfax Transfer Company's business, my dear," began Mr. Grimm defensively, "I had reason to believe that they were competent to attend to the matter; but I find I was mistaken."

"Of course you were mistaken," replied his wife complainingly. "You are always mistaken. You are always doing the wrong thing when so much depends on doing the right."

"SHE HAD HANDLES PUT ON IT AND CHECKED IT AS BAGGAGE."

"But, my dear," expostulated Mr. Grimm.

"James!" Mrs. Grimm waxed imperative. "For goodness' sake, don't stand there and argue matters! Go to the station at onee, Mr. Grimm, and have that baggage brought me immediately!"

"But it's six o'clock," expostulated the president of the Security Savings Bank in a weak voice; "and I'm hungry, Miriam."

His wife favored him with a withering glance.

"Why," she asked, "must you always give so much consideration to your stomach and so little to other matters? Think of our poor children fretting for their presents and of that box that perhaps is lost! Oh, please get it, James!"

Mr. Grimm did not waste further words on the unappreciative ears of his wife. Instead, he hastened out to his automobile, cranked the machine, and was soon speeding toward the station. A few moments later he faced the baggageman at the Chicago and Missouri River Depot.

"Where," he began impressively, "is my wife's baggage? I want it immediately."

The baggage-master did not seem overawed by Mr. Grimm's stern command. He had been in the railroad business for ten years, and had met many occupants of the seats of the mighty. He calmly raised his eyes to those of the banker, calmly held out his hand, and calmly remarked:

"Let's see your check."

"Check?" Mr. Grimm gasped. The fact that he did not have the check had entirely slipped his mind.

"The — the transfer company has it," he stammered. "But you can at least tell me whether the box is here, can't you?"

"Box? Did you say it was a box?" The baggageman was regarding Mr. Grimm curiously. "It is? Well!" He fastened his keen, gray eyes upon the president of the Security Savings Bank. "The freight office is across the tracks."

Mr. Grimm's anger began to flare. He had come to find out about his wife's baggage, not to be informed on the location of the various departments of the road.

"But it wasn't shipped by freight—" he began.

"Well!" The baggage-master was still regarding him intently. "The express office is up-town."

"But, confound it!" snapped Mr. Grimm, "I don't care a continental where the infernal express office is! The box wasn't shipped by express! It was sent as baggage! Don't you understand? Baggage. It was checked!"

"Checked?" The baggage-master regarded him doubtfully. "Didn't you say it was a box?"

"Yes!" roared Mr. Grimm defiantly.

"DO TRAMPS WEAR SILK HATS AND RIDE IN AUTOMOBILES?"

"It was a box — a common cracker-box. Didn't you ever see a box checked?"

"I've seen boxes checked that had handles on 'em," admitted the baggageman; "but when they have handles they are classed as trunks."

"And who said my wife's box didn't have handles?" snapped Mr. Grimm impatiently. "It has!"

"But, virtually, all the boxes I ever saw checked," resumed the baggageman calmly, "belonged to emigrants. It would seem that anybody could afford a trunk. You can get a fairly good one for three ninety-eight."

Mr. Grimm plunged his hands into his trousers-pockets and expanded his chest.

"No doubt," he said, regarding the baggageman savagely, "you would like to have me go into all the details and explain fully how my wife was compelled to check a box; but I shall not! I don't see that it is any of your business. I simply want to know if the box is here!"

"If you haven't the check with you," replied the baggage-master in a wholly unruffled manner, "perhaps you can give me the number of it."

"The number? No, I didn't notice the number."

"Then," replied the other, turning his attention to a report he had been making out, "how can you expect me to give you any information? As we handle between five and six hundred pieces of baggage every day, it is not easy—"

"Of course," snarled Mr. Grimm, "I didn't expect you to give me any information! I never met a baggage-master who would! I merely called because it seems to be the custom of passengers having baggage to make occasional inquiries! But since you insist upon seeing my check, I will get it just to prove to you that I have a check. When I return—"

He paused in the doorway to glare threateningly at the baggage-master, who never raised his eyes from his desk.

When Mr. James G. Grimm again entered the office of the Fairfax Transfer Company he was not in a very amiable frame of mind. He was accustomed to dining punctually at six every evening, but it was now six-thirty, and he had not had his evening meal.

The night clerk was answering a telephone call, and Mr. Grimm was compelled to wait until he was at liberty. The delay did not awaken any cheerfulness upon the part of the banker.

"Give me that check!" he roared, when the clerk advanced to the counter.

The night clerk, not having been in the

employ of the transfer company to exceed forty-eight hours, was rather timid, and the sudden explosion upon the part of Mr. Grimm startled him.

"Yea—yes, sir," he replied confusedly. "Bag—baggage-check or bank-check, sir?"

"Baggage-check!" thundered Mr. Grimm, glad that at length he had discovered some one he could overawe by the importance of his personality. "The check for my wife's baggage I left here this afternoon."

"Ah, yes!" The clerk nervously turned the pages of a big book. He was slowly recovering his presence of mind. "What is the name, please?"

The president of the Security Savings Bank regarded the clerk pityingly. He was wondering how any one could be so densely ignorant.

"Grimm," he replied presently, with all the impressiveness he could command—"James G. Grimm."

"Ah, yes!" The clerk ran his finger down one of the pages in the big book. "Grimm, Grimm—ah, yes, here it is! Check No. 7—87—45—was that the number?"

"How do I know?" growled Mr. Grimm impatiently. "If I knew, I wouldn't be here now. I would be at home enjoying a hearty meal, instead of standing here waiting for you to make up your mind to give me that check."

"Ah, yes!" The clerk's finger was following a written line. "Ah, yes! Driver No. 7 reports baggage not arrived."

"Young man," interposed Mr. Grimm, conscious of renewed craving in the region of his stomach. "Young man, I didn't come here after the baggage; I came after that check. If you will be kind enough to give it to me, I will return to the station and get the box myself."

"Box?" The expression upon the night clerk's face suddenly changed. The light of comprehension glimmered in his eyes. "Did you say it was a box, Mr. Grimm?"

The president of the Security Savings Bank sighed heavily.

"Yes," he almost gasped; "it is a box—a cracker-box—it has handles on it—my wife—"

"A box?" The young man closed the big book with a bang. "I have been looking in the wrong book. I was thinking you were inquiring about baggage, but if it is freight—"

"Who said it was freight?" roared Mr. Grimm, pounding the counter with his fist. "Do I have to stand here stifling hunger while I recite for your edification a complete history of that box? Do I? I won't! I swear I won't! I came after that check, and I intend to have it! Now, young man, are you going to give it to me?"

"Ah, yes, the check—you want the check?"

"Do I want it?" yelled Mr. Grimm, regarding the other vindictively. "Heavens and earth! Didn't I say I wanted it? Didn't I ask for it a half-hour ago?"

"But why do you want the check?" expostulated the clerk. "You certainly cannot get the box until it arrives. Our men meet every train, and as soon as the box comes—"

"Bah!" Mr. Grimm could scarcely conceal his disgust. "I know it has come! I know it has been here since eleven fifteen this morning! If you think I am an easy mark, that I can be held up for storage charges so that the railroad and transfer companies may divide the spoils, you are mistaken! For the third and last time, I will ask you for that check!"

"Ah, very well." The clerk removed from a nail on the end of the desk a large hook from which dangled numerous checks and tags. These he ran over hurriedly, then returned the hook to its nail.

"I am sorry," he said, "but the check is still in the possession of driver No. 7."

Mr. Grimm groaned and paced the floor for a full minute. Then he turned to the clerk.

"And where," he asked, "is driver No. 7?"

"He is probably at supper," replied the night clerk. "He lives—" He removed a small book from a shelf and opened it. "He lives at 4705 Pine Street."

Mr. Grimm groaned again and glanced at his watch. It was fifteen minutes of seven.

"Very well!" he said determinedly. "I am hungry. I have had nothing to eat since noon, but I never undertake anything without seeing it through. I shall go to No. 4705 Pine Street. I shall see driver No. 7, and I shall get the check."

"I wouldn't," began the clerk sympathetically. "He can get the box as quickly as you—"

But the president of the Security Savings Bank had departed.

As soon as he could cover the two and a half miles that intervened, without violating the speed ordinance, Mr. Grimm pounded upon the door at 4705 Pine Street. A man answered the summons.

"Are you," began Mr. Grimm, "driver No. 7 for the Fairfax Transfer Company? You are? Very well! My name is Grimm—James G. Grimm. I left a baggage-check at the office shortly after noon. You reported that the box had not arrived. You still have that check. You will please give it to me."

"A box?" Driver No. 7 was plainly surprised. "Did I understand you to say—"

"Stop!" Mr. Grimm was breathing heavily. "It is a box with handles. It was not shipped by either freight or express. My wife checked it as baggage. She has a trunk—in fact, she has several trunks; but this is a box, a common cracker-box. Now that I have supplied you with all the information at hand, will you please give me that check?"

"But," began driver No. 7 doubtfully, "how am I to know that you are Mr. Grimm? How am I to know that you have a right to the check? You see, the company is responsible—"

"Heavens!" groaned the president of the Security Savings Bank desperately. "Must I identify myself out here in a part of town where there isn't a soul that knows me? Man, I'm hungry! I haven't had a bite since noon!"

"You're hungry, eh?" asked driver No. 7 suspiciously. "Haven't had anything to eat since noon, eh? And yet you would have me believe that you are president of the Security Savings Bank, would you? Say, what's your game, anyhow?"

"What?" gasped Mr. Grimm, fairly gnashing his teeth. "Do you think I'm a tramp? Do tramps wear silk hats and ride in automobiles? What?"

"No," admitted driver No. 7; "but I never heard of a bank president going hungry in a town this size. You may be Mr. Grimm," he added soothingly, "but, you see, I must comply with the company's rules. I am not allowed to return baggage-checks to strangers who have not been identified. Anyway, the box hasn't arrived. It can't come now until seven-thirty. You had better go home and let us deliver the box as soon as—"

"No!" declared Mr. Grimm stubbornly. "I shall get it myself."

"All right," said driver No. 7, glancing at his watch. "I'm due at the depot in a half-hour. If you'll meet me there and get some one to vouch for you, I'll give you the check."

Mr. Grimm drew another long sigh. "Very well," he said resignedly. "And in the meantime—by Jove! I'll have time to get a lunch."

On this particular occasion fortune was not kind to James G. Grimm. Scarcely had he traveled three blocks when a tire burst with a loud and disheartening report. Mr. Grimm got out and ruefully surveyed the damage. Then he glanced about him in dismay.

There was not a restaurant, or hotel, or store, or any place wherein so much as a cracker might be purchased. Nor was there a car-line within five blocks!

"Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Grimm; then he went in search of a telephone, which he presently found.

After some delay and much telephoning, he secured a promise from a garage to send a tire at once. A half-hour later—a half-hour in which Mr. Grimm alternately paced the street and swore and sat on the curbing and gave himself up to bitter thoughts—the tire arrived.

Even then, notwithstanding Mr. Grimm's urgent and oft-repeated demands for haste, another thirty minutes elapsed before he could continue his journey.

When he reached the station and stormed into that portion of the depot allotted to transfer-men, driver No. 7 was not in evidence, nor could any of the other drivers give any information as to his probable whereabouts.

"Well," declared Mr. Grimm violently, "this is a pretty way to do business, isn't it? It's a conspiracy between the railroad and transfer companies, but I sha'n't be held up! I swear, I sha'n't! I'll show 'em!"

Mr. Grimm was hungry; desperately hungry. His hunger was growing more intense every moment, but he pressed his lips firmly together, climbed into his automobile, and once more sped to the office of the Fairfax Transfer Company.

The night clerk was still on duty, and he smiled a greeting to Mr. Grimm. Unfortunately, he could give the banker no information. Driver No. 7 had not been at the office since Mr. Grimm was last there. Regarding check No. 7—87—45, the night

clerk knew nothing further than that it must still be in the hands of driver No. 7.

Mr. Grimm visited his wrath upon the night clerk. Without reservation, he freely expressed his opinion of the Fairfax Transfer Company and every one connected with it, and, finally, after threatening sufficient civil and criminal actions to have caused a legal shark to hug himself to death, he turned his machine homeward.

Every throb of his auto increased the intensity of his anger; every whiff of gasoline added fuel to the flames of his overwhelming indignation; so that, when he reached his home, he was little less than a raging volcano.

Perspiring at every pore, he burst into the astonished presence of his wife.

"Miriam!" he cried. "There's a conspiracy to defraud—a deep-laid plot to mulct me for storage charges. The transfer company refuses to surrender your check! But I'll show 'em! I'll show 'em! I'll swear out a warrant! I'll have an attachment issued! I'll—"

"James!" The wife spoke commandingly. "What in the world is the matter with you, Mr. Grimm?"

"I HAVEN'T EATEN FOR A WEEK!"

"What's the matter?" Mr. Grimm was pacing the floor like a wild animal. "It's your box! They won't let me have it!"

"My box? Mr. Grimm, why will you persist in always working yourself into a frenzy over nothing? The box is here. The transfer-man brought it a half-hour ago. It came on the seven-twenty express."

Mr. Grimm sank wearily into a chair and dried his moist brow. Presently he said:

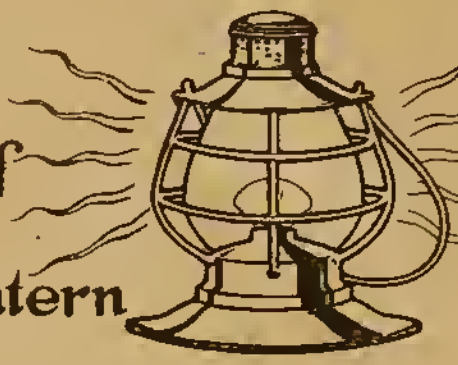
"Heavens, Miriam! Is dinner ready? I—I haven't eaten for a week!"

VALUE OF AN APPRENTICESHIP.

THERE is nothing that will ever take the place of an apprenticeship. There is no trade-school or training-school in the country that will turn out young men or boys who are capable of entering a shop and competing with the average mechanic; while they may be taught considerable "book learning," their practical instruction must, of necessity, be limited. There is nothing that will take the place of practical experience. Manual training in our public schools may bring out the talent, may display the genius, but the fraternities and sororities of our high school system have made too many boys, who are natural-born mechanics, "shun" the actual work, and dread the thought of an apprenticeship, it not being in keeping with the social and snobbish ideas gained from the fraternities and societies while passing through high school.—*American Engineer.*

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.

CAN you explain the path of the current from the trolley-wire of an electric car through the gearing, and how it produces speed?—W. O. McD., Yates Center, Kansas.

Electric currents for railway purposes are generated in a machine called a dynamo. The dynamo is very much like a large motor in construction. It is driven by a steam engine and gives out a current of electricity. The current flows out of the machine at the positive or (+) end through the machines that are being driven, and back to the dynamo, which enters at the negative or (—) end. The path that the current follows, made up of the dynamo, the trolley-wire, the car wiring and motor, the track return circuit to the dynamo, is known as the *circuit*, also any path that the current follows is known as a circuit.

For instance, the wiring of a car is known as the car-circuit, and the path that the current takes within the armature of a motor is known as the armature-circuit. To describe simply the principle on which the action is based, it may be said that a magnet is a piece of iron or steel which has the property of attracting other pieces of iron or steel. The two ends of a magnet are different. They will both attract iron, but if one end of a single magnet is suspended by a string at the middle, the following facts will be noted: If we call the ends of the first magnet No. 1 and No. 2, and the ends of the second magnet No. 3 and No. 4, then, if No. 3 is brought near to No. 2 they will attract each other, but if No. 3 be brought near No. 1 they will repel each other. Also No. 4 will attract No. 1, but will repel No. 2.

This shows that there must be some difference between the ends of the magnets or they would act alike. This attraction and repulsion between magnets is the principle on which electric motors are built. In fact, the electric consists of a stationary magnet or "field," and a movable magnet, or "armature," attached to a shaft or axle. The field and armature are so arranged that they cannot touch each other, though the armature can revolve very near the field. The moving magnet is drawn to the fixed magnet, and just as it arrives the current is turned off so that it flies past.

As soon as it passes the center of the field, the current is turned on again in the opposite direction, so that they now repel each other. And so on, as long as the current flows, the movable armature is kept revolving. This turns the shaft and the shaft turns the car-axle. The main parts of a street railway motor are a field-magnet, which is stationary, and a revolving armature. The field-magnet is composed of an iron or a steel casting, which has a certain quantity of insulated wire wound around it. The electricity passing through this field, or wire-coil, magnetizes the iron, creating magnetic poles.

The revolving armature is composed of thin disks of soft sheet iron, firmly bolted together and fitted on a shaft; this being the armature-core. This is dressed up in a machine-shop and wound with a certain number of turns of insulated wire, which are connected together so as to form one continuous wire, passing lengthwise around the core. Before the armature is wound, the core is thoroughly insulated with the best of insulating material; this is a very important factor in the construction of an armature, as defective insulation would cause the windings to ground on the core, in which case the armature would have to be stripped and rewound again.

The shaft upon which the armature is built furnishes both a support and a means of transmitting the power of the armature to the wheels, by means of its pinion meshing with a gear on the truck-axle. The winding of the armature is the most vital part, as it is in this, as in the field magnets, that the current sets up the force that causes the motion of the wheels of the car. When a wire, carrying a current, is brought in front of a pole of a magnet, a force is experienced which tends to drive the wire sideways from the magnet, and this is what takes place in an electric motor. When the windings of an armature, carrying current, come in front of a pole-piece of the field-magnet, they are forced away and the armature is kept revolving as long as the current flows. On the end of the armature-shaft is a pinion which meshes into a large gear-wheel keyed on the truck-axle. In this way an electric car is propelled. There are, of course, many other details which lack of space prevents. The general subject is very interesting and is worthy of considerable study in view of the tremendous development which is so characteristic of electric railways at present.

R. D. S., Amhurst, Massachusetts.—A man of thirty-four years is too old to assume the duties of a locomotive fireman, at least, it is so viewed by the majority of master mechanics, who naturally are somewhat chary in accepting an applicant of that age when they know he will scarcely have the incentive to work which would be possessed by a younger man. There may, of course, be exceptions to this view, but we feel pretty safe in asserting that there are none. Your height and weight are acceptable for the position of express-messenger, but we fear that in this field your age will again prove a barrier to entering the service. Apply to the division superintendent of the express company of your choice. His address can be obtained from the ticket-agent in your town.

J. A. C., Philadelphia.—The rather interesting calculations which we offered in the February number of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE in regard to the cost of stopping a train, represent the compilation of innumerable calculations on the part of various railroads and technical colleges and are approximately correct; but it would be assuming too much to consider them infallible. We did not calculate them ourselves, and are glad that we did not, as life is most too short for such elaborate research without the certainty of definite results. Nothing has been done so far—at least we have not been so apprised—along the lines of computing the cost of starting a train.

IF a locomotive is placed with right main-rod just far enough past the forward center to open the front steam-port and admit steam in the front end of the cylinder, and then the back end of the main-rod be disconnected and placed against a solid post, the steam-ports on the left side covered and the throttle opened, will the engine move ahead the length of the guides provided that the post does not break off?—G. W. V., Douglas, Arizona.

Yes, without a shadow of doubt.

L. E. Garber, Missouri, and others.—The standard code of whistle-signals on the locomotive-whistle makes no provision for three short blasts while the train is *running*, and no such signal is embodied in the code of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, the Erie, and many other prominent trunk lines, whose names need not be repeated. Understand, however, that the standard code is by no means mandatory or infallible, and there is no law to say that a railroad cannot make any subtraction therefrom or addition thereto which it may desire or which circumstances may dictate. In endeavoring to make these replies as concise and as accurate as possible to cover general conditions, we are compelled to quote uniform procedure if it exists. You will readily recognize the absurdity of confining to a single road. If the road or roads which you mention employ such a signal, although there is nothing to forbid, we can assure you that it is not a signal employed to any extent. We had never heard of it until you brought it to our attention.

THE oil used in railroad men's lanterns is called signal-oil. Can you tell me of what this oil is made, and if it can be made by any one?—C. M. S., Omaha, Nebraska.

It is made of two parts kerosene to one part lard-oil. Some favor equal parts of the two oils in compounding the mixture, but that first mentioned may be regarded as the standard formula. If the oil embodies a larger percentage of lard-oil, the wick of the lamp is extremely likely to char, as its capillary attraction is lessened through the higher specific gravity. Any one can make signal-oil. Simply pour it together in the proportion indicated.

G. D. F., Raleigh, North Carolina.—The term "copperhead" was first applied to a locomotive in connection with those turned out from

the old Grant Locomotive Works in Paterson, New Jersey. The appellation arose from the fact that for some years the standard Grant engines had steam-domes lagged with polished brass. This, we think, is the true explanation of the name. If it has cropped out subsequently to that now somewhat remote period, we will have to leave further explanation in the hands of some of our good friends.

H. P. S., Cincinnati.—So long as you are residing in Cincinnati, we would advise you to get the information desired first hand from the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton offices. We have a fair grip on the pulse of the railroad situation, but it is somewhat beyond us to enter into historical details regarding an individual engine of the fifty thousand and odd which enter into the scheme of American railroading. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is credited with the most elaborate and instructive exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair.

HOW many miles of track and how many locomotives has the Canadian Northern Railway?

(2) Are the Canadian Northern, the Canadian Northern Ontario, and the Canadian Northern Quebec all owned by the Canadian Northern Railway?

(3) Is the Canadian Northern Railway controlled by any other railroad?—T. S. S., Superior, Wisconsin.

(1) The Canadian Northern is 3,215 miles long, has 325 locomotives and 11,669 cars.

(2) The Canadian Northern and the Canadian Northern Ontario are practically merged; at least so far as the general impression exists in railroad circles. William MacKenzie, and D. B. Mann, both of Toronto, Ontario, are respectively president and vice-president of both companies, and this also applies to D. B. Hanna, third vice-president. We worked for some time on your query, and could not secure facts, but the above is the inference, which is about all we can do at this writing. The Canadian Northern Quebec is practically independent of the above.

(3) It does not appear to be, the general impression being that it is independent. It might be well to say that, before dismissing this particular question, the actual control of certain railroads is a matter somewhat involved in obscurity. It is a fairly safe rule to follow when two roads have the same president and general officers to assign a control between one or the other, but the exact nature of the control, or whether represented by a long time lease or an actual purchase, can be satisfactorily answered only by an executive of the company. We can recall instances where the president of one road served in the same capacity on another with absolutely no community of financial interests present, but, of course, this is a positive exception. The logical inference in such cases would be that the two roads were practically consolidated, and that the same policies were being followed in the instance of each.

WHICH is the longest long and short distance run in the world? Has the United States any run to beat the speed of the Paris-Calais boat-train of the French Northern Railroad, described in your February number?

(2) What is the length and weight of the Santa Fe Mallet compound locomotive, No. 1701?—J. P. K., Streator, Illinois.

(1) The fastest short distance runs in the world are from Camden, New Jersey, to Atlantic City, New Jersey, by either the West Jersey and Seashore (Pennsylvania) or by the Atlantic City (Reading). The distance by the former, 59 miles, and the time, 52 minutes; speed, 68.1 miles per hour. By the Reading the distance is 55.5 miles, and the time 50 minutes; speed, 66.6 miles per hour.

The fastest middle long distance run is New York to Buffalo over the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, 440 miles in 8 hours and 15 minutes, or at the rate of 53.3 miles per hour.

The fastest long distance run is New York to Chicago, made in 18 hours by both the New York Central and Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, and the Pennsylvania railroads. The distance by the former is 964 miles made at an average speed of 53.5 miles per hour, and by the Pennsylvania, 905 miles at an average speed of 50.9 miles per hour.

The fastest runs in England are from London to Glasgow, 403 miles in 8 hours and 15 minutes; London to Bristol, 118 miles in 120 minutes, 59.2 miles per hour, and several others. It will be noted that although the average English running time is very high, the runs are shorter.

The Paris-Calais boat-train is a straightaway dash of 195 miles, which is scheduled to be made in 195 minutes *without a single stop*.

The longest non-stop run in this country on a fast schedule is from Toledo, Ohio, to Elkhart, Indiana, on the L. S. and M. S., 160 miles, on which the running time is some less than in the above quoted instance. There is, of course, a considerable discrepancy in weights behind the tender, that of the Twentieth Century Limited occasionally rising to 1,000 tons, while that of the Paris-Calais boat-train seldom exceeding 450 tons. In the mere question of speed, however, this latter train can easily claim supremacy over the railroads of the world for that distance.

(2) See reply to T. F. A., this issue.

WHO is the youngest superintendent on a steam surface road, and what was his age at time of promotion?—F. A. B., El Paso, Texas.

The youngest one we *know* is not sufficiently youthful for his age to excite any particular comment, therefore, we hardly think that its mention would serve your purpose. A moment's reflection

should convince you of our inability to reply to such a question, notwithstanding our varied resources.

M. L. M., New York City.—To become an expert telegrapher is dependent, of course, on one's ability to learn. Before you can send and receive with equal facility, or, in other words, become qualified to assume charge of a small office, might require from nine months to two years. The average time required is about eighteen months. It depends very largely on yourself, no matter what painstaking instruction you may receive. The pay varies with the field, whether mercantile or railroading, with the preponderance of favor inclining toward the former. On all railroads, a rigid eye test is given on entering the service. The hours of duty are fixed on railroads at nine hours, if the nine-hour law is observed. The Order of Railroad Telegraphers is the official organization.

HAS a wireless operator any more privileges than a railroad telegrapher? Aboard ship, has he any more privileges than a seaman? —R. B. P., D. and H. R. R.

A railroad operator goes home when his trick is finished. He is free until it comes around again. You will, no doubt, grasp the point that a man in the same capacity on shipboard is practically working all the time, so long as only one operator is carried, which is usually the case.

The wireless man at sea must sleep in proximity to his instruments, so that he may be in readiness to handle any call which may come in. His operating-room is fitted with a bunk, and there are various other conveniences for his comfort. The pay averages about $50 per month and board. There is no comparison whatever between this work and that of a seaman. The wireless operator is well taken care of; has no menial work to perform and his duties are light and pleasant. The pay would not exactly appeal to some of us, but when it is remembered that what is earned is absolutely clear, it may not be so bad after all. The drawbacks are being away from home all the time, and being constantly on duty, but there are compensating advantages.

E. W. R., Chelsea, Massachusetts.—Write to J. B. Berry, Chief Engineer, Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, Chicago, Illinois, and he will no doubt take pleasure in supplying you with the information desired in connection with the Rock Island and other bridges across the Mississippi River.

WHAT is the largest engine in the United States? What is its general description?

(2) What railroad has the steepest grade? How many pounds can the largest engine in that particular company's service haul up that grade?—T. F. A., San Rafael, California.

(1) The Mallet articulated compound locomotive No. 1700, built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works early in 1910, is the largest locomotive of that or any other type yet to be constructed. It has driving-wheels 63 inches in diameter, and weighs, independent of its tender, 462,450 pounds. The total weight including the tender is approximately 350 tons. The boiler is 7 feet in diameter, works under a pressure of 220 pounds, and has a total heating surface, including the feed-water heater, of 6,631 square feet. There are also 1,745 square feet of superheating and reheating surface. There are two high-pressure cylinders, 26 inches diameter by 34 inches stroke, connected to eight coupled drivers, 63 inches in diameter, and two low-pressure cylinders, 38 inches in diameter by 34 inches stroke. In all probability this locomotive will not be exceeded in total weight for a very long time—if ever. The impression seems now current among prominent motive-power men that the limit has been reached with the big engine, and that a reaction is inevitable. Those constructed since the advent of this locomotive, display a marked tendency toward reversion to a lighter type, and this will no doubt shortly follow.

(2) The steepest grade is on the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad, which runs from Almogordo to Cloudcroft, New Mexico. Some of it rises four feet in one hundred, and there is one portion where the grade is five feet in the one hundred. It is also replete with any number of very short curves. We have no reliable figures on the tonnage hauled.

CAN Westinghouse E. T., independent brake-valve be used on an engine equipped with Westinghouse automatic D-6 brake-valve?

(2) If you break the main-pin on an eight-wheel engine, and have to take down the main-rod on one side, would it be possible to take the engine to the terminal over level track under her own steam?

(3) What type of engine is the tandem compound, and ten-wheel connected with pony-truck and trailer, such as used on the Santa Fe in New Mexico?

(4) Does a trailer change the type of an engine?—J. L. W., Cañon City, Colorado.

(1) Yes, the independent brake-valve can be applied to the D-6 equipment with little change in that arrangement.

(2) In case a main-pin should break, or any other failure should occur which would require all rods on that side to come down, you can safely leave up the side rod on the working side of the engine without causing any further damage, for the reason that the power is applied to that side of the engine only, and the pin must be either above or below the center to enable the engine to move, and they will all be sure to move in one direction. This applies equally to any type of

connected engine as well as the eight-wheel class. No harm will result to the driving-boxes, and the wheels will trail all right on the dead side. This may be a slight deviation from general practise, but it will work, and will save taking down the side rod on the good side, in addition to giving the engine two wheels to come in with instead of one.

(3) Types of locomotives are now generally designated according to Whyte's classification, which has been repeatedly referred to and explained in this department. It is based on a combination of numbers representing the arrangement of the wheels. For instance, the eight-wheel connected engine which you mentioned above was formerly called the American type but is now "4-4-0." In other words, it has a four-wheel truck, which explains the first number; four connected driving-wheels, which explains the second number, and no trailer-truck, so a cipher is added. A tandem compound engine is or was generally built with a two-wheel leading-truck, five connected drivers, and no trailer, hence 2-10-0, and others, particularly on the Santa Fe, were 2-10-2. The ten-wheel connected engine with a pony-truck and trailer which you mention is 4-6-2, or the now well-known Pacific type, which is used very extensively for heavy passenger work.

(4) The addition of a trailer changes the type of a locomotive through the addition of the third number to the classification, as explained above.

WHAT is the fastest time that has been made by the Pennsylvania Railroad between Chicago and New York?

(2) How much of the Pennsylvania Railroad is double-tracked between Pittsburgh and St. Louis, and also between Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and Baltimore, Maryland?

(3) What is the fastest time made by regular Pennsylvania trains between Baltimore and Washington?—C. B., Andover, Massachusetts.

(1) An eastbound eighteen-hour train, in the summer of 1905, is said to have covered the distance in less than sixteen hours actual running time, a number of delays having occurred. The Pennsylvania's eighteen-hour train began running June 11, 1905, and that of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern and the New York Central one week later.

(2) All of it.

(3) Fifty-two minutes.

P. S., Pittsburgh.—The principal railroads entering Pittsburgh from the east are the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania Railroads.

C. E. L., Zion Station, Kentucky.—So long as there is a positive meet-order between engines 1147 and 1150 at "G," there would not appear to be much chance to raise a question of any kind. The first engine arriving there must remain indefinitely for the other, as we understand your question. If this understanding is in error, we would be pleased to hear from you again.

HOW many miles of road is operated by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway?

(2) How many engines have they, and how many of them are Mallet compounds?

(3) Give a description of the Santa Fe passenger-engine 1485, and of freight-engine 1170.

(4) What other roads in Texas have as large a passenger-engine as the Santa Fe 1200 class?—J. E. B., Justin, Texas.

(1) 9,114 miles, as compiled from the latest report which has come to hand from the Interstate Commerce Commission.

(2) 1,611 locomotives on the Santa Fe proper, 421 on the Coast Lines, and 282 on operated lines, total, 2,314. There are 45 Mallet compounds.

(3) Engine 1485 is the heaviest Atlantic (4-4-2) locomotive yet to be constructed. It was recently completed by the Baldwin Locomotive Works for the Santa Fe, and weighs, in working order, 231,675 pounds. With the tender included, also in working order, the total weight is 405,000 pounds. This engine embodies the peculiarity of outside steam-pipes from the boiler to the cylinders, and also an outside dry-pipe arranged along the top center line of the boiler from the steam-dome to the smoke-box. The principal dimensions are as follows: Tractive effort, 23,800 pounds; weight on drivers, 112,125 pounds; wheel-base (driving) 6 feet 10 inches; wheel-base, total, 32 feet 8 inches; wheel-base, engine and tender, 61 feet 1 inch; cylinders, compound, 25 inches, simple, 15 inches; stroke of cylinders, 26 inches; diameter of driving-wheels over tires, 73 inches; thickness of driving-tires, 3½ inches; diameter of main driving-journal, 10 inches; diameter of rear driving-journal, 9 inches; diameter of engine truck-wheels, 34½ inches; diameter of trailer-wheels, 47 inches; total boiler heating surface, 2,508 square feet; number and outside diameter of boiler-tubes, 273 tubes, 2¼ inches in diameter, working steam-pressure, 220 pounds.

Engine 1170 is a Mallet articulated locomotive with a rigid boiler, thus distinguishing it from two others recently built by the Baldwin Works which have "flexible" boilers, so called. The total weight of the 1170 is 365,900 pounds, of which 295,000 pounds is carried on the drivers. The total weight of the engine and tender in working order, is 535,000 pounds. The principal dimensions are as follows: Driving-wheel base, 37 feet 10 inches; rigid-wheel base, 13 feet 8 inches; total engine-wheel base, 56 feet 5 inches; total wheel-base, engine and tender, 89 feet 3 inches; diameter of cylinders, high-pressure, 24 inches; low-pressure, 38 inches; stroke of cylinders, 28 inches; diameter of driving-wheels over tires, 69 inches; thickness of driving-tires, 3½ inches; diameter of main driving-journals, 10 inches; diameter of other driving-journals, 9 inches;

diameter of engine-truck wheels, 31¼ inches; total boiler heating surface, 5,126 square feet; number and outside diameter of boiler-tubes, 294 tubes, 2¼ inches diameter; working steam-pressure, 220 pounds per square inch. The tender contains 9,000 gallons of water, and 12 tons of coal.

(4) We do not know of any other roads in Texas using larger engines than the class mentioned.

C. N., South Range, Wisconsin.—The master mechanic you probably have in mind on the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway, is E. Foster, Assistant, Thief River Falls, Minnesota. The Chicago and Northwestern power on the train you mention is somewhat larger and heavier.

We cannot comment on the advantages of such a course in this department. The average pay for an extra fireman, as we have frequently said, depends on the length of the run which he may happen to catch. There is no hard and fast rule about it; nothing but mileage. Bring it up with the next fireman you may happen to meet, and he will be very glad to make it all clear to you.

HOW many railroads operate in Alaska? (2) Is there any position for trainmen on those lines?—J. E. S., Grand Island, Nebraska.

(1) Tanana Valley, 45 miles, 3-foot gage, 4 locomotives and 30 cars. A. P. Tyson, general manager, Chena Alaska; Copper River and Northwestern, 131 miles, 4 feet 8½-inch gage, 15 locomotives, 289 cars. E. C. Hawkins, general manager, Seattle, Washington; Alaska Northern 71 miles, 4 feet 8½-inch gage, 3 locomotives, 40 cars. O. G. Laberee, general manager, Spokane, Washington; White Pass and Yukon Route, 118 miles, 3-feet gage, 13 locomotives, 252 cars. A. L. Berdoe, general manager, Vancouver, British Columbia.

(2) We have no information on this point. You can settle the question readily enough by corresponding with any or all of the gentlemen whose names are mentioned above.

E. H., Eugene, Oregon.—Again we must repeat that it is not consistent with the policy adopted to comment on, criticize, or condemn any educational institution of the character to which you refer. This is a very wise course, if you will think it over, because, in the first place, we have absolutely no information concerning any of them, and it would be a manifest injustice to you if we should offer counsel, as the school which you have in mind might be just in the position to do a great deal for you. Your best plan would be to write frankly to the principal, or whoever is in charge, and ask him just what he has to promise in return for a course. It would also be well to supplement this by a talk with one of the graduates You can learn then, direct, what benefit accrued to him. We can, of course, unhesitatingly remark that so long as these various schools teach the theory as thoroughly as they do, they must have a considerable value. The science of various branches of railroading is not gone into to any extent on the railroads with their employees and it is a mighty good thing to know.

(2) Railroad brakemen do not have to work in the roundhouse before going on the road, unless they choose to accept some preliminary employment therein. The two services are entirely distinct, belonging to different departments.

S. F., Toledo, Ohio.—Simply address him as superintendent of the Asbury Park, New Jersey, Street Railway, and the letter will be delivered. We haven't his name.

IS there a standard height for locomotives? In other words, what is the extreme height from the rail to the top of the stack, dome, or whistle? I have been informed that 15 ft. 8 in. is the standard.—G. F. B., Shreveport, Louisiana.

There is no standard. It varies with the clearances of the different roads. From our records we find that 15 feet 8 inches is the maximum, and this is permissible on the Norfolk and Western Railroad. On some roads it is as low as 14 feet 6 inches, measurement taken from rail to top of stack always.

ARE railway mail clerks carried free in the mail-cars when off duty?—O. J. S., Tiffin, Ohio.

No. They are provided with passes over the line or territory of their route, as a rule, and when deadheading, ride in the passenger-cars.

J. T. R., London, Canada.—The Pennsylvania Railroad system, including all leased and controlled lines, has a mileage of 11,128; locomotives, 6,585; freight-cars, 256,481; passenger-cars, 5,585, and miscellaneous cars, 6,181; total number of cars, 268,247. In regard to the train-mileage, and statistics on the passengers carried annually, this will have to be secured from J. W. Lee, Jr., publicity agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. If he has not the figures at hand, he will no doubt be in a position to direct you to where the information can be obtained.

R. B., South Manchester, Connecticut.—Passenger trainmen, as a rule, are hired in that capacity. They replace the position formerly designated as brakeman. The way it is generally worked in the East, should they desire to aspire to a conductor's job, they will have to go on freight as a brakeman, and work up to passenger-

conductor through freight-flagman and freight-conductor.

(2) Two electric locomotives coupled together, but with single control, are used on the through trains of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

E. M. B., Fostoria, Ohio.—The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has 3,446 miles of road, 1,915 locomotives; 83,335 freight-cars; 1,168 passenger-cars; 2,942 miscellaneous cars; total, 87,445 cars. Engines 1700 and 1701 of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe are the largest freight-engines in use. See reply to T. F. A., this month. These two engines are over 100,000 pounds heavier than the Baltimore and Ohio Mallet compound, which works on Sand Patch grade in Pennsylvania. This was the first engine of the type to be constructed in this country. The 1700 and the 1701 are about one year old each.

I AM seventeen years old and want to learn locomotive engineering. Where would be the best place to start?

(2) How much does an engineer get for a regular passenger run of one hundred miles?

(3) What are the notches in the quadrant of the reverse-lever used for when they are all the way around the quadrant?—C. W. U., Philadelphia.

(1) On the road. Commence as a fireman, or, if the master mechanic considers you too young, try to get in as an apprentice machinist during the interval. In all probability, after you have finished serving your time, you will forget your first intention.

(2) From $3.50 to as high as $5.50 for the hundred miles, depending on the agreement which his organization has with the company, and the class of power which he runs.

(3) They are used to hold the latch of the reverse-lever in order that it may remain in any selected place in the quadrant. The notches from the center forward are all go-ahead notches, and those from the center back, *vice versa*. As the lever is gradually drawn up from the forward corner, or starting point, as the engine gains in speed the steam "cuts off" shorter; in other words, it does not follow the piston so far in the cylinders before the valve closes the admission-port. The remainder of the stroke after this closing is effected by the expansive force of the steam; thus a great saving in steam is made over, allowing it to follow the piston at the initial pressure to the end of the stroke.

STORY OF A FAST TRAIN.

"I WAS lately on a train," observed the timid passenger, "that went so fast it was dangerous to look out of the window, as you were likely to have your eyesight broken off and carried away. Why, the very farmhouses looked like the street of a village, they came so fast, and the hind car-wheels touched the rails only once in a while.

"There was not a particle of noise to be heard, because the train got far ahead of it, and people along the track said the noise kept about a mile back. The dust didn't have time to get up and dust until the train had got far away, and the way it then got up and dusted was a warning. The telegraph-poles were not visible, and the very sunbeams did not have a chance to get in the windows, and, of course, the shadow of the cars kept something like a mile and a quarter in the rear. Our watches got all out of time, as we flew westward so fast that we got clear ahead of the sun. The friction of the air took all the paint off the outside of the cars, and hats were sucked up through the ventilators. If you had dropped a book it would not have touched the floor until it had reached the back of the car, while flies were dashed against the rear end of the coach and killed. Of course, the people could not see the train at all, and were continually driving into it at the crossings, but they didn't know any better before or afterward. It was thought that lightning struck them, as they didn't know what else it was, and people along the line said the train left a tunnel in the air which did not fill up for half an hour, while the air was hot from friction. If you would foolishly point your finger out of the window at anything it would be taken off as slick as a knife by the solidified air. We went through a terrible rainstorm, but not a drop touched the train. It didn't get a chance. Several bolts of lightning went for us, but fell a mile or two short.

"The rear brakeman fell off the car, but the suction kept him following right behind, and they reached out and pulled him in all right but quite dizzy-headed. At one place a bridge had been washed away, but that did not interfere at all, for we jumped the chasm and went on as if nothing had been wrong. The most wonderful thing about it was, that night we witnessed the phenomenon of the sun setting in the east, a sight never before witnessed, we had traveled so much ahead of it. That was the fastest ride I ever took."—*Detroit Free Press.*

DR. JOURDAN'S MYSTERY.

BY C. W. BEELS.

The Doctor Paves the Way for the Experiment That Is to Change Young Halliwell.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

RICHARD ROBERT JOURDAN, M.D., a stranger in New York, takes up his residence with Mr. and Mrs. Phelan, the former a police sergeant. The doctor, a young, studious fellow, has a pet theory in regard to his profession which he has not been able to put into practise owing to his poverty and obscurity. He is instrumental in saving Colonel Nugent, a Western mining man, from an accident, and, later, attends the colonel during his convalescence. He confides his theory to Nugent, and Jourdan discovers that the colonel is acquainted with Mr. Halliwell, one of the rich men of the city, whose young son is a cleptomaniac. A cure for this is part of Jourdan's scheme, and he secures a letter to the Halliwells which results in an interview with the father and a meeting with the daughter.

CHAPTER V.

The Doctor Explains.

THE dinner at the Interstate Club took place in a private room. As most people know, the bulk of the members of the Interstate are men of affairs and millions. The majority are of ripe years. Every State in the Union is represented on the membership-roll, hence its name. Where money and middle age are gathered there will be fine feeding and good drinking also. It was so in the case of the Interstate Club, whose dinners were famous, and whose chef owned his own home and a touring-car. Dr. Jourdan came to the conclusion that evening that he deserved every inch of his culinary fame.

Nothing was said about the matter that lay close to the hearts of the two men during the serving of the courses, but with the coming of the coffee and cigars the host signified to the attendants that he and his guest wished to be alone.

"Well, doctor, have you anything additional to say to me?" asked the financier as soon as the door closed.

The physician did not reply until he had pondered over the query a little. Then he said:

"I think not, Mr. Halliwell. I have tried to tell you in lay language the theory and method of effecting cures in cases allied with that of your son. There is hardly anything more to be said, so far as I am concerned. There remains, however, your consent or your refusal."

The financier drummed on the table with his fingers thoughtfully.

"Did I understand you to say, the other evening, that you had witnessed or actually performed cures by means of this system in which you seem to place so much faith?"

Dr. Jourdan made a gesture of assent.

"Have you any objection to relating some of such?"

"Not in the slightest, sir. After a year of bacteriological study in Vienna, I went to Florence, taking with me letters of introduction to Professor Lurattini, of that city. He was then engaged in investigations having to do with this same subject, and it was because of this that I went to him. I was under his tutelage over eighteen months. During that period I was privileged to see him turn a man afflicted with homicidal mania into a peaceful, law-abiding citi-

zen; a hypochondriac into a wholesome-minded, healthy individual; while a notorious brigand, who came from a family of professional robbers and cutthroats, was transformed into an honest, hard-working villager."

"All by this serum method?"

"All by the injection of an appropriate serum into the tissues of each patient. He was greatly aided in his work by the Italian government, who not only allowed him to select subjects from prisons and hospitals, but furnished him with those persons from whose blood he wished to make serum-cultures."

"Capital arrangement for the scientist, but rough on the other chaps," laughed Mr. Halliwell.

"Hardly so. No person was operated on one way or the other unless his consent was first obtained. In the case of the prisoners, certain privileges were allowed them in return for their acquiescence. The patients in the hospital were there to be cured, and they not only suffered no risks when in the hands of a man like Lurattini, but they had an excellent chance of recovery."

"Ah, a *chance* of recovery!" echoed the other.

"My dear sir," said Dr. Jourdan earnestly, "medicine is not and never will be an absolute science. Only those of its members who are charlatans guarantee a cure in every instance through a given course of treatment. No two human bodies are exactly alike in a pathological sense. Where the difference is marked, the results of an administration of a drug or a serum may, in each instance, be of a contradictory nature.

"Speaking in general terms, the specialist is he who has learned to adopt a treatment to a body, the former being based on the physical and mental idiosyncrasies of the latter. Yet, even the specialist is apt to err in his diagnosis, although in the majority of cases the patient whom he treats has, as I have said, an excellent chance of recovery."

"Then, as I understand it, a clever physician should study—carefully study—a new patient as a preliminary?" asked the financier.

"Decidedly so."

"And yet—if you will pardon my saying so—you were ready to begin treatment on my boy right away?"

"That is hardly correct, Mr. Halliwell," replied the physician emphatically. "In the first place, the subject has not reached that stage which would warrant my contemplating treatment. Our talk relative to your son has been of a tentative nature only. You have said nothing that I could construe into a promise of consent. Even had you expressed your willingness to place him in my hands, I can assure you that I should have made haste slowly. I should have subjected him to a proper period of observation and investigation before going further in the matter."

Dr. Jourdan had a way of looking you straight in the eye when he spoke, and in this instance there was something in his gaze that matched the note of severe protest in his talk.

It did not escape the notice of Mr. Halliwell. Like most very rich men, Halliwell was accustomed to deferential demeanor and smooth speech from those with whom he came in contact, especially if they were looking for business or social favors at his hands.

It was a new experience, therefore, to meet a man who talked to him fearlessly, and who didn't hesitate to contradict him pointblank—politely, it is true, but directly, nevertheless. He liked the young doctor all the more because of his independent attitude.

"You are right, Dr. Jourdan," he admitted. "I spoke hastily, and I ask your pardon for so doing. But will you tell me about other cases with which you came in contact? I wish to know more about this interesting process."

The doctor's face cleared. Like all fine-natured men, he didn't nurse the remembrance of an affront, real or imagined.

"Certainly," he said, with a smile. "But such cases were practically repetitions of those that I witnessed in Italy. At Budapest a money-lender, who had gone insane on account of defaulting clients, was restored to health and sanity by Professors Ruchman and Arnauld, the serum treatment being used. The money-lender was a notorious usurer who grew rich out of the profligacy of young men of prospective wealth. After he left the asylum he closed his business and endowed a home."

"For the benefit of his old patrons, I presume?" said Mr. Halliwell cynically.

"It would seem that way. In Paris I came in contact with two examples of the effectiveness of the method, although I did not witness the phases of cures. Dornon,

Mauroix, and LeVeore were the physicians in charge of the patients, one of whom was a nobleman who for many years had been a notorious libertine. He is living a monastic life now.

"In Nantes and London I was afforded further opportunities for passing on the possibilities of the discovery.

"On my return to this country I had the great privilege of restoring to moral sanity and his parents a young Chicagoan who had suddenly developed a mania for gambling and was ruining himself in consequence."

"Have such cures proven permanent?" asked the financier.

"Yes, so far as I know," was the answer. "As I have stated, germs breed diseases—mental or physical—in accordance with their type or species. The germs once eliminated from the system in both classes of maladies, there is but little chance of their return, provided that precaution is taken against their securing relodgment."

There was silence for a spell. Mr. Halliwell consulted a small memorandum-book which he drew from his vest-pocket.

"Dr. Jourdan," he said at length, "I am aware that gentlemen of your profession exercise the right to surround your work with a certain amount of reserve. No doubt you have good reasons for this. Therefore I am not at all sure whether you will answer the question I'm going to put to you."

"If I can consistently answer, I certainly will."

"Well, then, why is my boy afflicted as he is? There must be some antecedent reason for—for—his unhappy condition. I have put this question to several members of your profession, and none of them have given me a satisfactory answer—either because they could not or would not. Can you—or will you reply to it?"

CHAPTER VI.

Getting Down to Facts.

DR. JOURDAN felt a sudden throb of sympathy for the man whose millions were useless to him in the presence of a father's affliction. The huskiness of Mr. Halliwell's voice told of the deep emotion that underlay his speech.

"If you really desire to learn what my beliefs are in regard to your son's case," he said very quietly, "I can see no objection to your so doing. But I would remind you that these beliefs are not original with me. They form the basis of all the investigations that are now being made by scientists on the lines that I have indicated. I have implicit faith in them."

He paused.

"Proceed, please." Mr. Halliwell's tone bespoke his impatience.

"It is proper for me to tell you, though, that what I am about to state may not be altogether pleasant. I may offend you by my frankness."

"I hardly think so."

"Well, then," Dr. Jourdan spoke slowly and distinctly, "a mental malady is not infrequently the outcome or the culmination of an hereditary quality or trait developed to an abnormal degree."

He halted again, and the financier looked at him inquiringly.

"Because of the interest that I felt in your son's case," he went on, "I took it upon myself to inquire into your family history through the medium of genealogical works of reference, hoping that such inquiry would furnish me with a clue to the young man's affliction. In this I was not disappointed.

"I find that Jabez Halliwell landed in this country from Barnstaple, England, in the early part of the eighteenth century, and established himself in New York, first as a general merchant, later as an Indian-trader. In those days the business was highly profitable—for the trader. Indeed, there were not wanting those who declared that such trading was sheer robbery. Jabez had two sons, Hiram and Seth. Seth went to Massachusetts, where he became a farmer and trader, and managed to exchange rum and gewgaws with the Indians for considerable of their land.

"His real-estate operations finally created so much talk among the neighbors and trouble among the aborigines that the authorities interfered. He proved his title to land in his possession, however, and stuck to it, although he does not appear to have undertaken further deals. The New England branch of the Halliwells is now wealthy and socially influential?"

This last sentence was interrogative. The financier gave a nod of assent.

"Hiram remained with his father. At the death of the latter he succeeded to the business. In the meantime he had married Margaret Dalton, daughter of a ship captain, and one son—named Jabez for his grandfather—was born to them. Now,

whether it was through the influence of his father-in-law or by reason of the tempting profits of the business is not related; but, anyhow, Hiram fitted out two, if not three, ships for the slave trade, all being under the general command of Captain Dalton.

"The venture proved profitable, and the flood of guineas that resulted brought many things to Hiram, among them proffered municipal honors. These he declined, possibly on the score that he didn't want anything to interfere with business.

"During the first war with England he appears to have converted his slavers into privateers, and although one of the ships was destroyed he made money nevertheless. A 'bloody flux' carried him off just after the breaking of the nineteenth century, and New York acknowledged that it had lost one of the most reputable and distinguished citizens.

"The family instinct for money-making asserted itself in the case of young Jabez, who took up the reins of the business. He bought new slavers, fitted out several privateers during the war with France, and later sold his ships outright to our government, just prior to the war of 1812. He also loaned money to the government officials at a rate of interest that did more credit to his business ability than to his patriotism. The tradition that he made big sums by selling contraband supplies to the British does not seem to be backed by sufficient evidence to warrant its acceptance."

Mr. Halliwell winced at this allusion to an unpleasant episode in the family history, and the doctor continued:

"Your grandfather combined politics with his commercial pursuits, and, to use the vernacular, played the combination for all it was worth. That his methods were favored was shown by the fact that he built and endowed two churches and a hospital. It was also through his means that there was a general betterment of the jail conditions in the East.

"The government commission that was convened for the purpose of inquiring into all his alleged unjustifiable acquirement of what had been held as public lands in western Pennsylvania cleared him of the original charges of fraud and larceny."

Again Mr. Halliwell winced, while the doctor referred to a slip of paper that he drew from his pocket.

"Your father, Mr. Halliwell, like some other shrewd men of means, foresaw that this country would speedily recover from the industrial depression brought about by the Civil War, and so proceeded to take advantage of the situation. He purchased bank and railroad stock, real estate, and the control of certain commercial enterprises at the then depreciated values, and waited for the inevitable boom.

"If I mistake not, he organized the Purchase and Banking Trust, that bought for cash securities of all kinds from the needy, at prices so small that the trust was finally dissolved by reason of the outcry raised against it by the press and the public. The gist of this cry was that the corporation was trading in a cold-blooded fashion on the desperate necessities of the community."

He paused.

"Am I not to be included in this—unvarnished history of the Halliwells?" asked the financier, with a wry smile.

"I should serve no purpose by so including you. What I have said will, I think, illustrate my theory as to the cause of your son's trouble."

"And the theory is?"

"You have asked me to speak frankly, Mr. Halliwell. I am taking further advantage of your permission. Man is a predatory animal. His conquests over nature and his fellows prove that much. Business is his predatory instinct, operating in more or less legitimate fields.

"In many cases the so-called successful business man walks dangerously near the boundary that separates the criminal from the reputable classes. Where this is continued from generation to generation there will come a time certainly when this hereditary trait will culminate in one or more of his descendants giving it painful manifestation. We have, among other of such manifestations, cleptomaniacs—those who have no reason for stealing, but who obey the uncontrollable prompting left unto them by predatory ancestors."

He spoke with the quiet solemnity of absolute conviction.

"Then, you hold that the sins of the fathers will be visited unto 'children of the third and fourth generation'?" he asked.

"In a sense, yes. But you should finish the quotation: 'And show mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep My commandments.' That, to my mind, is equivalent to a promise that the curse can be extinguished by the moral and physical means at our command."

Mr. Halliwell meditated. The doctor drew carefully at his cigar.

"There is one aspect of your theory that I cannot understand, doctor," said Mr. Halliwell as he came out of his brown study, "and—if you will pardon my saying so—it seems to me to be fatal to that theory. It is this: on the one hand you tell me that—that cleptomania and similar affections result from hereditary tendencies; on the other, you assure me that they are due to germs in the bodily system. How do you reconcile these apparently contradictory statements?"

"The reply is not difficult. I am glad that you put the question to me."

Dr. Jourdan's tone was convincing. He continued:

"As I have said, a majority of the so-called mental—or, if the term be more practical, moral—diseases are due to the presence in the system of the minute organisms to which we give the name of germs, microbes, or bacilli. They can only live and multiply in a system whose condition is such that it is favorable to them. We have precisely the same proposition in other classes of diseases, such as tuberculosis, gout, and cancer. To use the lay phrase, these diseases 'run in families' by reason of the fact that infected ancestors are responsible for a posterity whose powers of resistance to the inroads of a given germ have been weakened during the generations that preceded them. And what is true in the case of tuberculosis is equally true in the instance of those subtler types of disease that attack our morality through the medium of our bodies."

"The theory is at least ingenious," commented the other.

"I think that the term 'fact,' rather than 'theory,' would be more appropriate," retorted Dr. Jourdan with quiet emphasis, "inasmuch as its truth has been proven by experiments."

"Doesn't it seem a little curious that a discovery so tremendously important to mankind, so far-reaching in its effects on this and the generations that are to come, should be practically unknown to the world at large and used only by a handful of specialists, instead of the majority of medical men?" asked Mr. Halliwell.

"Yes—and no. Our profession is very properly given to conservation. It does not readily indorse changes in its methods, especially when these changes promise to be of a radical sort, as in this instance. Again, very special preparation for this treatment is needed by the practitioner; also facilities that are not available in the case of the average doctor.

"The difficulties that surround the treatment are such that it does not appeal to the M.D. who is given to easy self-exploitation, and it has not and will not receive that cheap and misleading popularity that has befallen many brilliant medical discoveries during the early phases of their being."

"Upon my word, doctor, you seem to have a satisfactory reply to every criticism of your beliefs!"

"I am glad that you think them satisfactory," replied Dr. Jourdan. "I speak as I know."

"Have you any idea as to the time that would elapse before we could look for an improvement in our son's condition—if I placed him in your hands?" asked Mr. Halliwell after another spell of meditation.

The young physician usually had himself well in hand, but at the financier's question, charged as it was with possibilities for which he had hoped and dreamed for years, the room seemed to spin around him. It was a moment or so before he could reply.

"I cannot say. I must study him for a little time. There have been instances where absolute cures were effected within a few weeks; in other cases, many months elapsed before a recovery was made. I came in personal contact with one patient in Paris who had been under treatment for nearly a year, and was only then on the road to normality. She was an American young woman, an only daughter of a Western packer who began life as cook in a cow-camp. The daughter and her millions married an Englishman of title. He turned out to be a very decent sort of a fellow who did all in his power to further the social ambitions of his wife, which were many and constantly increasing. Her mania for 'smartness' and her tuft-hunting propensities made her socially notorious.

"Her cravings for further distinction of the same kind dipped heavily into her millions, and finally broke her health. The titled husband insisted on her going on the continent for a rest. While in Grunewald, she met Professor Delence, one of the fathers of the new method. The professor diagnosed the wife's case as a form of exaggerated ego, or a mental malady induced and aggravated by her social ambitions.

"With the assistance of the husband, he got her to Paris, and proceeded to treat her. I had a letter from him a few months ago in which he tells me that his wife had settled down into a quiet home-loving wife, who is adored by the tenants of their estates in Somerset because of the way in which she looks after their interests and lives so much among them."

"A most interesting case," commented the financier.

"Yes. It illustrates a belief that I have long held, that an unreasoning desire for social distinction—the cost not being counted—is a true mental malady, arising from causes that are clearly traceable to the lives of the idle rich.

"The majority of our international marriages, especially when there is a title involved"—he checked himself, cursing his tongue for running away with his discretion—"but I'm wandering from the subject in order to ventilate my views on a pet topic."

He ceased with a laugh that didn't have much mirth in it.

"Well," said Mr. Halliwell, with a slight sigh. "I am almost of the opinion that you are right, wholly or in part. It may be that a goodly portion of our larger ambitions are based on a sort of insanity. Who knows? 'Great wit to madness'—you know the quotation?"

The doctor nodded, but said nothing. He was still smarting under his unfortunate remark.

"And you are assured that no harm will come to a patient through this treatment, even if he is not benefited thereby?"

"I am sure; that is, if the necessary precautions are taken by the physician in attendance."

"I don't think I need ask if these precautions would be observed if you had charge of a case, Dr. Jourdan," said Mr. Halliwell with a friendly smile. "And—I will place Harold in your hands. May God prosper your work with him!"

"Thank you," said the other with a sincerity that carried with it the comfort of conviction.

"You do not mind if I ask some questions regarding your son?" queried the doctor. "Your replies will be of help to me."

"Ask anything you like," said the other earnestly, "I shall be glad to answer you."

The physician put a series of interrogations relative to the boy's age, habits, education, companions, tastes, and he wanted a minute answer to each query.

"He is, I take it, conscious of regret after the act?"

"Yes."

"Has he ever told you that prior to the act his conscience urges him not to yield to the promptings of his weakness?"

"He has—on almost every occasion."

"When he is not quite himself in point of health, is the tendency to—to acquisition, more marked than at other times?"

"Yes, decidedly so."

"Is he especially attracted by articles that are bright or glittering?"

"You speak as if you were entirely familiar with his case. It is as you say."

"Then let me tell you, sir, that his cure is probable, nay, certain, within a comparatively short time."

"You speak positively, Dr. Jourdan," said Mr. Halliwell, his eyes shining with hope.

"In cases of this kind, a patient invariably responds to the treatment provided that the obsession has not entirely destroyed or ousted the moral sense. In the latter instance, it has been found that no cure is possible. My allusion to the bright objects has to do with a peculiarity of the intermediate stages of the malady. The victim is, in a sense, in a condition of self-hypnosis. In accordance with a well-known law of hypnotism, anything that shines or glitters induces this condition."

"As to your fee," began the financier, after the men had drunk a mute toast to each other.

"I would prefer that any remuneration be deferred until your son's recovery," interrupted the doctor.

"If—and pardon the suggestion—you would like me to send you a check on account, I shall be glad to do so. I can quite believe that the expenses incidental to the treatment will be heavy."

"No, sir; quite the contrary. There is no occasion for me to call on your checkbook; although I thank you, nevertheless."

"As you like," said Mr. Halliwell, who, to tell the truth, was a trifle surprised at the young doctor's attitude in the matter, in view of his preceding experiences with medical men. "And now what is the first thing that you propose to do?"

"I want to have an opportunity to observe your son amid his usual surroundings and under normal conditions. I do not wish

him to know that he is to be treated by me until I see fit to tell him. The treatment itself will be in accordance with what I learn of his temperamental and other peculiarities."

"Very well, doctor. A family dinner at my home would serve your purpose?"

"Nothing could be better. If you talk the arrangement over with other members of your family, be good enough to warn them not to mention it to your son."

"Certainly; the hope that you have given us will prompt us to honor your wishes. God knows we want hope for our poor boy!"

The physician was touched by the tone even more than by the words. It was one of the first instances—although by no means the last—in his professional career that he was witness to the impotency of vast wealth in the presence of a great sorrow. In such cases it always seemed to him that human destiny was emphasizing the futility of riches in the matter of those things which are at the basis of true happiness.

A clock chimed midnight. "Bless me!" cried Mr. Halliwell, "I'd no idea that it was so late. You have made me forget the time, doctor."

"I appreciate the compliment," the doctor answered, "but I think that it was the topic rather than myself that held your attention."

The financier looked at his guest with misty eyes.

"You are right," he said. There was a catch in his voice. "And if you are ever a father, Dr. Jourdan, you will understand how my wife and myself feel about this dear lad of ours, in whom we have centered so many hopes and so much love. Cure him and I will—" He stopped short.

"And yet," thought the doctor to himself, "this man and woman are willing that their daughter should purchase a title at the bargain-counter of the altar." Then aloud: "You have my sincere sympathy, Mr. Halliwell. A parent's first thought is naturally for the well-being and future happiness of his children."

"That is as it should be," assented the man of millions thoughtfully. For the second time that evening he sighed audibly. Mr. Halliwell wasn't without troubles of which the world knew nothing.

After arranging the dinner date, the men parted. The hand-grasp that each gave and received was significant of the good understanding that the evening had brought into being.

CHAPTER VII.

The Halliwell Hospitality.

THE colonel's congratulations were of a breezy sort. Phelan, on being taken into the confidence of the Texan and the doctor, shook the doctor's hand until that member tingled and ached, prophesying that the day would come when he, Larry, would be proud to tell that 'twas in his house that the famous Dr. Jourdan opened his first office.

"Now, Phelan, I want your help in this matter," began the M.D. when the enthusiasm had subsided somewhat.

"Count me in on anything, doctor, I'm yours."

"I want you to put me in touch with two or three professional crooks, moll-buzzers, dips, or hall-flams—but they must be old-timers and healthy."

The detective grinned at the use of "thief slang," for he had taught it to the doctor himself.

"That I'll sure do," he said. "The best way will be to nail the guys the day that they finish their bits in the jug, for after a five or seven-year stretch, they are as clean as a gun barrel. The prison doctors see to that."

"Do you think that there will be any difficulty in getting them to submit to a tapping?"

"No; that is, if there is enough money in it. A crook who has been doing a stretch doesn't, as a rule, find the glad hand and the open wallet waiting for him outside the gates. The yarns about his old pals sticking to him and holding on to a percentage of the 'fall money' to shove into his fist when he's turned loose are piffle.

"He's usually busted except for his back prison pay, and he drifts into the old game because he's got to keep body and soul together. Usually, the square guys are the last to help him along."

Phelan spoke without irony. He was simply stating the condition as he knew it existed.

"All right! I'll rely on you, Phelan, and thanks for your help. We needn't hesitate to spend money to get the right people. Anybody that you may select to watch out

can camp at Sing Sing, or anywhere else for the purpose, and be well paid."

The detective consulted a note-book.

"Bull O'Brien will be out on the eighth—a week away. Thirty-five years old; been in and out of the mill ever since he was fourteen; mostly for 'dipping,' which, I needn't tell you, doctor, is picking pockets.

"Curley Simmons, who finishes a seven-year bit on the tenth, is a 'gas-bull'—a fake inspector of meters, who swipes whatever he can lay his hands on in the flat. He's 'good people,' too.

"'George the Gent' is George Wallerman, one of the slickest 'con' men that ever did up a come-on by the grab game. He winds up on the tenth also.

"'The Weasel,' who is Harry Toller, is a beaut—one of the smoothest, softest 'sneak guns' that ever pinched a door-mat. He comes out on the eighth. All choice, and lots more of them."

"I leave the choice of the men to you, Phelan. Whoever you may select, I want brought on to New York and put in quarters where they can be under surveillance until I have done with them."

"Leave all that to me, doctor. I'll see you through this end of the proposition, or I'll never draw a penny of pension."

A few evenings later, when Dr. Jourdan alighted from a taxicab in front of the Halliwell mansion, he felt that his self-possession, somehow or other, had left him. This quality is the outcome of a belief in one's self and one's ability to hold his own in anything he may undertake. It is a curious fact, however, that the society of a delightful young woman often breeds in a young man an introspection that leads to self-doubt that is in striking contrast to the comfortable self-assurance that had previously been his, and it was so in the case of Dr. Jourdan. His discomfort was none the less by reason of his realization that his unwonted feelings were distinctly ridiculous. He had met Miss Halliwell but once. That she was as far removed from him in a social sense as she well could be, was fully established in his mind. In spite of the promptings of his common-sense, he could not quite get control of himself when he pressed the bell-button of the Halliwell front door. Something like a nervous shiver swept through him from head to foot.

Once inside the house, however, he became his own master again, and in the drawing-room, when he met and was introduced to Mrs. Halliwell and Harold by the financier, a reaction set in that was in direct contrast to his feelings of a few moments before. His fitness put him at his ease forthwith, and it was not long before he was chatting with his host and the ladies in pleasant fashion.

Mrs. Halliwell was a tall and stately woman, with gray hair, regular features, and a sweet, but rather tired, face. She had many of the earmarks of the typical aristocrat in speech and bearing. Dr. Jourdan observed that while her manner toward him was that of the cordial hostess, it was tinctured with a suggestion that he was outside the rigid social pale that encircled the Halliwells.

It was not hard to see from which of her parents Mildred inherited her expression or her carriage. Jourdan came to the conclusion that the girl was a reproduction of her mother, as she must have been in the days of her youth. Miss Halliwell looked very lovely in her dinner-gown, and her greeting to the guest was courteous and gracious.

Harold was a good-looking lad, who strongly resembled his sister, yet he lacked that well-bred positiveness that was one of her characteristics. Tall, of fine carriage and pleasant manners, his personality was winning. Yet his glance, as the doctor noted, was wandering—even shifty. When his attention was not concentrated on an object or topic, his eyes swept around the room as if in search of something. At other times, a film of vacancy seemed to pass over his face and vision. During the evening, the doctor noted this with keen discernment.

When dinner was announced, Mrs. Halliwell was escorted by the visitor; the daughter by her father. Harold brought up the rear. Dr. Jourdan inwardly resented the social canon that called for this arrangement. He had hoped that good fortune would throw him with Mildred as much as possible.

Dinner was served in the dining-room of the mansion, the tapestry and paneling of which, as all New Yorkers know, are decoratively and socially famous. The Halliwell plate was also in evidence, and the guest caught himself musing on the unexpected turn of the wheel of fate that had placed in his hands a knife and fork whose handles were griffins and violets of carven silver and ivory.

What is commonly called "society"—

especially the women—live in a very small world, after all. They mix with those that are like unto themselves in most things; they seek the same amusements, and they eat the same food as do their neighbors of "the avenue"; they attend the same churches, and they are clothed and decorated by the same tailors and dressmakers and milliners; even their fads are shared by each other, and the monotony of it all leads to affairs with ladies of the stage so far as men are concerned, and elopements with chauffeurs on the part of the women.

The Halliwells were no exception to this narrow rule of existence, and Dr. Jourdan, being otherwise than themselves, came to be duly appreciated before many courses were served.

His breeziness and hearty relish of life; his original views of men and things and the out-of-the-ordinary experiences that had been his, were in strong contrast to the *blasé* demeanor and conversation of the majority of men that moved in the Halliwell sphere—and nobody noticed this more than Miss Halliwell.

Dr. Jourdan, too, could talk about himself and his doings without letting you feel that he was making an undue use of the first person singular—a gift greatly to be desired. He was familiar with the section of England that had been Mrs. Halliwell's home, and he and she recalled some of the traditions that clung around the ancient church of St. Katherines-o'-the-Wynd; of the custom of "barring the bride" with ropes of flowers held across the road, which bars were not lowered until there was a scattering of flowers and small silver; of the annual blessing of the apple-trees, and other legends.

To Harold, he told a story or two of cowboy life in Texas, for, once on a time, as he explained, he was bitten with the craze for the rope and the bronco, and wore it out by a year or so of "punching."

And when Miss Halliwell turned the conversation on travel abroad, he, with a touch of diffidence, spoke of queer corners in the Slav states; of a stay among the Bedouins in northern Arabia, and a marriage ceremony that he had witnessed in Morocco.

"You have traveled extensively, and in difficult places, Dr. Jourdan," said Miss Halliwell, as he finished this last narration, and the smile that accompanied the remark was very friendly. The reserve that had at first surrounded her gradually melted as the dinner progressed, and she joined in the conversation with a zest that astonished and delighted the young man.

"Well, hardly that. The facilities for getting around nowadays are such that if a man travels light, he can go almost anywhere at short order and little discomfort."

"You mean that he mustn't have a wife and the trunks that go with her, I suppose," said Mildred, with a rippling laugh.

The doctor echoed the laugh—as did the others.

"One must expect to be subject to the law of compensation," he retorted. "Perhaps it is as well that it interferes in our doings in order to prevent us becoming cloyed with the good things of life."

"Do you allude to the wife or the travel?" asked Mr. Halliwell mischievously.

"I can only speak from the latter point of view," and again there was laughter.

The talk turned on the show places of Europe, and Dr. Jourdan confessed that he was not yet familiar with them.

"You must have had a reason for neglecting them, I imagine?" Again it was Miss Halliwell who spoke.

"Why, I have," admitted the doctor with a show of reluctance. "And I'm afraid that you'll think it a very stupid reason at that."

"That is interesting. Mother, will you please persuade Dr. Jourdan to tell us why he doesn't care for Bonn, or Monaco, or the Riviera, or Bournemouth?"

As she asked the question, Dr. Jourdan privately decided that her eyes never looked lovelier than when lit with a spark of raillery.

"He will tell us without persuasion, I am sure," came the modulated voice of Mrs. Halliwell. "Will you not, doctor?"

"If you wish me to, I'll do so; but you'll assuredly write me down a snob or a misanthrope, I warn you, Mrs. Halliwell."

"And I shall follow mother's example," added Mildred.

The doctor marveled all the more at the manner in which she had shed the hauteur that had enveloped her like a garment when he saw her for the first time.

"Well, then, it's because I don't like the people that one usually meets at these points. For the most part, they seem to be there simply because the place is fashionable. Their natural beauties seem to be absolutely lost on this class of tourists. I may be cranky, and possibly I am, but vacuous chat-

ter and insipid personalities spoil my enjoyment of an Alpine peak or the purple and gold and carmine of a Mediterranean sunset."

Miss Halliwell looked at her mother with accusing eyes that sparkled over a smiling mouth.

"It is *you* that are responsible for most of our trips to these places," she said, "and it is you must clear our skirts of the imputation of belonging to 'the class of tourists' to whom Dr. Jourdan so strongly objects."

"One moment, please," spoke up the doctor; "I only alluded to the people one usually meets. Manifestly that does not include the members of this household."

"Adroit!" remarked Mildred.

"And truthful," retorted the physician.

During this idle chatter Dr. Jourdan was not unmindful of the professional object of his visit. He observed Harold closely and the effect on the boy of the various phases of the conversation. He took mental notes of his bearing, of his conversation, the way that he responded to questions addressed to him, and the type of questions that he addressed to others.

While so doing, on more than one occasion, he caught Miss Halliwell's eyes studying him, as it were, as if in an effort to establish an estimate of him. In such moments he had all his work cut out to maintain his equilibrium, personal and professional.

Toward the close of the dinner the doctor felt that his object had been attained, so far as the lad was concerned. He had obtained that glimpse into his temperamental condition that would warrant the formulating of the treatment. Nothing remained now but to administer it.

A sense of depression seized on him. The chances of future evenings like unto this were over. In the future his intercourse with the family would be of a professional nature only.

"And how long have you been in practise, doctor?" said Mrs. Halliwell.

Harold had left the room for the purpose of fetching some photographs from his den to show the guest.

"Less than a year, madam; but I have studied medicine for a number of years in this country and abroad."

"Since I have been the wife of Mr. Halliwell I have acquired a good deal of the acquisitiveness that is charged against the American woman," she said, the curves of her pretty mouth vouching for the humor that she felt, "and so I am not going to make any excuses for asking you whether you are of English descent. Your pronunciation of certain words suggests the question."

"Yes, I was born in England."

"Now I understand why you are so familiar with affairs on the other side of which the average traveler has no knowledge. By the way, I remember—that is, I know of a family of Jourdans in Leicester. One of them, Sir Thomas Jourdan, a baronet by the way, was a famous physician. If my memory serves me aright, he distinguished himself in the army."

"He was practically the father of military diet and hygiene as we now know it—that is, so far as the British army is concerned."

Mrs. Halliwell turned, and appeared to be more interested.

"Then you know of Sir Thomas, evidently?" she asked.

"He was my grandfather, Mrs. Halliwell," answered the doctor quietly.

"Bless me!" ejaculated the lady, startled out of the reserve of her class, while Mildred added, "This is highly interesting," and Mr. Halliwell jocularly remarked that his wife would presently find that the doctor was a cousin many times removed.

"Sir Thomas had one son, I recollect. He, of course, was your father?"

The doctor made a gesture of assent.

"Your grandfather died the year after my marriage," continued the lady, "and then—and then—"

"Our family affairs went wrong," said Dr. Jourdan bluntly, "and father decided to come to America. Mother died about then, but left him free to follow his inclinations. He bought a ranch in the West and did fairly well. I inherited my inclination for medicine from my grandfather, and studied at intervals."

He paused and looked at Mr. Halliwell as if in appeal.

The financier answered the look.

"I don't think, dear," he said to his wife, "that we have the right to ask Dr. Jourdan for any more of his family history. We—"

"I think, father, that Dr. Jourdan feels that he is among friends who are not actuated by anything but the kindliest of motives in listening to what he has to tell us about himself," said Mildred Halliwell sweetly, and there was that in her eyes that

made the young man's being thrill to its inmost fibers.

"Your father must miss you greatly," ventured Mrs. Halliwell after a pause.

The doctor bit his lip and controlled himself with an effort.

"I think not," he said in a low tone. "He died seven years ago. He was a good man who is doubtless tasting the happiness that awaits the good. There are no regrets or longings—there."

The emotion under which he labored was unmistakable. The eyes of Miss Halliwell softened in a manner that was unusual to them.

"I have to ask your pardon for touching on a topic that is as painful to you as this must be," said Mrs. Halliwell presently, "and I am sure you believe that you have all our good wishes for your future professional success."

There was a note in her voice that was not there previously. Dr. Jourdan did not let it escape him. It was as if the lady had put him on the plane of an equal.

"But—if I may ask—now that you have succeeded to the title, why do you not use it? I think it dates back some centuries, does it not?"

Mrs. Halliwell's voice was persuasive—almost pleading. Excellent woman though she was, it had flashed on her that it would be very pleasant for people to know that one of the Halliwell family physicians was Sir William Jourdan.

"It—the title—came into existence in the time of the first James," replied the doctor. "It is one of the oldest baronetcies in Great Britain. As to my reason for not using it, that is simple, Mrs. Halliwell. I am an American citizen, in the first place; and I have a prejudice against a man making use of a token of distinction that might have been deserved by his ancestor, but to which he can lay no moral claim."

"Then you don't believe in titles?" The question came pertly from Miss Halliwell.

"In countries in which they are customary they serve their purpose, I suppose. In a republic such as this, I cannot understand the craving for them that exists in some quarters. I am merely voicing my own opinion, however. I have no doubt but that those who yearn for titular epaulets can furnish good reason why they should be worn. But as a guarantee for the worth of a man, why, I need not say that they are often worse than useless."

"Yet it does seem a pity that you allow a title that has so many admirable associations connected with it to lapse, as it were," objected Mrs. Halliwell.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Telegram Arrives.

MILDRED remained silent, and her father eyed Dr. Jourdan attentively. Both were thinking that the young doctor was a person of an out-of-the-ordinary sort—and both liked him none the less for being so.

"I am not so sure that I intend to do so," he laughed. "If the time ever comes that I feel that I have done something that warrants the gratitude of the world, I will signalize that time by budding out as a full-fledged baronet. Up to that period, however, I shall remain a plain M.D."

"That's a happy resolve," declared Mr. Halliwell; "and, upon my word, doctor, I am with you!"

Mrs. Halliwell raised her finely penciled eyebrows in mute protest.

"Then for your own sake—and that of the title—I hope it will not be long before I may address you as Sir William," she said brightly.

"To which I add the hope that the recovery of your son will prove the first step in the direction of my success."

The doctor spoke with an earnestness that appealed to the mother's heart.

"Thank you," she said simply. From that moment Dr. Jourdan had established himself in her regard.

Mrs. Halliwell gave the signal for rising.

"You can go with your mother in the drawing-room," said Mr. Halliwell to Harold, who had returned in the meantime. "I want to speak to the doctor in the smoking-room."

As the ladies retired, Halliwell led the way to the apartment sacred to the goddess of nicotin.

"Well?" he said as he motioned the doctor to a chair and opened a cigar-cabinet.

"The condition of your son is much as I expected. The formulation of the treatment will, after to-night, be easy. It only remains to so administer it that it shall not do violence to his temperamental peculiarities. The lad is of a highly sensitive nature and will have to be carefully handled."

Mr. Halliwell nodded.

"When can you begin the treatment?" he asked.

"In about ten days. I shall then have the serum ready, and have made arrangements for the needed supply."

"Then you have already taken steps to that end?" Mr. Halliwell's tone expressed his approving surprise.

"Yes."

"Good. And have you planned the methods that you are to use in connection with the actual treatment?"

"In a way, yes. I propose—always provided that you give your consent—to try and make your son look upon me as a friend, in the first instance; and as a doctor, in the second. If he can be induced to place confidence in me in the former capacity, I have little doubt but that he will in the latter. A suggestion from me at this point that I can cure him will free him from the nervous objections that he might offer if I approached him as a medical man only and at this juncture."

"I think the plan a capital one. But how are you to go about it?"

"By asking him to share in some amusement or occupation that will appeal to his taste. Does he use the gun?"

"He did—some two or three years ago. But," he sighed, "we have not thought it well for him to mix in with our hunting friends of late."

"An acquaintance of mine has a little place at Buzzards Bay. He has been trying to persuade me to run down and see him and the ducks, and bring somebody along. I think that his invitation is just the thing in this connection."

"Will there be many in the party?"

The meaning of the query was plain enough to the physician, and he hastened to assure the other that the host, the guests, and the guide would be all that would pull trigger.

"Hutchinson—that's the name of my friend—is a cranky sort of old chap. He is good as gold, but soured by false friends; so he hangs out all by himself during the gunning season, and only flocks along with a few people whom he believes he can trust."

"And Harold will be welcome?"

"Assuredly."

"I hope that your kindness will cause you no embarrassment," said the financier with some hesitation. "You understand what I mean, doctor."

"Perfectly. And you need not fear that your son will not benefit by the outing."

The men adjourned to the drawing-room. As he entered, Dr. Jourdan had an intuition that the ladies had been talking about him, and that in a manner that was pleasant. Being more free from egotism than the average young man, he felt gratified but not inflated.

Harold was told of the proposed outing, and was highly delighted. Arrangements were made, and the doctor told the boy one or two stories about crane roosts and flamingo islands in Louisiana, and there was some general conversation.

At length the evening ended.

"Good night, Sir William," said Miss Halliwell with that liquid laugh of hers; "I am anticipating, I know—but only for a little while, I hope."

"I can almost forgive the title for the sake of the hope," replied the doctor.

So an evening ended that seemed fringed with the hues of the rainbow.

Harold and the doctor went to the hunting grounds two days later. For a week they had a gorgeous time at the Hutchinson quarters. There was scooting and hanging around in the sneak-boats and behind "blinds" by day; skating on smooth ice by night—the moon being to the full—and tales by Amos, the guide, before the blazing logs in the open fireplace of the bungalow.

These were tales of the times when whales were plentiful off Ammagansett and the parts roundabout; of marvelous flights of ducks and geese; of ling and frost-fish, running ashore in such quantities that the beaches for miles were deep in them.

Mr. Hutchinson came out of his shell of reserve to relate hunting adventures in the Adirondacks and amid the swales and sloughs of the Dakotas, and the doctor told of hunting gazelles with Arabs.

Harold enjoyed himself hugely, and on only one occasion gave way to his weakness, for the healthy outdoor life seemed to react for good on his mentality.

Confidence in and regard for the physician grew with the lad. Dr. Jourdan felt this, and was exceeding glad in consequence. One day a telegram came from Phelan worded thus:

"Good people get out to-morrow. What about it?" The doctor knew that clever thieves were to be let loose. It behooved him to act quickly.

(To be continued.)

First Fight for a Railway.

BY FELIX G. PRENTICE.

THE ambitious efforts of the leading lawyers in the hearing before a committee of the House of Commons in 1825 to prevent the construction of the Manchester-Liverpool railroad were only partly told in the first part of this article, published in our April number. This month the continuation of the cross-examination of George Stephenson is presented, showing other ludicrous stumbling-blocks that were put in the path of progress by the eminent attorneys who tried to prove that an engine "would slip *backward* while going *up* a grade and *forward* while going *down!*" that engines should be provided with *covers* to *keep the steam from escaping!* and that they would never supersede the *horse* as common carriers!

Try to penetrate the mind of Mr. Stephenson in those days, harrassed and burdened by such opposition, knowing, as he did, that he was starting civilization on a new era. But for his confidence in his work and his unshaken faith in humanity, the progress of railroading would have been materially retarded.

They Didn't Want the Engine To Run Because It Might Frighten Horses, and Then the Passing Train Would Cut Off a View of the Valley.

PART II.

MR. STEPHENSON was then examined on a point that seemed to have been considered of great importance, namely, the effect of locomotives on horses. The following amusing dialogue took place:

Q. "Are they formidable to horses?" *A.* "No more than a mail-coach. Not so much."

Q. "I suppose there are some horses which will shy at a mail-coach?" *A.* "I have seen the mare which this gentleman rode shy at a mail-coach."

Q. "Was it your own horse?" *A.* "It was."

Q. "I really thought it was a canal-horse." *A.* "A canal-gentleman rode it."

Q. "There are some horses that will shy at anything; for that is what it comes to?" *A.* "Yes. I can only say that there is a good deal of the mule in this particular horse."

Q. "Was it one of those horses that will put its head into a hedge or a ditch if it meets anything?" *A.* "Yes. Something of that sort."

Q. "It would shy at anything?" *A.* "Yes; it would at a wheelbarrow."

Q. "Joking apart, do you conceive that a well-broken horse would face one of the engines?" *A.* "It would. I have seen a well-bred horse come close up to one."

In answer to other questions, Mr. Stephenson said that horses at plow in the fields took no notice of the engines; he had never

heard the farmers complain, and the horses that he spoke of were neither blind nor deaf, but in full possession of their senses.

He considered it would be quite practicable to build an engine that would haul thirty tons at the rate of eight miles an hour; and he had no doubt they might go at the rate of twelve miles.

Momentum at Twelve Miles an Hour.

At this point the formidable Mr. Alderson rose and cross-examined Stephenson. The cross-examination was long and tedious. It was confined, at first, chiefly to the question of slipping, referred to in Mr. Alderson's summing up. The chief part of the examination with regard to speed was as follows:

Q. "What would be the momentum of a body of forty tons moving at the rate of twelve miles an hour?" *A.* "It would be very great."

Q. "Have you seen a railroad that would stand that?" *A.* "Yes."

Q. "Where?" *A.* "Any railroad that would bear going four miles an hour; I mean to say, that if it would bear the weight at four miles an hour, it would bear it at twelve."

Q. "Taking it at four miles an hour, do you mean to say that it would not require a stronger railway to carry the same weight twelve miles an hour?" *A.* "I will give an answer to that. Any man who has skated on ice knows that the faster he goes the better the ice will hold his weight. When a train travels quickly, the weight in a measure ceases."

Q. "Is not that upon the hypothesis that the railroad is perfect?" *A.* "It is, and I mean to make it perfect."

Q. "I ask you whether if one rail were to be out of its place a quarter or a half an inch, whether that would not produce a complete negative to your proposition? Suppose one of the rails were to slip aside?" *A.* "They cannot slip aside if they are properly constructed."

Load Would Not Overturn.

The committee then took up the examination. In answer to their questions, Mr. Stephenson said that if the engine were upset while going at the rate of nine miles an hour with a heavy load behind, the load would not be overturned. The engine might suddenly stop by a break upon the wheels, which would disengage the weight behind instantly; so that, going at the rate of nine miles an hour, everything would be safe on a sudden stop. The wagons and engine could be made to stop at the same instant. This was done by means of a lever connected with all the wagons and the engine.

The next witness examined was Mr. Nicholas Wood, the manager of the Killingworth Colliery, on the railroad of which the experiments detailed by Mr. Rastrick were made. The total length of the railroad was 5¾ miles. It had been laid down for about twenty years. It was designed originally to be worked by horses: but, in 1814, locomotive engines were first used.

The number of engines that had been employed on the road were four. They were all made by Mr. Stephenson, and were each of the power of eight horses. The number of wagons attached to each engine varied from nine to twelve — each wagon taking fifty-three hundredweight of coals.

A good, practical load for one of these engines is ten loaded wagons, which, with the weight of the engine and tender, total a weight of forty-nine tons. An engine with four-foot wheels could travel with this load at the rate of six miles an hour, or a little more occasionally. With three-foot wheels, it could make between four and five miles an hour.

More Questions Regarding Speed.

A rate of three miles an hour will, however, be sufficient for the purposes of the coal work, the only use made of the railroad being to convey coals from the mine to the seashore. The greatest inclination in the road was 1 in 330. The only accident that happened to the engines was the giving way of the fire tube, by which one man was scalded.

Mr. Wood was then questioned:

Q. "Have you any doubt that a locomotive could be made to take the weight of forty tons, at the rate of six miles an hour, with perfect safety?" *A.* "An engine may go six miles an hour with forty tons—that is, including the weight of the carriages."

Q. "Have you any doubt that the power of the engine might be so increased as to take that weight at any speed between six and twelve miles an hour?" *A.* "I think the power of the engine may be increased to take that weight."

Q. "To what extent do you conceive the power of the engine could be increased to take that weight of goods?" *A.* "I can scarcely state that to you. The power of the engine may be increased very greatly."

Q. "As much as double?" *A.* "I think it might."

Q. "If you had such an engine, in your opinion could it be made to go with perfect safety twelve miles an hour, with relation to the bursting of the boiler?" *A.* "Yes, I think it might."

Q. "At the rate you go at Killingworth, are the engines easily managed and easily stopped?" *A.* "Very easily."

Cost of Construction.

Q. "Is their pace easily slackened?" *A.* "Yes."

Q. "Easily started again?" *A.* "Yes."

Q. "In short, they are easily manageable?" *A.* "They are."

Q. "Do you think they could be made perfectly manageable to go at the rate of eight miles an hour?" *A.* "Yes; I conceive they might, at eight miles an hour."

Mr. Stephenson, who had made an estimate of the total cost of the construction, then submitted his estimate. He said that a bridge across the Irwell River, one hundred feet, would cost $25,000, provided it had but one span. The counsel for the opposition objected most strenuously to such a bridge, claiming that it would probably *stop up* the river. The counsel also seemed to entertain the idea that, in a snow-storm, a tunnel would fill up, and Mr. Stephenson was questioned on the subject:

Q. "What sort of effect would snow have upon the tunnel at the entrance?" *A.* "Part of it would get in, but it would depend in a great measure on the wind."

Q. "But would it not fall into this great tube?" *A.* "If the wind blew longitudinally, it would get the same quantity of snow in that part as would fall on the adjoining ground; but if it blew a gale at right angles, it might then drift in more than the adjoining ground."

Q. "Did you ever go up Dunstable Hill?" *A.* "Yes; I did."

Q. "In the year 1814, the time of the great snow?" *A.* "Yes."

Q. "Supposing that to be the case?" *A.* "I could not calculate more than once in twenty years that such an effect would be produced."

Q. "Do you not know that if the snow is lying upon the ground, and the wind blowing transversely, the tunnel will fill?" *A.* "No; it must be a very long storm to fill it."

Q. "Would it not have a tendency to fill it?" *A.* "That depends upon the state of the wind."

Q. "Suppose the wind to be transverse, and the snow lying upon the ground, what will there be to take the snow out when it has once filled the tunnel; it will then be out of the wind?" *A.* "It will fall there."

Q. "And there it will accumulate?" *A.* "Yes."

Q. "By what means is it to be taken out?" *A.* "*You* could not throw it out at the top very well; but *I* will throw it out at the two ends."

It was not till near the close of the seventeenth day, after he had been more than three days under examination, that the questioning of George Stephenson was concluded.

On the twentieth day, Mr. Harrison opened the case on behalf of some landowners on the proposed line. His speech was an elaborate and minute analysis of the evidence, in which he labored to show that the delays in the transit of goods from Liverpool to Manchester were exceptional; that the railway company wanted a monopoly more stringent than that possessed by the canals; that the experiments with locomotive engines had not been fairly made; and that the scheme of the railroad was crude, imperfect, and unsatisfactory. Of Mr. Stephenson he said:

Didn't Understand Stephenson.

"I declare solemnly, after I read his evidence through, I could not understand it. He speaks of an embankment in one place, and of a level in another, and a cutting in a third. I will prove that it is impossible to lay the railroad across here, unless he raises it nineteen feet above the level which he has contemplated, unless he carries it up to the top of those intersecting roads.

"If he does not, in every flood that comes into the Irwell River, this railroad, for one mile, will be very often six feet under water. He must raise it to the height I have stated. Therefore, up to this moment in what situation do I stand?

"I am not enabled to say what this en-

gineer means to do, and I cannot point out the injury that may be done, except that our engineers say there must be a great embankment, which must cover a large quantity of land, and which will interrupt the communications between the different parts of the property, and cut off the road from Liverpool to Manchester.

"I am met here by the intervention of the section, which gives no information to any person, and I am only to be let into such parts of the case as the engineer will explain, which are very few.

"Unless, therefore, all the principles which the British legislators act upon are lost sight of, this committee, I am convinced, will see that it cannot act on the evidence of this man; for he has not made up his mind how he shall carry into execution a great part of this project."

With regard to the powers of the locomotive engine, he expressed himself thusly:

"When we set out with the original prospectus, we were to gallop, I know not at what rate; I believe it was at the rate of twelve miles an hour. My learned friend Mr. Adam contemplated, possibly in alluding to Ireland, that some of the Irish members would arrive in the wagons to a division.

"My learned friend says that they would go at the rate of twelve miles an hour, with the aid of the devil, in the form of a locomotive, sitting as postilion upon the forehorse, and an honorable member, whom I do not now see here, sitting behind him to stir up the fire, and to keep it up at full speed!

Can't Keep Up with Canal.

"But the speed at which those locomotive engines are to go has slackened. Mr. Adam does not go faster now than five miles an hour. The learned sergeant says he should like to have seven, but he would be content to go six.

"I will show that he cannot go six; and, probably, for practical purposes, I may be able to show that I can keep up with him by the canal.

"Now, the real evidence to which alone you can pay attention shows that practically, for useful purposes, and to keep up the rate of speed continually, they may go at something more than four miles an hour.

"In one of the collieries there is a small engine with wheels four feet in diameter, because, in an experiment or two, they may have been driven at the rate of six, that that is the average rate at which they can carry goods upon a railroad for the purposes of commerce, for that is the point to which the committee ought to direct their attention, and to which the evidence is to be applied.

"It is quite idle to suppose that an experiment made to ascertain the speed, when the power is worked up to the greatest extent, can afford a fair criterion of what an engine will do in all conditions of weather.

Engine Couldn't Stand Damp Weather.

"In the first place, locomotive engines are liable to be affected by the weather. You are told that they are affected by rain, and an attempt has been made to cover them; but the wind will affect them, and any gale of wind which would affect the traffic on the Mersey River, would render it impossible to set off a locomotive engine, either by poking the fire or keeping up the pressure of steam till the boiler is ready to burst.

"A scientific person happened to see a locomotive coming down an inclined plane with a tolerable weight behind it, and he found that the strokes were reduced from fifty to twelve as soon as the wind acted upon it. Therefore, every gale that would produce an interruption to the intercourse of the canals would prevent the progress of a locomotive engine, so that they have no advantage in that respect."

On the twenty-first and twenty-second days, witnesses were examined as to the effect the railroad would have on the property of the landowners. One of these witnesses had never seen a locomotive engine. Engineers were then called to prove that Mr. Stephenson was all wrong. One of these, Mr. Giles, said, speaking of Chat Moss:

Would Go to the Bottom.

"In my judgment, a railroad of this description certainly cannot be safely made over Chat Moss without going to the bottom of the Moss. It will be necessary, therefore, in making a railroad which is to stand to excavate along the entire line of road through the Moss down to thirty-three

or thirty-four feet, and afterward to fill it up to a height level with the banks of the Moss.

"If Mr. Stephenson be right in placing the level of the railroad fifteen feet below the Moss, the ywould not only have to cut out thirty-four, but to build up the other fifteen feet; and, unless that were done, I do not think that a railroad would stand.

"My estimate for the whole cutting and embanking over Chat Moss is nearly £270,000.

"No engineer in his senses would go through Chat Moss if he wanted to make a railroad from Liverpool to Manchester."

This witness estimated the cost of the line proposed by Mr. Stephenson at a million and a half. He was the projector of a new canal between Liverpool and Manchester, of which he said:

"The description of boat which the canal would accommodate would be a small, active, running boat—a pretty little running fly-boat, that would run about four or five miles an hour. It will perform the trip in a much less time than a train, as I can make my canal thirty-five or thirty-six miles from Liverpool to Manchester without obstruction of tideway.

"The small boats would be able to travel their distance in nine or twelve hours. I suppose we should want a million of money; but I will not finally estimate it until I have carefully tried the foundation of the Mersey."

Another witness, Mr. Palmer, went into an elaborate statement, founded on many experiments, to show the advantage of railroads and canals. He claimed that at a speed of four miles and a quarter, or under, the advantage was in favor of canals; above that, the advantage was on the side of the railroad.

The "Ignorance" of Stephenson.

On the twenty-sixth day, Mr. Alderson made a long speech in summing up. Of Mr. Stephenson he said:

"I say he never had a plan! I believe he never had one! I do not believe he is capable of making one! His is a mind perpetually fluctuating between opposite difficulties. He neither knows whether he is to make bridges over roads or rivers, or of one size or another; or to make embankments, cuttings, or inclined planes; or in what way the thing is to be carried into effect.

"In the first place, Stephenson answered me very curtly the first day. 'I shall cut my moss at forty-five degrees; it will stand at that very well.' Be it so. I am content with the answer. 'Of course,' I said, 'you will drain your road on each side?' 'I shall make ditches.' 'How wide are they to be?' 'Six feet.' 'How deep?' 'Oh, they are to be five feet deep, or four feet deep.'

"Now, I am sure the committee are well aware that a ditch, if ever it is to come to a point at the bottom, and is to be five feet deep, cut an angle of forty-five degrees on each side, must be ten feet wide at the top.

"What do you think of the ignorance of this gentleman, who chooses to have an impossible ditch, which he wants to cut by the side of an impossible railway? *Did you ever hear such ignorance?*

"Whatever credit you might have been disposed to give Mr. Stephenson before, it is plainly shown now how utterly and totally devoid he is of common sense; for every one who knows that two and two make four would have known that that was an impossible ditch.

His Foolish Schemes.

"But he does not stop there. When we come to inquire how Knowsley Moss is to be got over, he stated first that he was to have a channel for the brooks. I suggested to him that there were two brooks which run across the deep cutting of eighty feet, and I wanted to know how he was to get them from one side to the other.

"He never had thought of them. He said, in the first instance, he would make a channel by the side of the railway. How was the channel to be made? 'I do not know.' 'How long will it be? Would it not be a mile?' (which of course would increase the expense).

"'No,' says he, 'I do not think a mile.' But suspecting he might be wrong there, he said, 'Then I will make a tunnel.'

"I cannot bind him to any one point. This is the gentleman who is called to prove the estimate and the plan. He cannot prove it. He makes schemes without seeing the difficulties, and when the difficulties are pointed out, then he starts other schemes which are exposed to ridicule.

"Having said that he was to make a tunnel, he is asked how long that tunnel is to be; and he cannot tell whether it is one thousand yards or one hundred. If he had not known whether it should be one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards, I should not have said anything about it; but how great is his variance, and this through a moss where there is to be a cutting eighty feet deep! He admits it is material, in order to make a tunnel, to know the strata.

"Now, let us see what happens next. He says he has made no borings to ascertain the strata, and, therefore, by his own rule, he cannot make an estimate. His own evidence is that he cannot make one.

He Could Not Estimate.

"Then the committee is to say, I suppose, 'Oh, it is not material there should be an estimate; we will make one for ourselves; and though this gentleman, on whom we are to rely, cannot make any estimate, we do not care. We will pass the bill—estimate or no estimate, plan or no plan, right or wrong, the bill shall pass.'

"My learned friends will not avow this, but the facts of the case avow it. Having got rid of that, Mr. Stephenson next says: 'I will not make it a thousand yards long; I will make it part tunnel and part open.'

"That is the third scheme. Then he says: 'I will not cut or make any tunnel, but we will make inclined planes.' We now have not fewer than four or five different schemes to cross one moss! Here are five schemes, from which he is successively driven. What, then, are you going to vote for?

"Mr. Stephenson has produced five schemes, all resulting in one estimate; for, whether they are cuts, or channels, or tunnels, or planes, there is the same sum of £26,000 on which he retreats. If he had to cut several million more yards, he has still the £26,000 to retreat upon.

"That will be all expended long before he gets to Chat Moss; but, even supposing he struggles through with this £26,000 about his neck, what is to become of Knowsley Moss, whether it is to have cutting or tunnel, or a part cutting and part tunnel, or inclined planes, no person knows to this very day, including Mr. Stephenson himself.

"Again, the first day he chose to have planes at Irwell Bridge. 'I will not,' says he, 'have embankments, however high the bridge may be.' 'How, then, will you get over it?' 'I will make two inclined planes, and the wagons will be wound up by a sort of crank.'

"I asked him this question, 'Will you stick to that plan?' In a rash hour he said, 'I will.'

"He was contented to stick to that plan.

"Twenty-four hours had not elapsed before he went back on it; for when I was going to ask him the question the next day with another object, an honorable member interposed, and said, 'You asked him that question before,' and, almost before the words were out of his mouth, it popped out that he had discovered that *embankments might be made.*

"Mr. Stephenson has given no direct evidence, nothing to which he will bind himself, nothing to which he will stick: and yet it is upon his evidence that you are called upon to pass this bill."

The lawyer then entered into an argument to show that a solid railway only was practical through Chat Moss, and that many of Mr. Stephenson's calculations were entirely wrong.

"I think you must come to the conclusion that the advantages of the railroad are extremely doubtful and problematical," he said; "and if we are so circumstanced, I say that you will and ought to entitle me to your consideration.

"Despotism" of the Liverpool Exchange.

"If you must have a mere convenience for carrying cotton at the rate of twelve miles an hour, which now goes at the rate of three, then I protest against the despotism of the Liverpool Exchange striding across the land of this country. I protest against a measure like this, supported by such evidence and founded upon such calculations."

Mr. Parke then opened the case of Charles Orrell and Sir William Gerrard against the bill. A summary of his address shows the nature of the early opposition of land-owners to railroads.

"Mr. Orrell, a gentleman of respectable family and considerable property, complains of the intended railway as injurious both to his estate and residence. Sir William Gerrard, the heir of a very ancient family in Lancashire, complains of the railways, not as affecting his residence, but as affecting

his estate, upon which there are valuable collieries.

"When the grievances of which his clients complain are enumerated, in addition to those which have been pointed out in the other land-owners' cases, the committee cannot pass the bill.

"It is a principle invariably adhered to by Parliament, that private property is not to be invaded unless there be urgent public necessity. Mr. Orrell is the lord of the manor of Parr, and he and his ancestors have resided in their mansion upward of a century. Considerable sums have been spent in improving the property, with a view to Mr. Orrell's continued residence there, if the railway is not constructed.

"Injury" to His Residence.

"The proposed railroad will pass within two hundred and fifty yards of the mansion, and subject it to the nuisance arising from the constant passage of noisy and smoky engines. By a clause in the bill, it may be brought to within one hundred and fifty yards of the front of the house. Can anything compensate a gentleman for such an injury to his residence and estate, which have long been in the possession of the family?

"Mr. Stephenson's plans are so inaccurate that the precise extent of the injury to this property cannot be ascertained; neither the height of the embankments nor the depth of the cuttings can be known.

"In some parts of Mr. Orrell's estate there will be embankments of the height of eighteen feet above the surface of the ground. Across the valley through which the Sankey River runs there will be an embankment fifty feet high, *which will entirely destroy Mr. Orrell's view of the valley beyond the line of the proposed railroad.*

"In the case of the Tees and Weardale Railway the bill was lost because the line of railway passed at the distance of half a mile from a gentleman's residence, while in the present case it is proposed to bring the railroad within two hundred and fifty yards of the petitioner's residence.

The Coal Under the Tracks.

"There are also other injuries of which the petitioners complain. Mr. Orrell is the proprietor of valuable coal-mines which the provisions of the bill will entirely prevent him from working. The railroad company are only to pay for the surface of the ground, and the proprietor of the colliery is to receive no compensation for the value of the coal which he will be obliged to leave under the railroad.

"Mr. Orrell's and Sir William Gerrard's coal properties lie near the surface, and it will be necessary to leave a barrier to the extent of forty yards on each side of the railroad, beside that which is immediately under the railroad.

"But that is not all. It is proposed that Mr. Orrell and Sir William Gerrard shall not be permitted to construct any additional drifts or cuts or other works under the railroad, in consequence of which the communication between the different parts of their respective collieries will be entirely interrupted, and the consequence will be of great inconvenience and loss."

Opposing the Locomotive.

On the twenty-ninth day the case of the trustees of the Duke of Bridgewater was opened by Mr. MacDonnell, and a number of witnesses were subsequently called to support it. The cases of the proprietors of the Irwell and Mersey Navigation and of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal concluded the opposition to the bill.

The leading features of the opposition of the three parties who collectively represented the canal interest will be best gathered from the speech of Mr. Harrison, who summed up the case in their favor.

"I now come to comment upon the locomotive engines. I entreat the committee to recollect how this project has arisen. I will ask every honorable member whether any human being would have thought of setting up a railway between Liverpool and Manchester if that railway were to be conducted by horses?

"I say it never entered into the imagination of any one; but, amid all this mania that has possessed us—for we have been running mad after projects and schemes of all sorts and descriptions—locomotive engines have been patronized and supported by some people for the purposes of showing their ingenuity in writing essays and pamphlets, and by others for the purpose of being employed as engineers or otherwise.

"To make the thing popular, not only do certain ingenious gentlemen write pamphlets, but some have written books. And

we have not only books and pamphlets and essays without number, but we have beautiful pictorial exhibitions of locomotive engines at full work, one of which is now lying before me.

"One ingenious gentleman has a beautiful impression of a locomotive engine, with carriages and guards standing behind them, giving a description of seven or eight stage-coaches, with trumpeters and guards and all the paraphernalia, galloping on at a rate of several miles an hour.

"Whether such speed ever will be made, I do not know; but I think, when I come to comment upon that part of the case, many persons who have thought these prints very beautiful things will be sick of the experiment.

"The project of this railway was entirely founded upon the locomotive engines; it was set on foot with a view to the expedition which would be derived from the use of them. All the pamphlets published about it give us twelve miles an hour as the rate at which they were to go.

Fast as Mail-Coaches.

"You were to gallop from Liverpool to Manchester at the rate at which *the mail-coaches have tried to go but never accomplished.*

"This expedition was to produce such consequences with reference to the trade of the two places as almost to unite them in one, so quick would be the change of the bags of cotton and other articles. All this, in the natural order of things, produced subscribers; it gave rise to all sorts of calumnious and untrue assertions, in pamphlets and publications without end, against the existing establishments.

"I have a right to state—for no attempt has been made to prove them — that the alleged facts are utterly false; that the personalities, which are of the worst description, have no foundation but in the misrepresentations of self-interested parties.

"All these promises of locomotives running at the impossible speed of twelve miles an hour will be surely blasted. You will find that six will be the limit.

"Yesterday and to-day we find, in the best weather and under the most favorable circumstances, the expedition is diminished to four or five; and whenever you come to rain or mizzling weather or dampness, it is reduced to two and three miles an hour.

"Is Lancashire a county free from rain? Have you no mizzling weather, no snow there? I should rather suspect—and I do not mean to calumniate the county of Lancaster—that it is a county which has as much rain as any other county on that side of England.

"Unless they can rarefy the atmosphere as quickly as the locomotive engines go along, the locomotive engine will have so many inconveniences to contend with that it will come down to the speed of a common horse.

Water Tracks To Prove Moisture Effect.

"Now, I ask, would any person step forward to support this measure if the goods were to be drawn by horses? But not content with goods, they are to take passengers! Now, set them off with horses before them; set the proprietors of the railway traveling on their own road from Liverpool to Manchester, in wagons, at the rate of four miles and a half per hour; it is impossible to state it without presenting something ludicrous to the mind!

"The committee will recollect that we had two or three witnesses to speak for the locomotive engines. We had Mr. Rastrick, a man very scientific, experimental, and well grounded in all the subjects on which he spoke, but he told you that he had never seen a locomotive engine in practise; and I showed that in that very experiment he ought to have gone further than he did, in order to have ascertained the effect which rain might have produced!

"For instance, he might have watered the railroad to see what effect moisture would have had. If Mr. Rastrick had tried the experiment as a man of science, I have not the least doubt but that he must have arrived at a conclusion that locomotive engines are utterly useless for the purpose my learned friends wish you to believe they are.

"But Mr. Rastrick knew that if this bill succeeded he would make engines for a line of railroad of not less than forty-four miles; and by the time the railroads were in running order the poor, gulled subscribers would have found that they had lost all their money, instead, as they hoped, of putting a good deal into their pockets. Instead of locomotive engines, they must have recourse to horses or asses — not meaning to say which!

"Mr. Rastrick never attended to more

than one experiment of any consequence. Then he found that there was a considerable difference in the strokes of the piston. Was he not bound to investigate from what cause it arose, and to see what effect was produced, by a careful examination of all circumstances which could produce any effect upon the engine?

"If a man mean to arrive at a true conclusion, every circumstance affecting the power of the engine should have been made the subject of careful investigation. What the effect is, you have heard from himself; after he tried the experiment and saw the result, he never tried it again.

"He felt that he had got into difficulty; he satisfies himself, therefore, with putting half a dozen people in the wagon, then starting the engine. He finds that it goes at a certain rate. He wishes to lead you to the conclusion that an average speed of five or six miles an hour is to be obtained by these engines, so as to make them available as a means of conveyance.

"I said before, and I repeat it again, that any practical result which will enable you to arrive at a conclusion is worth all the reasoning and all the experiments of any man, however scientific he may be.

"Scientific calculations are necessarily mixed up with so many uncertainties as to render it impossible for any man to say that you can positively arrive at a conclusion; but you cannot be deceived when, after several years' service, those engines can never exceed four miles and a half an hour.

"To be sure, there was an engine with a small weight that went at a greater rate, but that was not the ordinary rate, and that was the one on which they made the experiment.

"Then, sir, what is the situation in which we stand? I show that locomotive engines cannot move at more than four and a quarter miles an hour, at which you are reduced to horse-power, and below that the canal has the advantage; therefore, the instant they lose the power of going above four and a quarter miles an hour, which I have taken from them, that instant the advantage is in favor of the canal.

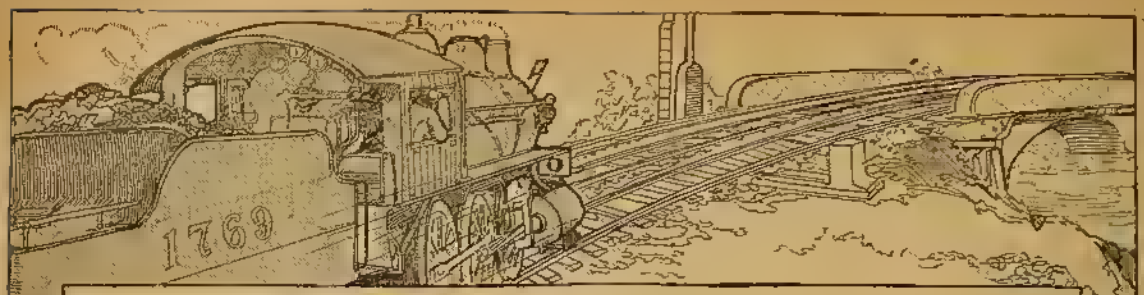
"Instead of their having an advantage in bringing forward the railroad, the power stands with us. Their scheme is based on deception and fallacy. They are fighting for no public improvement whatever. It is impossible, after the evidence which has been gone through, that my learned friends can ask of the committee to give their sanction to this bill."

The wrangling of the lawyers lasted for thirty-eight days. Finally, notwithstanding the opposition that became more ludicrous as the days wore on, Parliament empowered the company "to make a railway from Liverpool to Manchester."

How childish and puerile the obstacles that were raised to prevent the building of this road seem in the advanced and enlightened atmosphere of to-day! What would such men say were they to return to earth and witness the outcome of the genius of George Stephenson and Richard Trevithick?

SOLID STEEL WHEELS.

THE steel wheel is as logical a successor to the cast-iron wheel as steel rails and ties are to the old iron and wooden construction. The heavy loads which freight-cars are now built to carry, demand a substitute for cast-iron wheels, and as this is distinctly a steel age, the natural thing to do was to look to this material, which possesses all the necessary attributes to meet the situation. That there is a limit to the utility of cast-iron wheels was the realization which came with the more powerful locomotives, and consequently, heavier tenders which became necessary to haul the gradually increasing train loads. The demand for a stronger wheel was first met in this class of service by the steel-tired wheel, and as the demands upon wheels in other classes of service have increased, the field of the steel-tired wheel has broadened until it is now common under passenger-train cars as well. It has never become common, however, under freight-equipment on account of its extremely high cost. The absolute necessity of finding a wheel for freight service with the strength and wearing qualities of a steel-tired wheel, but at the same time less expensive is, therefore, the real reason for the existence of solid steel wheels to-day. Now that the solid wheel is here, it is gaining a place not only under freight-cars, but in all exacting classes of service. The only possible objection to the substitution of the steel wheel for cast-iron in freight service is its initial cost, which is perhaps three to five times that of a cast-iron wheel, but in these modern days of exact accounting and careful investigation of costs over a sufficiently long period to demonstrate ultimate value, even this objection is sure to be either altogether removed or very greatly discounted. Furthermore, in weighing the cost of cast-iron wheels against that of steel wheels, the item of loss resulting from wrecks due to broken flanges should not be lost.—*American Engineer and Railroad Journal.*



A Schoolboy's Description of an Engine.

AN ingin is a great iron monster sumthin like er auto cause it don't need no horses to pull it. Ingins is made of iron and wood but durn little wood only the cab where the fellers sit and swap lies, I gess. Ingins all have great big iron wheels. I don't know how they would run if they didn't have em. Ingins run on a track same as a street car does. They has a tender I gess you calls it where they carries their water and coal. The coal is to make a big smoke with, and the water to put the durn thing out if it should catch on fire. There is allers to fellers in an ingin, one to look out of the winder and the other to blow the whistle. A ingin sometimes runs of the track and kills a lot of people, thats when the feller forgets to look out of the winder. Ingins get their names from the Ingins what lives out on the plains cause they both kin run so fast and fur. I would rather be a man wot runs an ingin than presdient of Washington.

HONK AND HORACE.

BY EMMET F. HARTE.

Their Return to Valhalla in the Hills Is Attended by Shooting Irons and a Band.

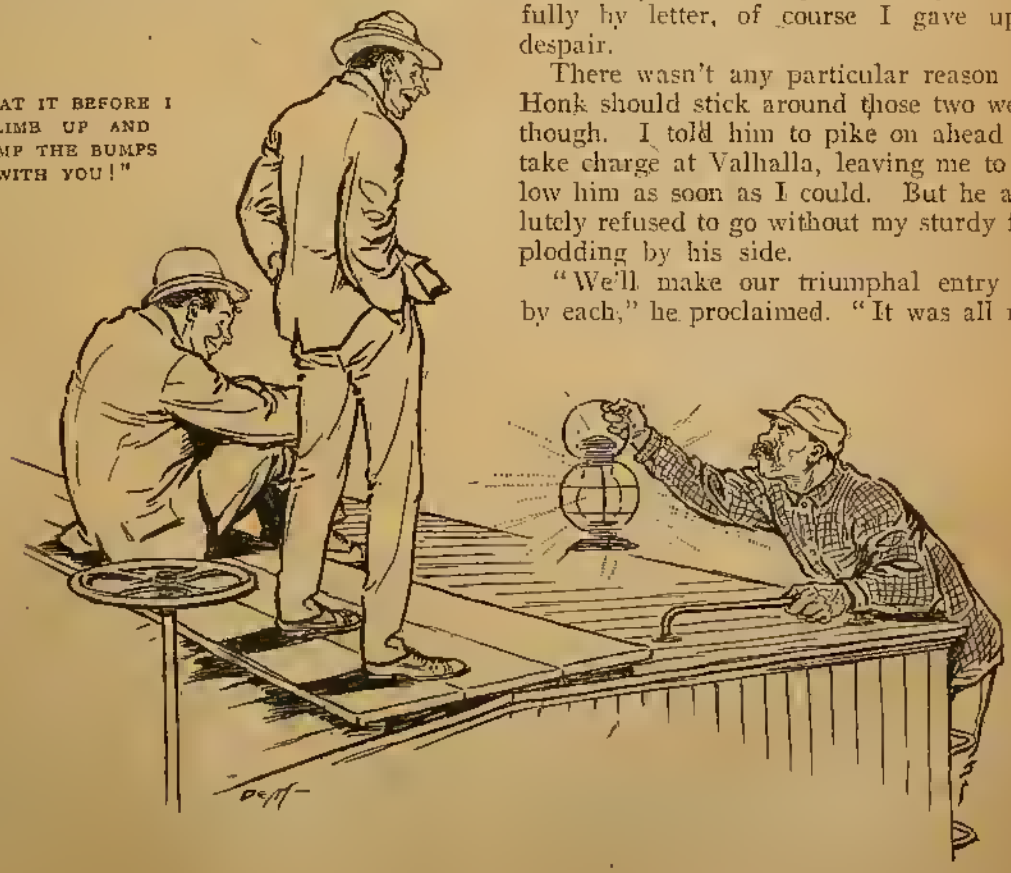
THE "Powers" required at least two weeks' notice before they'd consent to my throwing up that famous lazy man's job at the Wakickewa station. They said it would take that much time to rearrange the men along the line, after selecting my distinguished successor. I had no idea my resignation was going to upset the whole system like that, or I'd have asked for a raise instead of resigning, and let them fire me.

I suggested that they get some good whittler to whittle out a wooden figure which they could set up inside the depot window to act as station-agent should my quitting demoralize the service.

A dummy no doubt could have transacted all the business at Wakickewa very readily—but when the div supe himself wired and wanted me to explain the plan more fully by letter, of course I gave up in despair.

There wasn't any particular reason why Honk should stick around those two weeks, though. I told him to pike on ahead and take charge at Valhalla, leaving me to follow him as soon as I could. But he absolutely refused to go without my sturdy form plodding by his side.

"We'll make our triumphal entry side by each," he proclaimed. "It was all right



"BEAT IT BEFORE I CLIMB UP AND BUMP THE BUMPS WITH YOU!"

to leave 'em, sort of on the instalment plan, by degrees; but when we go back, my boy, we want to go in state.

"We ought to have our new car and descend on the town with an eye to the dramatic effect, with a fanfare of trumpets and the flutter of flags.

"It'll take about two weeks at the shops for them to get the new medicine-house in shape. Then, Horace — ah, say! We'll have 'em resurrecting that old 'Back from Elba' joke."

While we were waiting those two weeks, Honk amused himself by sending messages to our friend Willie, the president of the Transcontinental, and packing and unpacking his seven or eight trunks and cases of gimcracks. If I am not mistaken, it was during this period that he conceived the idea of the electric gun that afterward brought us fame—and gray hairs.

Our old side-partner, Willie, kept in touch with us, all right. Hardly a day dragged by that he didn't wire to ask for news. Had my man showed up? Were we all ready to take hold at Valhalla? Would we rather have such-and-such make of phonograph? Would five hundred of the latest records be acceptable for the same?

Willie's debt of gratitude to us for mending up a hole in his leg and feeding him a little cheap chicken broth seemed all out of proportion—still, we couldn't very well discourage the man, seeing that we were the objects of his beneficence.

One day, near the expiration of my fortnight's penance at Wakickewa, word came from Willie that the medicine-house had been finished up and forwarded to Valhalla to await us there.

"Can you report without fail, Monday A.M.?" he wired. "Will arrange, as per reply. Answer quick."

I decided to chance it and wafted him the word that we'd be on hand if trains were running, although my relief hadn't hove in sight. Honk grumbled a little because they'd sent the car on ahead of us.

"That spoils the triumphal entry," he said. "Takes away fifty per cent of the pomp and pageantry. It's like a circus sending empty chariots and gilded cages into a town a week in advance of the parade. It everlastingly upsets the psychological moment and denudes the goddess Drama of all her trappings."

"I didn't know there was a goddess by that name," I said; "but if you're dead set upon turning our home-coming into a comic opera, we might fix up and give a parade, Monday, at 10 A.M. sharp, along Eden Boulevard, in Fiji costume, beating tom-toms and singing 'Just Because She Made Them Goo-Goo Eyes.' That ought to thrill 'em."

Saturday noon a malarial-looking person alighted from the local and introduced himself as the "new incumbent" of Wakickewa station. He said he'd been down in the swamps for a year or two, and that the climate hadn't agreed with his wife, or he and his wife hadn't agreed about the climate, or something; anyhow, the company had graciously permitted him to transfer his agreements and disagreements to a more agreeable sphere.

He said his wife had gone to her ma's to stay until the baby cut his other two front teeth, and he then wondered if house rent was very high in Wakickewa.

Honk and I paid a glowing tribute to the town. We assured our new friend—his name was Ray Tucker—that Wakickewa was just about the liveliest, most hospitable, and satisfying small place we'd ever been con—er—permitted to abide in.

We insured him a pleasant and profitable sojourn in the place, made him a present of our furnished flat, with all the privileges and luxurious appointments thereunto pertaining—cook-stove, skillet, pie-pans, and all—and then we bade him *bon jour* and many happy returns, and caught the first train we could inveigle into stopping.

It was a freight, but that didn't matter; most of Honk's baggage was freight, anyway.

At the first station of sufficient importance to afford passenger-train facilities we piled off and waited for the flier. If we hadn't I firmly believe we'd still be *en route*, for that freight we started on wasn't due in K. C. till April 19, and it was three weeks late when we left it, on March 30.

Skipping lightly over the hallos and handshakes along the line of the P. and P., when from time to time we ran afoul of old cronies like Fuzz Watts and Willard Sawyer and others, Sunday evening at sundown found us, travel-fagged and dusty, filled with the fervor of youth and expectant—safe and sound at Millardsville, with Valhalla twenty miles away.

It so happened that we had a choice offered us. We could stay all night in Millardsville and go over to Valhalla on the

red motor-car in the morning—which would put us at our goal at the rather late hour of nine-thirty—or we could ride the "jerk-water," a mixture of milk-cans, chicken-coops, and way-freight, which ambled over as soon as they got loaded that night, and was supposed to make the run in time to start back the next day.

I would have preferred walking to the latter alternative, and sleeping in the Hotel Metropole in Millardsville to either, but Honk must needs take that freight-train or burn out a fuse.

"We couldn't rest this close to the old town," he said. "We'll go on in to-night and see her couchant on the plain, spangled with the glitter from her thousands of street-arcs, resplendent with electric signs, and teeming with life! A city at night is a splendid sight — eh, Horace, don't you think?"

"The darkness hides many a defect," I admitted. "But if we go on this train, everybody'll be gone to bed before we get there. What about our triumphal—"

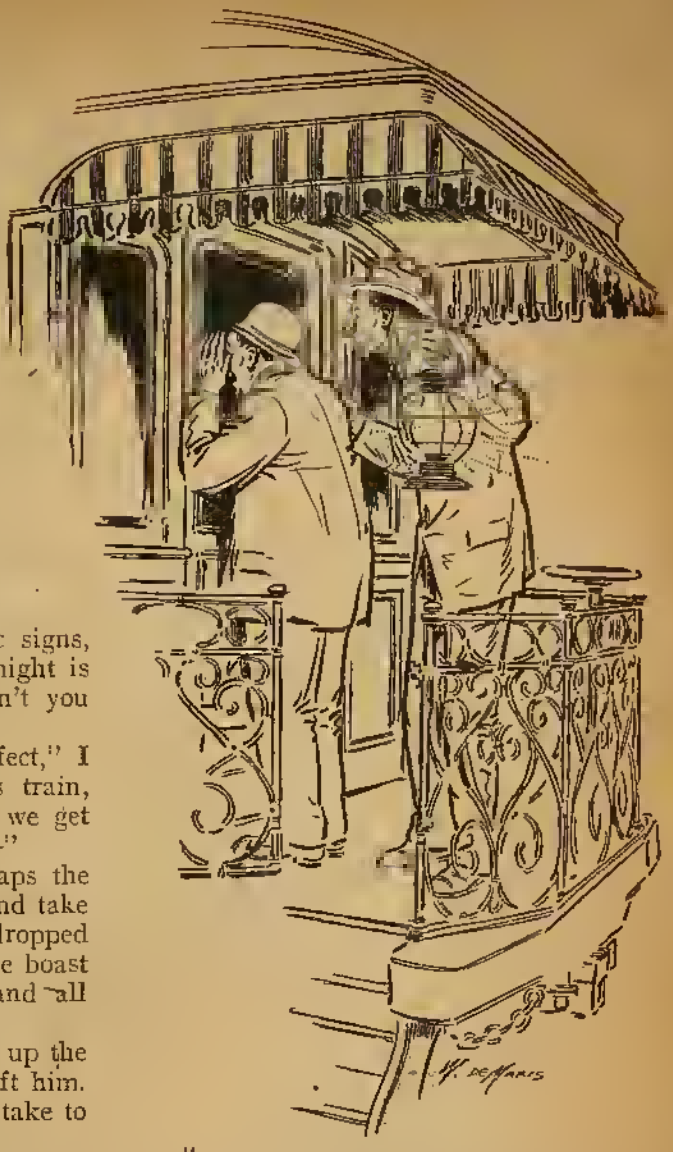
"Never mind," he said. "Perhaps the better way will be to enter quietly and take up the thread of progress where we dropped it, without ostentation or ado. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, and all that'—"

When he got that far I scampered up the ladder of the nearest box car and left him. Whenever Honk begins to elocute I take to the woods.

Honk's baggage being many miles away, and as all the luggage we carried between us consisted of a package of clean collars I'd received from a laundry in Sapulpa just before we started, our exodus from Millardsville was not attended by any uproar, or clangor of baggage-vans, or bustle of porters.

The train-crew spied us on top of the box car just before they got the last crate and barrel loaded.

The conductor instituted the inquiries and little informalities of a conversational nature usually indulged in when a couple of stranded floaters are found aboard, while the brakemen looked on with apparent enjoyment. All of them were strangers to Honk and me—they had come with the new régime, no doubt.



"MAHOGANY, AND AXMINSTER, AND RED LEATHER CHAIRS—"

"Fall off'n that car, youse!" said the con arbitrarily. "W'at you think this is? A scenic route? Beat it before I climb up and bump the bumps with you!"

"Take it easy, Jason," said Honk. "Your feet are too big for climbing—you'd make a better diver. How soon do we start?"

The brakeys broke into equine laughter at that point, and our big-footed friend scrambled up to where we were with blood in his eye. Honk calmly passed over the final tag-end of our trip-ticket. The con's lamp-globe was almost too dirty to read by—but the ticket served.

"Better come in the way-car, men," he said. "Plenty of room to stretch out and

smoke; and we'll have a game of pedro goin' over if you want to. We'll be pullin' out in a minute or two."

We thanked him, and said we'd be glad to play a few hands. Presently the engine toot-tooted, and we were off.

It was a fine, unostentatious, little ride. The hind brakeman and the conductor beat Honk and me four straight games of pedro during the first ten miles. Everybody being satisfied, the game broke up and Honk and I ascended to the cupola to watch for the first glimpse of Valhalla, nestling in the shadow of the Mystic Hills. We thought we ought to be able to see the lights when we rounded a certain curve.

"I can't see a solitary glimmer," said Honk, peering carefully. "I guess the rummies have quit lighting up the towers. That one out by the reservoir had twelve big arcs on it. If it was burning, we surely could see it from here."

"Maybe it's foggy over there," I said. "April is a foggy time of year; or they may be hiding their lights under bushel-baskets, or something, for the sake of economy."

Honk occupied the rest of the journey by confiding to me what we were going to do to resuscitate the town during the next fiscal year. Shortly after ten o'clock we hit the yards, and, with the help of the conductor's lantern, which he kindly loaned us, groped our way through the inky darkness to the depot.

A smoking oil-lamp in the station office was all the illumination visible. The city was plunged in gloom. We opened the waiting-room door and peered in.

A shadowy figure was sitting at the table inside the sanctum ticketorium. We boldly entered, and Honk secured the man's attention by rattling the lattice.

"What's the matter with your lights?" he queried sternly.

The young man at the table took his time about replying. I admired his impressive and trenchant style, his learned and concise summing up of the matter, when he did reply. It was a very sweeping and comprehensive statement of the facts in the case—in two words.

"They're out," he said briefly.

"Are you the 'works' at this place?" Honk asked with a fine sarcasm that was wasted.

"Naw, I'm the Sultan of Siam," returned the voice from the blur. "Anything else you want to know?"

Honk seemed somewhat taken aback, so I entered the breach.

"Allow me," I said graciously. "I am the Bey of Beloochistan. My friend Hohenzollern and I would like to hold converse with the main squeeze."

"Nothing doing," said the other. "You might find him in the morning if you'd happen around. He gets down about nine-thirty if he's feeling well. But, say, 'twon't do you no good to strike him for a job, for he's leaving this dump to-morrow."

"Ahem!" Honk remarked. But the youth was warming to his work.

"Ye'eh," he continued. "A couple of the president's pets are taking charge. A guy named Simmons, or something, and I dunno the other'n's name. They'll find their work cut out for 'em, all right.

"His nibs has let everything go to the blink. Fired the power-house boss last week, and there ain't been any lights in town since. Valhalla's going down every day. She's on the decline."

I was just beginning to get interested in the fellow's breezy style, when Honk apparently nailed an idea and hastily pushed me out the door ahead of him.

"Here's where we get a move on us," he said when he had led me a few paces along the platform. "If we can find Butch Poteet, we'll go out, start the power-plant, and light up things. Huh! The town's 'going down' every day, is it? 'She's on the decline,' is she? We'll see about that. We'll show 'em how quick she'll revive when the right doctor prescribes! Hallo! By hoky! The medicine-house!"

It was. We had stumbled on our fine new coach, sitting dark and deserted on the siding behind the freight-room. She was a glossy, brass-railed beauty, and no mistake.

We shinned up on the awning-covered portico and tried the door. It was locked, of course. Then I peeked through the big, bevel-plate window while Honk held the lantern.

"Mahogany," I murmured in awe, "and axminster, and red leather chairs—"

My rhapsody was rudely interrupted.

"Hey, there!" came the voice of the station understudy from the open office window. "You bums chase yourselves away from that car. I'll get a cop down here in five minutes and have you pinched. Hike out of here!"

The lantern sputtered and went out at the

same instant. Chastened and subdued, we hopped hastily down, and, without a word, stumbled away in the darkness toward town.

There were very few pedestrians on the streets. Valhalla seemed like a sick-room where everybody was treading around on tiptoes to keep from waking the patient.

We met a man some three or four blocks farther on, and Honk paused to inquire the way to Butch Poteet's. The man said he'd never heard of such a person.

Honk's idea was but little better. The exact spot by his reckoning, when found, was occupied by a sheet-iron shed full of hay belonging to a feed-and-fuel yard.

"To thunder with him," Honk muttered. "We'll go out by ourselves. I guess we haven't forgotten how to start a fire under a set of boilers."

"On with the dance," I said. "I'm with you. We'll make a night of it." It was nearly midnight by that time, as I ascer-

"WE CAME OUT TO FIRE UP AND START THE JUICE-PLANT."

Honk thanked him, and we continued on our triumphal—well, not exactly. I noticed that Honk still carried the extinguished lantern, and I made some epigrammatic allusion to his following in the footsteps of Diogenes. Honk sniffed and set the lantern on a gate-post, where we left it to its fate.

We thought we knew where Butch Poteet had formerly resided, and steered a zigzag course in that direction. The night was somewhat thick—not to say opaque—which may have confused us.

At any rate, when we got to where Butch had made his place of abode, according to my recollection, it was a vacant lot—and tained by consulting the regulator in the glare of a one-thousandth candle-power match.

I suggested that we might work to better advantage if we had a light lunch—ham and eggs, pie, cereals, etc.—before we essayed our task, but Honk overruled the motion.

That power-house was the hardest thing to find I've ever strained my eagle eyes looking for. Several times we came very near deciding that it had been eradicated from the face of the earth; but we couldn't find the place it had stood on, so a lingering hope remained.

Now and then we collided with some

obstruction, or stepped into a vacancy in the atmosphere, that jarred our back teeth loose, all of which made it very cheerful. I for one became so utterly bewildered that holes looked like embankments and level pavements like ravines.

With some little exertion we safely threaded a maze of ponds, fell and slid along with an avalanche of tin cans down a dump, climbed the side of a cañon, ran into a fireplug, splashed several mudholes dry—and then we found the object of our search.

"Here we are," said Honk. "We'd ought to have followed the switch-track around from the depot and saved time."

"To say nothing of the wear and tear on the landscape," I added. "I wish I had a change of clothes and a Dutch lunch!"

"Cheer up!" he said. "The worst is over."

We groped our way along the damp brick wall of the building, coming to a door after a while, which was locked, of course.

"Maybe we can get in through the coal-chutes," Honk said. We groped our way to the rear of the place, where a coal-car stood along the wall.

We scuttled up the side and over the top, discovered a black hole, climbed through, and dropped on all fours to a pile of steam coal, from which we made our way—pretty well soiled, but still patriotic — into the boiler-room.

I struck a match.

In its momentary gleam, Honk surveyed the interior and I surveyed Honk. He was a sight for the gods.

"Now, if we can rustle a lamp or a light of some sort," he said, "the rest'll be easy. In a couple of hours we'll have this outfit hollering for the union! But, say! They've made some radical changes around here, methinks. The place don't look natural."

At that juncture he made a discovery.

"What do you know about this?" he exclaimed. "Fires banked!" He held a lighted match so he could see the steam-dial. "And eighty pounds of steam! What was it that kid at the depot said? Hadn't had no lights for a week? There's something decomposed in Denmark, Horace. Let's investigate this joint a little."

We made our way quietly up a short flight of steps, and through a little doorway into what was presumably the dynamo-room.

"Here's some more funny how-d'ye-dos," said Honk. "This looks more like an ice-plant than a dynamo-room. Compressors, by cricky! What are we up against, Horace?"

I opened my mouth to extend the usual invitation for a personal search—but the words were still-born. A hateful-looking, sour-visaged man, with a revolver that looked as big as a turret-gun on the battleship Iowa, riz up from behind a steam-chest and took possession of us. He told us to "put up them hands!" I did so—

Honk hesitated, and—*bang!* The bullet whined by Honk's ear, and—he put 'em up.

Within a minute after the shot, a second ruffian appeared on the scene with an additional cannon. The opposing forces being more evenly matched, we offered to arbitrate.

Honk volunteered a line of explanations.

"We came out to fire up and start the juice-plant," he said reassuringly. "I'm Simpson, of the Transcontinental. Put up your artillery, gents: we won't hurt you."

They gave us the gloomy glare.

"Search 'em, Bill," growled the mean-looking one, "'n' see if they've got any shootin'-irons. We've been lookin' for you two for some time," he continued, addressing Honk and me. "The Valhalla Packin' Company's been havin' brass and lead pipe swiped for some time, and they're gettin' tired of it! Now, you two just keep your flippers up and march where we tell you!"

To make mince-meat of a lengthy recital, they drilled us through a side entrance and along a loading-dock to a signalophone. There Bill requisitioned the patrol-wagon and a flock of cops, while the other kept two eyes and his armory trained on us, and studiously ignored all explanations, excuses, alibis, and pleadings for clemency.

"Tell your troubles to the judge," he said. "He gets paid for listening to 'em. We don't."

I climbed into the jingle-jangle wagon and sat down with a sigh of relief. A ride back over that dark road to town looked good to me. Honk, however, lost his temper, threatened to resist arrest, and—you know what happens when a fellow resists arrest! *Biff! Bim!* Well, he thought better of it before it was too late.

So we rode back to town.

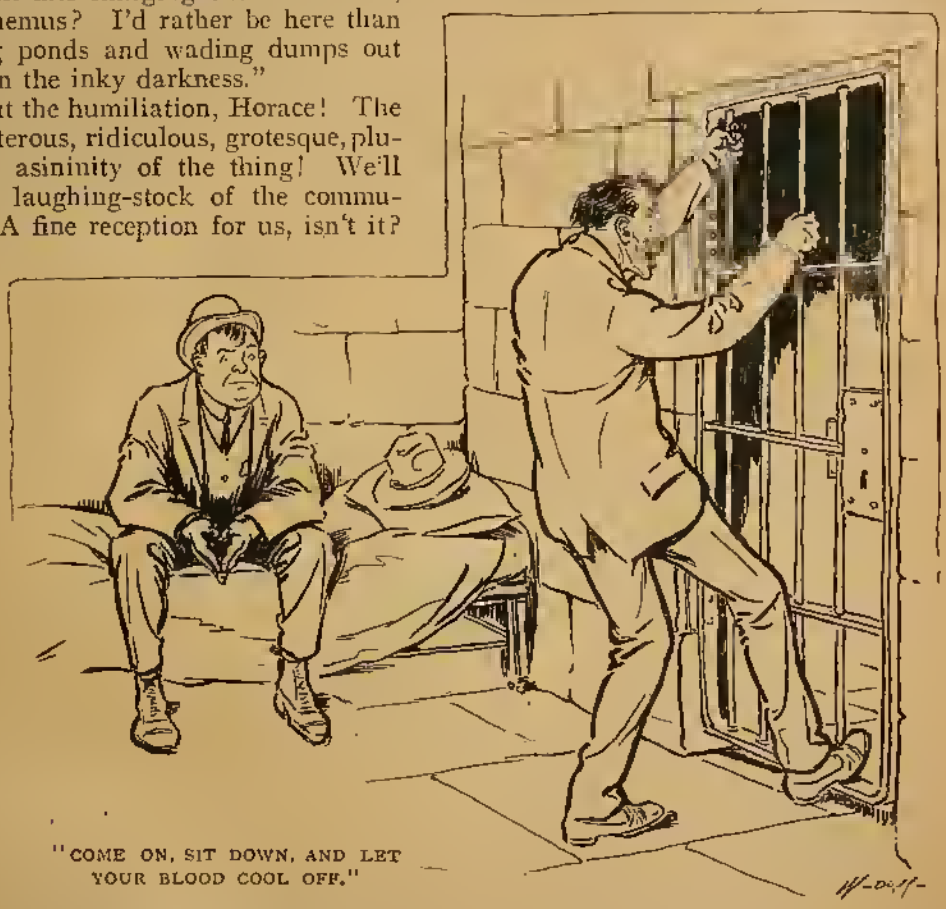
At 2 A.M., by the clock over the sergeant's desk, we were booked in the big book—our names were not familiar to anybody present — refused bail until after breakfast, and ruthlessly locked with a clang in an iron cell that smelled worse than I expected.

Honk raved and gnawed at the grating. I might have snatched a few minutes' repose if he hadn't took on so, and if I hadn't been so empty. I still contend that Honk would have looked at the matter more in the light of a joke if we had hunted up a restaurant and fed our faces before starting out that night.

An empty stomach is a pessimist's best bet and a handicap to philosophy.

"Come on, sit down, and let your blood cool off," I advised. "They'll apologize and turn us loose in the morning as soon as somebody with a human brain shows up. Why all this charging back and forth, Polyphemus? I'd rather be here than scaling ponds and wading dumps out there in the inky darkness."

"But the humiliation, Horace! The preposterous, ridiculous, grotesque, pluperfect asininity of the thing! We'll be the laughing-stock of the community. A fine reception for us, isn't it?



"COME ON, SIT DOWN, AND LET YOUR BLOOD COOL OFF."

Locked in the hold-over as suspicious characters. Bah! And we made the town what it is! Brought 'em up out of obscurity—for this!"

"We'll have to stay in nights," I said, "or get us a guardian to look after us when we wander at large."

The chilly, dove-colored dawn straggled through the grating of our cell-door after an interminable wait, but breakfast was a longer time coming than that.

I, too, almost lost my temper. And when they passed in our allowance it consisted of a solitary sinker and a tin cup full of sour coffee.

I went to pieces after that breakfast. My tire was punctured. I had borne up bravely until then—but when they brought us that breakfast, Hope shrieked and fell frothing at the mouth, and Gloomy Forebodings foreclosed a mortgage on my soul.

At eight-thirty a big duffer with a key attached to a wooden paddle opened the door of our coop. He then escorted us into the presence of Justice, in the shape of a slant-browed man with a cruel mouth and tousled hair, behind a regulation bar of judgment.

We were arraigned without having had a chance to brush off, wash the coal dust or mud from our faces and hands, or tidy ourselves up in the least. Whatever the charge might be, we looked guilty on general principles.

"Feloniously entering and obtaining access . . . with intent to pilfer and steal," the clerk read sonorously.

"Admitted to bail," snapped the judge.

"Two thousand dollars each; cash bond required."

Honk cleared his throat and lifted a sooty hand.

"Excuse me, judge," he said. "This charge is all a ridiculous mistake. We can easily prove our identity, but we want this thing kept quiet. It has been a very humiliating *contretemps*. I ask you to telephone the representative of the Transcontinental and have him come here at once. He'll vouch for us."

The clerk of the court did the telephoning. He announced the result in a bored voice.

"Witness states over the phone that two men were hanging around the depot last night. They acted suspiciously and were ordered off. Says the taller man was named Hohenzollern, and the short one gave a name impossible to remember."

The court tightened up his lip and fixed us with a baleful eye.

"Make that bond—"

"Just a moment!" shouted Honk. "That was an irresponsible boy talking to you. Call the Transcontinental man, I tell you!"

"Or send for Doc Pillsbury or J. Carter Finley," I added. "They know us. We're the new—"

The blare and boom of a brass band passing along the street drowned further argument for the time being. The court relaxed its dignity long enough to look out of the window. Honk and I, being near the same window, necked with the rest.

A considerable crowd of citizens, in carriages and on foot, were out early engaged in some kind of a demonstration. I caught a glimpse of several familiar faces, among which was Butch Poteet, large as life and beating the bass drum in the band.

"What's up?" asked the judge. "Where are they headed for?"

"I understand," returned the clerk, "that two young men who formerly represented the railroad company here are expected on the morning motor. They're coming back to take charge of the railroad's interests. That's the reception committee—"

"Lock these men up," said the judge. "I think I'll go down to the station myself. Court is now adjourned."

CUTTING DOWN CASUALTIES.

The "Safety First" Movement on the Chicago and Northwestern Meets with Promising Results.

CASUALTIES to employees of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway have been reduced during the last few months to the extent of fifteen per cent in the number of fatalities reported, and ten per cent in the number of injuries. Such a statement ought to attract attention. Humanitarians will be glad to learn of the progress, and railroad officials, from the standpoint of efficiency, will be interested to know by what means the good results were secured. Yet the plan is simple enough.

Every one who has looked into the subject is familiar with the fact that the lamentable totals to which the industrial accidents of the country mount up, are due not so much to the great catastrophes, the accidents of large magnitude wherein numbers are killed or injured, but primarily the frightful aggregate is due to the many small accidents involving as a rule but one man.

These minor accidents, in the vast majority of cases, are due to comparatively insignificant causes; they are brought about by the failure of employees in some every-day matter, or the neglect of some elementary precaution. Carelessness or thoughtlessness, sometimes due to ignorance or inexperience, cause injuries in ways that are subject to the most simple remedies, if the men themselves could but be brought to have the proper interest in the matter.

Working upon this theory, a systematic campaign for safety was organized under the direction of the claim-department of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, somewhat less than a year ago. It involved means for the education of officers and employees in the benefits that might be gained by following the watchword of the movement, "safety first," and means for securing the cooperation of the men in all the departments of the road.

The most recent development of the plan, and what has given the remarkable results mentioned in beginning our comments, was the organization of safety committees. There is first a central committee, of which Mr. R. C. Richards, general claim-agent, is chairman, and which is composed of two general superintendents, the engineer of maintenance, the assistant superintendent of motive-power and machinery, supervisor of motive power and machinery, trainmaster of the freight-terminals, and the assistant superintendent of the car department.

There is then on each division a division safety

committee composed of the divisonal officers, and there is an employees' committee on each division composed of an engineer, fireman, conductor, brakeman, trackman, station-agent, and switchman, and a similar committee of employees for the shops and roundhouses. The employees' committees hold their individual meetings once a month, and they are given trips of inspection over their respective divisions accompanied by the division and some of the general officers.

On these trips they divide themselves into subcommittees, each of which gives especial notice to certain subjects assigned to it, going over the ground thoroughly.

In this way, every detail of tracks, yards, stations, roundhouses, machinery, and shops are inspected, and the faulty conditions either remedied by the division officers, or reported to the superior committee.—*The Railway and Engineering Review.*

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

Valuable Instructions Issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad for the Use of Its Employees in Case of Accident.

THE person in authority should take charge.

KEEP COOL.

Send for the nearest physician; give him as near as possible the character of the injuries. Do not wait to get a number of physicians; this can be done later if necessary.

Remove injured person from the wreckage, using the utmost care not to further injure him.

STRETCHER. The stretcher can be used as a cot. It requires three men to place a person properly on a stretcher. Set up the stretcher; place it alongside the injured person. The three men should then stand at the side of the injured person away from the stretcher; one should place his hands under the head and shoulders, the other under the hips, and the third take charge of the injured part; lift him up and lay him gently on the stretcher.

KEEP THE CROWD AWAY, so as to insure plenty of fresh air.

EXAMINE the injuries carefully before doing anything.

DON'T TOUCH open wounds with the hands, nor attempt to remove dirt, nor apply unclean dressings of any kind, as infection may be introduced by so doing.

FIRST-AID PACKET contains two aseptic compresses wrapped in oil paper, one cambric bandage, one triangular bandage, and two safety pins. In dressing wounds, place the compress on the wound without touching that part which comes in contact with the wounded surface, secure with the cambric bandage, and, if necessary, wrap the whole with triangular bandage. This latter can be also used as a sling and to secure splints. If the contents of the one packet are insufficient, use more.

HEMORRHAGE. To arrest hemorrhage, place compresses on the bleeding part and secure firmly with the cambric bandage; if bleeding continues, apply more compresses and more pressure until bleeding ceases. If this fails, tie a bandage around the limb between the point of hemorrhage and the body, and twist tightly with a stick until bleeding stops. Then secure bandage.

FRACTURE. Broken bones should be treated with splints, the splints secured in position by triangular and other bandages. The splints should reach from below the lower joint to the one above the fracture. Folded newspapers, pieces of board, heavy pasteboard, or anything sufficient to prevent movement of the broken ends of bones upon each other will answer.

BURNS. Burns should be treated in the same manner as wounds. Do not forcibly remove clothing; cut the clothes away, if necessary. Where there is much pain, common baking soda dissolved in water may be used to saturate bandage. Don't use preparations of oil, as they are liable to cause infection.

SHOCK. Shock is a condition of almost complete absence of the signs of life, such as sighing respiration, pale, cold, clammy skin, etc. Don't give whisky, or any other stimulants, or drugs; the principal requirements are internal and external heat by means of hot coffee, hot milk, and other hot drinks, and the application of heat by means of blankets, hot water-bottles, hot bricks, etc. In cases of apparent drowning and electrical shock, use artificial respiration as taught in First Aid lectures.

UNCONSCIOUSNESS. Persons unconscious from any cause should be removed to a quiet place and laid upon the back. Keep every one away and let plenty of air get to the sick person. Loosen the clothing about the neck and abdomen. If the conditions are like shock, use same treatment.

FITS. A person suffering from a fit should be kept quiet, on the back. Loosen the clothing about the neck and abdomen, and be careful he does not injure himself while in the fit.

HEAT EXHAUSTION AND SUNSTROKE. In the former the skin will be cold and clammy, and the conditions will be the same as shock; the same treatment will be required. In cases of sunstroke the body feels hot to the touch; is dry. Apply ice to the abdomen, head and other parts of the body by rubbing with pieces of ice, or cracking the ice and putting it in cloths over the parts named above.

The A. B. C. of Freight Rates.

BY JOHN C. THOMSON.

IN the two articles which appeared in the January and February numbers of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, we discussed freight rates from the standpoint of the land. In this article we will look at the subject from the standpoint of water competition and inland waterways.

All that we know about freight rates to-day can be summed up briefly: 1. That transportation by ocean, river, canal, and railroad is in each case a separate proposition. 2. That there is as much difference between a canal and a river as there is between an ocean and a railroad. 3. That all four have great influence on each other, but just to what extent no man knows. 4. That the railroad seems to have a closer connection with each of the three water routes than they have with each other. 5. That cartage through the streets of a city has a great and direct bearing on all four.

Aside from Certain Conditions, Largely Established by Nature, the Making of Freight Rates Is Largely Guesswork, Based on the Elastic "Per-Ton Mile."

PART III.

IN the early days of the Interstate Commerce Commission that body endeavored to confine itself to rates on land alone, but soon found, as it so well worded the matter, "water competition is like Banquo's ghost, it will not stay buried and rises at the most awkward times."

Through sheer force of circumstance, the commission was compelled to consider water competition in connection with every railroad freight-rate in the United States.

What made this a very awkward matter was that Congress, in its innocence about such affairs, practically forbade the commission having anything to do with ship traffic, directly or indirectly, but ships and freight-cars have a way of combining in spite of Congress or commission, so, in time, both bodies slowly awoke to the fact that the two would have to be considered together.

Another trouble enters. All the freight-cars are under United States control—except those running on Canadian soil and across the narrow neck of land in Mexico from ocean to gulf. All the deep-sea vessels are not under our control. Our coasting vessels are, to be sure: but a ship flying the British flag and running with wheat from Portland, Oregon, to Liverpool, England, is practically free of all our laws in regard to freight-rates.

Yet this ship carries wheat in competition with our transcontinental railroads, and, therefore, it greatly affects freight-rates between every town from Oregon to New York.

Keeping this fact in mind let us see, by illustration, how it works out in practise. We will say that the Interstate Commerce Commission, the shippers all the way from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboards, and the railroads—half a dozen of them—have all agreed on certain rates on all goods.

Wheat shall pay so much, lumber so much, shoes so much, iron ore so much, coal so much, and so on indefinitely. All is peace and everything is working smoothly, when suddenly this same English ship—multiplied by a hundred more—offers to carry lumber to Europe from Puget Sound for less than we charge to haul it by rail to New York or Boston, and then by ship to Europe.

As we have practically no ships on any ocean given to commerce, the ship charges from New York or Boston to England or Germany or France are made by foreign ship owners. Therefore, we cannot lower the ocean rate from the Atlantic cities of America to Europe, and if we do not lower our rates from Puget Sound to Europe on some part of the route, we get nothing to carry.

It will all go in the bottoms of the British ships. Clearly, we must cut the railroad rate on lumber, or wheat, or whatever the cargo is, between New York and the Pacific coast.

Right here our troubles all break out afresh. Where all was industrial peace all is now confusion. It is much like a hive of bees, every one is happy putting up honey till some one from the outside world suddenly smokes them out.

If the rate is cut on transcontinental wheat and lumber—as it must be cut if it is to be moved over our rails—then other rates must go up or else the railroad must go out of business.

That is practically impossible, so up go the rates on other goods, but down they go on transcontinental, but not local, lumber and wheat.

Its Positive Effects.

This has two immediate effects. It puts a shoe merchant in Denver, say, out of business, because he cannot pay the higher freight-rates on shoes and live, and it makes the through rate on wheat from Puget Sound to the Atlantic less than from Nebraska to the same port.

These two men complain, and their cry is just, apparently. But what can be done about it? All any one can do is to refer the Nebraska wheat farmer and the Denver shoe man to the owner of the British tramp-ship, and beg him to raise his rates on wheat from Puget Sound to Liverpool.

The Britisher grins and remarks that what happens is none of his concern.

So, when some local experts gather around a stove in Podunk Center, and after agreeing that the United States can whip the world with one hand tied behind its back, let them remember that Uncle Sam cannot dictate what an English ship owner shall charge for transporting wheat between any two ports in the world, unless both these ports are under the Stars and Stripes.

Such very shortsightedness is the cause, perhaps, of nine-tenths of all our freight-rate rows. As a weary freight-rate clerk writes in the February number of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, he is asked over the telephone a dozen times a day to explain in a few moments what is here taking us many pages just to outline.

Clerk *vs.* Shipper.

The line of conversation runs something like this:

Irate Shipper: "Say, you! You've made a mistake. You've charged us $15 more on this carload of lumber than you did on the previous car—the one we shipped two months ago, and this car has 5,000 less feet of lumber in it, at that! Why can't you keep your books straight, anyway? Gone to sleep up there, or are you just trying to slip something over on us? What?"

Weary Clerk: "Rate's gone up on lumber since the first of the month. Sorry, but your bill is correct."

Irate Shipper: "Go chase yourself, son! I was shipping lumber over your road before you were born! You can't tell me anything about rates on lumber! I know! That's my business, see? Now, see here! Why has that rate gone up? Wasn't you gouging us lumber dealers enough as it was? Giving the screw another twist, eh? Why don't you answer my question! Why is the rate higher?"

Weary Clerk: "Well, you see the transcontinental rate on lumber has gone down, and so we have to raise the local rates—"

Irate Shipper: "Suffering cats! Do you mean that you have the nerve to sit there and tell me to my face that you've cut the rate on my stuff over a three-thousand-mile haul, and, at the same time, have raised me between here and Chicago? Four hundred miles? You've got to show me!"

Weary Clerk: "But, you see, the Tramp Steamship Line running from Liverpool to Seattle cut the lumber rate, and so we had to—"

Irate Shipper: "Now, see here, son! Don't you try to stuff me like that! England has nothing to do with railroad rates between Chicago and this great city of Podunk—the city of homes. I'm going to report you to the Interstate Commerce Commission and write a letter to the newspapers. I've got to pay you, of course, but it's robbery. English tramp steamer! Lumber from Chicago to Podunk! Rats!"

Now, if this shipper would only get down his globe, take an A. B. C. course in physical and commercial geography, read a primer on economics, he might learn something. Not only does the British steamship owner have a great deal to say what Mr. Podunk pays on his lumber by the carload, but the French peasant—multiplied by a few million—through the Bank of France, has a great deal more to say.

In other words, no town, be it in America or Europe, can escape the world-wide influence of interlaced capital. The minute that Mr. Podunk reads that some big American railroad has placed $10,000,000 more in bonds in the French market, just at that moment he should have learned the fact that Jean, the gardener, planting lettuce for the Paris market, has a great deal to say about what he, Mr. Podunk, shall pay on his load of lumber from Chicago to his home town.

Government Subsidies.

Enough has been shown here, I hope, to prove that an English ship, on which the French hold a mortgage, can and does affect every railroad rate in the United States. But, there are other ships than those of England. Germany has some; so has Japan. To make matters worse, they are subsidized by their governments.

A subsidy is paid by a government to help defray the running expenses of a ship. For instance, a certain ship costs $2,000,000 to build and $2,000,000 a year to run. The government pays, say, half the building cost, and $1,000,000 yearly toward running the ship. In return it has the right to use the ship in war. There are many other arrangements, but this serves our purpose here.

We have a ship earning interest on only half its cost, and with this ship our railroads must compete. It would be bad enough to fight against a ship that had to earn interest on her total cost, just as a railroad must, but this subsidy gives the ship two hands to fight with against the railroad's one.

We are now beginning to see that many things affect railroad freight-rates of which the average shipper never dreams.

One Reason for Subsidies.

If Great Britain, for instance, thinks that Germany might declare war in 1914, and that plenty of big ocean-going ships would come in handy during a war, she increases her subsidies.

More ships are built. Entering the world's trade, they take lumber from Seattle to any port in the world where there happens to be a market.

England does not want to bear the total expense of building these ships, nor to have them anchored idle in her harbors, so they get cargoes at any old rate just to keep full and moving, and the government at home foots the shortage as a war measure.

Against such competition as this, what can the United States railroad freight-agent do? Nothing. Yet he is cussed and berated daily from one end of the country to the other for something for which he is blameless.

We have looked on salt water only. Now, let us take a long "look-see" inland, "where rolls the Oregon," where the Father of Waters flows, and where, incidentally, the Missouri gets on a rampage and changes state lines every year or two.

Stately ships with canvas spread to the zephyrs of Iowa corn-fields, great steamers plowing across the prairies of Nebraska, loaded in Paris and unloaded at your door in Bismarck, Dakota, is not likely to come to pass.

Small River Traffic.

Before me, as I write, is a map issued by the United States government, showing in red ink all the navigable waters of this country three feet in depth or over. A glance at the map shows that considerably over one-half of the United States is as white as snow; that from the Missouri River to the Pacific coast, navigable streams are about as rare as dodos.

The map also indicates that, to-day, inland water shipments are mostly limited to the Mississippi, Hudson, and Columbia Rivers and their branches.

River traffic on the Columbia is practically nothing—not counting, of course, the

use of the river for the first hundred miles as the entrance of Portland's harbor. Traffic on the Missouri is even less valuable, so we are reduced to the Mississippi and the Hudson as the only two river traffic-carriers in the United States.

Here and there some little steamboat puffs along, but it is more local pride than anything else, and pleasure passengers pay most of the profits.

The connection of inland waterways with railroad freight-rates is this:

Most of the tonnage — the amount of freight hauled over our rails to-day—consists of such material as coal, ore, lumber, and grain, cheap, heavy material in regard to which speed of transportation is not of immediate importance. Fruit or live stock has to be moved as rapidly as possible, like passenger traffic, but iron ore can move five miles an hour or fifteen miles an hour depending on which speed is the cheapest—and it matters little.

It is suggested that a great deal of this heavy cheap freight can be moved over inland waterways, thus saving the expense of shipping by rail, and leaving the railroad free to handle the goods that must move quickly.

This is practically the sole reason why inland waterways are favored by many, although there are several other indirect reasons.

A railroad, by its very nature, must be under one control; but the waterway, like the common road, is open to every one.

Thus it is said that with free waterways, competition will regulate freight-rates and prevent the railroads from dictating rates. In other words, if the rate by rail on coal is too high, then the coal will move by water, and, therefore, the rail-rate can never be higher than the water-rate, while the freight is open to every one who wants to build and run a boat.

Rivers and Canals.

To return to our ships sailing from China to North Dakota by way of the Indian and South Atlantic Oceans, the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers. This foolish idea has been actually suggested as being practical.

The water of a river is fresh, that of the sea is salt. Salt water supports a heavier load per cubic unit than does fresh water. Any one may test this by dropping an egg into fresh water and then adding salt till the egg floats. As applied to ships, this means that a vessel loaded to draw ten feet at sea will draw over ten feet in fresh water. If loaded properly in fresh water, then more cargo must be added when salt water is reached, or the reverse.

The ocean is deep and propulsion is easy. A river or a canal is usually shallow, the bottom of the river is only a few feet below the bottom of the vessel, and a screw stirs up the mud and causes bars to form. The side-wheeler is the best form of boat for the usual river, but they are no longer commercially possible on the ocean.

Then, too, vessels large enough to pay a profit on the sea are too large to enter most of our rivers, except, perhaps, in a few cases at the very mouth. J. J. Hill says that a vessel must be able to carry 16,000 tons to compete successfully with the freight-car, and no 16,000-ton vessel is practical on inland waterways. The Great Lakes are not considered here as inland waterways; we are dealing with rivers and canals only.

Full Cars Only.

There is a vast difference between a river and a canal. A river rises and falls from one month to another, depending on the rain-fall and the melting of snow, often thousands of miles away, while the water of a canal is practically of the same depth the year round. Ice frequently closes rivers and canals in winter.

The difference of the depth of water from time to time is of great importance.

In the case of a canal a warehouse can be erected at the very water's edge, and machinery installed to handle freight, but in the case of the river, the warehouse must ever be above the highest possible water line, and this leaves the vessel considerably away from the warehouse when there is low water in the river.

A river has a current, but a canal has none—except, perhaps, a very slow current hardly worth considering. Every one knows that it takes more power and time to go up-stream than down. It frequently takes from two to five times as long to go up-stream as down.

We have seen the importance of regular service, and full cars both ways in railroad practise. The same applies to freight-service by water. In a canal, the conditions are similar to those of a railroad, but, in a

river, the current cuts a vast figure if it is at all swift in places or at certain times. Then, too, sand and mud-bars are always forming and changing in a river but not so in a canal.

Inland waterways, it has been seen, are divided into two parts—the river and the canal. There is a closer connection between the railroad and the canal than there is between the canal and the river. The freight-car is only a canal-boat floating on axle-grease instead of water.

Merely a Matter of Friction.

Transportation, in the last analysis, reduces itself to a matter of friction, and the car-wheel is related closer to the rail than it is to the body of the car. There is but little friction between the wheel and the rail, the friction all comes between the axle and the wheel, and here the axle floats on axle-grease, just as does the canal-boat in the water.

The canal-boat is cheaper and easier to move because the friction on the water per pound of load is less than the friction between the axle and the wheel. That is all there is to it.

Friction spells coal, engine-power, heavier rails and bridges, lower grades; in fact, friction is responsible for nine-tenths of the cost of building and running a railroad. Therefore, just because the canal-boat meets with less friction for the same load, we have this great question of inland waterways slowly coming before the public.

Here we come to one of the most uncertain things in the railroad world, the famous "ton-mile."

The ton-mile means this: Suppose a railroad hauls 100 tons 1,000 miles. Another railroad hauls 50 tons 2,000 miles. By multiplying the tons and the miles together, we get in either case 100,000 ton-miles. (100 x 1,000 or 50 x 2,000 equals 100,000 in either case.)

Now, 100,000 ton-miles is supposed to be equal to hauling 1 ton 100,000 miles, or 100,000 tons, one mile. This is the ton-mile in theory.

The "Per-Ton" Mile.

There are so many railroads, and so many different lengths of hauls—in fact, millions of them—that some common basis of measurement must be taken to get an idea of what it costs to run one railroad as compared with another railroad and for a hundred and one other comparisons.

If a man in Salt Lake City thinks that the General Pacific Railroad is charging him too much for freight from Chicago, and he goes before the Interstate Commerce Commission with his grievance, the railroad man rises in open court and proves that the General Pacific is "only earning one cent per ton-mile compared to the Podunk and Pacific which is allowed by the commission to earn two cents per ton-mile."

So we see how important this "per ton-mile" is in railroad matters. In measuring freight traffic it is the same as the pound to the grocery-store, the foot-rule to the land surveyor, or the second to the watchmaker—the standard of measurement.

However, the ton-mile has been severely attacked as an unsafe and unreliable measuring-stick. It is claimed that the very basis of the ton-mile is not sound—that to move one ton 100,000 miles is not equal to moving 100,000 tons one mile, or 100 tons 1,000 miles.

In abstract physics, the amount of force (energy), is the same in each case, but the railroad in our workaday world has many other things to consider than mere physics. Loading and unloading, for instance.

No Basis for Foreign Comparison.

To pull 100,000 tons of coal one mile over level rails would cost, probably, about half a cent a ton, or a total of $500, but to load and unload that coal by hand would cost many times $500. In this case, the ton-mile charge would be about half a cent, plus load and unloading charges of, say, 50 cents a ton, or a total ton-mile cost of 50½ cents.

To load one ton and unload it at the end of its journey would cost, at the same assumed rate for shoveling, only 50 cents. The cost of moving a ton one mile would be half a cent, just as in the other case, but this half-dollar loading and unloading charge would be spread so thin over that 100,000 miles of run that it could hardly be figured.

So we have 100 times a higher ton-mile charge in one case than in the other, and the basis is supposed to be the same.

So far as I know, there is no reliable basis for any comparison of freight-rates between Europe and America. The ways

of bookkeeping vary widely in European countries—France figures one way, and Germany another — the distances vary so greatly, the amount and character of goods hauled vary so greatly, and the laws regulating railroads and railroad construction are so different, that the "ton-mile," as a measurement between European and American railroads is hardly worthy of consideration.

Although there is no basis of comparison, the ton-mile is often used to prove things one way or another—just as the prover wishes.

There is no "common ground" in figuring the cost of operation of the railroads of various countries. All we can get is the grand totals. These are of questionable value.

Inland waterways from the standpoint of cost to build and operate as compared with a railroad or the entire railroad service of the nation, is an interesting phase. About the only comparison attempted so far has been with the ton-mile, and, as we have just seen, that that is not a safe guide.

Right here stalks in the "door-to-door" service of the freight-car compared to the canal-boat, or the river-boat. By "door-to-door" is meant that a freight-car can be loaded at a factory door in Battle Creek, Michigan, and unloaded at a warehouse door in Denver, Colorado, thus doing away with the cost of all cartage through the streets of either city.

In the case of a boat on the Erie Canal one might, or might not, be able to load the boat at the factory door in Buffalo, and he certainly could not unload it at a warehouse door in New York City.

Cost of City Cartage.

So, while the ton-mile figure might be less by way of the canal-boat, when city cartage is added, the ton-mile charge leaps far above that of the freight-car. Moving freight is not simply from city to city, nor from depot to depot, but from "door to door," and this may, or may not, mean the often very expensive item of cartage through crowded city streets.

The "Belt Line" railroad circling Chicago saves that city millions of dollars yearly in cartage charges.

Freight must be sorted and distributed just like letters in the mail. In fact, when it comes right down to actual facts, a letter is just as much freight as is an ounce of coal, and what applies to the mail service in most cases fits equally well in freight transportation.

That our rivers run idle to-day is due to three possible reasons:

First. Because no river or canal can compete with the freight-car running from door to door.

Second. Because the rivers and canals would be of the utmost value if they were provided with suitable terminals, which, to-day, are lacking.

Third. Because the railroads are the keenest competitors of inland waterways.

Waterways Out of Date.

It may be true that the river and the canal are as hopeless out of date as the stage-coach, the ox-cart, and the pack-mule, but I do not know, and I do not believe that any man knows. If he does, I would like to learn his reasons for so thinking, provided he does not base his conclusions on the ton-mile or too much on averages.

"The vicious habit of thinking in averages" is well to keep in mind when one is considering freight-rates. A good mathematician or bookkeeper can play with a set of books about as he pleases. With his journal and ledger he can prove almost anything and then turn around and prove just the contrary.

All that any unbiased man to-day knows about European and American freight-rates, compared one to the other, is that there seems to be no fair basis of comparison. The European railroad, for instance, is maintained to a considerable extent as a war measure, like a fort or a battle-ship; in America, all railroads, except the Union Pacific, which was a war measure, are purely commercial concerns. This alone destroys all possibilities of economic, commercial, or financial comparison. Hence concerning waterways, we cannot turn to Europe for a guide with much hope of light on the subject as applied to the United States.

One might as well try to measure real estate with a rubber band as to prove anything concerning freight by the "ton-mile," and, so long as this is true, inland waterways will remain a matter of study rather than of definite conclusion.

In the fourth and concluding article in this series, which will appear in our July number, Mr. Thomson will discuss freight-rates from the bookkeeping and financial point of view.

CATCHING THE BOAT.

BY GEORGE FOXHALL.

Sad Schmidt Falls Heir to Great Wealth and Misses His Schedule.

I'M a sort of Ancient Mariner, though the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry between Desbrosses Street and Jersey City is the nearest I ever was to going to sea. Anyhow, like that poetic person, I've got a yarn that I've got to get out of my system, and then you can kill me if you like.

It's now two years since I met Sad Schmidt. I've been thinking it over ever since in the constant glow of the tail-lights of missed trains, and I've come to the conclusion that Sad Schmidt is a contagious disease, a desolation, a pestilence, and a depraved liar. That is, provided somebody hasn't ended his blighting career with a rope or a gun by this time.

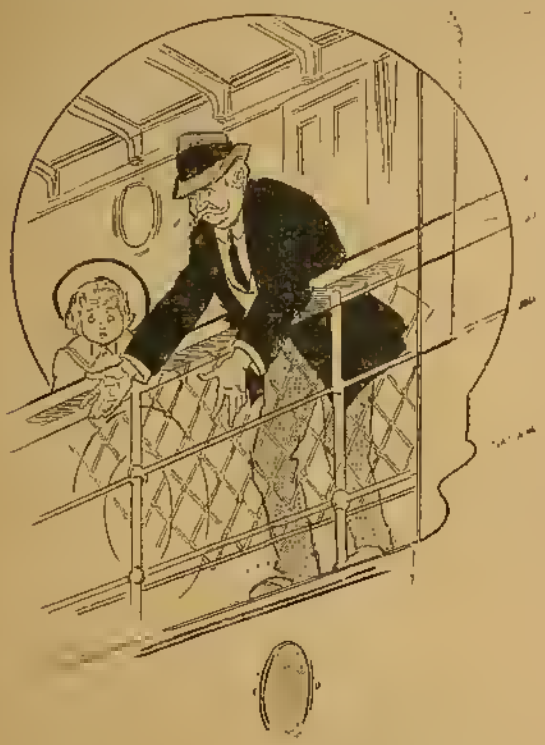
You'll notice how my paragraphs end with

"AUNT JOHANNA THOUGHT THAT WAS HOW PEOPLE GOT ONTO STEAMBOATS."

talk about sudden death. Well, that's the morbid condition to which Sad Schmidt has driven me. You have probably gathered that I hate Sad Schmidt. I do. Likewise his present family an' his antecedents, unto the first generation. What did he do?

He told me a story. That's all. But, say, that story has laid across my haunted life like the ghost of a Welsh rarebit.

Wait, an' I'll tell it to you; not because I want to entertain you, but because I might



pass the hoodoo on an' be rid of it; and, as you'll observe, I'm a misanthrope with a grouch.

I was once a happy, care-free, genial-hearted man. I carried through life a lend-me-a-dollar expression. My temper was good, an' my morals quite unapproachable. If you had known me then you would have loved me.

To add atmosphere to my general character, I will add that I am a traveling salesman for a soap house. Our matchless cleansers were the envy and admiration of our competitors.

Well, two years ago I made Boolaboo, Texas, in the flush of youth an' optimism an' the confident belief that I would sell a bill of goods to a hypocritical Boolabooer named Job Jordan. I hadn't much time to do it and make the six-thirty out, but I'd come half a day out of my route to sell things to Jordan—so I meant to do it.

I showed him samples of all our latest grease-eaters. I scoured all his pots an' pans, cleaned his filthy transom, polished the parlor mirror, an' then scrubbed down the counter. It was hard work, but he was as interested as a kid at a pig-killing, an' I expected to get my day's wage out of him.

Just as I was rolling down my sleeves, I heard the six-thirty at the whistling-post, but I only smiled philosophically. There was another train at eight o'clock, an' I knew by the pleased examination of Mr. Jordan that I was going to do business.

I whipped out my order-book an' flipped the perspiration from my brow.

"You shore have got a handy line o' goods," said the Boolabooer, "an' you shore are industrious at deemonstratin' 'em."

"Why, that's what I'm hired for, you know, Mr. Jordan," said I with a happy, modest smirk; an' I slipped the cap from my fountain pen.

"I suppose so," said Mr. Jordan, squinting admiringly along the counter. "Now, that there feller that peddles for the Snow Soap Syndicate came along last week, an' he didn't do more'n just polish up a Lincoln penny, an' doggone me if I didn't sign a contract to sell nothin' but their goods for ten years. What a fool I was!"

Nit! I saw that instanter. He was no fool. It was me.

I slipped my pen an' book back in my pocket an' yanked out my watch.

"I reckon I've missed my train," I said, calm and resigned.

"That's a shame," droned Job, calm an' resigned likewise. "You'd orter watch that. But maybe you'd 'a' missed it, anyhow. Some folks miss trains an' boats by nature, no matter how they try. Now, there's Sad Schmidt there, sittin' on that bar'l. He never caught a train in's life. Did you, Sad?"

"Nor a boat," moaned out the mournfulest voice in the universe, an' I turned to see the forlorn an' haunting figure of the man who was to upheave my moral centers an' send me thudding down the road of life with three wheels on the rails an' the other scattering my fires of ambition as it bumped the ties of doom.

To call him sad was an insult to melancholy. Hecuba an' the Wandering Jew and the guy who never smiled again were cheerful playmates compared with him.

He was dressed in what were supposed to be clothes, but they looked like he'd got 'em too late to do any good. The coat-sleeves lacked a good four inches an' the pants a good seven. You could see he hadn't even a melancholy pride in his failings; but evidently Job was proud of 'em for him, else he was covering his own four-flushing.

"No, sir," said Job, pretending to be entertaining, "nor none of his family never caught a train. Did they, Sad?"

"Nor a boat," mused Sad.

"I shouldn't think they could miss any boats in Boolaboo," said I, dropping into a creaky chair an' discovering how hard I'd worked.

"We've traveled," said Sad, turning up another sod with his grave-digging voice.

"Sad nearly lost half a million dollars missin' boats one time," said Job, "him an' his family."

I wondered what Sad would have looked like if he'd lost that half a million right out, but I said nothing. I hadn't got my second wind yet.

"Tell him about it, Sad," urged the old Machiavelli. "It'll keep him from worryin' about his own train."

"It'll hoodoo him," droned Sad: "It allus does it to strangers. If he hears it, he'll never catch a train again without missin' one before he gets it."

Job laughed; an' if I'd known then what I know now, I'd 'a' choked him an' Sad Schmidt right there an' 'a' took my chances on hanging.

"That's the only joke that Sad ever makes," said he, "an' he's mighty fond of it."

"He looks like he's fond o' somethin' depressing," said I, and because I was sick of the sight an' sound of Job I turned to Sad Schmidt.

"Narrate the narrative," I suggested, reaching between his long legs an' pulling an apple out of the barrel.

He came right at it. He didn't cough, twitch his collar, clear his throat, smile, nor hitch his pants above the knee. He didn't make any of the customary introductions. He just slid into that yarn like I'd dropped a quarter in his gas-meter, an' he never raised the pressure. His voice had the exquisite changes produced by an angry child assaulting his father's wooden leg.

"It was all along o' my father's Uncle Naboth, who made half a million dollars staying home to Germany while the rest of the family got poor coming to America, an' never got rich when they got here. Some five years since he felt he was beginning to get old, so he writ over to my dad that he 'lowed it was his intention that I should heir his wealth, but he would like to see me before he died.

"However, he'd heeard that I wasn't fitten to travel alone an' was a hoodoo in company, so he reckoned he'd just ask his brother or one of his two sisters to run over to Germany an' take my picture along, an' then maybe he'd be content to die.

"Aunt Johanna 'lowed that he'd likely be more'n content to die after he'd seen it. She only feared that he might commit suicide, though I couldn't see no sense in what she said.

"Anyhow, she 'lowed she'd make the trip; an', as she'd been contemplating making a visit to the old country, she figured she'd take her whole family, seeing as Uncle Nabe was payin' the freight.

"I reckon it was one of them female aunts that must have driv' it into the old man about me bein' so ontrustworthy to travel, because them an' pop, too, being just as bad as me, I couldn't see why I sh'd be singled out, 'nless that was it.

"Of course, their reasons was to sour the old man on me in favor of their own offspring, which was all young an' childish, dad bein' ten years the aunts' seniors.

"Well, nobody objected. We 'lowed that if Aunt Johanna an' her husband an' her seven children could get to Germany, they was the only nine members of the family that could get there, barrin' them that'd never left, an' nobody c'd see what anybody c'd do about it.

"Dad said it was all right, an' so long as they were going to take a picture of me, they might as well take a good one, so he 'lowed he'd trust 'em with the big crayon portrait in a frame in the parlor. Aunt Johanna confessed that she didn't want the responsibility of that work of art, but dad said:

"'Johanna, I c'n see clear through you. You're not goin' over there with them seven offshoots o' yourn without takin' somethin' that'll do my boy justice in the eyes of Uncle Nabe, an' it's that or it's nothin'.'

"Aunt Johanna took one look at the crayon, an' she said:

"'I reckon it just about does do him justice, Carl. It 'bout looks like him. I

hadn't thought about that before. I'll be mighty glad to take it along.'

"She laughed; but I couldn't see nothin' to laugh at. Neither could dad. He just pulled his whiskers an' 'lowed that barrin' an unfortunate looseness in catching trains, he was as smart as they made 'em, yet.

"Well, they got their tickets for land an' sea, an' they put the clock two days an'

"When they got to Washington, they found they'd left the crayon portrait of me somewhere, an' it took three hours to trace it. Then the feller said it'd take two more hours to get it, an' that there was a train to New York every hour, an' they c'd catch the second one.

"Aunt Johanna wanted to see the President an' the Congressman what had kissed

"THE OLD MAN COME TO HIMSELF AND YANKED OUT HIS TIMEPIECE."

half an hour ahead, an' they started for the deepo in plenty of time.

"But on the way, Cousin Willie cast a shoe 'cos he'd developed an ingrowing nail, an' before they c'd persuade him to walk or be carried without him busting a blood vessel, doggone me if they didn't hear the engine whistle.

"Aunt Johanna grabbed an offspring under each arm, but one of 'em slipped out onto his nose, an' Uncle Ben tumbled over him, 'an they was all down to once. The train went away. They waited for the next, which was due four hours later, an' was four hours late, but they caught it.

little Freddie last year. They didn't see 'em, but they missed the train. They got the next.'

"The conductor told 'em they'd just make it from the ferry to the dock if the horse-cars was running all right. The cars was all right, but a horse died in the car they was in.

"The man said they often did that, though this horse had only one leg an' one ear dead that morning, an' he had trusted him to go right through the day. He seemed disappointed.

"Well, they rushed onto the dock just as the hands was starting to haul in the gang-

"BETTER MISS IT.—DAD."

plank. There was a gap between it an' the boat already, an' she was swingin' away.

"Uncle Ben gave a yell an' picked little Freddie up in his arms, ran up the gangplank an' jumped. He landed all right. Then he turned an' sang out to Aunt Johanna:

"'Throw 'em up, Johanna! Throw 'em up!'

"Aunt Johanna thought that was how people got onto steamboats, so she picked up little William, swung him an' slung him. But Willie was always a cross-grained little cuss, an' he fell short an' dumped into the river.

"When Uncle Ben seen it, he gave another yell an' dove. He got Willie all right, being a good swimmer, but both of 'em was wet, an' they missed the boat, an' little Freddie was on board.

"Aunt Johanna began to scream, but a man came up an' told her they'd send him back with Pontius Pilate or somebody. She screamed some more at that, but the feller explained who Pilate was, an' she guessed it'd be all right, so she just gave Willie a lickin' for missin' the boat, an' later on she gave Freddie a licking for catching it, an' then they came home.

"Well, after that Aunt Frieda 'lowed she'd go to Germany herself. What business had two fools with seven kids monkeying with time-tables an' upsetting everybody? She reckoned that her an' the twins an' Tommy was just the right size of a party, an' right appeal to sentimentalize Uncle Nabe to a frazzle.

"We never heeard a great deal about Aunt Frieda's trip. We know she tried for two days to catch a train here, an' then she only got one by sleeping all night at the deepo. Anyhow her an' the twins an' Tommy slipped back into Boolaboo before a week was gone. Everybody expected it, so nobody said nothin' to 'em, except una went over to borrow a sad-iron, an' she said she noticed that little Tommy stood up all the time an' seemed to prefer it.

"Aunt Frieda brought the crayon portrait back in a day or two, an' handed in her resignation without explaining, but I bribed Tommy back of the woodshed to tell me all about it. I bribed him with the promise of a knife, but I reckoned afterward that he didn't need no knife.

"Well, it seemed that Tommy had been reading all 'bout New York, an' he 'lowed he wanted to see these streets what was made of tenderloin worse'n he wanted to go to Germany. So he stowed hisself away on a ferry-boat, an' they dragged most of the North River an' the bay for him, an' discovered nothin' but several other corpses that didn't belong to Tommy, an' one or two disused ballot-boxes, but nothin' of no value.

"Then Tommy went to sleep, an' when he woke up he had pins an' needles in his arm, an' he didn't know where he was, an' before he c'd remember he began to holler: 'Mommer! Mommer!' -and they found him.

"The boat was just docking from the sixth trip since Tommy disappeared. Aunt Frieda yanked him out an' dashed up the gangway without delay. A man said she could make it if she run. She run. The twins floated, Aunt Frieda swinging 'em through the air an' only letting 'em touch the ground every hundred yards. Tommy brought up the rear, still looking for tenderloin.

"When they rushed onto the dock the distance to the steamer was too wide to jump, an' it was gettin' wider. Tommy found the tenderloin. He had it with him when he got home.

"Well, ma an' dad sat in front of that crayon portrait of me for a long time that eve'ing—holding hands—dad pulling his whiskers an' ma crying soft.

"'Ma,' said dad, 'that there gem of art shall go to Germany to comfort Uncle Nabe, an' to do justice to our son.'

"'I wish I c'd think so, dad,' said ma, 'but somethin' tells me the boy ain't goin' to heir that wealth. How can we get it there?'

"'I will take it myself.'

"Ma screamed. 'You cannot go alone, dad,' she said.

"'We will go together; you an' me,' said dad; an' they draped the crayon portrait of me an' went to bed.

"I reckon dad might have made it, if he'd left ma at home. First she discovered that the train they were to leave Boolaboo on was No. 13, an' she wouldn't take it. It turned out after that it was the 32. They waited for the next, which was two hours late, but they'd given themselves lots of time, an' when they arrived at New York they had three hours to spare.

"They went for a walk, an' bimeby they came to a round building which everybody seemed to be goin' in free, so they went along, thinking to get their money's worth.

"Well, it was a fish orphanage, or somethin'. There was fishes without noses, an' fishes with bottle noses, an' fishes with noses four feet long, an' fishes that changed color, an' some that'd stare at you all day without ever changing color or wincing.

"They were sure entertained, an' when the old man come to himself an' yanked out his timepiece, the boat had been due out some ten minutes, an' they were half an hour away from the dock.

"They didn't say a word to each other. They just turned right around an' come back to Boolaboo. Supper was ready for 'em, an' nobody said a word about it for three days.

"Then dad said to me: 'Son, it seems like heaven intends you should go yourself.'

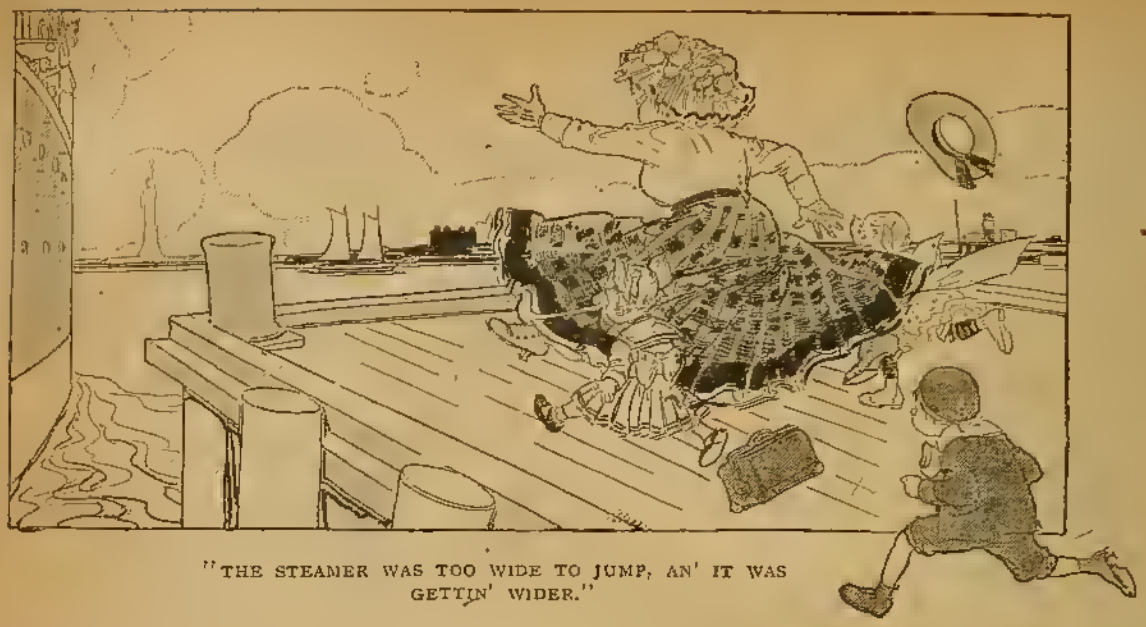
"I asked the old man if he was sure of his authority, an' he claimed he was, so I bought me a new suit an' the family knitted me ties an' socks an' sewed my name an' address from my hat to my shoes, an' I started off with a suit-case an' the crayon portrait of me.

"Well, it was too bad. When I got half-way I remembered that I'd forgotten my pipe, but as I'd give myself plenty of time, I went back for it. I'd got nearly to the station again when I discovered that I put the crayon portrait down to pick my pipe up; so I had to go back again. I missed the train. I got one, though, later on.

"At Washington I had to change, an' somehow I got half-way to Florida before I found out I was in the wrong train. I got out an' went back.

"I had to wait an hour at Washington, but I did get a train, an' if I hadn't got on a tug instead of the ferry-boat, I 'low I'd a got that steamer.

"A feller asked me what I wanted, an' I 'lowed I wanted to go to Germany. He admitted they wasn't goin' any further than Staten Island—an' they didn't. He said the fare for passengers was ten dollars, but



"THE STEAMER WAS TOO WIDE TO JUMP, AN' IT WAS GETTIN' WIDER."

I 'lowed that fifty cents would do him, an' he said it would.

"Two policemen showed me how to get back. They bought tickets for me on the railroad an' another ferry. They said they c'd get 'em cheaper than me, an' they got me right across the island for two dollars.

"Well, I heard the boat tooting as I came up to the dock, an' I was determined by this time to get it. I jumped over two trucks an' a feller selling vi'lets an' dashed on as she was swingin' off.

"By this time Uncle Nabe had heeard of most of the attempts, an' I knew he'd be relying on me. The boat was slipping away, an' so was my chance at Uncle Nabe's half a million. There was just one way I might catch it. I climbed on a crowd of piles, thinking I might make the jump from them to the boat, but by the time I got there she was well out, an' I was just makin' up my mind to swim after her when a boy's voice hailed me.

"'Hey, mister!' he yelled; 'are you Lemuel Schmidt?'

"'I am,' said I, waiting to dive.

"'Here's a telegram for you!'

"It was from dad.

"'Uncle Nabe says he'll bet me a hundred thousand dollars to a nickel you'll be only one to catch the boat. Better miss it. Dad.'

"That's what it said, an' I sorter agreed with the old man that a hundred thousand here was better'n half a million hereafter. I came home."

Sad Schmidt paused.

"Did you get the hundred thou.?" I asked.

"I should've done, stranger, but there was one feller that didn't miss a boat. It went from Hamburg to Australia, an' the feller was the cashier in Uncle Nabe's bank. An' now we are takin' turns in keeping Uncle Nabe. There's the whistle of the eight-o'clock. I reckon you won't get it."

I didn't. I ran to the station, just like the whole Schmidt family had done, but I didn't get it. I have never got one since without first missing from one to ten.

I'm a hoodooed an' demoralized Ishmael, but now that I've got this yarn out of my system, maybe the hoodoo is lifted.

JAPANESE SMOKE-PREVENTER.

FROM Japan come particulars of the invention of a smoke-preventing furnace, in which compressed air is supplied to the fire through tubes forming an upper grate. The fuel is first deposited on this grate and partly consumed; the combustion gases pass downward through the grate, meeting the supply of compressed air. By means of a reciprocating agitator, the partially consumed fuel is caused to fall then upon a second grate of the ordinary type, where combustion is completed. One of the "smoke-preventers" is being sent here for examination.

LULLABY OF THE WHEELS.

BY J. EDWARD HUNGERFORD.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

WHEN you hear us softly clickin',
Don't it make your pulses quicken—
Don't it make you want to hum a little tune?
When you're feelin' sad and weary
Ain't our music kind o' cheery,
Ain't there somethin' kind o' restful in our croon?
Don't our smooth and rhythmic meter
Make the weary hours go fleeter,
When we're puttin' miles behind you on the fly?
Ain't our measure soft, poetic,
Like a soothin' anesthetic—
Don't it drowse you like a peaceful lullaby?

Oh, it's spin, spin, spin,
And it's work like sin;
For we're racing with the seconds and they've got a show to win;
It's a swift old pace,
And a reckless old race,
But our only joy in being is to get some place!

Oh, our days are mighty busy,
And our mode of living dizzy,
But it's seldom that we ever lose our poise;
For a little slip in action
Is a serious infraction,
And it makes a heap of trouble for the boys;
If we're weary and want resting,
Then our song is shrill, protesting,
And we screech along until we get release;
But there's seldom much the matter,
After all our kick and clatter,
And we're silenced by a daub or two of grease.

Oh, it's click, click, click,
We're kept a-moving quick,
There's no end of miles to cover and we've got to turn the trick;
It's a swift old race,
Yes, a dizzy old pace,
But our only joy in being is to get some place!

When the Con Was "Called."

BY SAM HENRY.

THE TRUE STORY SERIES. Nearly every raw recruit who joins the great army of railroaders has to take his share of ridicule from the old-timers. Sometimes, however, the fun goes a little too far, and unless some kind-hearted veteran steps in and takes sides with the new man, life is apt to prove anything but a bed of roses. That Mr. Henry is still a clerk in Uncle Sam's mail service was due to an eagle-eye "putting him wise" and helping him to call the bluff of a certain conductor. Turn about is fair play.

TRUE STORY, NUMBER FIFTY-SIX.

A Little Drama, Enacted in a Mail-Car by Several Trainmen and a Dog, Which Was Suddenly Brought to an Unexpected Climax.

IT was not long after my appointment as a relief mail clerk, with headquarters at Houston, Texas, that one of Uncle Sam's mail-sorters running from Bremond to Cisco was suddenly taken with what the chief clerk called the "home fever," and I was sent to relieve him.

You have seen pictures of a Reuben coming to town? Well, such pictures might have been taken from real life of me at that time. About the only thing I had ever traveled on was a Texas bronco. Just eighteen years old, right from the forks of the creek. I was as green as they make 'em. In fact, I have often wondered how I ever got to Bremond, one hundred and fifty miles from Houston, without an escort.

When I started out from Bremond on my first run, I noticed at each station that the conductor and baggage-master kept holding a consultation of some sort, and often glanced in my direction. I was too guileless to suspect anything, however, though I made the trip to Cisco, wondering all the way what they had been talking about. Returning the next day, we were only about thirty minutes out when the conductor opened my partition door, and seeing me, apologized for intruding, saying that he thought his friend Edgar was on.

It seemed that some one had given the conductor a very valuable dog at Cisco, and he had come to ask Edgar to allow him to leave it by the stove on some mail sacks until we got to Waco, his division point. Wish-

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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ing to be agreeable, I insisted that he bring his dog in anyhow, and I stopped my work to help him tie the animal, giving him every assurance that it would be well taken care of.

In about twenty minutes after the conductor left, the partition door was again opened—this time by a portly gentleman, well-dressed, in a Prince Albert coat, and having all the earmarks of a Western lawyer. He seemed greatly surprised, as the conductor had been, on seeing me there, and also made profuse apologies for disturbing me, saying that he had thought his friend Edgar was in the car.

Don Has Several Masters.

Edgar, he said, was a fine fellow, and everybody liked him. Then his eye fell upon the dog.

"Why, that's not you, Don!" he cried. Whereupon the old dog got up and wagged his tail. "That is Don. How did that dog get there, Mr. Mail Clerk?"

He then told me that early that morning, and before starting to the train, he had sent this very dog, which belonged to him, to school with his little girl. As the dog was never known to leave her, he felt certain that something terrible must have befallen his child when the dog had been taken away.

"Mr. Mail Clerk," he concluded, "in Heaven's name tell me quickly, how do you come to have my dog?"

I explained how the conductor had brought him in to me. The man ripped and swore. He informed me that he was United States district judge, and that he would call the law down upon the one who had stolen his little daughter's protector.

I tried to pacify him, telling him that possibly the dog had strayed away, and that the conductor, knowing his value, wished to take care of him. He would not accept my explanation, however, saying that the conductor knew his dog, and he was certain that if he had seen him at the depot he would have sent him home instead of bringing him away. Finally he left, stating that he was going to have it out with the conductor.

I felt very uneasy, expecting serious trouble between them. Directly they came to my car together. The conductor seemed angry and denied knowing anything about the dog other than that he had seen me leading him down to the car, and he had noticed that I had a hard time getting him in. To substantiate this remarkable story he brought in the baggage-master.

Accused of a Crime.

The judge became angrier than before. He went into a long rigmarole about what the law would do to me, since I had been caught redhanded, with every witness against me, and ended with the cheerful information that he was a personal friend of President Arthur, and would see that I lost my job. He would leave the dog with me until we reached Waco, when an officer would take charge of me.

Knowing that I was innocent of wrongdoing, yet accused of a crime and with no one to defend me, I don't believe any one was ever more miserable than I at that moment. Rather than face the disgrace of arrest, I had about made up my mind to abandon the train at the Brazos River, when I heard a knock on the door next to the engine. I opened it and found the engineer standing outside.

He had a good-natured face that made me feel better at once. He came in and walked over to the stove where the dog lay.

"Well, Don," he said, "you are a great old rascal." Then he turned to me. "Say, buddy, don't look so downhearted. Them galoots are only playing a joke on you. That conductor and baggage-master are forever up to some monkey-shine. Now, buddy, if you will carry out my instructions we will give them a scare they'll remember, and maybe it will break them of playing jokes. Don belongs to that conductor, and he wouldn't take a thousand dollars for him.

"He can travel over the top of a string of box cars as good as any braky, and I don't believe he has missed a trip with that conductor in five years. Now, I am going to take Don up on the engine, where he is as much at home as he is here. You put a lump of coal in this old gunny-sack, and just as I slow down at the river, open the partition door and holler to the baggage-master: 'Here goes that dog.'

The Eagle-Eye's Plan.

"It will be so dark he can't tell what it is you are throwing out; but when he looks around in your car and finds the dog is gone, he will run back to the coaches to tell the conductor. You had better bolt the door, because that con is going to be some mad.

Let them pound on it until they break it down, if need be, but don't let them in. I will be back as soon as I can get Don out of sight."

I could have hugged the engineer for telling me it was all a joke, and was only too glad to carry out his instructions.

As we slowed down for the river I opened the partition door and yelled to the baggage-master: "Here goes that dog; I'll get that much of the evidence out of the way."

The baggage-master came to my door, looked in, and, seeing Don was gone, ran back for the conductor. I bolted the door, as I had been told to do, and in about a minute I heard such a pounding as no door would stand very long. The engineer soon returned, however, and, telling me to stand aside, he jerked open the door. In rushed the conductor, the baggage-master, and the judge. The conductor made a jump for me, but the engineer caught him, and I never heard such a "rolling" as he gave all three of them.

"You ought to be clubbed," he said. "You have tantalized this kid all day until you have driven him to desperation, and now he's gone and thrown your dog into the river. I was looking back just now and I saw something go over, so I came to see what it was.

"The kid wouldn't tell me much about it; but as I am on to your pranks, I am certain it was Don. Don't you fellows know that this lad can have every last one of you arrested for interfering with the United States mails? That door is cracked where you tried to break in, and if he prefers charges against you I will appear as a witness for him."

After this little speech the conductor cooled down considerably, and after further thought on the matter he became very pleasant, and even tried to get chummy with me. He was broken up over the loss of his dog.

At our next stop he wired back to the agent at Fowler to hunt up the section-boss, who was a friend of his, and to tell him that when the train hit the curve at Brazos River, Don, who had been standing close to the door, had fallen out. The section-boss was to go to the river and look for the dog. He should have five dollars for his trouble, and if he found him, ten dollars more.

When we arrived at Waco, the end of the division, the conductor came round to try to persuade me not to report him. While he was talking the engineer appeared with Don, and the expression on that conductor's face certainly was a surprised one.

He was so glad to get his dog back that he took both of us to a restaurant and bought us a fine dinner. He begged us to keep the story quiet, for he said that he had been guilty of so many pranks along his run that if this were found out everybody would have the laugh on him, so we promised not to give him away.

The tale got out somehow, in the course of time, and for quite a while, whenever this conductor would hit a station, he would be asked if he had found his dog yet. It even got to some of the officials, and a waggish despatcher, after issuing an order to him, would often supplement it with the question: "Have you found old Don?"

DUTIES OF A FIREMAN.

THE fireman has certain duties to perform in connection with firing the engine besides the actual putting in of coal or feeding the boiler with water. On a great many railways these duties are specified by the working rules and regulations. The filling of oil-cans, getting stores, sweeping of the deck, and wiping off the engine or cab, though tending to show a man to be clean and tidy through attention to these duties, it is not always the case that such a man will prove a good fireman. Of course, the getting of stores, cleaning of lamps and torches, and the gathering up of tools, such as coal-pick, scoop, broom, etc., are all very necessary items that a fireman must look after or be up against trouble on the road. It is of no use giving advice on this part of his duties, because if any failure of his to do these things was the means of lost time or complaint, his services would soon be dispensed with. The examination of dampers and grates on the modern locomotive is out of the question. On an engine turned out ready for the train, the dampers are no longer under the control of the fireman, as the engine gets its supply of air above the ash-pan near the bottom of the fire-box. But there is no doubt that it would assist a fireman greatly in his work of firing if he were to make a pretty close examination of the coal on the tender, also note the condition of the fire to see whether it is clean or not, or if it is clinkered, and this before he begins to build a fire.—*Locomotive Firemen and Engineers' Magazine.*

BAKER OF THE BAD LANDS.

BY W. T. PERCIVAL.

There Are Times When a Man Would Give His Kingdom for Much Less Than a Horse.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

BAKER, a noted desperado, has held up the Pacific Coast Special, relieving it of bills amounting to $20,000. He makes his escape from the posse following him, steering his way for the arid and desolate Bad Lands where he hopes to hide himself. Coming to a little settlement of deserted huts, he takes possession of one and, after investigating his surroundings, finds he can stay comfortably in seclusion there until the hunt for him has subsided. He is startled one morning, however, by seeing a man coming down the trail.

CHAPTER V.

"Good Morning, Mr. Standish!"

BAKER stood his ground and let the stranger approach. Inwardly he cursed himself for having ventured away from his shack unarmed. It was a mighty foolish thing for a man in his predicament to do, but he had felt so very sure of himself that—

This was no time for pondering over errors made; it was a time for bluff. Baker was facing the approaching man, who, having gained the hillside that led down to the deserted camp, now started on a trot. Baker faced about and waited.

Not a muscle in his well-knit frame trembled. He waited until the stranger was within fifty yards of him, and then he whipped his right hand to his hip-pocket and let it remain there.

The action was not without its desired effect. Baker expected that his visitor would pull some sort of new-fangled weapon and let fly at him. Instead, he came to a sudden halt, threw up his hands, and cried:

"Don't shoot!"

Baker did not remove his hand from his hip-pocket.

"Don't shoot," repeated the stranger. "I mean you no harm."

"Then, come down easy like," commanded Baker, his right hand in the same position. "Come down easy like, and keep your hands where they are."

The stranger did as he was ordered.

Baker noticed that he was a youngish man—perhaps not more than six and twenty—with a sturdy frame, bright-blue eyes, and long, yellow hair. His face wore the queer brown tan that quickly marks the blond men who seek the out-of-door life. He seemed possessed of a pleasant manner—indeed, the sunny disposition of the easily contented rippled in smiles over his good-looking face, notwithstanding the stern demands of the desperate man who stood before him.

He came down until he almost faced Baker, and Baker said:

"Now, walk ahead of me. Go into that cabin at the foot of this path—and we will talk it over. Go ahead—don't turn around, or I will not be responsible for my actions."

He did exactly as the desperado ordered, walking straight ahead, looking neither to the right nor the left. With a lithe step he entered the *maison de Baker*.

The lord of the manor quickly followed—his trusty right hand on his hip—pulled up a chair to the table, and ordered the visitor to be seated.

This formality over, Baker lost no time in annexing his six-gun. The newcomer saw this operation and smiled.

"Only a bluff—that little game outside—eh?" he said.

"I'm taking no chances," replied Baker. "Keep your hands upon the table. That's it. Spread 'em out. Now, who are you?"

"How about your putting your hands on the table, too?" said the other. "Let's make it horse and horse."

"I've got the drop," replied Baker, with a calmness that was more forcible than any gun-play. "That's nine-tenths of the law. Now, who are you?"

At first Dick Standish was not prepared to say. He, too, was in deep disgrace. For a moment he pictured the card-room in Keeley's, the particularly brilliant café of Dunstan's Corners, some fifty miles back in the wilderness, where among the gold-diggers he was known as the slickest card-sharp of them all.

He saw the gold and silver and chips on the table; he recalled the card that he had deftly "palmed" from the discard to fill his hand; he remembered Big Decker jumping up and accusing him; he remembered having pulled his gun; the flash; the heavy thud of Decker's body as it struck the floor; the upturned table; the scattered cards and money—and the dash for freedom that he made through the back door with the smoking revolver still in his hand.

He could still hear the men shouting as he mounted the first horse he saw and rode into the night. The scurrying hoofs of his pursuers were still fresh in his ears. Just how he had finally outwitted them he did not know. All he hoped for was that he was safe from the clutches of the law.

"Who are you?" Baker repeated.

"Pardner, I wouldn't like to tell—not just now—if you don't care."

He smiled—and Baker seemed to begin to understand that smile. This man was either a fugitive from justice or a detective on his trail.

"I am unarmed," Standish went on. "I haven't so much as a cartridge on me. I am willing that you should search me."

"That's a queer way to be mousin' around these diggin's, ain't it?" asked Baker.

"Like as not," Standish replied. "But it just happens that I'm without irons."

"Usually carry 'em, eh?"

"I've owned some good ones."

"Why did you come here?"

Standish didn't answer. For a moment he looked at Baker keenly, and then said:

"I'll be perfectly square with you. Tell me who you are, and I'll tell you who I am."

Baker was too old a bird to be caught by such reasoning. His reply was this question:

"Posse after you?"

Standish looked quizzically.

Baker seemed to have waited an age before the young man answered:

"Not that I know of."

"He who hesitates falls into the trap" was writ large in the lexicon of Baker.

There was, or there had been, a posse after this man. Now to learn the reason why.

"What's your specialty—limited trains or grub-wagons?" asked Baker.

Dick Standish saw that it was useless to parley further.

He took a long breath and then purged his conscience with the awful truth.

"Murder," he said, with set features. "I killed—my man."

Oh, the great glory of being able to say, "*my* man!"

Standish leaned back as if he were a real hero. He had sprung a bond of sympathy, he thought, that would easily wind its tentacles in the heart of his inquisitor; but he had not reckoned the cold, calculating, keen, analytical Baker, in whom sympathy was the last sentiment to be aroused.

Just at that moment Dick Standish expected many things to happen. He did not anticipate, however, the bloodless question that was immediately hurled at him by Baker in the one word:

"Where?"

It was too much for Standish. He had looked for sympathy; he had been handed a stone.

He jumped to his feet. A deep furrow wrinkled his fair brow. Anguish distorted his face. He clenched his fists and stepped back. Baker did not move from the chair in which he was sitting. He just tapped the handle of his six-gun in the most idle, unconcerned manner, and let it go at that.

"Who are you? Why do you want to know? Come—this isn't fair!" shouted Standish.

"Don't get excited, my boy," said Baker, still unmoved.

"If you're a detective, out with it! I'm unarmed! I tell you, I haven't any shootin'-irons on me!"

He seemed to be working himself into a frenzy, and the calmer Baker remained, the more excited became the younger man.

"If you'll just cut that out, come down to facts, and tell me who you are, we will be able to reach an understandin' quicker," said Baker. "I'm not a detective—if that will do you any good."

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" the younger man cried in a great burst of anguish.

He would have thrown himself on Baker's body out of sheer joy had not that worthy rudely pushed him off.

"Sit down now," Baker said, with a sternness that brooked of no refusal. "Sit down and behave yourself, or I'll have you doin' a dance to the music of this harmonica," and he tapped his six-shooter with force.

Standish sat down. As he did so he wiped the tears from his eyes. They were there sure enough. Even the heart of the highwayman is bound to quake under the strain of trouble.

Baker waited until the young man had sniffled back a few sobs, and then he put his pointed question with all the cleverness and directness of a trained lawyer examining a witness:

"Who are you, and where did you come from?"

The other braced his back for the ordeal. He hesitated just a moment to decide whether he would tell the truth straight and untarnished or tinge the story with falsehood.

Perhaps it would be best to color the distressing narrative that the armed man across the table might not know that he was so desperate a character; but, as he looked straight into the eyes of Baker, he thought he saw a friendliness, a comradeship, that he had not observed before.

CHAPTER VI.

Baker's Greatest Problem.

DICK STANDISH told his story. He told it straight and true. He minced no words; he omitted no details; he made it as picturesque and dramatic as he knew how, and he did his best to let Baker think that he was not so much to blame—that the shooting was partly justifiable.

Baker listened without interruption. Not once during the recital of the narrative did he ask a question, not once did he endeavor to help the young man when he came to a halting spot; but when Dick Standish had come to the last chapter—where he appeared on the horizon of the deserted camp—Baker wanted to know no more. With a suddenness that brought the young man up with a start he asked:

"Why did you come here?"

"This is where they all come to," said Standish.

If he had been very quick he would have seen a faint, a very faint, smile play around the corners of Baker's mouth. So, they all come here! Had he then found only a hovel that was known to every highwayman of the plain—had he put up at a deserted hole known to every outlaw as a safe place in which to hide?

No—it could not be. The young man must be mistaken. However, the words took root in Baker's mind. It brought a feeling of uneasiness to him many times that afternoon and night.

"So you are Dick Standish?" said Baker.

"Yes," replied the other. "Do you know me?"

"Aren't you the chap who tried to pull off a case down at Quincy's a year ago—the night they brought a shipment of gold from the East for the bank there?"

Standish hesitated long enough to give Baker a chance to answer for him. Baker did so in these words:

"You made a bull of that job all right."

"I should have got away with it," Standish answered.

"If you hadn't been a kid you would have got away with it. It was a fool trick for you to butt in where an older man would have made his getaway—and with the gold."

Standish did not answer. It was apparent that Baker knew him. The outlaw does not care to go into a history of his past or a recitation of his deeds of daring, no-matter how clever they may be, unless he knows that the man who is listening is one of his kind.

He sat sullenly for some moments, the picture of sheer desperation. Now he would look at Baker with a despairing glance; now he would scan the distance through the open door of the cabin, as if wondering just how he could transform himself to the realms that lay beyond the serried whiteness of the Bad Lands.

At any rate, he and Baker could not remain in the same place unless it was to be on a plane of equality. He had told Baker the untarnished truth about himself, and now it was up to Baker to reveal his identity.

Standish was not a coward. He had not shed tears during the narrative of his life through fear or cowardice. He shed them because he was at the mercy of an armed man. If Standish had been in possession of the pistol—if he had even been armed as Baker was—we would have had a much different story to record.

Standish was the first to speak.

"Now, tell me who you are?"

He asked the question too abruptly—rather too seriously. He had adopted Baker's tactics of examination.

The question didn't worry Baker in the least. Instead of replying, he started to quiz Standish about the abandoned camp which both had selected as a refuge.

"What do you know about this place?"

"It's called Gull City," replied Standish.

"Ever been here before?"

"Many years ago—when I was a little fellow. My father came here with the gold fever. We settled in this place; but there was nothing doing."

"Where is your father now?"

The young outlaw smiled and shook his head.

"All I remember," he said, "was that we were loaded in a prairie wagon, and by the time that we came to some place out in Wyoming he left me to shift for myself. I haven't heard from him since."

Untouched still, Baker went on.

"You remarked that this place—Gull City—is pretty well known as a hiding-place for—such as you?"

"You don't mean to tell me that you have never heard of it?"

"I guess nobody knows these parts any better than I do," said Baker, "and I never heard of this place."

"Why," said Standish, "whenever any of the boys makes a getaway he usually hikes for Gull City. It was the first place that I thought of."

"If it's so well known," said Baker, "aren't the sheriffs wise?"

"They haven't found it yet. Why, them two fellers that robbed a bank down in the southern part of the State hung around here for two years before they appeared. Then they were forgotten."

Baker said no more. He only thought.

Again there was silence. Both men were occupied in some mental scheme. Baker was wondering just what he would do with Standish. It would not do to drive him from the place.

It was evident that he knew too much about it. And Baker was not so certain that Standish could be trusted. If he were sent abroad and captured, he might, in a spirit of revenge, tell where Baker was hidden—and Baker had to hide.

The shooting of a man in a mining-town over a card-game was of little consequence when compared with the hold-up of one of the fastest trains in the West. Standish's crime would blow over in a few months; Baker's would be the talk of keen-witted sleuths spurred on for months and years, perhaps, by the monstrous reward for his body—dead or alive.

No, he couldn't afford to send Standish away. Indeed, he couldn't even afford to let him go away of his own accord. He would have to keep him there—welcome or unwelcome, friend or foe.

If it were elected that Standish was to be his sole companion in that lonesome aggregation of huts and tin cans, what would he do with the twenty thousand dollars? Would it be safe? Could he trust Standish with his secret?

Would he dare to leave it out of his sight for even a second? Would—great thunder!—would he even dare to go to sleep at night? Might not Standish kill him and make away with that glorious fortune?

"And why shouldn't he?" thought Baker. "Wouldn't I do the same?"

Men had been killed for a less sum than that.

Yes, Standish was a problem. The more Baker thought it over—with his hand on his gun, and his eyes running the blond man's length from hair to toe—the more his problem narrowed down to two factors: First, he must make Standish his bosom pal; or, second, he must kill him.

By the code that guided him, Baker disliked more than all else to take a human life unless there was good and sufficient reason. He knew the art of maintaining his position and keeping the upper hand of a situation with a pistol within reach—just as he was doing at this particular moment—but he would rather have shared his twenty thousand with Standish and let him go his way than spill his blood.

The soul of Baker was not the soul of a coward. It was guided merely by certain psychological inconsistencies — phases of mental convolutions that are found in all criminals unto whom one crime is right and another crime is wrong.

While Baker was trying to solve this problem Standish was thinking of one thing only.

"Who was Baker?"

CHAPTER VII.

To Pass the Night.

STANDISH arose and asked for a drink. Baker pointed to the tin bucket which he kept filled with water from the spring. Standish picked it up, and let a long draft trickle down his throat. He set the bucket on the floor, paced to and fro for a moment, went over to the door, and looked out. As he leaned against the door-jamb, with his hands stuck deep into his pockets, Baker took him in from a new angle.

There appeared to be a streak of kindness in the young man. Around his eyes and about his mouth were evidences of a better breeding than usually comes to the average outlaw. He had something of a kindly expression, something of genuine sincerity in his face and manner.

Perhaps if he had not been deserted by a God-forsaken, unlucky father—perhaps if he had had a chance to grow up among good men, and had not been left to the desperadoes of a forgotten country for his mental guidance—he might have become a good man with decent prospects. The more Baker studied him, the more he became convinced that he could trust him—to a certain point.

Standish's blue eyes took in the tiresome vista that he hated beyond words, until it all seemed a mockery. He wished that something might happen to blot it out of his sight forever. He wondered if beyond its creamy expanse, which the hot sun seemed to be making all the more disheartening, there wasn't some place where a man might live and be good—where he might go and wipe the sins from his soul and start life anew!

"Say, Standish."

Baker spoke. It was not in the sharp, brutal tone to which the other man had become accustomed. The words were rather pleasantly uttered—for Baker.

Standish turned quickly. The smile of boyish friendship played on his face. He looked inquiringly.

"Sit down, old man."

As Baker spoke, he picked up his gun and thrust it between his trousers and shirt.

Standish returned to the table. He felt that he would not have to ask the question that was uppermost in his mind again. His first impulse was to hold out his hand. He craved friendship then as he had craved it only once before—when his father had driven away and left him to the mercy of the world.

Standish took the seat across the table, and waited for Baker to proceed. Baker was ever ready to place himself on the defensive. He always managed to get in that position by asking questions instead of coming directly to the point.

"Did you ever hear of Baker of the Bad Lands?"

"Many times," replied Standish.

"Pretty bad record, eh?"

"He's considered a daring man. I would not like to come up against him."

"Well, you are!"

Baker almost jerked the words from his throat before Standish had time to think.

Standish, his mouth wide with surprise, looked into the face of the most noted outlaw of the time—the man whom he frequently had admired in secret, whom he wondered if it would ever be his good fortune to see. Little did he dream that the meeting would be in such a place and under such conditions.

"You haven't heard of me for some time?" Baker continued.

"No. It was thought that you were out of the country."

"I was—out of the country; but I am back again. It's a long story, Standish, and I am going to tell you all about it. You are here, and I can't afford to let you go. First of all, let us shake hands. We are both desperate men. I'm an old lad at the game.

"I've been through a score of battles, and have come out with two things to my credit: I am well over forty, and I have never killed a man—yet! Secondly, I have never been shot myself. There isn't a scar on my body.

"You are only a youngster—hot-headed, foolish, romantic, and you play for small stakes. Your kind stays a baby all through life, and you're in this game because—well, you gave the secret out yourself—your fa-

ther deserted you, and you were forced into it. You're brave, all right, but I wouldn't trust you, Standish.

"I'm giving it to you straight from the shoulder, and you must take it. I wouldn't trust you in the little scheme that I have in mind.

"While you and I are here it will be necessary for you to abide by certain restrictions—and always remember that this will never get beyond my eye or arm."

So said Baker as he again tapped the protruding handle of his six-gun.

Standish eyed him with mixed curiosity and pride.

"I've got twenty thousand dollars here," Baker continued. He walked to and fro, and spoke with slow and peculiar deliberation, now and then pressing his hand against that side of his body where the stolen money rested in its leathern case.

"You needn't worry where I got it. Think whatever you please. Some day I may make up my mind to tell you; but rest assured that it is here, and in the kind of currency that goes anywhere.

"I came here because I was driven here. I propose to stay here until the snow flies, unless I am ousted by some objectionable visitors. It is a comfortable place. It will be pretty hot in summer, but then we will take it easy and will have to look only for grub.

"I have fixed up all this," and Baker pointed with pride to the changes that he had made in the old cabin, and its comfortable appearance—"and there is a lot more that we can do to make it pleasant."

"Thank you—thank you!" said Standish, rising and holding out his hand.

Baker interrupted him with a short gesture.

"Not yet," Baker went on. "Wait till I have finished."

He went to the bucket, refreshed himself with a drink of water, and then continued:

"I have a proposition to make to you, Standish. If you are willing to stay here with me until the snow flies, if you will do as I say and obey me strictly, if you will play a square game, and act strictly on your honor, I will give you one thousand dollars when we separate, and you can go your way."

Standish made another effort to show his appreciation, but Baker's hand silenced him.

"There is one thing more—I will trust you to a certain limit, but beyond that you must permit me to have my way. During the day I can keep you in sight, and, remember, I will.

"But I trust no man at night—not even my own father. No, I wouldn't even trust myself," and Baker brought his fist hard on the table to emphasize the importance of this assertion.

"I haven't the smallest grain of faith in the highwayman at night," continued Baker. "I don't care how honest he claims to be by daylight, or how good a pal—at night he'd steal the pennies off a dead man's eyes. I ain't mingled with 'em for years without knowing 'em from the ground up."

There was a touch of resentment in the face of Standish. Baker noticed it, and he drove home his argument all the more forcibly.

"Yes, I'd do it—and you'd do it. And there ain't a man who makes his living by his wits who wouldn't do it. In the daytime he is a good fellow—but at night I wouldn't trust him with a cent.

"Now, it comes to this, Standish. I've got to have sleep. I can't sit up all night watching you, and all you might say about being honest don't have any effect on me while I'm asleep.

"This is the thing that keeps you honest, my boy," and once more he sharply patted the butt of his gun—"but once you get this shootin'-iron in your possession I wouldn't give a cow's hoof for your honesty or my money or life."

"I promise—" broke in Standish.

"You promise nothing," interrupted Baker.

Standish was completely dumfounded. In his heart he was willing to be honest and withstand temptation; he would try hard to do so. But he couldn't help wondering just what Baker intended to do with him at night.

CHAPTER VIII.

Something Missing.

BAKER paced the floor of the cabin for some moments. His arms were folded, but his right hand was on the handle of the instrument that was the real master of the situation.

He was in deep thought—he was planning the manner in which his partner by force would be obliged to pass his nights.

Standish sat playing with his fingers, now

looking at the floor, now looking at the erect, lithe figure of the thinking man. He wanted to speak; he wanted to assure Baker with all the fervor he possessed that he would do just as Baker said—and that he would be a good little boy at night.

"Did you get away with any of that money in that poker mix-up?" Baker asked, with his customary abruptness.

"Not a cent," said Standish. "The table was knocked over, and I had just time to get away."

"How much was in the pot?"

"About three hundred."

"How much in cash?"

"Nearly all of it."

"And you were cheating?"

Standish didn't quite like or quite understand the force or the necessity of this cross-examination.

For a moment it angered him. One more question like that, he thought, and he would spring at the throat of Baker, bang his head against the wall, and get possession of the pistol and the money.

What right had this man, who would not account for his own ill-gotten gains, to be so inquisitive and lordly? But these were only flashes of thought. The diplomatic side of Standish quickly got the upper hand of him, and he replied:

"I admitted that when I told you my story."

There was a touch of irony in his voice that Baker liked. He sought no further information from the younger man, but after a few seconds of silence he faced Standish and said in measured tones, that there might be no misunderstanding:

"I am willing to carry out my part of the agreement that I have just made if you are willing to be tied up at night."

"How?" was all the surprised Standish managed to say.

"I don't know," Baker answered. "I haven't made up my mind yet. I have to figure that out. It ain't so easy as it seems."

Then he walked over to the door of the cabin and looked out on the vegetable garden.

"Standish," he said, "do you see that stuff growing over in that corner with the small white flowers?"

Standish walked over to the door and looked in the direction indicated by Baker's finger.

"That's potatoes," Baker went on. "It's a pretty good patch at that, but it's kind of choked with weeds. You go over there and pull the weeds out and throw them well up the hill."

Standish sauntered out to the patch of potatoes, and looked at the weeds with a critical eye.

He smiled to think of being brought to such work; he had never done it before in all his life. If it hadn't been for the little white blossoms on the plants he doubted if he could have told which were potatoes and which were weeds.

Finally he got down on his knees and went at the work with a will.

Baker, sitting on the stoop, watched him intently for a while, but he soon returned to the question that was uppermost in his mind. Even if Standish declined his proposition, he would have to be made a prisoner at night until some disposition could be made of him.

It now seemed to be well toward the noon hour, and Baker knew that whatever he did would require the greater part of his time before darkness fell. Whatever happened, he began to realize that he did not care to sit up all night by the sleeping form of Dick Standish.

Baker arose and walked over to one of the deserted cabins, about a hundred feet from his own. It was one of the best of the array of rotting hovels of Gull City. Baker had given it second choice when selecting his abode. He opened the door and looked in. That would do pretty well.

Then he remembered that during his first tour of investigation about the place he had seen a rusty anvil in the middle of one of the streets. He recalled that when it first met his gaze he had said it might come in handy some day.

Now he wandered about until he found it again. He leaned over to pick it up. The sun had turned it too hot for immediate handling, so he dragged it to a shady place to let it cool. Finally he carried it without much effort to the cabin which he had selected as the "prison" in which Standish should spend his nights, and set it in the middle of the floor.

"There," he said to himself. "Now, if I had a chain that could be run through that hardy-hole and then fastened to Standish's leg, I would sleep at night—all right, all right.

"And if the hardy miners who tried to make Gull City a populous and prosperous center," thought Baker, "left anvils and

stoves and tin buckets and all the things that I have collected to make me comfortable, they must have left a piece of chain somewhere."

Standish would soon find out.

Returning to the vegetable garden, Baker called to Standish. The latter, who was still on his knees working with a will that surprised even himself, popped to his feet and smilingly responded.

"Standish," said Baker, "I want a piece of chain. Look around among these huts and see if you can find about ten feet or so—and not too heavy, Standish."

Standish looked in the direction of the dilapidated territory indicated by Baker's sweeping hand.

"And when you find it, Standish, bring it to me. I will be in that cabin," and the hand again indicated the objective point.

Standish ambled away lazily. Baker returned to the cabin. There he stood in the doorway and saw the younger man idly kicking the dust with his feet, now stooping, now picking up something, now looking about gingerly.

He roamed thither and yon and then disappeared behind one of the cabins. He must have been out of sight for some fifteen minutes. When he again appeared before Baker he had about four feet of rusty wagon-chain and a small dog-chain.

Baker's eyes gleamed with joy as Standish handed them over.

"Just the things!" exclaimed Baker. "Where did you find them?"

Standish was about to give a minute detail of the success of his quest, but evidently Baker did not care to hear.

He threw the chains to the floor.

"Now, Standish," he went on, "here is the point of my argument. Listen carefully, and let me know if you will agree."

He stopped as if to prepare the younger man for a life sentence.

"I will give you one thousand dollars, as I said under the previous conditions, if you will agree to remain in this cabin every night with that anvil chained to your leg. I am to see that you are made fast to it the last thing every night, and I will release you every morning."

"I couldn't drag that very far," said Standish as he viewed the makeshift Oregon boot with a smile. "Couldn't you make it a little easier, old man?" There was a tinge of sadness in his voice. "I will promise to live up to everything you ask; your money will be safe with me."

"Standish," said Baker, "I wouldn't trust my own father in a game like this. If he were here—and were a minister of the Gospel—I would treat him in the same way. I could not sleep at night unless you were chained up."

"Well," said Standish, "if I prove to you that I am honest, will you quit this game?"

"That remains to be seen," responded Baker. "But the chances are mighty slim. Remember, Standish—and I hate to keep telling you about it—I need my sleep."

For a moment there was silence. Standish, his hands on his hips, looked at the formidable array of anvil and chains; Baker looked at Standish.

"It's agreed," said Standish.

"Good!" replied Baker, and the two clasped hands to seal the deal.

As if guided by some hypnotic motive, Standish returned to the potato patch and bent over the weeds, and succeeded in pulling up a few tomato-vines in the bargain.

Baker turned his attention to the completion of the Oregon boot. The heavier chain he ran through the hardy-hole of the rusty anvil. Bringing the two ends together, he ran the dog-chain through the last link of each end. At the one end of the dog-chain was a ring; this served to form the end of a loop. Finally the boot was finished.

The two men had dinner as the sun was going down. Just as the last rays of twilight were fading to the far shores of the night, Baker ordered Standish to make ready. Some old bedding was gathered from the other cabins and placed on the floor. A bucket of water and a chair were placed hard by. All this was overlooked until the last moment, and in the fast approaching darkness it had to be done rather hurriedly.

When all was ready Standish was ordered to sit down on the chair. As he did so, Baker picked up the unattached end of the dog-chain, in one hand and reached for Standish's leg with the other.

As he did so, a queer look came into his face. He drew back to the middle of the floor. He was suddenly puzzled.

Standish began to marvel at this change in his jailer's attitude.

Baker brushed the cold sweat from his brow. "I can't make this work! I must have a padlock!"

(To be continued.)

A Family Railroad.

BY DENNIS H. STOVALL.

W. S. Barnum and His Two Sons, John and William, Fill Every Position on the Rogue River Line, from President to Track-Walker.

THERE is a family railroad out in southern Oregon—a railroad that pays big dividends, and which is not only owned by one family, but also operated by it in every department from section boss to general manager. It is called the "Rogue River Valley Line," and it extends from Medford to Jacksonville. Medford is located on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and Jacksonville, the county seat of Jackson County, is six miles away.

Jacksonville is the pioneer city of that part of Oregon, and would have been a point on the Southern Pacific had the necessary bonus been forthcoming, but the inhabitants had got along for forty years without a railroad, and believed they could do quite as well for another forty without one. They refused to raise the bonus, and the Oregon and California Railroad, which later became a part of the Southern Pacific main line, missed Jacksonville by six miles, causing Medford to spring into existence, which soon became the metropolis of southern Oregon; but Jacksonville remains the county seat, in spite of every effort to remove it, and the "family" railroad thrives thereby.

The Rogue River Valley Railroad does a big business in passenger and freight traffic, besides carrying mail and express. W. S. Barnum and his two sons, John and William, supply the necessary brain and brawn to conduct the affairs of the entire line, and they have the business thoroughly systematized. The passenger-train—which consists of two cars, a passenger-coach and a combination smoker, baggage and express, makes two round-trips daily, connecting with the overland trains at Medford.

The elder Barnum is engineer, William is fireman, and John is conductor, brakeman, expressman, baggageman, and mail clerk. It would appear, at first glance, that John has the hardest job on this train; but as the baggage is consigned straight through, and the express and mail is not distributed at way-points, the major part of his duties is that of punching tickets and collecting fares.

Between each trip of the passenger-train, which is called the "Barnum Flier," a freight-train goes over the road, on which the family fills the same relative positions. Then there is still another "train" on this line. It is the "Benzine Special," and consists of a gasoline motor-car. It is the first over the line in the morning, and the last in the evening. The motor-car was placed primarily to carry mail, but was soon found a convenient method of getting to the county seat at an early hour in the morning, and of leaving it in the evening after the regular train had left.

The construction department of this family line is conducted as simply and economically as is the operating department. At odd minutes the older boy is shot over the road on the motor-car, stopping here and there to slip a new tie under a rail or hammer down a loose spike. There is no wrecking-train to replace derailed cars, for whenever the "Flier" or the "Benzine Special" takes to the ditch the passengers are supposed to give assistance in clearing the blockade and getting traffic moving again.

There is a depot at each end of the line where you purchase your ticket thirty minutes before the departure of each train. You cannot get it earlier, because the ticket-agent is also the conductor of the train, and has not arrived yet. A local telephone takes care of all train despatching, the conductor merely yelling in the receiver, just before starting: "We're comin'!"

The office-work is done by the father and the boys in the evening after the trains are run in for the night, as there is no service after dark on this road. There are no idle moments for the Barnum family. Nowhere on earth is there a harder working crew of railroad men. The three of them work, not because of absolute necessity, for the line is a paying business, but because they find real enjoyment in it.

Not long ago, while the elder Barnum, clad in overalls, his face besmudged with soot and grease, was busy oiling the locomotive, just before the "Flier" made its regular trip, a curious passenger strolled up and asked him in an offhand way why he did not quit the railroad business and go to farming.

"There's more money in railroading," the engineer and general manager replied.

"Are you and your boys really making wages?" the curious one asked.

"Oh, yes, fair wages," was the answer; "we usually clean up five thousand a year."

It is doubtful if there is a railroad in America that gives better returns, in proportion to the investment, than this "family" line. The monthly balance-sheet would make some capitalists envious, and possibly lead them to the belief that they have not a complete monopoly on keeping the figures nearly all on one side of the ledger.

The Rogue River Valley Railroad was built in 1891, and has paid its owners from $5,000 to $6,000 every year. It has never been tied up by snow blockades, wash-outs, or strikes. Labor disturbances that are often the terror of other railroad systems do not interfere in the least with operations on the Rogue River Valley line.

Two things worry the Barnums, however. One is the fear that coal may get exorbitantly high, and the other that their road must ultimately become a central link in a chain of railways across the State.

FREIGHT-CAR HELD FOR A BIRD.

Pere Marquette Conductors Secure Permission to Side-Track Domicil of Mother Bird and Little Ones.

FIVE conductors of freight-trains in Michigan recently joined in a letter requesting the division superintendent at Saginaw to side-track car No. 12,270. They gave their reason.

When car No. 12,270 left the repair-tracks at Muskegon, after a period of enforced inactivity, and the "bad order" chalk-mark was removed from its side door, Night Switchman Patrick Hawkins told Conductor Stark of train No. 81 that he wished the car could have remained a little longer in the yard, for a sparrow had built a nest in the car, and had a family of little birds within. Conductor Stark had no discretion in the matter, so the car was hauled to Fremont.

When train No. 81 arrived at Fremont, the mother bird was found riding on the top of it, sometimes flying above it, and sometimes riding upon the car, the sparrow followed to White Cloud, where the car became a part of train No. 101. But Conductor Stark told Conductor Battema about the bird; and at Big Rapids, where the car was dropped, Conductor Battema left word with the trainmen about the sparrow.

Conductor Burritt hauled the car back to White Cloud, leaving the door open a little so that the sparrow could get in to her nest.

By the time the car returned to White Cloud, half the men on the railroad knew about it, and Conductor Willoughby, who hauled the car to Baldwin in train No. 210, was on the lookout for it; and so was Conductor Hess, who brought the car to Saginaw in train No. 56. Every conductor on the line by this time knew the number of car 12,270 as well as a part of the freight it carried.

There was not a man in the employ of the railroad who would have hurt the mother-bird or one of the little ones. Still, it was a perilous life for the little mother and the young, for the mother never flew away for a worm with any certainty of finding her nest where she left it.

And so five railway conductors, Stark, Battema, Burritt, Willoughby, and Hess, joined in a written report concerning the car and the family it contained, and requested that the car be side-tracked until the little birds could fly.

Yardmaster Murray consulted the officers of the road, and issued an order that car No. 12,270 was not to be moved or molested until further orders. That order held good till the young birds were able to take flight.—*Pere Marquette Monthly Magazine.*

5 FEET 5 vs. 6 FEET 3.

BY LILLIAN BENNET-THOMPSON.

Campbell Was Blessed with His Share of Courage, but Then He Was the Bigger Man.

"YOU can't come in!"

Campbell raised his preoccupied eyes to the burly figure of the yard boss, who stood blocking the doorway of the roundhouse. And Campbell was really angry.

"Why?" he questioned in surprise.

"'Cause you can't, that's why," was the surly response. "We don't want no white-livers in these yards. I ain't keeping on half-baked apologies fer a man! And I ain't got no use fer cowards, neither." He spat out the words vindictively.

"That's all. You can git," he continued. "What's more, if I catch you hanging 'round my Nellie again, I'll break you in two—unless Jim Wheelock sees you first. She's given her word to him, and he won't stand fer no sech fellers as you trying to cut him out. It takes a man to do that. Beat it!"

Instinctively, Campbell clinched his fists. Then he thrust his hands into his pockets, pushed his cap onto the back of his head, and stared for a moment at the yard boss without speaking.

He was a small man, somewhat below medium height, with light hair and mild blue eyes. Just now one of the latter was badly discolored, and a large, livid bruise marred his forehead.

"I suppose I've got Wheelock to thank for this," he remarked slowly, looking the yard boss full in the face. "I knew he was pretty low down, but I didn't give him credit for being able to drag you to his level.

"I've done my work all right, haven't I? You know you haven't any kick about that, Healey. Just because I can't put up my fists with that great hulking brute of a bully, you call me a coward and fire me without a minute's notice.

"Come on, now, hit me if you like!" he taunted recklessly, as the other, with an inarticulate bellow, started toward him. "I'm not more than half your size—or Wheelock's. It's safe for either of you to hit me—I can't hurt you!"

Healey hesitated for a moment, then laughed contemptuously, yet somewhat shamefacedly.

"I wouldn't touch you," he sneered. "Wouldn't dirty my hands on no such carrion. Git out!"

"Yet you're willing to back Wheelock up in the dirty game he is playing," flashed Campbell.

"Git out!" reiterated Healey, turning from the door. "I ain't got no time to argue with you."

Campbell turned on his heel.

"All right," he flung over his shoulder. "I'm going; you're the boss—here. But if Nellie don't want to see me, she can tell me herself. I'm not going to quit on your say so. I'll suit myself."

"You will, eh?" The doorway just vacated by Healey was suddenly filled by the huge form of Wheelock. "Well, you guess again! You keep away from Nellie, or I'll give you some more of the same dope I handed you last night.

"Ain't had enough yet? Nellie's my gal, see? She don't want nothing to do with no down-and-out—"

Here Campbell was informed in detail as to his pedigree, his present status, and his future destination.

He made no reply. Indeed, there is no adequate retort that five feet five can make to six feet three under certain circumstances, notably when the latter is only too

ready to back up his arguments with a pair of fists the size of hams.

Followed by a stream of abuse, Campbell left the yards and walked moodily down the track. In spite of the unmistakable threats conveyed by Wheelock and Healey, he was determined to hear at first hand what Nellie had to say about the matter. The girl had always been kind to him, and he did not for a moment suppose that she would concur in the estimate her father and the engineer placed upon him.

A few minutes brought him in sight of the pretty cottage where of late many of his evenings had been spent. Nellie was sitting on the top step of the porch, industriously peeling some apples.

Campbell opened the gate, and, at the click of the latch, the girl looked up. For an instant their eyes met. Then, without a word or a sign of recognition, she picked up the pan, rose, and entered the house.

"Nellie!" called Campbell as she vanished within.

The door slammed behind her, leaving the young man standing on the gravel path, cap in hand, speechless with astonishment and dismay.

Nellie, too! For an instant he could not believe it. Of course, her father had told her of the occurrence of the night before, but that she should credit his biased version of it, without giving Campbell a chance to justify himself—to condemn him without a word—was a severe blow to the young man. Replacing his cap upon his head, he slowly retraced his steps to the railroad, and, turning to the west, started along the ties.

Dully he wondered if fate had any more thrusts in store for him. He had received a good education, had been carefully brought up in a small town in the Middle West, and, at the age of twenty-four, had held a good position in the office of the E. and C. in the city to which he had gone from his Western home.

He had lost this position through persistent ill health, and somehow, since then things had never gone right for him. Everything seemed against him, in league to prevent his making a living. When his last cent was gone, he had applied for and secured the job of oiler in the freight-yards of the E. and C. road.

He had been ashamed to let his parents know of his misfortunes; and feeling that their resources had been strained to the utmost to send him to the local high-school and business college, he had scorned to ask any help, but had plodded along alone, writing his usual cheerful weekly letter. There were times when he had gone hungry to bed, but this he kept to himself.

Nellie Healey had been the one bright spot in his dull and almost hopeless daily routine. How Sam Healey had ever reared such a daughter was beyond Campbell's power of comprehension. Pretty, gentle, and refined, the contrast between her and the big, blustering man she called father could hardly have been more pronounced.

A pleasant friendship had sprung up between her and the young oiler, and had flourished until it had grown into a deeper feeling on his part, at least. Then his visits had aroused the antagonism of Jim Wheelock, and he had stepped in and made this as unpleasant for Campbell as he could.

The yard boss much preferred to see his daughter receive the attentions of the best freight engineer on the road, and the man who would some day, in all probability, sit on the right side of No. 7, the crack passenger flier, than those of a penniless young man, holding one of the poorest-paid positions on the pay-roll of the company, with no prospects of anything better in the future.

Campbell had stubbornly refused to give in, with the result that Wheelock had picked quarrel after quarrel with him, and had announced his intention of "breaking his face," a threat which his superior size and strength would have enabled him to carry out with little exertion.

The bad feeling between the two men, fostered by Wheelock's covert sneers and open allusions to Campbell's lack of brawn and initiative, to say nothing of what Wheelock termed Campbell's "butting in" at Healey's, had culminated in a war of words, ending in Wheelock's planting a couple of smashing blows on Campbell's face, which had sent the smaller man reeling to the floor, dazed and bleeding.

Of course, Healey had understood the circumstances perfectly—had even egged Wheelock on—but that Nellie should prefer the brutal bully who called a man a coward because he was unable to cope with a fellow twice his size hurt Campbell's pride more than he cared to think. His mind was full of bitterness against the two men and the

girl—against the fate that seemed relentlessly bent on grinding him down into the gutter and starvation.

In his search for work there was, however, one last resort. At the head of a spur track branching off from the main line stood the factory of Mallon Brothers Company, manufacturers of boxes. It was just possible that he could secure a job there. It was not his intention to remain in the neighborhood longer than was necessary, but before he could leave it was essential that he save enough money to pay his railroad fare.

A shrill whistle sounded behind him, and he jumped from the ties to the other side of the deep gully bordering the track to wait until the train should have passed. It proved to be a long freight, bound for Mallon's, with Jim Wheelock in the engine-cab. As the locomotive puffed laboriously up the grade past the young man the big engineer leaned from the window, and, spying the waiting figure, burst into a jeering laugh.

"Having the time of yer life, ain't yer?" he remarked ironically. "Going far?"

Blind rage seethed up in Campbell's heart. He shook his fist after the vanishing locomotive as he yelled:

"I'll have the time of my life with you! I'll get you yet, do you hear? I'll get you yet!"

Another burst of laughter floated back from the engine, now almost hidden by the thick trees that lined the track. A cloud of black smoke slowly ascending the mountain spur, at the top of which the factory stood, showed Campbell the position of the freight.

He decided that it would be worse than useless to apply at the factory for work until Wheelock had made his return trip; the big engineer would only hold him up to ridicule and spoil whatever chances he might have. The one thing to do was to seek out some convenient spot near enough to the track to see the passing of the train, and await the return of the freight. Besides, it was some time after midday, and he felt hungry and tired.

His eye pained him a good deal, and his body was bruised and sore as a result of the unequal encounter of the night before. He started slowly along the track, keeping a lookout for a likely place to sit down. The trees grew thickly along the embankment, and in some places the low bushes and running vines were so thick that he had to tear a way through them.

There were no houses within a mile or two, and the homes of the factory employees were for the most part on the other side of the mountain.

Reaching the spur track, he observed a large flat rock, half hidden from where he stood, and wholly concealed from the view of any one passing on a train a short distance up the incline. It would make an excellent resting-place, and he decided to utilize it.

The gully was wide but shallow at this point. A little farther on and it disappeared altogether. Gaging the width of the gully with his eye, Campbell made a spring for the other side. As his feet struck, a stone moved under him—turned—rolled.

He made a frantic clutch for the overhanging bushes, but they slipped from his grasp, and he fell to the bottom of the embankment, one leg doubled cruelly under him. He heard a sharp snap, and a sickening pain shot through his right knee, his head struck a sharp stone, and he knew no more.

When his senses returned the October sun was sinking in a blaze of autumn glory in the cloud-flecked west. For a moment or two he lay still, trying to remember where he was and how he had come there. Then a twinge of pain in his leg brought realization of his plight.

He tried to move, and fell back, gasping in agony. Great beads of perspiration broke out on his brow. From the position in which he lay there was no doubt of the truth—his right leg was broken below the knee.

A sudden movement a few yards below him caught his ear. He opened his lips to cry for help, but with an uncontrollable impulse closed them again without uttering a sound.

"There!" said a low, husky voice, which he perceived came from the tracks of the main line a short distance away. "When No. 7 comes along here I guess there'll be doings!"

"She's due in half an hour," came the reply in a guarded tone. "Passes at 6.03. We'd better mosey along and come back later. I've got the spikes all right, and there's no trace of anything out of the way. No one'll notice, but it won't do for us to be seen hanging around here if any one should happen to pass. The track-walker's just gone. I seen him just before we come up. Come along."

The voices ceased, and Campbell could hear their owners moving off through the woods. With a thrill of horror, he realized that they had removed the spikes holding the rails to the ties—that they meant to wreck No. 7, the east-bound flier, due, as they supposed, in half an hour. Since the track-walker had passed, there was little fear of detection.

That the scoundrels were unaware of the change of schedule of No. 7, which would bring her along an hour later than their calculations, mattered little. There were no other trains due in either direction, and no one passed that way save an occasional tramp. Nothing could save the flier if she struck the frightful trap they had set for her.

Campbell shuddered. Must he lie there, powerless and helpless, unable to prevent the disaster? Shouting would avail him nothing. The factory was too far away for any one to be attracted by his cries, and it would serve only to bring down upon him the vengeance of the two wreckers who had just gone, and who would await the consummation of their plans at no great distance.

No! if anything were to be done, he must make his way up nearer the factory until he could make some one of the men hear him. Could he do it? Already the torture of his broken limb and wounded head was becoming almost unbearable.

He waited a moment, then took a long breath, turned over, and began to work himself along toward the track, dragging his injured leg after him.

The pain made him sick and dizzy, but after what seemed hours of unremitting effort he had spanned the few feet that lay between him and the rails at the top of the wide, shallow gully.

Resting a moment on the narrow space beside the ties, he gritted his teeth and dragged himself doggedly on. A violent nausea seized him; his brain whirled. The trees beside the track swayed in a mad, uncanny dance. Foot by foot he won his tortured way upward.

There was a strange singing in his ears; lights flashed before his dimming eyes. For an eternity he dragged himself on in exquisite agony, then he sank beside the track. The western glory had faded; twilight was descending over the woods. Oh, just to be able to rest—to rest—

Suddenly a whistle shrilled. The sound penetrated his dazed senses; he raised his head. The freight was coming down the spur!

Campbell knew what it meant. The freight, not the flier, would strike the track where the spikes had been removed. It would spread the rails and hurl itself into the ditch!

And Wheelock—Wheelock, his enemy—would go down with his engine, down to death and destruction.

Campbell laughed aloud in savage joy. Wheelock! The man who had called him a quitter—who had said he had a yellow streak, and struck him down. He would die—die beneath tons of twisted steel—crushed—mangled—

But Nellie? The thought of the girl stilled the delirious laughter on Campbell's lips. Nellie loved Wheelock, whatever he might be or might do. She had promised to marry him.

What would she say to the man who had let him go to his death—who had gloried in the suffering it had been in his power to avert? The young man shivered.

No! Wheelock mustn't die. He must save Wheelock for Nellie. She loved him—she wanted him. She didn't want a poor devil of an oiler, who couldn't hurt a man twice his size. Well, it didn't matter. Nothing mattered much, except that he wanted to rest. Perhaps he had better rest a little and then go on. His head drooped.

Above him the whistle screamed again. The freight was coming! He must hurry! Feverishly he began to crawl upward. His hands were torn and bleeding from the gravel and stones; jagged splinters gashed his palms as he pulled himself along by the edges of the ties; but he felt nothing, knew nothing but that he must stop the freight before she reached the main track.

The black bulk of the locomotive swept into view around the curve ahead, running slowly, but already beginning to gather speed. Campbell propped himself on his hands and raised a feeble shout. There was no sign from the oncoming monster. Another cry broke from his lips. Through a haze he could see a head poked through the cab-window.

"Stop! Stop! Danger!" he cried with all his strength, waving his handkerchief over his head.

The whistle sounded, but the engine did not slacken its pace.

Horror seized upon the man by the track. Wheelock could not stop! He must believe

that this was an attempt on Campbell's part to "get him," as he had promised. He would not stop!

Nothing could stop him now. He would go on to his death. And Nellie— If Wheelock should die—

Dully Campbell wondered if the engineer would stop for him dead, since he would not for him living.

With a last despairing effort he raised his bruised and battered body half upright.

"Main track — spikes out — wreckers! Danger!" he shrieked. Then he flung himself across the rails directly in the path of the oncoming train.

He heard a wild scream of the whistle, a grinding of brake-shoes—caught a glimpse of a great dark mass sweeping down upon him—and then a bottomless, black abyss.

When he opened his eyes again there were roses above him—red roses on a white background. He put out one groping hand; something felt soft beneath it. Where was he? He let his gaze wander about him, as his brain slowly shook off the mists of unconsciousness.

He was lying in a small white bed in a long, low room. Sunlight streamed in the windows. A smell of iodoform permeated the air, and beside the bed stood a table holding numerous bottles and small glasses.

At the window, her back turned toward him, stood a slender, white-gowned figure. He made an inarticulate murmur. The figure turned and came quickly to his side.

"Nellie!" he whispered incredulously.

"Hush! You mustn't talk!"

The soft voice seemed to him the epitome of all music.

"Where—how—" Somehow his tongue halted curiously.

"You are not to talk. The doctor said so." The girl took one of the emaciated hands that lay on the white counterpane and stroked it gently.

"How long have I been here?"

"Nearly two weeks. But you are better now. You must be quiet."

"I remember now." He was silent a moment, living over that terrible time. The door opened and a grave-faced man entered. Campbell glanced toward him with a faint smile.

"She won't let me talk," he complained. "Can't I? There are so many things I want to ask about."

The doctor bent over, feeling the patient's pulse with a practised touch.

"Miss Healey will tell you what you want to know, but you must be quiet and not talk to her," he said. He nodded to the girl and left the room.

"Wheelock?" Campbell murmured as Nellie turned to him again.

"Safe. The men were captured."

"And the flier—was any one hurt?"

"No one—but you." The girl's eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Don't cry, Nellie," Campbell begged her feebly. "Don't. I'm all right. Don't cry, please. I know you're sorry."

"Sorry! Sorry!" sobbed the girl. "Oh, if you had been killed! I—I—"

"Would you have cared if I had, dear? Cared?" he questioned anxiously.

She nodded, unable to speak.

"But, my dear, I'm down and out. I haven't a penny. I'm hurt—I've lost my job. I have nothing to offer you. I'm a failure—just a failure, Nellie."

"But it isn't true—none of it's true! The superintendent was on that freight, Jack. He had been up to see Mr. Mallon, and was coming down in the caboose. He saw what you did, and he says when you are well enough you are to have your old place in the office, with more money. Your salary began the day you stopped the freight. Jim said—he said you were a hero, Jack."

Campbell heaved a deep sigh of thanksgiving. Presently he said:

"The city will be awfully lonely, Nellie, without you."

The girl's head drooped a little, and a soft flush stole up over her cheeks.

"You needn't be alone unless—unless you want to, Jack," she whispered.

"But Wheelock? He said you—"

"It was a lie!" she interrupted fiercely. "I never cared for him—never said I did. He told me things you had said about me—told me you were a coward, and I—"

"You believed him?" Campbell's voice was wistful. She nodded again.

"But now I know it isn't true. You didn't, Jack! You couldn't!"

"Nellie! Nellie—dear!"

"Hush!" she said suddenly, remembering the doctor's injunction. "You are not to talk, you know."

Campbell looked up at her, a wonderful light in his sunken eyes.

"Nellie!" he whispered. His voice was so low that she bent over him to hear. He put up one arm and drew her down until his lips found hers.

Ten Thousand Miles by Rail.

BY GILSON WILLETS,
Special Traveling Correspondent of "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

No. 12.—IN THE NEW SOUTHWEST.

Garcia, the Intrepid—Game Lillian McKnight—Sara Rooke, a Real Heroine—What One Nite Opr. Saw—Some Ghosts That Meant Business.

"SI, *señor*, it was the most big, large sacrifice of a man's self for the most big, large purpose. Ah, but that Señor Jesus Garcia was the one locomo*tife* aingineer with the one most big, large heart. And when he save the whole town from the destroy by fire, he make the name as the savior of the town. *Si, señor*, the name of Garcia live forever as the most great hero among all these *hombres* and *señoritas* of the railroads in the Mexico."

Thus, my old friend, Florentino Romero, the veteran and scholarly telegraph operator for the Mexican Central Railroad, began his story while we sat in the office *el telegrafo* in the railroad station at Juarez, Mexico, on the Rio Grande, opposite El Paso, Texas.

"The Señor Garcia," Florentino continued, "he was the best aingineer on the narrow-gage railroad that run from the Pilares mine to the city of Nacozari. This Nacozari have the seventy thousand person, and is most close by the Rio Grande, and only one leetle way from that city of Douglas, in the Arizona.

"That day Garcia run his *tren de carga* (freight-train) into Nacozari and up to the smelter of the *Americanos* in the meedle of the town.

"He stop by the warehouse. Right behind his aingine he have the two cars of the dynamite. And behind the dynamite he have many flat open cars of the straw for the burro-bed.

"Garcia he get off his engine to smoke the cigarito. Just then he see his brakeman light a cigarito also; and one moment, two moment, later Garcia see the spark from the brakeman's cigarito fly over the straw in the flat open car. And Garcia he speak in Inglis the cry:

"'Fire!'

"Garcia he then run to that straw on fire, and he begin beat out that fire with his hands and his feet. Also he call upon his brakeman to give the assistance; but the fire spread most quick. All Garcia can do is bleester the hand and foot, while the flames grow into most big, large fire, which soon reach those two cars of the dynamite and set them on blaze.

"By these time most three hundred of the miners, the smelter men, and the *Americanos* gather by the fire to fight it, and the *señoritas* stand by to do the watch.

"But preetty soon Garcia speak Inglis and shout:

"'Run! I have the two cars of the dynamite! The explode will keel mucha many. Run, *señores* and *señoritas!* Run, queek!'

"By these moment one thousand, two thousand, citizens have come to these place. When they see the two cars dynamite all on the fire, and hear Garcia speak Inglis with the most grand excite in his voice, they run away most fast.

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"All except the one *señorita* who is mucha *bonita*, and who cry out in the grand distress to Garcia:

"'Come, Jesus *mio*. Thou shalt come with us in order that thou shalt live.'

"*Madre de Dios!* Garcia gather that *señorita* in his arms and keess her on the one cheek and then on the other cheek and say: '*Adios, señorita!*'

"Then he leap into that aingine and push away the machinery that starts that aingine, and so, alone on his train, he take it away toward the country that is open and on the desert.

"What you think Garcia think when he pull that train on fire with the two cars of dynamite out of the Nacozari? Ah, he was the one brave man, Garcia! He think the whole town get the grand destroy unless he pull that dynamite into the country that is the desert.

"Garcia run that train on fire out from Nacozari, and come to the section-house where ees thirteen *hombres* of the section.

"And then there comes one big explode that dig the hole into the earth the thirty feet deep!

"The roar of the explode shake the city of Nacozari like the dog shake the rat. And the locomotive and the cars of that train of Garcia fly most everywhere through the State of Sonora, so that no one can find any two parts of that train of Garcia in any one place.

"And that section-house on the place of the explode! It is not to be seen at all after the big explode! And the thirteen *hombres* of the Mexico that were in that house become all dead!

"One leetle *muchacho* the twelve year in age—son of the *Americano*, Señor Chisholm, who is the conduct of the train of Garcia—that *muchacho* was doing the play at two hundred feet from the section-house, when one railroad-tie, flying the three hundred feet, hit the boy and kill him!

"And so, *señor*, that is all, except that the *bonita señorita* that gave the entreat to Garcia to run away with her in order to live—that *señorita* she polish her eyes with the tears for the one year, the two years, after that explode.

"The town was save and Garcia was the savior. And so I have come to the finish, *señor*."

"But what became of Garcia, the heroic engineer?" I asked.

"Ah, *señor*, there was no funeral for him, because there was no body of Garcia to lie in the service. They could not put him down in the sand of the desert to bury. Never, *señor*, did they find one most little small piece of that body of Garcia. We must entertain, *señor*, the suppose that Garcia was killed."

The Girl Who Was Game.

There was revelry by night in Roswell, New Mexico, for the reason that the parents of one of Lillian McKnight's pupils were

"ALL EXCEPT THE ONE SEÑORITA WHO IS MUCHA BONITA."

giving a dance in honor of the engagement of the fair Lillian to Frank Miller, a locomotive fireman.

Lillian was the youngest and most popular school-teacher that Roswell had ever known; and Frank was the handsomest and best-dressed fireman on the Santa Fe system in New Mexico.

When they walked down the street together, people turned and took a second look at them—just because they were good to look at.

That night, as Frank waltzed with Lillian, his engineer, Ben Zieger, informed all the young folks at the party that Frank was a Beau Brummel and a Don Juan, and then declared that Frank should have been a dancing-master instead of a shoveler of coal for a railroad.

Before the revelry ceased that night Frank took Lillian aside and said to her:

"Let's surprise 'em, Lillian. Let's cut the engagement short. Let's marry on the q.t. to-morrow night. I've about a hundred and thirty dollars saved up, and I allow that's enough for a start at housekeeping."

"Let's," replied Lillian laconically, but with a world of meaning in her eyes.

"All right," said Frank. "I'll get in from my run to-morrow night around six o'clock. You meet me at eight—over at Judge Walter's. Meantime, keep the blinds drawn on that pretty mouth of yours."

The next evening, just as Lillian was about to slip out of the house to meet Frank at the judge's office, her father came in, saying:

"Bad news, Lillian. Frank was hurt to-day—over at South Springs station."

"The poor boy!" cried Lillian, taking off her "wedding" hat. "Where is he now?"

"In the hospital here."

"The poor boy!" repeated Lillian, again putting on her "bridal" hat with its "bridal" veil. "I'll go to him at once. How did he get hurt?"

"Fell between the engine and his train."

"Badly hurt, father?"

"Go see for yourself, my daughter."

Meantime, over at the station Engineer Zieger, Frank's cab comrade, made this remark to the railroad men who had gathered to hear the story of the accident:

"I reckon that the school-teacher will never again be seen dancing with Frank Miller, boys. Too bad, ain't it?"

"She'll never again be seen walking with him, neither," observed one of Frank's fellow firemen.

"Fact is," said a third railroader, "I reckon Lillian McKnight won't front up alongside of Frank Miller to get unionized in marriage nohow nor never."

"Maybe you're right and maybe you ain't—about the unionizing," spoke up Engineer Zieger with some heat. "Frank will be out of the hospital in less 'n seven weeks—and I allow that the school-teacher is some of a game girl and no piker."

Nearly eight weeks later Frank Miller was discharged from the hospital. Attendants helped him into a buggy that stood waiting at the gate. Frank took the reins, and with a "Thank you, boys! Giddap!" drove away.

Five minutes afterward a buggy pulled up in front of the domicil of a certain wool-grower and sheep-herder of Roswell. In the vehicle sat Frank Miller. He was whistling a merry tune. A man appeared on the front porch.

"Good evening, Mr. McKnight," said the man in the buggy. "Is Lillian there? Ask her to come out, please."

Lillian flew out to the buggy.

"Are you game?" asked Frank.

"Bet!" answered the school-teacher, but her expressive eyes threw Frank a look no less eager than on the night of the dance.

"Then get in," said Frank.

"I'll get my hat," she answered.

"No. Come along without a hat," insisted Frank.

Lillian stepped into the buggy, Frank again cried "Giddap!" and they drove away.

Half an hour later the strangest wedding ceremony ever witnessed in Roswell took place in front of the house of Judge Welter. A buggy stood by the curb, and in it sat Frank Miller and Lillian McKnight. By the side of the buggy stood Judge Welter reading the marriage-service. Round about stood a crowd of uninvited guests listening first to the judge's questions, and then to the responses of the two in the buggy.

"Amen!" finally said the judge.

"Giddap!" said Frank Miller—and he drove away with Mrs. Frank Miller sitting by his side.

A buggy rolled into the grounds of a pretty little cottage on the edge of the town and stopped at the front porch. A Mexican servant came out wheeling an invalid-chair.

He and the bride helped the groom out of the buggy and into the chair.

The groom was then wheeled into the house, and the electric lights in the cosily furnished living-room revealed this interesting spectacle:

The groom's legs ended at the knees.

But the groom's eyes were no less bright than they were at the dance on the night before he met with his accident.

"Frank!" cried Lillian, looking around the room with astonished eyes. "Why, here's more than a hundred and thirty dollars' worth of furniture right in this one room."

"Surest thing you know, Lil. It cost me hundreds to fit up this ranch."

The next morning the Mexican servant wheeled his employer down to the railroad station and into the railroad restaurant.

"Good morning, Mr. Miller," said the waiter behind the counter. "How's the boss this morning?"

"How's business?" said the boss. "Well, I'll be on the job myself every day now, and I'll run this business right. My wife will be here every day, too."

Frank Miller was the proprietor of the railroad restaurant at Roswell.

One of the first men to enter the restaurant that morning was Engineer Zieger.

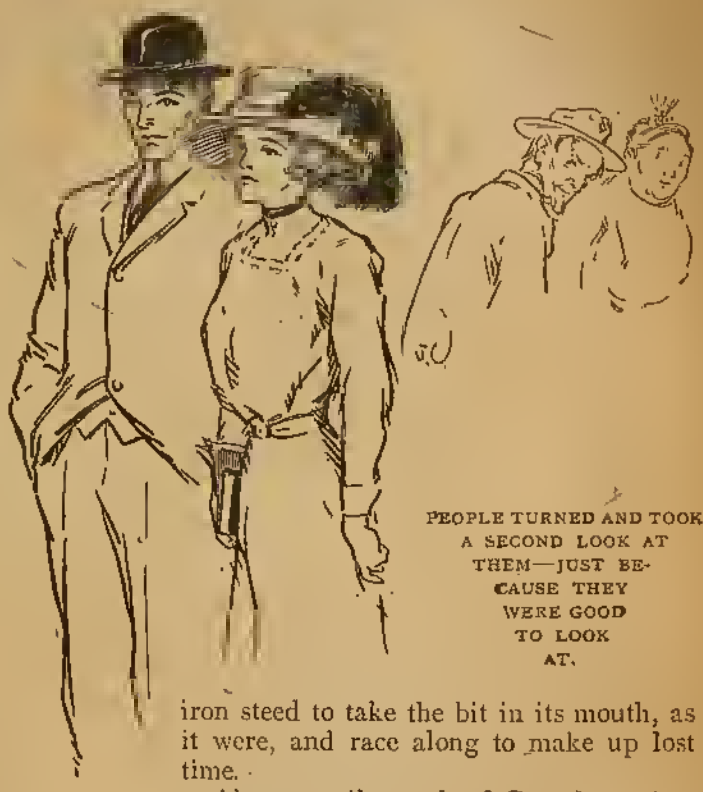
"Congratulate you, Frank," he said, addressing his former fireman. "Well, I always did tell the boys that the school-teacher was some game of a girl and no piker. I hear you outfitted that honeymoon cottage something scrumptious on the very same day you bought this railroad hash-joint. It's now about first pie-time in the morning for me, Frank. Make it custard. Frank, the railroad must have settled with you liberal."

"Thirteen thousand spondulicks," replied Frank Miller. "Say, I ain't so worse!"

The Disaster at Folsom.

At 11.55 one night, a Colorado and Southern train, an hour late, rushed past the station at Grande, New Mexico, and continued northward toward Folsom, on the Colorado-New Mexico line.

Folsom was eighteen miles away. Engineer Walter Druid had a clear track and a fairly easy grade, as grades go in that mountainous region, and he allowed his iron steed to take the bit in its mouth, as it were, and race along to make up lost time.



PEOPLE TURNED AND TOOK A SECOND LOOK AT THEM—JUST BECAUSE THEY WERE GOOD TO LOOK AT.

About a mile north of Grande station, however, Druid's fireman suddenly shouted:

"Shut her off! Stop her!"

Druid's hands worked at air and throttle as he said quite calmly:

"What do you see?"

"A man waving a red lantern," answered the fireman.

The train, squeaking and grinding, came to a stop. The man with the red lantern—it was an ordinary farm lantern with a red bandanna tied around it—came to the side of the cab and said:

"My name's Cook. I'm a farmer. My land is down here in the valley. But I'm a son of a sea-cook if I know whether or not I'll own anything you can call a farm at sun-up to-morrow."

Conductor Nichols, in charge of the train, came running up asking breathlessly:

"What's all this fuss about?"

"Let me introduce Mr. Cook," replied the engineer.

"What's the matter?" asked Conductor Nichols, turning to the man with the bandanna-covered lantern.

"You're to go no farther toward Folsom," answered the farmer. "You're to stand still."

"Well! Well?"

"The night telephone operator at Folsom," the farmer said, "called me up 'bout half hour ago and told me to get quick upon high ground. She's all right, that gal is. I just naturally admire her spunk."

"You mean Sara Rooke?" asked Conductor Nichols. "Why, all we boys know her well. But how did you come to stop us?"

"She said I was to warn any up train," the farmer replied. "Said I was to warn you that all the bridges between here and Folsom are probably down, and for you to take no chances."

"But what's the matter? Great Scott, man! Why should the bridges be down, and why should you go to high ground in the middle of the night?"

Coming Down the Canon.

"Flood," answered the farmer, helping himself to a chew.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" expostulated the impatient conductor. "Big flood?"

"Reckon! That telephone-gal said that a wall of water thirteen feet high and a mile wide was sweeping down Cimarron Cañon and was wiping Folsom out of existence."

"But—hang it, man," exclaimed the conductor excitedly, "if that was the case then—great Cæsar! What about that telephone operator herself? How did she happen to be still at the switch? Haven't you done anything to save her life?"

"Don't frenzy up like that," said Farmer Cook. "You've got all night to wait here. What's the hurry? Well, that telephone-girl says to me:

"'Mr. Cook,' she says, 'you're probably the last subscriber I shall be able to warn. I've already warned over forty of our subscribers to get to high ground. I hear the water coming near. They told me an hour ago to leave this building—but I'm taking a chance in order to give notice to the folks in the valley.'"

"Well, is that all?" asked the conductor.

"Yep. Except I'm thinkin'."

"Thinking of what?"

"Well, that gal didn't say 'good-by.' She said 'Farewell!' And I'm just wonderin', that's all."

"Druid," said Conductor Nichols, speaking to the engineer, "guess we better back down to Grande station."

All the rest of that night and the following day and half the next night that Colorado and Southern train, with its hundred and more passengers, stood at Grande station. Almost hourly came more and more harrowing news of the disaster at Folsom.

Nearly all the buildings in the town had been carried away, many lives had been lost, hundreds of head of cattle had been swept away; crops in the valley had been cleared from the fields as closely as if burned off; the rails of the Colorado and Southern had been twisted like wire; the depot at Folsom had collapsed like pasteboard; Section Foreman Guerin and his seventeen-year-old daughter had been swept away, with their house, while spectators on the high ground listened to their agonized cries.

"And what about that plucky telephone operator at Folsom who called up so many folks and warned them to get out of the way?" asked Conductor Nichols of the telegraph operator at Grande. "Does the wire say anything of her?"

"You mean Sara Rooke? Sure thing! Hers was the most heroic stunt ever performed by a woman in the whole West country.

"A little before eleven o'clock last night she was warned that the wall of water coming down Cimarron Cañon would reach her building in less than an hour.

"Did she fly? No; she utilized that hour in calling up telephone subscribers in the valley and warning them. Forty persons have already publicly proclaimed that they owe their lives to her. Farmer Cook was the last man she called up just before the water struck her building."

"She's dead?" asked Conductor Nichols in an awed voice.

"No one knows. She hasn't been seen nor heard of."

At midnight on the second night, however, news came from Division Superintendent Shack saying that the last bridge had been repaired and that the train could proceed with extreme caution.

About four in the morning that train

pulled into stricken Folsom. One of the first sights that met the eyes of crew and passengers was two men carrying an improvised stretcher on which lay a body covered with a horse-blanket. Behind them came a long file of silent marchers, walking two by two with bowed heads.

"YOU'VE GOT ALL NIGHT TO WAIT HERE. WHAT'S THE HURRY?"

One stepped aside and came close to the train-crew and whispered:

"It's the body of Sara Rooke, the telephone operator."

"Where are they taking her?" asked Conductor Nichols in a low tone.

"To the town hall. They're using it for a morgue."

"Where'd they find her?" asked Engineer Druid.

"Twelve miles down the cañon—with her headpiece still gripped to her ears."

Seen by the Nite Opr.

Job Morrow, night operator of the Rock Island station at Tulsa, Oklahoma, had an experience on an arctic night in February, when, for a moment or two, the marrow in his bones froze stiff, his hair stood on end, and he thought that he was looking upon the ghost of Darwin's missing link.

At four o'clock in the morning the flier from St. Louis, bound for Oklahoma City, pulled into the station. Job went out into weather many degrees below zero, said "Howdy!" to the conductor, then retreated to the warmth of his office.

After the train had crawled away, leaving Tulsa once more in its usual condition of vast peace, Job sat close to the stove and read.

At four-thirty, however, he stepped to the table by the window to get his pipe. He happened to look out of the window.

"It's 'it,' for it's neither man nor woman," Job thought.

He tried to give vocal expression to the thought, but could not. The words congealed in his throat.

Standing outside the window, with its chalk-white face pressed close against the pane, stood a white-clad figure. Its eyes were fixed on the operator in a vacant stare.

Its lower jaw was dropped, leaving the

mouth wide open and giving to the ghastly face the appearance of boundless stupidity.

Job tried to step backward, but found that he had become mummified. He couldn't budge his feet; could not lift his hand to wave the thing away from the window; could not so much as avert his eyes so as not to see it.

Suddenly, however, the figure turned from the window and glided down the platform eastward.

Job as suddenly regained power of movement and speech. Thrusting his head over the table and close to the window, he peered out, hoping to catch a last glimpse of the retreating thing.

"It sure must be a ghost," he muttered, "because it moves as noiselessly as a rubber tire."

Still peering out with his face close to the pane, Job wondered why he hadn't felt the usual rush of wind and rattling of chains that he supposed always accompanied an apparition of the kind.

Just then the white horror reappeared, coming westward, and again stopped at the window to stare with hideous eyes at the night operator.

Job threw up his hand protectingly and side-stepped as if the thing outside were a highwayman threatening him with a gun.

Only for a brief moment the figure paused, then it glided down the platform westward.

Job wondered what he should do. A full two minutes he waited, expecting to see the thing again return to the window.

"It's gone," he finally said to himself.

He tiptoed to the door, opened it cautiously, and looked out. A rush of icy air came in. He peered eastward and saw the white figure standing immovable at the end of the platform, seemingly engaged in profound contemplation of a very crooked tree opposite the station that was outlined by the starlight.

Job put on his overcoat, seized a lighted lantern, stepped out, and stole down the platform toward the thing in white.

The thing now moved sideways, like a crab. It faced the approaching operator, however, who now, by the light of the lantern, perceived that it wore very thin white pajamas and was in its bare feet.

The thing, staring at the crooked tree, its mouth still wide open, moved its lower jaw. Out of its throat came the words:

"Tree, straighten thyself."

It extended its arm skyward, as if thus further to command the crooked tree to shoot up straight.

The voice sounded muffled. The words were articulated rather than spoken. Job said to himself:

"It can't be a ghost, after all. It's too—too solid for a spook. It looks like a man. Maybe it's a drunk."

The figure turned and looked down at a tiny irrigation ditch that flowed past the platform.

"Stream," muttered the thing, "reverse thy current."

It waved its arm up-hill, to indicate the direction in which it wished the water to run.

Seeming bored, however, by the perversity of the stream in continuing to flow down-hill instead of up, as commanded, the figure now started up the platform toward Job.

"No," murmured the operator as the thing glided along, "it's not a drunk. It walks too straight for that."

As the figure passed him, Job had the thought that perhaps it was a dope fiend.

"And yet, no," he murmured, contradicting himself. "Were he drugged, he would be lying down dead to the world."

As the figure continued on down the platform, Job further soliloquized:

"He's in a hypnotic trance. Some hypnotist, maybe a thousand miles away, is directing this man's movements."

The thing had come to a standstill, with one foot planted forward of the other, as if a marching soldier had suddenly become a statue.

Job hastened forward to take a closer look, and reached the thing's side just in time to see its lower jaw wagging again. It said:

"This train is running too fast. I can't sleep. Porter, open the window at my feet and throw me out onto a quiet strawberry bed."

"Rarebit fiend," Job softly assured himself. "He's riding a nightmare."

The figure now suddenly deigned to notice Job. Staring at the operator vacantly, as when it had peered through the window, it wagged its lower jaw to say:

"Porter, there's a mule walking around in my berth. Take him into the day-coach, where he belongs."

"Crazy man," thought Job. "He's mad. He's an escaped lunatic."

The figure now leaned against the wall of the station and threw back its head. The

mouth opened still wider, the eyes stared more vacantly than ever, and then — the yawning chasm in its face gave forth a sound like the tearing of a sheet; then a sound like the sawing of a plank; then a sound like the swan-song of a burro.

"I've got it," murmured Job excitedly. "He's a sleep-walker. He's a perambulating somnambulist."

The operator held the lantern close to the man's face and said in his natural voice:

"Aren't you awful cold, old sport, in that suit of gauze?"

But the figure in white snored on lustily.

Job, holding the lantern still closer to the figure, noticed that it wore no less than three diamond rings. Job began singing, "Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes."

All of a sudden the figure stopped snoring and ejected from his open mouth, "I wonder who's kissing her now?"

"The mule!" shouted Job Morrow.

The figure closed its mouth with a snap. It made a shuddering movement. It seemed to feel the thrill of cold air down its spine. It shivered. Its teeth began chattering. The light of human intelligence came into its eyes and it spoke, saying:

"Why are you poking that lantern into my face?"

"Search me," answered Job. "What you doing here?"

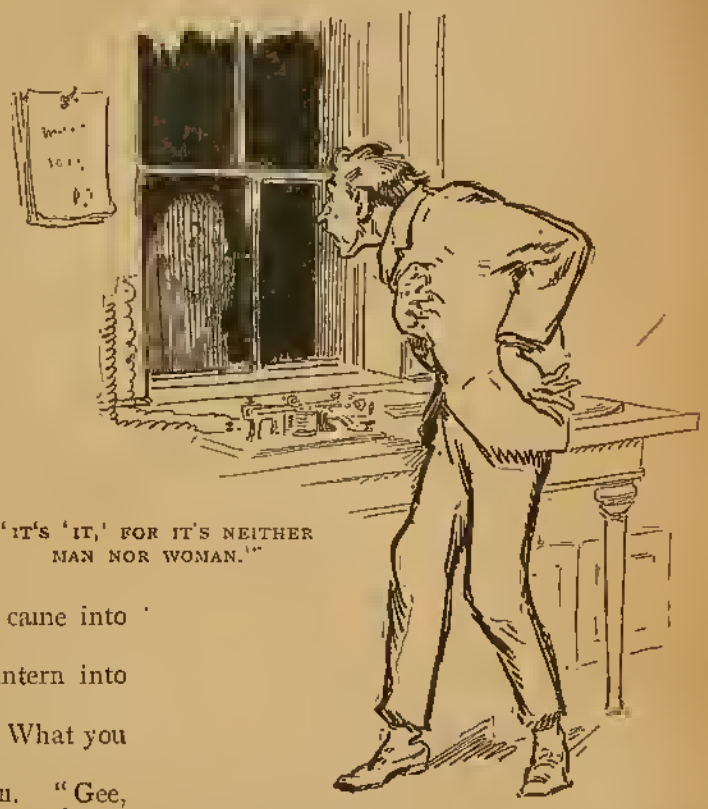
"Search me," replied the man. "Gee, but I'm cold! How'd I get here? What am I doing here?"

"Come inside," said Job Morrow.

Ten minutes later the erstwhile ghost was hugging the stove in the Tulsa station, now dressed in overalls, an ancient jumper and a pair of shoes that Job had cast off. He and the operator were laughing like boys.

"Tom Janson," said the night operator to the thing, "you may be a salesman traveling out of New York City, as you say; and you may be holding down a good job, as you tell me you are; but all the same, it's not safe for you to be traveling alone in Oklahoma. Know what you need? You need a keeper and a trained nurse and a night watchman."

"The last thing I remember," said the overalled Mr. Janson, of New York, "was undressing in my berth in the Pullman of the flier. I was bound for Oklahoma City. But when the train stopped here I must have arose and sleep-walked out of the Pullman and let the train go on, leaving me slumbering upright on your platform. The phenomenon is that while asleep I didn't feel a bit cold—though attired only in a suit of madras."



"'IT'S 'IT,' FOR IT'S NEITHER MAN NOR WOMAN.'"

When the gray dawn began breaking through the window of Tulsa station a locomotive whistle was heard, and Job jumped up, saying:

"Here comes your train, Tom Janson. I wired ahead, ordering your clothes put off the flier at Oklahoma City. You'll find your raiment there in the railroad station. Don't fall asleep on the way over."

What the Southern Men Saw.

It was a starless, pitch-black night in August, the night following that on which the worst cyclone that ever swept through the middle West struck the yards of the Southern Railway at East St. Louis.

In the switchman's shanty in those yards, at the hour of twelve, there were gathered a number of the Southern's engineers, firemen, helpers, and switchmen, including Engineer Powell, a man who knew no fear except in the presence of a "ghost."

Present, also, was Harry Rigsby, now employed by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway at St. Joseph, Missouri, but at that time acting as a switchman for the Southern in the East St. Louis yard. It was Harry Rigsby who saw Powell's ghost with his own eyes and lived to tell me the tale.

"THE SPACE IN WHICH WE HAD TO TURN WAS SO NARROW THAT WE ALL WENT DOWN—

In the switchman's shanty, Engineer Powell, after listening with wide-open mouth and bulging eyes to a ghost story that Harry Rigsby related, tiptoed to the door, opened it a crack, peered out, then closed it softly with a shudder.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "It's spooky out there."

"It's time to bring out your engine, ain't it?" asked one of his fellow engineers.

"Yes," replied Powell. "But—say, there are a lot of dead men out there in the wreckage left by the cyclone, ain't there?"

"Well?"

"Well, I just can't—say, Jim." Here he turned to his helper. "You go bring out my engine to track 10, will you?"

The helper went away, to return ten minutes later, saying:

"She's ready for you on track 10, Powell."

Powell nervously and reluctantly opened the door and soft-footed into the darkness of what was then perhaps the darkest railroad yard around St. Louis. At that time there were no electric lights in the yard, nor even switch-stand lights. As Powell crossed the tracks, nothing broke the gloom save the headlight of his own engine on track 10.

Moreover, the yard was strewn with the wreckage of cars, locomotives, and buildings representing the devastation wrought by the cyclone. Cars were piled one upon the other, and in them, as Powell knew, lay the bodies of several men who had been killed.

Meantime, the railroaders in the switch shanty were talking about Powell and his fear of ghosts. One engineman said:

"Those corpses out there are sure on Powell's nerves."

"Yes," assented Switchman Harry Rigsby; "if he sees anything queer out in the yard to-night he'll sure think it's a ghost."

Just then something happened that made Rigsby's words seem prophetic. The door was almost knocked off its hinges by Powell falling against it trying to get inside. He reeled into the shanty and fell on the floor in a dead faint.

His clothes were torn in several places, his lantern-globe was broken, and he had a scalp wound from which the blood was running down his chalk-white face.

They poured water on his head till he revived.

"Boys!" he cried in awed tones. "I've seen a ghost for sure!"

"Nonsense!" answered Rigsby. "You're just nervous, that's all."

"Nerves nothin'! I know a ghost when I see one. At first I heard funny noises. I listened and heard the rattling of chains—just the kind of a noise that always goes with a ghost. Then I heard the tread of footsteps—very soft footsteps.

"I looked—and boys," he continued, "I tell you I saw a thing with bright eyes—and the thing itself was as big as a cow. It had a white face, and it said something to

—IN A BUNCH LIKE A FOOTBALL TEAM."

me in a shaky, shivery voice and in a language I didn't understand. I tell you, it was the ghastliest thing I ever want to see. It was a ghost. If you think I'm talking through the armholes of my vest, come out and see the thing for yourselves."

We decided to investigate. Armed with clubs, pokers, and rocks, we permitted Powell to lead the way toward his ghost.

Suddenly, as they reached the spot where the wreckage was piled highest, and under which five men were known to be lying dead, the crowd of ghost-chasers heard funny sounds. They listened and—yes, they distinctly heard the rattling of chains.

"There!" whispered Powell with chattering teeth. "Didn't I tell you? Listen!"

All hands stood stock-still with cocked ears. All plainly heard a voice—a hideous, cracked voice, speaking a strange language. It sounded like the gibber of a female lunatic. The gibbering continued, too, till all of a sudden—they saw the ghost.

Yes, out from the wreckage forming the temporary sarcophagus of five railroad men, stepped the thing.

Rigsby said his heart seemed to stop beating.

Toward the men, who stood rooted in their tracks and all aghast, glided the ghost, dragging chains that clinked and clanked over rail and ties with frightful distinctness. It gibbered persistently, and it beckoned to the men, throwing out long, lean, lanky arms.

"Yes," Rigsby told me afterward, "it was as big as a cow, as Powell had said, and its eyes were as large as dish-pans. There were eight of us in that bunch—eight brave men ambushed by that ghost between two piles of wrecked cars. The eight of us, as if actuated by a single thought, turned to fly from the awful apparition.

"The space in which we had to turn, however, was so narrow that we all went down in a bunch like a football team. While each man tried to extricate himself from those on top of him, up came the ghost and walked round and round us, talking its gibberish and laughing in cracked tones—a cackle that was simply appalling.

"The first man to extricate himself from the football pile was Engineer Frank Wilson. He sat on the ground, and suddenly he exclaimed:

"'Well, I'll be hanged if it ain't a hand-organ monk, dragging its chain!'

"Just then, too, into view came the Italian who owned the monkey.

"The meeting of that Italian and his monk was like that of a mother who has found her long lost child. It was only the pathos of it that restrained Powell from thumping that Italian good and plenty.

"Say," added Rigsby, "if ever you happen to meet Engineer Powell in the East St. Louis yards, don't breathe a word to him about monkeys. On his scalp, to this day, he carries a scar from the wound incurred when he butted a coal-car off the track while beating it away from that ghost."

If your wheels are slipping it's time to be using your sand. Grit is the secret of grip.—Diary of an Old Engineer.

THE MAN WHO LISTENED.

BY BENJAMIN RUSH THORNBURY

The Portly Gentleman's Sequel Was a Tale that Not Even the Superintendent Ever Heard.

IN the smoking-compartment of a Pullman on the west-bound train were three men. Two of them, one the Superintendent of the road and the other an Ex-Railroad Man, were engaged in conversation on the merits of railroaders in general, and concerning those who maintained their positions through official relationships in particular. The third, a well-groomed, Portly Gentleman, sat quietly in the corner, puffed a cigar, and listened.

"Railroading isn't a profession; it's a science," the Ex-Railroad Man was protesting. "I've always maintained that these relationship jobs are a detriment to the service, and it's been my observation that, as a rule, the incumbents never make good."

"I've known some exceptions to that rule; in fact, I have one in mind now.

"I'll admit that it sometimes mixes up the service, as it did in Tom Goodell's case; but, as I say, he was an exception to the rule."

He squinted reminiscently. The Ex-Railroad Man crossed his legs and settled back in his seat. The Portly Gentleman in the corner regarded the face of the speaker intently for a moment, then calmly resumed his smoking.

"It was in the old days on the M. I. and N.," continued the Superintendent, "before it came to be the fashion for general managers to have anterooms to their offices, with brass-buttoned boys to bring in calling-cards on a silver dish.

"Old Man Goodell had come down to Kensington from the Soo to take over the management of the road; and while he didn't have a great deal of style, he more than made up for it in a system of his own, that resulted in making the two streaks of rust and a right-of-way one of the best paying little roads in the country.

"He left the road when the Transcontinental took it up, and went into business for himself. I was a general utility clerk in his office at that time, my duties ranging from running down claims for dead stock to sorting the old man's mail.

"It was in the latter capacity that I came across a letter, one morning, from Tom Goodell. Tom was a brother of the old man, who had been in the lumber business up north, but who had taken a sudden notion that he wanted to be a railroad man. The letter was a request for a job.

"Joe Kelsoe was trainmaster up at Centerpoint at the time; and, having come up the ladder from a cub operator, naturally had some set notions, like yourself, about Tom's kind, and wasn't at all backward about expressing them. The boys said he cussed a blue streak when he got the old man's letter ordering him to send Tom out braking on the local to learn the road.

"Well, everybody knew at once what that meant, and there was a general howl all along the line among the trainmen, not official, of course, but a lot of talk, and, as usual, that's about where it ended.

"About three months after that, Ed Burton, a freight conductor with a through run, came within an ace of getting into a smash-up with an east-bound passenger on an order he misconstrued, and, of course, went on the carpet. The old man was always mighty square with the boys when they got into trouble, and was disposed to be lenient with Ed, though he had known for some time that Ed wasn't a man to be running a train.

"He was oversensitive on the subject, as

that kind usually are; so when the old man offered to compromise by giving him thirty days, and a gravel train when he got back, Ed flared up and quit, taking a pass back to Arlington, where he lived.

"That was the only time I ever saw Ed to know him; and when he came through the office, looking as black as a thunder-cloud, I surmised he had been having his troubles in the old man's little sanctum.

"Well, as everybody expected, two days later Tom Goodell got his train.

"I had been out on the road looking up a claim on some stock that had been killed, and after a muddy, ten-mile ride across country north of Seymour, I got back to the station too late for No. 6, which was the last passenger-train east; and there being no hotel in the place, I wired Kelsoe to stop the night freight for me.

"That's how I happened to be in Tom Goodell's caboose on his first run out. I altered my opinion of Tom that night and haven't changed it since, for he proved to be one of the exceptions I spoke about.

"He said he realized just how the boys felt, and hated to see them down on him simply because he happened to be a relative of the old man. He wanted to be square with them, and was trying not to step on anybody's toes. He wanted to learn the business and travel on his own merits.

"Well, after we had talked a while, he said—he guessed I was tired and wanted to get some sleep. He piled a lot of cushions on one of the seats, and gave me his overcoat, remarking that I might catch cold.

"I found out afterward that the particular seat I occupied was the conductor's own bunking-place, and that Tom sat in the cupola all the way into Kensington.

"What occurred after that I did not learn until we reached the end of the division, for I did not awaken until we pulled into the yard, and then Tom only gave me the story in a general way.

"The night operator at Menden had given him orders to pick up some empty stock-cars at Arlington, and I guess that's all that saved us from about the worst wreck the road ever had, for we would have gone into that open switch at a forty-five-mile clip.

"They usually went through from Menden without stopping, that being a part of the run where they made up time. As it was, they had slowed down for the stop, and when they unexpectedly shot in on the siding from the upper end, the engineer had his train pretty well under control; so the little bump they gave that string of empties did no damage. The switch had been thrown, and the light changed so that it showed white."

The Superintendent paused to relight his cigar, and for a time the only sound was the rhythmic click of the wheels over the rail joints. The Ex-Railroad Man shifted his position uneasily. The Portly Gentleman got up and went to the water-cooler, then surveyed himself a moment in the long glass and returned to his seat in the corner.

"As a rule," went on the Superintendent thoughtfully, "trainmen are away above the average when it comes to points of honor, but there are exceptions to that rule too, human nature being pretty much the same in every department of life; and sometimes, when a man gets a deal that isn't conducive to brotherly love, he loses his senses.

"Anyway, when they found out about the changed switch-light, the crew laid it to every cause but the right one. As Tom jumped down from the caboose steps, however, his quick eye had caught sight of a man ducking around the end of the station that looked an awful lot like Ed Burton.

"He said nothing about this when he came up where the boys were talking, but sided with one of the brakemen who insisted that a tramp had done the work. The next morning, however, he and the old man were closeted for the better part of an hour. I could tell by his loud tone that the old man was considerably worked up about something, for he always was a quiet sort of a man. All the while Tom was talking in a low, pleading voice, and now and then I could hear Ed Burton's name.

"After a while they came out, and the old man took his pass-book from his desk and filled out a blank. I could see his hand tremble as he wrote. Tom took it, and hurried out, as I afterward learned, to catch No. 5. He dropped off at Arlington on the opposite side from the station, and when he came back on No. 6 that evening, Ed Burton was with him."

The Superintendent screened his eyes with his hand, and peered through the window to see the switch-lights of the Centerpoint-yard twinkling in the darkness.

"Here's where I get off," he said.

"I suppose Burton was a guest of the State for a term," pursued the Ex-Railroad Man, also rising.

"No, he wasn't," denied the Superintendent, putting on his overcoat. "The old man and Tom fixed it up between them to keep the matter quiet and give Burton another chance.

"He wrote to a friend of his somewhere out West that he wanted Ed placed, and in a week or so Ed packed up his wife and baby and followed the letter. I never heard of him after that. Well, good-by; I'm glad to have met you."

"Same to you. Guess I'll go to bed," returned the Ex-Railroad Man, following him out into the passage.

The Superintendent descended to the platform and walked toward the tall frame building that housed the division headquarters. At the foot of the long stair he halted a moment and looked at the big mogul that was standing on a siding attached to a long train of all sorts and conditions that made up No. 85, then turned and climbed to the office on the second floor.

"No. 85 going to get out on time?" he asked of the night despatcher, who was bending over the train-sheet at the long instrument-table.

"She's following No. 3 out on time, but I don't know how long she'll stay that way, with a green fireman trying to feed that ten-wheeler. Kelly says Gordon's kicking like a bay steer at the M. M. for turning his engine into a family kindergarten, and I don't blame him much, for John Sharkey was a good man and had been with Gordon going on three years.

"Kelly says it's open gossip down at the roundhouse that the old man let Sharkey out just to make a place for his brother."

"I can't say as to that." Officials can be supremely noncommittal at times. "Better give 85 a slow-up order past Camden; there's two cars of dynamite on the siding there," he concluded as he passed into his office.

No. 3 stopped at Camden long enough to permit the Portly Gentleman to alight from the rear Pullman, and then her red tail-lights went blinking away like two baleful eyes in the distance. The Portly Gentleman looked up at the darkened station, down the siding at the dim outlines of two box cars, then scanned, with a quick turn of his head, the few scattered houses that had managed to get close enough together on the hill behind the station to call themselves a town.

He picked up his grip and started toward them, when he noticed a dark form skulking in the shadow of the building. He was well able to take care of himself, but he was curious to know what the fellow was up to.

Hastily crouching at the end of the high platform, he saw a man steal down to the track, cast a furtive glance about him, and then move cautiously to the switch-stand, where he deliberately smashed the lock with a coupling-pin.

He had thrown the switch, and was turning the light so that a white gleam flickered to the rails, when the Portly Gentleman leaped upon him and pinioned his arms in a powerful grasp.

The Portly Gentleman pushed him backward to the edge of the platform, where he lay moaning. He sat up presently and looked at his captor.

"I must have been mad to think of such a thing," he said brokenly, with a helpless wave of his hand toward the hill. "I've been slaving five long years to make good to that little woman up there who believed in me, and then to get shoved out to make room for the old man's relations—I—it—Oh, you can't understand! And now—now, I suppose I'll have to go over the road for it."

The strong arm that had held him in its viselike grip now stole gently across his shoulders, and the voice that spoke was unsteady with emotion.

"Oh, yes, I do, my boy. I know all about it, and I guess the only road you'll go over will be the Transcontinental, when you go back West with me. I have some mines out there, and a few miles of railroad that are all my own. I guess we can find a place for you where you can make good, all right. I'm visiting some friends here for a few days, and we can get together and talk it over."

The long, wailing shriek of a locomotive was heard far down the track, and the trembling gleam of a headlight transformed the rails into glistening ribbons of steel.

"Get down there quick and fix that switch, and then we'll go and find the little woman."

"My name's John Sharkey," said the man, as they moved slowly toward the hill. "May I ask yours?"

"Burton," said the other shortly.

They turned and watched the train pull carefully by the station. The light from the open fire-box fell upon the begrimed face of a fireman shoveling in some coal. No. 85 was on time.

The Sunny Side of the Track.

If You Think the Railroad Is Shrouded in the Seriousness of Hard Work, Look at These Rifts Where the Sun of Humor Shines Through.

WANTED A CORKSCREW.

JAMES J. HILL, at one of the Conservation Congress banquets in St. Paul, told this railroad story.

"When sleeping-cars first came in," he said, "the bedclothes in the berths were very scanty. On one of these early cars, one night after everybody had turned in and the lights were low, a loud voice called from an upper berth:

"'Porter, got a corkscrew?'

"The porter came hurrying down the aisle.

"'Boss,' he said, in a scandalized tone, 'we don't allow no drinkin' in the berths. It's against the rules.'

"'Oh, it ain't that, porter,' the voice answered. 'I just want to dig out a pillow that's sort o' worked its way into my ear.'"—*Des Moines Capital.*

TAKING NO RISK.

VERY skeptically the terrace landlord surveyed the prospective tenant.

"Do you play football?" he grunted.

The prospective tenant raised his eyebrows and replied in the negative.

"Nor referee?"

"No, nor referee," answered the P. T. "Why?"

"'Cos I'm taking no risks," explained the landlord. "The last feller that took this house was a referee. Gave a wrong decision. Was thumped in the back. Swallowed the whistle. After that he couldn't breathe without shrieking like a good engine. Kept the neighbors awake all night. Had to give him' notice."

"Bad luck on the referee," commented the P. T.

"I don't know," returned the landlord. "He got a good crib on a lighthouse. On foggy nights he puts his head out of the window and simply breathes. Noise enough to scare a navy off the rocks. Soft job."—*Ideas.*

LEFT BEHIND.

"FUNNIEST thing I've seen lately," said the candy man on the Rock Island suburban trains, "was the other day, when a man rushed up to the Twenty-Second Street Station and said to the agent: 'H'h'has the Joliet train g'g'gone?'

"'Yes, there it goes up the road there.'

"'Does it s's's'top'p'p'p'p—'

"'Yes, it stops at Thirty-First Street.'

"'Does it s's's'top'p'p'p'p'a'a'ny—'

"'Yes, it stops at Forty-Seventh, Fifty-First, Englewood, and Blue Island.'

"'Does it s's's'top'p'p'a'a'anywh'wh'—'

"'Yes, it stops at all stations. But what difference does it make to you? You're not aboard.'

"'J'just what I'm k'k'kicking about. Does it s's'top'p'p'anywh'wh'wh'where long enough so I could r'r'run and overta'ta'take it?'"—*Lippincott's.*

HORSE AND HORSE.

"LOOK here, sir, I've been standing before this window twenty-five minutes!" said the irate woman.

The agent, a gray, withered little man, answered gently:

"Ah, madam, I've been standing behind it twenty-five years."—*Boston Herald.*

GETTING AT THE FACTS.

DIRECTORY CANVASSER: "What is your husband's occupation?"

Mrs. O'Hoolihan: "Sure, an' it's a shovel engineer on a railroad he do be."

Directory Canvasser: "You mean a civil engineer, don't you?"

Mrs. O'Hoolihan: "Faith, an' yez may be roight, sor. He's civil enough, Oi'm afther thinkin', but anyway, he shovels the coal into the engine."—*Exchange.*

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

A LARGE and pompous person, wearing a high hat, a long coat, yellow spats, and a congenital sneer, who was about to leave Washington for New York City, walked over to the porter and said:

"Here, you; I am going to quit this town and go back to New York, where I can get some

decent service. I want you to buy me two seats in a parlor-car on the four o'clock New York train. Get me two seats, now, and meet me at the station with the tickets. I want one to sit in and one to put my feet in."

The tickets were delivered at the train just before it pulled out. One of the seats was in Car No. 3, and the other was located in Car No. 4.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

"YOU'VE got a pretty lot of citizens to allow themselves to be charged at the rate of five cents a mile from here down to the Junction on a miserable one-horse branch road," said the shoe-drummer, bitingly.

"I'd like ter call yer attention ter one fact before you go on usin' any more sech language," answered the ticket-agent, calmly; "and that is, that while it may be five cents a mile, it's only thirty-five cents an hour."—*Post.*

A WEIGHTY DIFFICULTY.

IT was on a suburban train. The young man in the rear car was suddenly addressed by the woman in the seat behind him.

"Pardon me, sir," she said, "but would you mind assisting me off at the next station? You see, I am very large, and when I get off I have to go backward, so the conductor thinks I am trying to get aboard and helps me on again. He has done this at three stations."—*Collier's.*

NEW ONE ON HIM.

A YOUTH from Calhoun County, Illinois, which has nothing but steamboat transportation, came over to Elsberry, Missouri, the other day to catch a Burlington train to St. Louis. He had never seen a train, and when the Hannibal local came rolling in, he stood there gaping, watched it hiss and steam, and finally pull out.

"I thought you were goin' to St. Louis on that train?" shouted the station-agent, thrusting his head through the window.

"I was," answered the youth, "but they didn't put down the gangplank."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

MAKING AN ENGINE.

SHE had visited the Baldwin locomotive works and, later, told some of her friends how a locomotive is made.

"You pour," she said, "a lot of sand into a lot of boxes, and you throw old stove-lids and things into a furnace, and then you empty the molten stream into a hole in the sand, and everybody yells and swears. Then you pour it out and let it cool and pound it, and then you put it in a thing that bores holes in it. Then you screw it together, and paint it, and put steam in it, and it goes splendidly; and they take it to a drafting-room and make a blue-print of it. But one thing I forgot—they have to make a boiler. One man gets inside and one gets outside, and they pound frightfully, and then they tie it to the other thing—and you ought to see it go!"—*Exchange.*

AGAINST ORDERS.

THE LADY: "It's funny, but I've worked in this railroad office three weeks now, and I haven't seen any of the men wearing these steel ties I've read about. Maybe, because they are hard to tie?"—*Erie Railroad Employees' Magazine.*

LETTING HIM OFF EASY.

"GOOD morning!" said the claim-agent cheerfully to the patient with a broken leg and head in bandages.

"I have good news for you. Yes, sir. The company feels sorry for you. It is willing to forgive and forget. Soulless? Why, man, it's all soul."

"Ready to pay about five thousand?"

"N—no, not exactly that. But I am authorized to sign its agreement not to prosecute you for letting yourself get thrown on the right-of-way and blocking rush-hour traffic."—*Exchange.*

JIM'S JOB.

"JIM'S got a job as a cobbler at the railroad shops."

"Cobbler? How the deuce do you make that out?"

"He fits brake-shoes."—*Seattle Times.*

FEALEY MEETS HIS WATERLOO.

JIM FEALEY, transfer-agent, who has something of a reputation for quick and accurate replies to all queries, went down to defeat one day recently while checking No. 6, which had a large theatrical company from Denver to Chicago.

The company disbanded at Joliet, and each member had his own baggage to look after.

One handsome young woman, on being told her transfer would cost fifty cents, asked, "Or a kiss?"

Jim mildly replied, "No, just fifty cents, please."

"Well, after a second look," said the girl, "I guess you are right—fifty cents is the cheapest."

Jim silently retired amid the laughter of the whole car.—*Santa Fe Employees' Magazine.*

WORSE THAN LATE.

"APPARENTLY," said Subbubs, "the 7.34 is late this morning."

"Worse than that," replied the station-agent. "I'm afraid it's the 'late lamented 7.34.' There's been a wreck up the road."—*Exchange.*

Coddling the "Old Girl."

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON.

IT is not difficult to understand why an engineer will pet and coddle his engine and speak affectionately of it as "she" or the "old girl." No other mechanism of steam and steel has ever been built that shows as many living, breathing, human characteristics as a giant locomotive, and constant association with one is apt to give rise to the feeling that maybe it has somewhere within its mighty make-up a will or spirit of its own.

It is only natural that the engineer's unconscious recognition of an engine's ego, or personality, should grow into something akin to a feeling of fondness for a machine that obeys every command, or that he should view with distrust and hate one that is always acting badly.

Mr. Dayton, who has gathered the views and experiences of a number of engineers on this subject, has left us to form our own opinions regarding the odd actions of "old girls." It is a subject on which there are many views.

Strikingly Human Traits of Locomotives Frequently Cause the Wives of Throttle-Handlers To Become Jealous of the Place the Steel Giantesses Hold in Their Husbands' Affections.

SK one railroad engineer, ask another a third — in fact, question a dozen if you like —and you will find that there is hardly among them one who does not acknowledge that an engine is more human and more full of the qualities and traits of a living human being than you ever imagined a mass of machinery could be.

Nobody can tell why this is. It is one of the great unsolvable mysteries of engine-building and of railroading. Among the thousands on thousands of engines in this country there is not one that does not possess its own individual characteristics, which are developed to a greater or less degree just as they are in human beings.

To the engineers who run them each has its own peculiar personality—something that distinguishes it from all the rest.

Every engineer expresses the idea in different words, but the substance is this: that the engine he runs, trip after trip—his favorite—is a great big warm-blooded friend, powerful to the highest degree, with intelligence and affection, but sometimes whimsical, obstinate, and contrary—as full of moods as a pretty woman. Like her human prototype, she can be driven best when carefully watched over, petted, and cajoled.

Try to force her harshly to do something, and she bucks at once. That is why engines, since the days of Stephenson, have always been "she" or "her" to the men that run them. Another curious thing is that the better the engineer, the more care and affection he lavishes on his engine, and she appreciates it like a true woman.

This may sound a bit incredible to the casual observer of railroads, to him who rarely sees a locomotive, except at the station where he takes his train and the one where he leaves it.

His conception of an engine is vaguely something that puffs acrid smoke, makes a

noise, and drags a train across the rails. Another thing equally incredible and quite as worthy of investigation by societies for psychical research is this:

No Two Engines Behave Alike.

Take ten new engines, fresh from the shops, gay with paint and brass and lacquer and shining steel. They are all of exactly the same pattern, cast in the same mold, precisely alike in every particular, with every pin and bolt and screw identical. And yet there is not one engine of the ten that will run exactly the same as any of the others.

Drive them each a hundred miles, with ten equally competent engineers, and you will find that each has a different individuality and character. One or more will be "rogues" — locomotives that the engineer's instinct will tell him are foreordained for some bad end.

Others will be sluggish, lazy, poor steamers, voracious in their appetites for coal; others will be so perfect, so amiable, so intelligent in every way, that the fortunate engineer to whom such an engine is assigned will lavish upon her untiring affectionate care, and will even spend hours away from his family watching over her if she comes into the roundhouse the least bit out of perfect mechanical health.

"When she is happy," said the driver of one of the engines that hauls a mile-a-minute train, "my 'old gal' is the sweetest thing you ever saw. She spins along so blissfully, nothing rattles, everything is in perfect harmony, and stays that way.

"Sometimes, though, she gets out of bed wrong foot foremost, and then I have to pat her on the back and humor her. Once in a while I get out of patience because everything goes wrong, I fume and cuss, but that doesn't help matters; and then, all of a sudden, she will come out of her sulks, and actually seem to grin at me and start in running the prettiest you ever saw.

"I've handled a good many engines in my over twoscore years of service, and when the time came to part with those I was fond of it always caused me a good deal of regret. When it comes to getting acquainted with a new engine I go about it cautiously.

"You have to treat her with a lot of deference and respect at first, until you win her confidence. Then, if she's the right sort, all goes well as long as you're together. If she's not, you live in torment. It's as bad as being unhappily married, and it's about as hard to get a divorce from an engine that has been assigned to you as it is from an uncongenial wife.

"A bad engine will annoy you by starting or stopping hard or with a jerk. She will take a lot of steam—eat up a lot of coal—and be contrary in a thousand different ways. Some are treacherous.

"They will run along for days as pleasant as pie, and then all of a sudden, when you're least expecting it, they will fly into a tantrum that may land you in the ditch. Some will stay neat and clean with very little care, while others will be continually untidy, no matter how much you may work over them.

"My experience is that the engines with odd numbers—odd combinations of numbers, I mean—like 999, or the four ones, eleventy-'leven, are unlucky. A good many others think the same way. I quit a Western road once where they made me run a 999, because she had such a mean disposition.

"An engineer who was running 992—same pattern—took out 999 next day because his own engine was being repaired, and 999 went off the track and killed him before he had gone twenty miles. I heard she had one accident after another after that, and finally they took her off and rebuilt her—gave her another number, too.

She Had Some Temper.

"That didn't change her temper at all, though, and I'll bet that if she isn't completely smashed up by this time she's on her way doing mischief still."

"I know that 999 you are talking about," broke in another engineer who was standing by, listening to the conversation. "I had to take her out a few times when I was the swing man on that run, and I was always afraid of her.

"She's dead and gone now, glory be! I saw a man yesterday who told me that she was in a head-on collision last week. After she smashed, she toppled over and rolled down a high embankment. She was only fit for the scrap-heap when they picked her up, but she was wicked to the last. She scalded her engineer and fireman so badly that they'll be laid up for a long time.

"I've run a good many different engines, too," he went on, "and there has never been

two of them alike. Just like people. Lots of them I've thought so much of that when they were about used up from hard work, and I was running some new, natty-looking gal just out of the shops, I'd go over to the roundhouse or to the tracks where they were working, every day or so, just to give them a pat to show that I'd not forgotten them. Many's the time I've done that.

"I never cared to set eyes more than once on any of the man-killers I've known. You may believe it or not, but it's the truth that there are engines so evil-minded and daugerous there's no living with them. They're as treacherous as a man-eating tiger. They seem to take solid comfort in hurting people.

Engine with Ideas of Her Own.

"I honestly believe that there's engines that are plumb crazy—engines that ought to be in lunatic asylums. I knew one once that seemed to have what the doctors call a homicidal mania—she was always murdering people.

"If that engine had been brought up for trial before a jury of engineers I'll bet they would have sentenced her to death on the scrap-heap without leaving their seats."

"My experience has been," announced a third engineer, who had joined the group—"my experience has been that if I start out on my run in bad humor my engine gets cranky, too. If I'm sick she acts just about as bad as I feel. You'd think that she would try to cheer me up by acting right; but she's just that sympathetic that she can't seem to enjoy herself a bit when I'm not feeling well.

"I used to think that this talk about engines having minds and moods was all nonsense. That was when I was a young man, though, and had my first engine. There was a pal of mine who had the run opposite me on the Rock Island in those days. He and I talked it over, and decided that we'd see if there was anything in it. So we agreed to make a trial of it with 468. He had his ideas about adjusting her, and I had mine.

"Each of us marked the adjustments he favored, and I tried running her on his way of fixing her, and he on mine. He couldn't do anything with her, and no more could I.

"She would buck all the time. Yet she'd run all right for him when he'd keyed her up to suit himself, and she was a hummer when I took her out on my adjustments. The changes that either of us made were so trifling that no mechanical engineer would say that they would affect her running at all, but they did.

"That set me to thinking, and the way I experimented with 468 was cruel. It's a wonder she didn't lose her temper with me, but she seemed to know why she was being made to suffer the way she was, and she never whimpered.

"I gave it up after a while, and if I told you what I believe about engines now you'd think I was crazy."

The other engineers in the group nodded their heads gravely.

"I guess we've all been through pretty much the same thing," one of them remarked. "We don't talk about such matters very much, except among ourselves and our families, simply because other folks can't understand, and we'd hate to be laughed at.

"But there's a lot more to running an engine than knowing the mechanism perfectly and sitting in the cab and pulling the lever—a lot of things that a man learns on moonlight nights when the shadows on the track confuse one, or on the nights of fog when the signals aren't clear; lots of things a man can't put into words."

Watch 'Em Like Children.

An engineer, especially one of the fast runners, is jealous in the extreme of his engine. Go into any roundhouse where the big hundred-tonners with seventy-nine-inch drivers are being cleaned up after their return home, or are being made ready for a trip out, and you will find engineers standing about, carefully watching every move of the wipers and machinists and occasionally taking a hand themselves.

An hour or two before she is ready to go out the engineer himself goes into executive session, and spends his time tightening a nut here or loosening a bolt there, inspecting with his own eyes every atom of the great mass of complex machinery that he loves.

His constant companion is an oil-can filled with his own especial kind of "dope," for few engineers are content with the quality of the oil that the company furnishes, and each has his own secret lubricant which he compounds himself, and which he guards as jealously as the alchemist used to guard the formula by which he hoped to transmute base metals into gold.

The passenger engineer generally runs only on alternate days. When he is at home and the man who runs opposite to him is out with his "old gal," he puts in his time as best he can until he hears her whistle. Standing in the doorway of his home, watch in hand, a mile away perhaps, he listens with strained attention.

"There comes Dick and the 'old gal.' Ninety seconds late! By George, she's coming in on one side! If folks knew what they were riding behind they'd quit traveling. It's a wonder to me that they ever let that man run an engine.

"Huh! didn't whistle for that crossing until he was almost onto it. Took her around that curve on one wheel. What's the use of fixing up the 'old gal' when they let a man take her out that don't know how to humor her?

"She'll be as mad and cranky as can be to-morrow. I'll go down to the roundhouse to-night as soon as Dick is out of the way and look her over, and see if I can't patch things up."

Dick, by the way, is probably just as competent and as experienced as the man that runs opposite to him. The next day it is Dick's turn to wait, watch in hand, for his favorite to come in. He, too, criticizes freely to himself the manner in which his rival for the "old gal's" affectionate regard is running her.

Occasionally, when she comes in on time to the second, and the engineer's keen senses are unable to pick any flaws, with a twinkle in his eye, he will slip his watch back in his pocket and remark to his wife as he goes into the house: "She's all right to-night. She's certainly a hummer, and no mistake!"

The engineer's wife shares with her husband the belief in the almost human qualities of the big engine that helps earn their bread, for she pays the unwilling compliment of being jealous of her.

"My husband thinks more of his engine than he does of me and the children," she remarks. "He's always worrying about her. If one of the children is sick he sleeps soundly enough, but when his old engine comes in with a sore throat or a tender toe he'll stay down to the roundhouse half the night tinkering with her or watching the machinists.

"There are lots of things he could do at home on his off-days, but there's no holding him when his 'old gal' comes in. He has to hurry down to see if she is all right before he can think of anything else. Sometimes he will come back with a long face, as if some one was dead.

"If I don't ask him what is the matter—I used to at first—he will say: 'She's feeling pretty sick this morning. I'll be gone some little time fixing her up. Don't know how I'll ever get over the run with her unless I do. She's getting old, and I have to pat her on the back a good deal to keep her up to her work nowadays.'

"I feel sometimes like going down there and throwing stones at her. Yes, I am jealous of her. I wish my husband would quit railroading and get into some other business.

"It makes me laugh sometimes, though, to see how jealous my husband is of Dick, the man that runs opposite to him. Dick is just as jealous of my husband, too. They are friendly enough, of course, to each other's faces, but Dick's wife and I have often compared notes about how they talk about each other at home.

"Why, my husband has a lot of the bolts and things scored with tiny file marks to show just where he sets them—just how far they should be screwed up, in his judgment—and when he finds them disturbed in the slightest degree he growls like a big bear. Dick's wife says her husband is the same. Funny, isn't it?"

No engineer can explain the big machine's moods—why she runs smoothly, or why she is stiff, rheumatic, and contrary to the most vexatious degree on different days. The casual stranger may inquire, and will receive a gruff answer, "Weather," or "Don't know," but to the man who the engineer knows is in sympathy with him he will theorize by the hour, and all his ideas will be based on the foundation that there is something human about the machine. No engineer has gone so far as to assert that engines have souls, but most of them give their favorites almost every other human attribute.

The engine that consumes comparatively little coal and steams easily is the fireman's favorite. As soon as he becomes thoroughly familiar with the mechanism his discrimination between various locomotives grows keener, and by the time he is rated as an engineer he has joined the rest of the brotherhood in their settled likes and dislikes of the fickle or trustworthy giantesses that he drives over the steel.

AGAINST GREAT ODDS.

BY EARLE C. WIGHT.

The Story of a Desperate Man of the Rio Grande Country.

THE newly appointed vice-president drummed on the desk with his fingers, swung around on his chair until he faced the reporter, and smiled. The reporter smiled in return, for he was sufficient of a judge of human nature to know the vice-president's mind had gone way back in the past and that he was thinking of something decidedly pleasant.

When you strike a man in this sort of a mood the odds are that you will get something out of him. So the reporter took his notebook and pencil and prepared to write.

"The *Star* thinks its readers would be interested in learning how a man, once a section-hand at a dollar and two bits a day, rose to be vice-president and general manager of three thousand miles of railroad."

"It's mainly a question of opportunity," said Mr. West. "Opportunity and hunch. You know what a hunch is, I suppose."

The reporter, having played more than one game of poker, defined it as "a feeling that led one to stay in a pot with only a pair of trays."

Mr. West nodded.

"You have pretty nearly hit it, except that my hunch led me to stay in the pot without any cards to draw to."

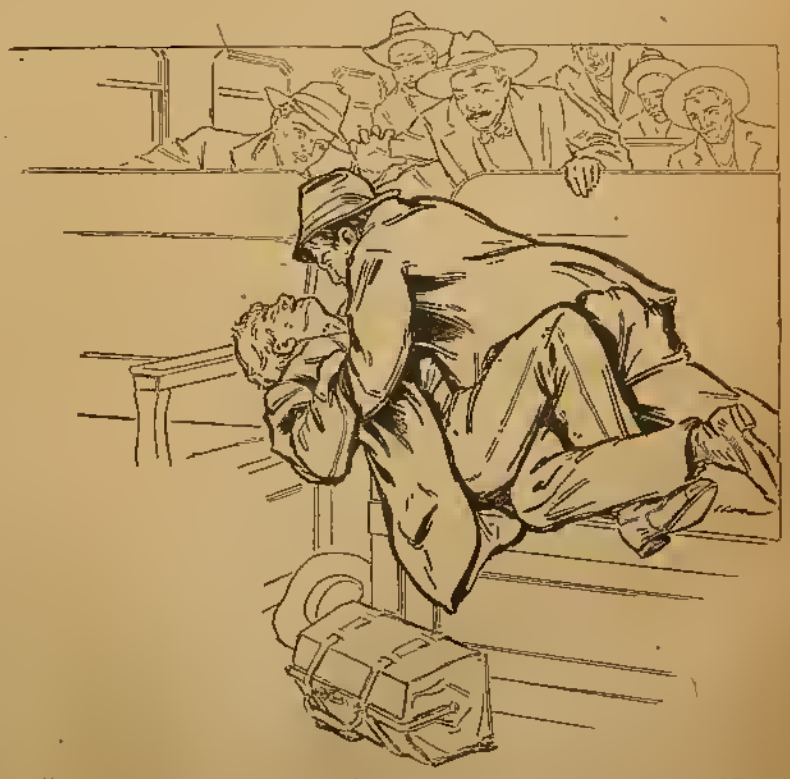
"Did you win?"

"If you call a bullet in the shoulder and saving fifty thousand dollars winning, then I won."

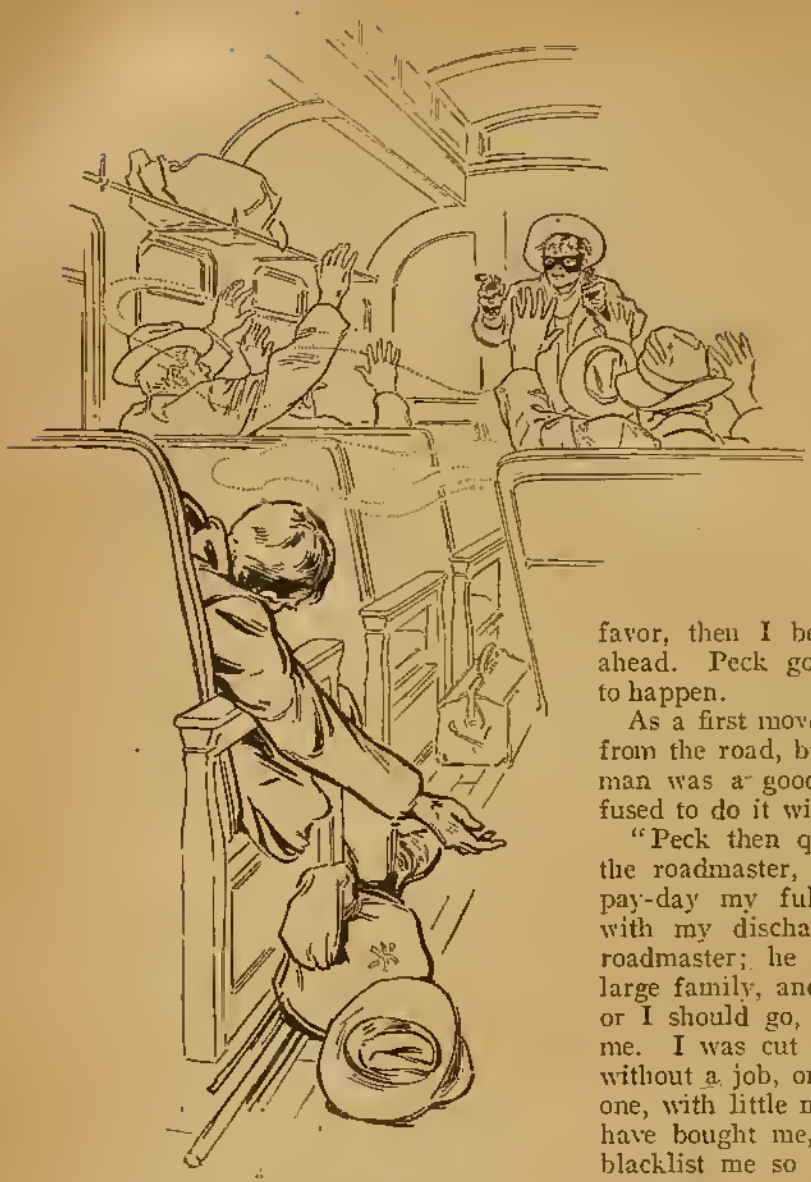
"That's the story I was told to ask you about," said the newspaper man.

The vice-president settled back in his chair. He was a big man with a bulldog hitch to his right shoulder that had given him the name of "Fighting Bob."

"Opportunity and hunch, my boy, and



"ACCEPT—YOU BLACKGUARD! I HAVE A NOTION TO KILL YOU!"



"IF ANY OF YOU WANT ANY OF THE SAME MEDICINE, LET HIM DROP HIS HANDS!"

something to fight. For a winning combination, those three are unbeatable. Usually the impelling force behind the other two is a desire for wealth, power, or a woman. In my case it was a woman, the rest have come, too, but if it hadn't been for the woman, God bless her, I'd still be a section-hand."

This is the story that the vice-president told:

A railroad man's life at best is pretty tough. There is room on top for just one to every thousand underneath, and if the man above takes a dislike to the one below, he has more ways of taking it out on him than a cat has lives.

I always thought myself a pretty good snipe, as we called the section men out there, until I ran up against Superintendent Peck and the cause of our quarrel—the girl.

It might seem funny to you that two men in such different positions should be courting the same girl, but this was in the early days in the West when one man was as good as another.

At first it was a neck-and-neck race between Peck and me for her favor, then I began to draw a little bit ahead. Peck got sore, and things began to happen.

As a first move he tried to have me fired from the road, but failed because the foreman was a good friend of mine and refused to do it without some reason.

"Peck then quietly passed the word to the roadmaster, with the result that next pay-day my full time came in together with my discharge. I don't blame the roadmaster; he was an old man with a large family, and Peck said that either he or I should go, but it was pretty hard on me. I was cut off in the dead of winter without a job, or any possibility of getting one, with little money. Ten dollars would have bought me, and I knew Peck would blacklist me so no other road would give me work.

Under these conditions, there was but one thing to do. I packed my grip, kissed the girl good-by, and went to San Antonio, the nearest large town. There were some shops there, and by changing my name I was able to secure work.

Everything was going nicely. I was putting money in the bank each month, getting a letter every day to show that one had not forgotten me, and there was some talk of making me foreman.

Then, one day, Peck happened to stroll in. A week later they informed me that my services were no longer required. No reason was given, mind you, no criticism of my work, nothing—they simply did not want me.

It looked as though Peck would not be satisfied until he had driven me out of the country. I had never done any work but railroad work, and with the superintendent able to get me discharged on every road in the State, I saw nothing but Mexico, where his influence did not extend. Before doing that, however, I wanted to go back to Red Oak, see my friends, and ask the girl to go with me as my wife.

My temper is hard to kindle, but once started is harder to stop. For the second time I packed my clothes because Peck had the whip hand of me.

If any train ever deserved the name of local, that train to Red Oak took first prize. It was composed of a switch-engine, a baggage-car that looked like a lumber-wagon, and two ancient day-coaches.

The last car was divided in half, the rear portion being used as a smoker. To the rear I went. Lighting my pipe, I began to smoke gloomily and cuss the superintendent.

I didn't want to go to Mexico. I wanted only to go back to Red Oak, marry, and settle down.

I hadn't been in the smoker long when Peck entered. You would think that after a man had caused you to be discharged twice he would keep away from you. But if he hadn't come in and sat down beside me just then, there would be another vice-president sitting in this office just now.

Peck had a sarcastic grin on his face. He pushed my grip over, lighted a big, fat cigar with a red band around it, to make me ashamed of my pipe, and after he had it going well, turned to me.

"I suppose," he said, between puffs, "you have been fired again."

"Yes, thanks to you."

"It is too bad a young man of your ability can't stay sober long enough to hold a job," he said, looking at me out of the corner of his eyes.

"So that's your game, is it?" I exclaimed. "You intend spreading it around Red Oak that I was discharged for drinking."

"It's what they told me at the shops in San Antonio," he replied.

"Then it's a lie!" I cried hotly. "I was discharged because you said so."

He edged away from me when he saw my anger. We sat in silence for some moments, then he said:

"Isn't there some way we can fix this up? You are nearly broke and out of a job. Suppose I were to offer you any section on the line except No. 314."

This was the Red Oak section.

"On what condition?" I asked, suspiciously.

"Can't you guess?" he asked.

"No!" I snapped.

"It's easy enough to guess," he said, looking everywhere but at me. "You can have the yards at Forbestown, with a rake-off on feeding the men, sell all the old ties you take out, or, if that isn't enough, you can have an extra gang—all by keeping away from a certain person in Red Oak."

I think I would have thrown him out of the window then and there if my attention had not been attracted by three men who entered just then.

There was something about them—I can't explain to this day what it was—that made me watch them intently. They were different in face and dress from any other men in that part of the country.

Instead of wearing their guns where everybody could see them, they were hidden in their back pockets. What called my attention to them was a black mask sticking out of one man's pocket.

As they brushed past us, the one in the lead slipped a note into the superintendent's hand.

Call it hunch, premonition, or what you like, I had an aching desire to see that slip of paper. Somehow I knew it affected me and my future. Bending over with his back to me he pretended to take it from his pass-book. He read it carefully, and, instead of putting it back, he thrust it into his vest. When he turned to me expecting his answer I had it all planned out.

"Do you accept my proposition?" he asked briskly.

"Accept—you blackguard!" I yelled. "I have a notion to kill you!"

I threw my arms around him, bending him back on the arm of the seat until his bones cracked. The car was instantly in an uproar. Some of the men fought to get out of our way; others to separate us. Coming quickly in our direction were the three who had last entered; but before they could reach us my hand had slipped about Peck's body and into his vest pocket.

"Now you can go!" I said.

I gave him a shove that sent him sprawling into the aisle.

The car quieted down again. Peck did

not dare to lodge a complaint fearing that I would repeat the conversation that had brought on the trouble. I took the paper and went out on the platform.

It began without an address, nor did it have a signature. It read:

> The stuff is on the train as you said. We do the job at McElvaney. Keep out and you get your share.

If there were any crooked work to be done—McElvaney was an ideal spot. It was at the top of a steep grade, and the road curved to within a hundred miles of the Mexican border. A hundred miles isn't much ground for a man to cover on a good horse, especially if he could start the trip with plenty of water—and McElvaney had a tank.

Neither was it difficult to guess what the "stuff" was. Red Oak and the adjoining town did not have banks, and on Saturdays they required considerable cash to take care of their cowboy and ranch trade.

This was Friday, so by putting two and two together, I formed a pretty good guess of what was going to happen. Still I might be mistaken. There was a chance that the three men were railroaders; the "job" might be legitimate, and the "stuff" could easily be dynamite or tools.

I went back to my grip, found my revolver, and slipped it into my pocket. Then I went through the other car, but could find no more suspicious characters. This rather upset my calculations, as it hardly seemed possible that three men would attempt to hold up two cars filled with cattlemen, nine-tenths of whom were armed.

The more I thought of it the more foolish it seemed, after calling myself an old woman with a bad attack of nerves.

Three hours later it was night, but so bright outside that you could have read a paper. The moon was full, throwing its light over the gray desert like a silver cloth. A slinking coyote barked at us from the shadow of a mesquit tree. Cactus and sage-brush glided by like ghostly shadows. Presently we began to slow up as we climbed the grade of which McElvaney was the summit.

Suddenly the three men, as though by some preconceived signal, rose and walked toward the engine. Two continued on while the third stopped and turned his back to the door as if he were guarding it.

I stood up, intending to follow, when a hand was laid on my arm. It was Peck.

"I want to apologize," he said quite frankly, holding out his hand. "We all make mistakes, and mine was a bad one. Here, sit down," he pulled me into a seat beside him. "Now if you are willing to let bygones be bygones, I'm in earnest about offering you a section any place you want, not even barring Red Oak. We will fight it out squarely from now on."

There was such a change in the man and in the proposition he made that I was dumfounded. It should have put me on my guard. After all the injury he had done me, to have him turn around and act like a white man was too much.

"Who were those three men?" I asked, still thinking of the paper in my pocket.

"What three men?"

I pointed to the one leaning against the door.

"Oh!" he said, and paused just a fraction of a second. "They are linesmen. There is a telegraph-wire broken at McElvaney, and the company has sent them out to repair it."

There was just a flicker to his eyelid that told me he lied. Before I could more than brush him aside and step into the aisle, the train came to a stop with a grinding crash.

Many of the passengers were thrown out of their seats, and before any of us were aware, the man at the door, his face now covered by a black mask, had drawn two revolvers.

"Stand where you are!" he ordered. "Any man who moves gets a bullet! Put your hands up—quick!"

The hands of every man in the car were thrust in the air—all except one.

The shock of the train when it stopped had thrown me forward with such violence that it rendered me partially unconscious. As from a long distance I heard the orders of the bandit and the scramble of the men trying to obey him.

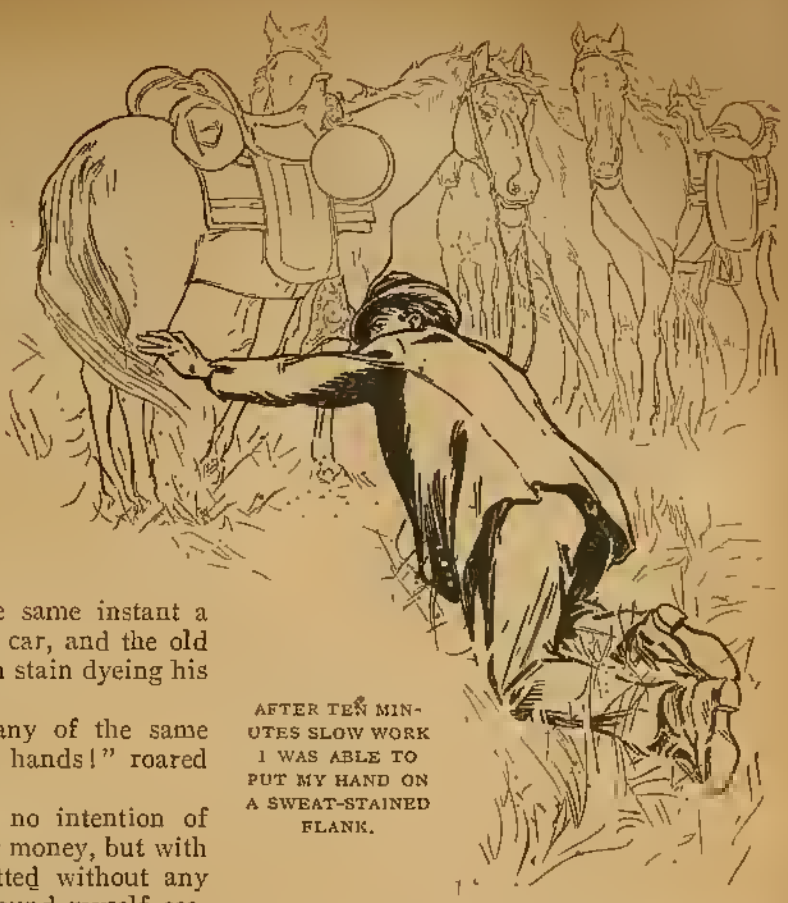
When I came to, the car was absolutely quiet, but for an occasional nervous cough. I quickly took note of my surroundings. My fall had wedged me in between two seats so tightly that I could scarcely move. My feet were the only part of my body visible from the end of the car. Above me was a fat drummer and a farmer boy, both pasty white.

As quietly as possible I told the drummer

to move over so as to give me room to get my gun from my pocket. Holding my breath, I began to squirm slowly around.

It was not bravery on my part — simply self-defense. I had worked too hard for that money, it meant too much to me, to give it up to the first man who wanted it.

A commotion opposite me helped my movements. An old white-haired man, unaccustomed to the tiring position, dropped his arms. At the same instant a shot resounded through the car, and the old man toppled over, a crimson stain dyeing his shirt front.



AFTER TEN MINUTES SLOW WORK I WAS ABLE TO PUT MY HAND ON A SWEAT-STAINED FLANK.

"If any of you want any of the same medicine, let him drop his hands!" roared the bandit.

Previous to this I had no intention of doing anything but save my money, but with this brutal outrage committed without any reason before my eyes, I found myself seeing red.

So as not to attract the bandit's attention, I twisted myself around until my head was where my feet had been.

Revolver in hand, I leaned out. The robber saw me—but a fraction of a second too late.

My bullet reached him just as squarely as his had reached the old man.

I jumped to my feet, and ran out at the rear of the car.

As I did so, one bullet, then another, whistled close to my head. Behind me some one was shouting "Hands up!" Several more shots were fired. I jumped nimbly over the railing and ran straight to a pile of ties.

Crouching behind these I had the whole train in full view. Ahead by the engine was a group composed of the conductor, engineer, fireman, and two brakesmen, guarded by a bandit.

There were two more in the baggage-car, one at either end of the first coach, another standing at the forward end of the rear car, and—could I believe my eyes?—there was Peck himself, holding up the passengers in place of the robber that I had just wounded.

So he had thrown off the mask! There could be no doubt now that the baggage-car held more than the usual amount of money.

The superintendent had learned this, and staking all on one throw, was risking not only his reputation but his life.

If I had not caught him robbing his own company, I would have been content to get away in safety with my money, but with the memory of those bullets whistling so close to my head and of all the other injuries suffered at his hands, I determined that I would pit my strength and courage against his.

It was not longer a question of the railroad; but Peck and I had a little fight of our own to settle—with the odds seven to one in his favor.

One hundred yards away stood the water-tank—lonely and desolate—its water dripping into the desert sand.

On every side as far as the eye could reach stretched the prairie, broken only by the dwarfed mesquit.

I saw what I had been searching for—a dark figure that moved ever so slightly. Dropping on my knees and keeping the pile of ties between me and the train, after ten minutes slow work I was able to put my hand on a sweat-stained flank. Seven

EXCEPT FOR OUR CLOTHES, THERE WAS VERY LITTLE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US.

horses, saddled and bridled, were standing patiently with their bridle reins on the ground.

Four of them were still blowing hard, showing in what manner the bandits had received their reenforcements. One by one, I threw the bridles over their heads and slapping them hard, sent them back over the route they had come. Three remained—two that had been ridden and one fresh one. Mounting the latter, I followed the four that had gone ahead.

As I jogged slowly along, I saw what I had expected. A bandit with a heavy grip in his hand dropped off the baggage-car and raced for the horses.

Another followed, and another, until there were five strung out.

The rear door opened, and Peck, with the revolver still in his hand, lightly vaulted the railing and joined the procession.

They seemed to realize there were only two horses left, and the retreat became a foot-race for life or death. The man with the bag and Peck reached the horses first. Without touching the stirrups, they sprang into the saddles, and without even casting a look backward at the comrades they were deserting, turned their horses' heads and galloped away.

From one end to another the train began to blaze with shots. Two of the four remaining men fell at the first volley, the others had little chance against that train-load of infuriated victims. Leaving them to their fate, I drummed on my horse's ribs with my heels and, swinging westward, started in pursuit of Peck and the man with the bag.

There was no danger of being unable to overtake them, for their horses were already half-blown, while mine was comparatively fresh.

What I would do when I came alongside the two desperate, armed men, I did not know. I was simply following my hunch.

One hundred miles doesn't look much on a map, a mere pin-length at most, a couple of hours ride on a train; but try it some time at night, the moon high in the heavens, through an unknown country, where every tall cactus appears like a desperado awaiting your approach with a death-dealing gun, and every shadow a shapeless terror!

We followed a sort of trail, where the sand was packed hard as macadam, and my horse's hoofs rang loud in my ears. I rode on and on without a sight of the fugitives. My horse was a good one and needed little

urging, yet by the time the moon had gone down he could scarcely go faster than a trot.

What condition the other two were in was made plain by the marks of their dragging footsteps and the drops of blood from their sides, where the spurs had been brutally used.

Several times there were marks where one of the horses had fallen. I also found in the middle of the road a hat with the initials "R. H. P." inside.

As the moon sank below the horizon and the dawn broke, my horse stopped his shambling gait so suddenly that it almost threw me from the saddle. He stood trembling in every limb, and refused to move until I dismounted and led him forward by the bridle.

Then I saw the reason. Barring our path was a horse outstretched on the sand and breathing heavily.

Close by was the sprawling figure of a man. It wasn't Peck. As I went forward, he sat up straight, staring at me stupidly. I disarmed him, taking two revolvers and a mask.

"Well," I said, when the fellow was able to talk, "how did this happen? That isn't your horse? Where is Peck?"

"I was waiting for him like a pal should when he comes up behind me and hits me over the head with his gun, then he takes my horse and rides on. A nice pal he is," the man said.

There was only one thing to do. Peck still had the money, and it was my duty to follow him.

The odds were now cut from two against one to even. As for the other robber, after studying him a few minutes, I hit upon a plan. He was about my build, both of us were clean shaven, and except for our clothes, there was little difference between us.

"Get up and take off that coat and your trousers," I ordered.

He drew sullenly back, doubtful of my intentions. I had to thrust my revolver close to his face to emphasize my meaning. We made the change in silence. There was little doubt the man would be there when I returned. A posse was already on his track, ahead were Peck and myself, on either side lay the desert. He was as good as caught.

It took but little riding to catch up with Peck. His mount was in a bad way, staggering from side to side with every step.

On seeing me Peck forced the poor brute into a feeble trot, which, however, lasted only a few hundred yards.

In the distance we could see the green foliage of the trees marking the Rio Grande —the border line of Mexico—and Peck's destination.

Seeing that he could not reach the line before I caught up with him, he drew his gun and took a shot at me.

The bullet whistled uncomfortably close. I was half minded to shoot in return, but the desire to capture him alive overcame my fear, and I waved the bandit's sombrero about my head so he would think my intentions were not hostile.

Luckily the hat was of a conspicuous color, white, with a red band around the crown, and this and my clothes gave Peck the idea I had intended—that I was the companion he had rapped over the head with his gun.

He permitted me to get close, but kept his hand on his hip ready for trouble should I prove vindictive. I rode up behind him, the hat pulled low over my face, my chin sunk on my chest, as though in pain.

"That was a nice trick you played on me," I growled, "hitting a pal on the head and taking his horse away from him."

"It's all in the game," he said, shifting the satchel from one hand to the other. "Where did you get the horse?"

"The same way you did. Took it from another man."

I could see him looking at it with speculative eyes, and knew he was meditating some plan to make an exchange. He must have made a quick decision, for he motioned me to ride alongside.

"And give you a chance to hit me another crack on the head? Not much." I protested.

He shrugged his shoulders, and without looking backward, rode on.

Here was my opportunity. Gradually, foot by foot, inch by inch, I drew nearer. My horse's head was on a line with his horse's tail. It drew up to the other's cantle; it crept beside the girth; on to the pommel—and my hands were stretched out to seize the superintendent.

Just at the critical moment he happened to turn and saw my white face not two feet from his own.

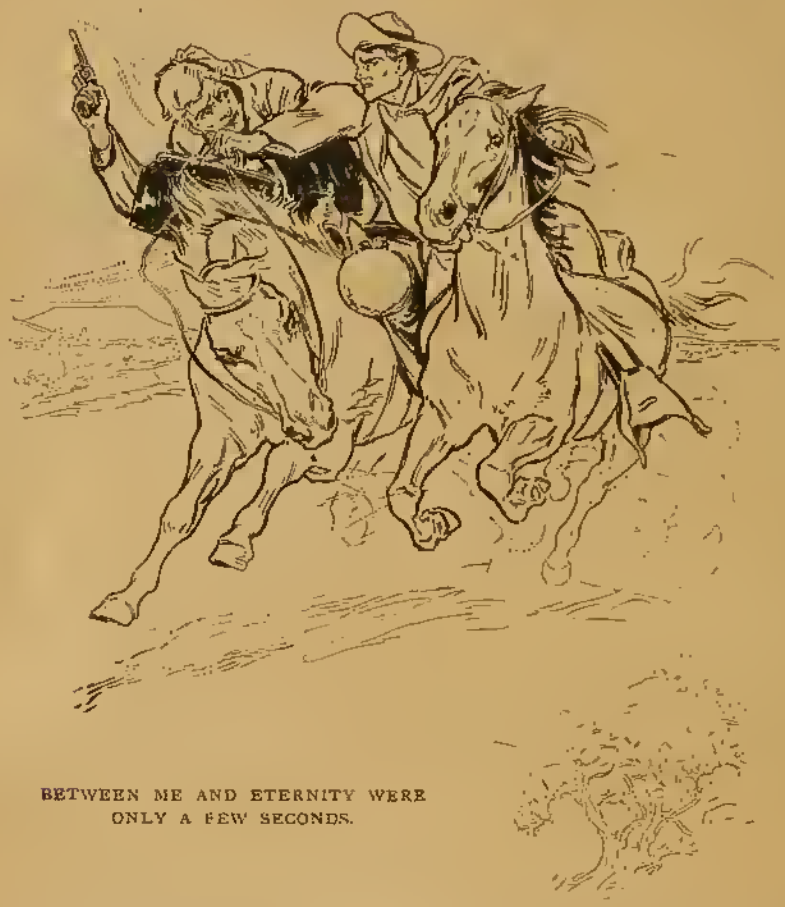
With an oath he jerked out his revolver. Before I could withdraw my hands there came a stunning report like a dozen peals of thunder rolled into one.

A terrific blow, and I reeled in my saddle. Through a maze of smoke I saw his face

wrinkle into its old sarcastic smile. His thumb was busy with the hammer, which seemed to be caught in some way. Between me and eternity were only a few seconds.

I flung myself toward him. My right arm encircled his neck. The horses pulled apart and we crashed heavily to the ground. He lay flat on the ground, arms and legs extended to their fullest extent, scarcely breathing. A trickle of blood from a gash in his forehead, showed the extent of his injury.

It was what caused the cut that made me laugh. A fall from a horse on the soft sand is not a dangerous thing, but Peck had struck his head on the lock of the satchel containing the stolen money.



BETWEEN ME AND ETERNITY WERE ONLY A FEW SECONDS.

When my senses returned, the sun was high in the heavens, my shoulder burned like liquid fire, and it was only by using the stirrup of one of the patient horses that I was able to regain my feet.

I stared dumbly wondering how I had escaped, and then in spite of my suffering, I laughed out loud. For once in his life the superintendent had overstepped himself.

"And so," said the reporter, snapping shut his book, "you recovered fifty thousand dollars for the railroad; they, in gratitude, made you road-master, and from that you worked up to your present position."

"You left out the most important part," said the vice-president, "I got the girl."

If you don't see a stop or a slow signal once in a while, better suspect the signaling system. There might be a wreck and you might be in it. No man's luck is insured against interruption.

—Sayings of the Supervisor.

Record Runs of Millionaires.

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

WHEN the average individual is in a hurry to get from one part of the country to another, he generally has to content himself with a Pullman berth on a limited train. If, however, he is sufficiently endowed with dollars to consider the spending of a few thousands with the same degree of equanimity with which he might contemplate buying an ordinary mileage book, it is not unlikely that he will charter a special train and strive to break all records between his starting point and destination.

In recent issues of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE the record runs of the Jarrett & Palmer Special and Scotty's Coyote Special were described at length, but since these mad dashes across the continent other fast runs have been made which have made distances shorter than ever before.

Not all of these runs were the result of mere whims. Many were made to reach the bedside of a dear relative before the arrival of the Grim Reaper. Whatever the cause, these contests with time are always interesting, and many of them have added dramatic chapters to the history of the great steel ways.

No Matter How Thick the Traffic, a Clear Track Can Generally Be Secured for the Man in a Hurry Who Can Foot the Bill.

WHEN a man has the price and finds it necessary to be whisked across the country at the fastest possible speed, then look out for new records! During recent years, a number of rich Americans have found the regular schedules and the fastest trains too slow, or the importance attending their journey too great, and have engaged special trains to have the right of way over everything to get them to their destination. The most recent case on record is that of Charles G. Gates, a New York broker, who was suddenly taken ill in San Diego, California, and wanted to get home to New York as fast as steam could carry him—or faster.

Mr. Gates hurried to the telephone and rang up the Southern Pacific Company's office at San Diego. A special train could not be procured immediately, but the Sunset Limited was leaving in a few hours and the railroad officials agreed to attach the "Ranger," Mr. Gates's private car.

Arrangements were then completed for a special train to be made up and waiting on his arrival at Yuma, Arizona, which would make the run across the continent in the fastest time that schedules would allow.

A Long Run to the Doctor.

An engine, buffet car, and three coaches for ballast, were standing on a side-track at Yuma, and no time was lost coupling the "Ranger" to them.

At half past five o'clock on Thursday, February 16, the special pulled out of the little Western town on its three-thousand-mile journey, while the wires beside the

track hummed with messages arranging a special right of way over all the roads it would traverse.

It switched from the Southern Pacific to the Rock Island at El Paso, Texas, and left that city at 7 A.M. on the following day for the run to Chicago.

Just out of El Paso, it made one hundred miles in one hundred minutes. At Hutchinson, Kansas, the special had gained six hours and forty-six minutes on the Golden State Limited, which left Yuma forty-six minutes later.

Near Volland, Kansas, just west of Topeka, it had its first set-back. A train ahead had been derailed, and the special was forced to wait two hours for the blockade to be lifted. Mr. Gates fretted until they were under way again. Nevertheless, when the train reached Topeka, at 2.22 P.M. on Saturday, February 18, its speed had averaged forty-five miles an hour since the departure from El Paso. At every stop John W. Gates, who was in Port Arthur, Texas, was informed by telegraph of the condition of his son, and Mrs. Charles G. Gates, at her home in Madison Avenue, New York, also received bulletins.

Without a Stop.

The special drove through Topeka without a stop, and got to Kansas City at 4.51 P.M. A fresh locomotive was ready, and the train was off again at 4.52. The officials at El Paso had calculated that the train would be in Chicago between four and five o'clock on Sunday morning. True to their predictions, it arrived on time, and left for New York on the Lake Shore at five o'clock.

The nine hundred and seventy-four miles from Chicago to New York were covered in sixteen hours and twenty-seven minutes; the final lap of one hundred and forty-three miles from Albany being made in one hundred and forty-one minutes. This is the record from Chicago to New York, but it is twenty minutes slower than the time made by Frank A. Vanderlip's train running west from New York to Chicago, in 1909.

The five hundred and thirty-five miles from Chicago to Buffalo were reeled off in five hundred and twenty-three minutes, while the four hundred and forty miles from Buffalo to New York were covered in four hundred and sixty-four minutes. Twenty-one minutes were lost on the Mohawk Division of the New York Central between Syracuse and Albany, because of a local train ahead getting into trouble.

Record of the Run.

The engineer who brought the train from Albany to High Bridge was E. A. Clemens, and the fireman was E. A. Cooper. A change of engines was made at High Bridge, when the electric locomotive in charge of George Snyder picked up the train and brought it into New York.

This is the time-table of the train from Chicago to New York, as given out at the offices of the New York Central:

Arrived at Chicago 4.50 A.M. Sunday.
Left Chicago, 5 A.M. Arrived Elkhart, 6.45 A.M. (100 miles in 105 minutes).
Left Elkhart, 6.48 A.M. Arrived Toledo, 9.02 A.M. (143 miles in 134 minutes).
Left Toledo, 9.04 A.M. Arrived Cleveland, 10.41 A.M. (108 miles in 97 minutes).
Left Cleveland, 10.45 A.M. Arrived Buffalo, 1.52 P.M. Central time, 2.52 P.M. Eastern time. (183 miles in 187 minutes).
Left Buffalo, 2.55 P.M. Arrived Syracuse, 5.29 P.M. (149 miles in 154 minutes).
Left Syracuse, 5.32 P.M. Arrived Albany, 8.21 P.M. (148 miles in 169 minutes).
Left Albany, 8.28 P.M. Arrived New York, 10.49 P.M. (143 miles in 141 minutes).

When Mr. Gates paid his bills he found that the trip from coast to coast had cost him six thousand dollars, at the rate of about two dollars a mile. The cost of the run from Chicago to New York was one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five dollars, which figures up to a charge of two dollars for every minute that the special was on the rails.

New York to Chicago in Sixteen Hours.

Few runs have proved more thrilling than that participated in by Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, who during the early part of 1909 started from New York in a vain effort to beat the Grim Reaper to Chicago, where his aged mother lay dying.

When at the point of retiring for the night, Mr. Vanderlip received a telegram from his brother-in-law in Chicago, saying that his mother had been prostrated by a sudden and serious attack of pneumonia. Seizing the telephone, Mr. Vanderlip noti-

fied the New York Central authorities that he wanted a special made up for him at once.

Fifty minutes later the train pulled out of the Grand Central Station. It was composed of four cars, Mr. Vanderlip's private car and three empties for braking purposes. Six of the most powerful locomotives of the New York Central and Lake Shore roads were subsequently used, and the crews were shifted at Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, Toledo, and Elkhart, Indiana.

Run Made History.

The train-despatchers had received blanket orders to give the special right of way over everything, and several passenger-trains were side-tracked during the run. Every change of locomotives but one was accomplished in less than a minute. At Elkhart three minutes were lost through an unavoidable delay.

The Vanderlip race against death should live in the history of railroading. It established the fastest time between New York and Chicago, the train reaching the La Salle Street Station at seven minutes after three o'clock the next afternoon, sixteen hours and seven minutes from New York, almost an hour better than the previous record of seventeen hours, and two hours faster than the schedules of the Twentieth-Century Limited and the Pennsylvania Special. The entire run of 965 miles was made in exactly 907 minutes, making an average of 1.06 miles a minute.

The special was brought into Chicago by Engineer Mark Floyd and Conductor James Wisher.

Throughout the race Mr. Vanderlip kept begging the engineer for more speed. He received no messages as to his mother's condition *en route*, and lived in constant fear that death would beat him to the bedside.

Death Wins the Race.

When the train reached Englewood Station he jumped into a waiting automobile and started at top speed for his mother's home in Madison Avenue.

"Mother?" he asked as the door opened.

"She died at ten minutes to three," was the reply—which was the very time the special had pulled into the Englewood Station.

The detailed schedule of the Vanderlip special's race with death follows:

Left New York at midnight, Eastern time.

Arrived in Buffalo, 6.39 A.M.—440 miles in 339 minutes.

Arrived in Cleveland, 9.27 A.M.—183 miles in 168 minutes.

Arrived in Toledo, 11.23 A.M.—108 miles in 116 minutes.

Arrived in Elkhart, 1.23 P.M.—133 miles in 120 minutes.

Left Elkhart, 1.26 P.M.—3 minutes lost in changing locomotives.

Arrived in Englewood, 2.58 P.M.—95 miles in 92 minutes.

Arrived at La Salle Street Station 3.07 P.M.

A railroad race with death that takes rank with the above occurred several years ago when Dr. W. Meyer and two nurses started from New York in a record-breaking run to the scene of a wreck on the New York Central near Lyons, New York, in which Mrs. Newman Erb, wife of the vice-president of the Pere Marquette Railroad, had been seriously injured.

Accompanied by Mr. Erb's son-in-law and his wife, the physician and nurses left the metropolis on a special, composed of the fastest engine available, three day-coaches, and a private car. The special was ordered at seven o'clock in the morning, when the news of the disaster arrived, and pulled out at ten minutes to eight. It was given a clear track and whirled up the Hudson at the rate of a mile a minute.

81 Miles in 74 Minutes.

At Albany, Dr. Meyer appealed to the engineer and Conductor William Lewis for more speed, and from Albany to Syracuse all records were broken, the distance to the latter city from New York being made in four and one-half hours. After a quick change of engines, the train hurried on to Rochester, the eighty-one intervening miles being covered in seventy-four minutes. The run was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the engineer was compelled to slow down six successive times.

The special covered the 373 miles from New York to Rochester in 344 minutes, breaking the record of the Empire State Express by one hour; but Death had beaten the flying train by twenty minutes, and Mrs. Erb had succumbed to her injuries. The race was the best piece of record work in the history of the New York Central to that date.

Late in March, a year ago, George W. Perkins and his wife figured in a spectacular railroad dash from Stuart, Florida, to Cleveland, Ohio, where Mr. Perkins's aged mother lay dangerously ill. Receiving word by telegraph of the latter's critical condition while sojourning in Florida, Mr. Perkins ordered a special to be made up for him at once, and within an hour the train, with himself and his wife on board, pulled out of Stuart.

Chattanooga, Tennessee, was reached at seven o'clock of the same evening, and Cincinnati at four o'clock the following morning, the night run of 337 miles between the two cities having been made in 530 minutes.

It took four minutes to effect a change of locomotives at Cincinnati, and Mr. Perkins implored the new engineer to do all in his power to make better time, with the result that the distance of 263 miles to Cleveland was covered in 288 minutes. A waiting automobile carried Mr. Perkins to his mother's bedside, where he found that his race from the South had not been in vain.

He Wouldn't Wait for a Special.

On September 28, 1908, Frederic Thompson received word in New York that his wife was dangerously ill in Chicago. He immediately telephoned C. F. Daly, one of the vice-presidents of the New York Central, to prepare a special for his use.

After a short delay, Mr. Daly notified him that it would be impossible to get up a special for several hours at the very least, and advised Mr. Thompson to take the Empire State Express, which was scheduled to leave within the hour. Mr. Thompson, fearing that even the slightest delay might prove costly, told the official that he would leave on the express, but asked to have a special in readiness for him at Buffalo.

The vice-president assured him the special would be waiting, and the race began. On reaching Buffalo, Mr. Thompson learned by wire that his wife's condition was even more aggravated than when he left New York. He boarded the special, which was made up of a locomotive and a single Pullman, and bade the engineer make the run of his life.

Chicago was reached at the rate of a mile a minute, and when Mr. Thompson got to his wife's side, the turn for the better in her condition was already marked.

Ralph Modjeska's successful train-dash from Montreal to the Pacific coast, to reach his mother before she died, was another feat which has attracted wide attention. Although he did not have a special, the crews of the regular trains exerted themselves to their utmost in his behalf, news received along the line of his mother's steady decline spurring them on to their best efforts.

Hurrying to the Doctor.

Last year the country was startled by the dramatic endeavor of Charles Talmadge, a Los Angeles millionaire, to reach Chicago from Santa Fe in order to place himself under the care of a specialist. Mr. Talmadge believed himself to be dangerously ill, and was positive that his one hope for life rested in an operation.

Mr. Talmadge was in Santa Fe on business when he became suddenly ill. He dropped an important real-estate deal that he had under way, ordered a special consisting of two cars and a locomotive, and pleaded with the engineer to break every railroad record in history on the run to Chicago.

The train-despatchers along the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe were ordered to give the special a right of way, and the crew of the latter were instructed by the officials of the road to annihilate time in a way they had never done before. The race started, and the distance from the starting point to Kansas City was covered at a rate that made a new record for the road.

When Kansas City was reached, however, Mr. Talmadge's condition had improved so materially that the special was dismissed and the rest of the journey was made on a regular train.

Mr. Talmadge's race with what he believed to be death attracted unparalleled attention in the West, and particularly in towns that lay along the line of the railroad. The news of the special's record-breaking run was flashed ahead, and great throngs of people gathered at the stations to cheer on its rapid flight.

To the Bedside of His Son.

Of all the long-distance contests with the Grim Reaper, one that stands out from among the others is the run made by Henry J. Mayham.

While in New York on business, in February, 1897, Mr. Mayham received a telegram stating that his son was dying in Denver. He left immediately on the Penn-

sylvania Limited for Pittsburgh, and, on arriving there, telegraphed Division Superintendent Howland, of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, in Chicago, asking for a special car and engine to carry him on to Denver.

Arriving in Chicago at ten minutes after nine o'clock on the morning of February 15, he left fifty minutes later from the Union Station in General Superintendent Hessler's private car, coupled to a special locomotive for the anxious father's use.

A second wire that reached him a few moments before the train pulled out informed Mr. Mayham that his son was sinking rapidly. He tearfully begged the officials to get him to Denver in time to see his boy before the end came, and told them to spare no expense to aid him in his race.

Affected by his grief, the railroad men promised to get him to his destination within twenty-four hours, although the fastest regular trains took thirty-two hours.

A clear track was ordered for the special all along the line, and during the course of the run fully half a dozen passenger-trains were side-tracked. The only person on the special with Mr. Mayham was Conductor Murray.

At Lincoln, Nebraska, a traveling engineer named Dixon entered the cab and remained during the rest of the run, urging each successive engineer to greater speed, and infusing him with sympathy for the father whose heart was breaking in the car behind.

Burlington, 206 miles west of Chicago, was reached in 231 minutes, and Albia, Iowa, 100 miles farther West, in 347 minutes. Red Oak, Iowa, a distance of 447 miles, was reached in 507 minutes. On the straight stretches of track the rate of speed was a mile a minute and better; and even in Colorado, during the one-hundred-and-eighteen-mile climb from Akron, almost as high a rate was maintained.

Colorado was entered at twelve minutes to two o'clock the next morning, and Denver at eight minutes to four Tuesday, February 16. But Death had won. Mr. Mayham's son had died soon after midnight.

During the course of the run Mr. Mayham had sent numerous telegrams to his son, telling him that he was coming, and asking him to keep up his hope. Two of those telegrams were sent after the young man had passed away.

When the special left Chicago a snowstorm was raging, and the rails were wet and slippery. General Manager Brown, of the railroad, said subsequently that the run might have been made in half an hour less time had this not been the case. As it was, the distance of 1,026 miles between Chicago and Denver was covered in 1,132 minutes, or eight minutes less than nineteen hours.

The previous record for the fastest long-distance run had been made on October 24, 1895, when the Lake Shore "Special Flier" made the 948 miles from New York to Chicago in seventeen hours and twenty minutes. The race with death from Chicago to Denver cost Mr. Mayham $1,000.

STEEL MAIL-CARS ONLY.

A PROVISION was inserted in the post-office appropriation bill, prior to its passage by the House of Representatives, on January 24, that the Postmaster General shall not hereafter enter into contracts for other than steel, or non-combustible railway mail-cars. The stipulation that after January 1, 1916, no wooden car shall be used in any way for the railway mail service was also added. This gives the department five years within which to "work off" the cars now in use, but it requires that the introduction of the steel cars shall begin immediately. These amendments were adopted after a long debate, replete with statistics and accounts of fatalities to railway mail clerks resulting from the type of cars now used by the mail service.

GOOD MILEAGE RECORD.

SANTA FE locomotive 1415 has a remarkable record for service. It is of the Atlantic type passenger-engine and operates out of Albuquerque, New Mexico, on the first district. It was received from the Baldwin Locomotive Works in April, 1906, and on May 1 went into service, being in charge of Engineer G. W. Shade, and Fireman I. L. Fouch. It was used continuously till October 22, 1910, four years and almost six months, before being sent to the shops for general repairs. During this time it had only one set of flues, and traveled 241,335 miles. Considering the rough territory and the feed-water conditions of that section, it is an exceptionally good record. The engine was in charge of Mr. Shade all this time.

VANISHING RAILROADERS.

BY JOHN W. SAUNDERS.

The Thousand-and-One Nights' Tales of the Early Days of Railroading as Related by Old-Timers

CHAPTER XV.

In the Trunk.

"PETE PERKINS paid out so much of his wages for spectacles trying to make out the numbers on the checks, that he gave up the job soon after his eyesight failed, and I got it," said Dell Hawkins, the old baggage man.

"Before the old man died he used to come down here quite frequent to sit with me. Old Perk was fond of his pipe, and never could enjoy it so well as among the trunks.

"Well, one cold and stormy night in the middle of winter, when it was about time for the lightning express to put in a show, I took my lamp and went to find out how she was.

"I was not long finding out, for, as I stood there, I heard an awful smash.

"The lightning express had run into a switching engine at the east end of the yard.

"That made things lively for a little time; but the wrecking gangs got the damaged engines clear, threw the broken baggage-car on one side, coupled another engine on, and the train, with a very short delay, went on west, leaving the baggage piled up in this room, to be sent on by the morning train.

"As I said before, it was a cold night, and when the work was through, I was only too glad to get near the stove and have another smoke with old Perk. He had made up his mind not to go home that night for fear of losing his way in the drifts.

"'Did you ever hear that story about that trunk?' said old Perk.

"I said, 'What trunk?'

"'Oh, 'shaw! I'll tell you all about it.'

"And old Perk told how one of the night hands, named Tim, was always coming into the baggage-room to keep him company, as he said. But Perk used sometimes to fall asleep, and dream that Tim was 'going through' the trunks.

"Tim had a sneaking kind o' way.

"Well, one night, when old Perk was part asleep and part awake, he thought he saw Tim try to open a box.

"'What are you doing, Tim?'

"Tim said he was just tightening the ropes round that trunk.

"A few minutes after, old Perk was aroused by a piercing shriek.

"Tim, the trunk pilferer, had unlocked a trunk and raised the lid, and while stealthily feeling inside in the dim light for what he could get, had drawn out a ghastly human hand and arm, while a skeleton sat grinning at him in the box.

"Poor Tim! He could not drop the cold hand he held in his; it seemed to hold him like a vise. He fell on his knees, shivered, and swooned away on the floor.

"The medical student's box nearly cost poor Tim his life. The fright threw him into a fever, but I guess it cured him of opening other people's trunks.

"When old Perk had finished, he fell asleep. I began to feel uncomfortable. The room smelled close. My imagination was excited.

"I looked at the trunk suspiciously, and had a vague idea that all the lightning express baggage contained grinning skeletons.

"Old Perk snored. To drive away unpleasant fancies I began counting how many times he would snore before three o'clock.

"He had snored just one hundred and seventy-three times when I thought I heard a groan.

"You might have knocked me down with a pick—I mean a tooth-pick—I felt so scared!

"I shook old Perk rudely.

"'Was that you, Perk? Did you moan?'

"'I guess so,' he cried, and went to sleep again.

"Again I heard the same sound, only longer.

"My hair stood up like bristles.

"I felt a clammy moisture oozing through my pores.

"'Perk,' I said, 'say that you groaned! Didn't you, Perk? If you did, say so, Mr. Perkins!'

"I shook him so that there was no fear he would go to sleep again.

"'Don't make a noise like that, Perk,' I said; 'it's enough to frighten a man to death! You shouldn't do it! Let's have another smoke!'

"I had not time to light up. A cry, quick and awful, knocked pipe, tobacco, and matches out of my hand.

"I darted toward old Perk. His face was blanched, and his limbs trembling with fright.

"'The box! The box!' he said, and fell heavily to the floor, scared out of his senses.

"Remembering I had a bottle of spirits in the lock-up, I put it to Mr. Perkins's mouth, and then, desperately seizing a hammer, began to burst open the box on which Perk had sat.

"Between each blow was a stifled groan.

"It was a hard box to open.

"'Perk, hurry up! Get that iron bar!'

"The old man came to like a shot. Between us we loosened the lid.

"The moment we had done so, it flew open!

"I expected a horrible sight—a grinning skeleton with a spiral-spring backbone, or something of that sort. But, bless you, there sat in the trunk the loveliest young girl, her long blond hair streaming over her neck and shoulders, her large blue eyes beaming with tears of thankfulness for deliverance. She tried to throw her arms round my neck.

"'Lend a hand, Perk!' I said. Together we lifted the poor, stiffened young lady out of her prison.

"'Let me hold the dear creature on my knee,' said Perk.

"'No,' I said, 'I'm going to hold her on my knee!'

"'Let me warm her, then,' he said.

"'No,' I said; 'I'm baggage-master, and I'm going to do all the warming necessary on this occasion.'

"So I petted her fondly, and old Perk ran for water. Soon she began to talk a little. You should have heard her. She was so full of gratitude."

"How came she in the trunk?"

"She was an orphan—the adopted child of a rich, miserly old uncle. He wanted to get her through to Cliff Valley without paying her fare. He thought he could do it by putting her in that box with a few air-holes, as he was allowed one hundred pounds of baggage free."

"Did he claim his baggage?"

"Well, I guess not, sir. He must have been so scared when he found the box did not reach Cliff Valley that he dared not ask for it."

"What became of the young woman?"

"Well, stranger, that young woman is my wife, and as it's getting toward morning, I guess I'll just ask you to go and sit in the waiting-room. I want to go home and hold the baby while she gets up and cooks breakfast."

CHAPTER XVI.

Old-Time Passes.

"MY train was approaching the Suspension Bridge near Niagara, some years ago," said the old con, when it came his turn to talk. "I found a young man aboard who could not pay his fare. The poor fellow was evidently in the last stages of consumption. He sat by himself, and his eyes were red, as if he had been weeping. The laws of the company could not be transgressed, and, as he had no money, he must leave the train. No conductor knows when a detective may be watching him, so I led him with a heavy heart from his seat.

"He was shivering with the cold, and no one moved or spoke until we reached the door. Then a pretty girl arose from her seat, and with bright, sparkling eyes, demanded the amount of the invalid's fare.

"I told her eight dollars, and she took

that amount from her pocket-book, and kindly led the sick youth back to his seat.

"The action put to shame several men who had witnessed it, and they offered to pay half, but the whole-souled girl refused the assistance. When our train arrived at the next station, the girl gave him sufficient money to keep him overnight, and send him to his friends the next morning."

"What was her name?" asked the hind shack.

"Well, as I said before, I felt a little cheap over the part I was forced to play in the affair, so I hunted her up, and on the first leisure evening, called to return the eight dollars. This she indignantly refused, but I subsequently persuaded her to accept of a suitable present."

"Well, what else?"

The old con hesitated—and blushed before he replied:

"I finally persuaded her to take me, too, and she's just the best wife and mother on the road."

Watson, the "country conductor," was the next to talk.

"I was running a train that was freight one day and passenger the next. I was brakeman and switchman besides. A couple living at Le Mars, Iowa, a station on our road, were anxious to have their child baptized. One day I had a minister aboard, and seeing him on the platform as we came into Le Mars, this couple got on the train, and the child was baptized while we were going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The happy couple got off at the next station, and took the first train home."

"You remember Pete Littlejohn, don't you, boys?" asked Neal Ruggles.

"Yes; he's running somewhere in California," said the old con.

"Littlejohn was coming down the grade pretty fast one trip, with his sweetheart aboard, when the engine ran into a lot of solid beef, throwing her off the track temporarily, but doing no other damage. Fragments of one of the animals came through the window or door and lodged in sweetheart's lap.

"'Oh, Pete's killed!' she screamed, jumping frantically to her feet, and surveying the bloody reminders. 'Oh! Pete's killed! He's killed!' and she refused to be comforted until Littlejohn made his appearance and took her in charge."

"Tell us some more, Rug," the boys yelled in unison.

Rug went on as the boys relit their pipes, and took easy attitudes for a long siege.

"There was a station in Pennsylvania named Hanna," said Ruggles. "When we stopped there one day, my brakeman thrust his head inside the door, as usual, and called out 'Hanna!' loud and long. A young lady, probably endowed with the poetic appellation of Hannah, supposing he was addressing her, and shocked at his familiarity on so short an acquaintance, frowned like a thunder-cloud and retorted, 'Shut your mouth!'

"He shut it.

"There was a brakeman on the old Erie who was called Ned. He thought he would turn in a joke on his conductor. The con was collecting tickets one day from his passengers, and all handed over their pasteboard, save one old lady who sat next the door, near where Ned stood.

"She seemed to be reaching down to get something she had dropped on the floor. When her time to pay came, she raised her head, and thus addressed the blushing conductor:

"'I always, when I travels, carry my money in my stockin', for, you sees, nothin' can get at it there; and I'd just thank you, young man, just to reach it for me, as I'm so jammed in that I can't get to it. I forgot to git a ticket at the depot.'

"The con glanced at the other passengers, some of whom were laughing at his plight. One or two young ladies among them blushed scarlet. He hesitated, and finally beat a sudden retreat, mutteriug something about not charging old ladies. Anyhow, he was called on the carpet for letting that passenger get by.

"My run leads into a temperance town, which I will call Alesburg, division headquarters. Nobody drinks there, and every man, woman, aud child is an apostle of temperance. Every citizen is a temperance lecturer, and the bibulously inclined wayfarer must get a prescription before he can get a drink.

"Prairie colic prevails there to an alarming extent, and some men go about armed with blank prescriptions ready for immediate service the momeut the first symptom comes on.

"Not long ago a well-known citizen of Alesburg, somewhat noted for his crusades against saloons, hunted me up in Chicago, which was several hundred miles from the temperance town. He wanted to know if

I intended to take the train to Alesburg that night.

"I told him that I did, and noticed that the symptoms of prairie colic were rapidly developing. He had come with some of the boys, he said, and, staying longer than he had intended, his money had run out and his friends had left him.

"'Very bad predicament, indeed,' I said, 'for a respectable temperance man of Alesburg; but I don't see what I can do for you—the rules are very strict.'

"He replied that if he was made acquainted with our general superintendent, he could secure a pass.

"What entitled him to a pass I never knew; but I told him I would introduce him to the super at once, for I feared the colic had him full force. He left me, and returned in about fifteen minutes with at least two more colics aboard. I accompanied him to the super's office and introduced him. I noticed that my colicky friend handed the super his card.

"The super seemed much perplexed in his examination of that card. Finally he returned it, remarking with a peculiar smile: 'Sir, there is some mistake. This seems to be a prescription from Dr. Stigmole, asking a certain druggist of Alesburg to give the bearer one quart of what I suppose stands for whisky—for colic.'

"I left my fellow citizen searching nervously in his pockets for his card—but I never learned how he got home.

"I want to tell you about the fellow that couldn't put it over Jack Stow. We had a very energetic tallow-pot named Spielman, who got in the bad habit of doubling on his pass. The boys on the main-line passenger resolved to stop it by punching the pass every time it was shown.

"The consequence was, Spielman had to make application for a new one. The boys, not at all discouraged, soon punched up pass No. 2. When Spielman got his third pass, he procured a piece of sole-leather the same size as the pass and about a quarter of an inch thick. On this he pasted his pass.

"It so happened that he got on Jack Stow's train. Our conductor, intent on ruining Spielman's pass, asked to see it. The weighty article was brought forth, and the conductor's countenance dropped. The tallow-pot saw his discomfiture, and said with a smile:

"'I think I have stopped that punching business, Mr. Stow. There's been a conspiracy against me.'

"'Yes, I see,' replied Stow, scratching his head. 'Please raise that window a moment, Spielman, and I'll punch your pass.'

"Spielman raised the window. The train was in full motion. Stow, drawing a small pocket pistol, put a hole through the center of the pass.

"'How's that for a punch?' he said as he went on down the car.

"On the same division on which the last incident occurred we had a telegraph operator named Billy Echart in the Burnett House at Cincinnati. Billy was very popular with railway men, many of whom stopped at that establishment. Different influences were brought to bear, and he finally got a passenger-train on the old Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, without going through the usual apprenticeship.

"Ira A. Wood was general superintendent, I think, though Echart had never seen him. John Lincoln, who 'learned' Echart the road, told him the company was a new one, and very particular about its rules.

"Nothing would advance him so rapidly in official favor, he was told, as strict adherence to and enforcement of all rules. Billy was unusually proud of his conductor's badge; and when he stepped on his first train at the Cincinnati depot, he felt that he owned considerable stock in the C., H. and D.

"As he approached Glendale, he ran into his first obstruction. This was a corpulent individual seated modestly in the rear end of a car, without pass or ticket. Echart told him the rules were very strict, and that the conductor had no alternative.

"'How long have you been on the road? Have you a card, sir?' asked the passenger.

"'Yes.' Billy had a fresh bunch of cards, just printed. He gave the fat man one, adding that this was his last trip.

"'Ah, I thought as much! Well, sir, my name is Wood; I am the general superintendent of this road. Sometimes I carry a pass, but left it to-day in another coat at my office.'

"'Sorry, indeed, sir. But there are so many with the best of excuses who are put off. The company assures me that every one entitled to a pass will have one with him. Excuses will not balance my account. I do now know you, sir, and have no right to know you without your pass.'

"'Young man, you are right. I am only

going to Hamilton, twenty miles. The agent there is my brother. When we get in, we'll go together and see him. Here is my fare.'

"Echart took the fare with a trembling hand, with a vague idea that he had gained a victory, though what sort of a one he did not know.

"Now, everybody in Hamilton knew old Yank Wood, six feet five in his stockings, weighing three hundred pounds; with a nasal twang that could be heard for miles.

"He was the agent. When they got to Hamilton, Yank was on the platform, talking to Ferd Jones, the ticket agent.

"Billy's passenger stuck to him; and as soon as he got out, Yank and Jones rushed up to him with friendly greeting. Another moment, and Billy was formally introduced to the general superintendent.

"From that time on Echart rose rapidly in the estimation of the company, and was gradually promoted to a high position. Lincoln, for like fidelity to rules and regulations, was appointed superintendent of a branch line.

"This was at a time when railway men looked upon superintendents as a species of deity to be worshiped and feared, and Echart's adventure was considered remarkable in its way."

CHAPTER XVII.

Good for Life.

"I WAS running on the old Cincinnati and Indianapolis road, when I came across a queer customer—a tall, awkward Hoosier, who got on at Lawrenceburg with a heavy valise. I had not been on the road very long, and, as Hoosiers were something of a novelty, I watched my passenger with more than usual interest.

"He took his valise to a double seat, and, sitting down in one, emptied the valise in the other. There were yellow-covered novels enough on that seat to have started an Indiana bookstore.

"He found room somewhere for his feet, and, taking up one of the books, was fixed for the trip. When I called for tickets he showed me a life-pass from the general superintendent, written in the form of a letter, and, of course, I thought my passenger was a man of some consequence. All railway superintendents in those days wrote illegible hands; they seemed to look upon such an accomplishment as an evidence of genius, but the general superintendent of that road beat them all.

"When I came out of Indianapolis on the return trip, my Hoosier friend was on the train in a double seat, books and all. So it was for ten or a dozen trips. He was the first to board the train and the last man to leave. One day I said to him:

"'Stranger, which way?'

"'Any way,' he replied, without taking his eyes off the book. 'Any way, hang the odds!'

"'I mean, which way are you traveling—ain't you in the wrong train?'

"'Indianapolis road, isn't it?'

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'Wal, that's my road; drive on.'

"Being a constant customer, I got acquainted with him. This was his explanation:

"'You see, this road runs through the old man's farm, down there near Lawrenceburg. When the fellers was buildin' on it, the old man he fit 'em. He sued 'em, and the general super sent him a family pass for life, and I'm a-ridin' it out.'

"I couldn't get it through me at all; and when we got to Cincinnati, I persuaded him to accompany me to headquarters, when I assured him the general superintendent would do the fair thing. An expert there translated his life-pass, which read as follows:

> J. Van Buskirk, Lawrenceburg:
>
> Don't disturb the men, as you value your life; let them pass through. Come or send one of your family to this office, and the matter will be satisfactorily arranged.
>
> Conductors will recognize this as a pass.
>
> Gen'l. Supt.

"As nobody could read but a word here and there of this scrawl, the fellow would have been riding to this day if I had not brought about that translation.

"Many funny scenes occur in a tunnel, only you can see nothing at all for the darkness. At the same time, I am satisfied that such scenes do occur. Once a gentleman, for some unexplained reason, undertook to change the lower portion of his apparel during those dark seconds, but made a wrong calculation as to time.

"But kissing seems to be the choice sport. Kissing in a tunnel, think of that! I have been told that the charm is in the novelty of the thing. It is the darkness, the rank bur-

glary; the nice calculation as to time; the sudden assault and desperate defense; the acute agony of the skirmish-line hairpins; the carrying of the outer works; the fierce struggle, the sweetness of the surrender; the questionable honor of the victory.

"Then the horrid repairs, and the impossible attempt to appear serene before the other passengers. There's a short lifetime in the kissing of a girl in a tunnel!

"I had a newly married couple out with me on the Cincinnati Express. I have had a great many just such couples in my time, but somehow or other these youngsters attracted my attention.

"Young man, curly hair, of course; young lady, blonde, you know, with that sort of hair that when you and I were young used to be called tow. Rosy cheeks, full lips; well, I should say, a very sweet girl.

"He was awful 'gone on her,' and she—well, I thought I could hear her saying: 'James, be still! Everybody's looking at you.'

"We were coming to the cavernous grove, and James became fidgety. It was plain that there was a conspiracy, and that the tunnel was to be made a party to it.

"The girl was thoughtful and evidently unconscious. Then the wheels rattled and whirred louder and louder. In another second we were in the tunnel—James, his bride, and all of us!

"We came through all right. James was through, too—but the bride not quite. The wreck was fearful! There was very little of James's hair left on his head. The color had faded from one of her cheeks, and lodged on his nose. His necktie was swinging from her brooch.

"She commenced the work of reconstruction, looking up at him under her uplifted arms, as if to say, 'See what you have done before these people.'

"James went for a drink of water. I saw him with one hand on the nozzle of the cooler and the other on a flask. Half the hairpins were gone, and when she sat up straight, looking so wobegone and friendless, I was rude enough to smile. I couldn't help it. She saw it, and smiled in return, as if to say, 'You know how it is yourself.'"

Sandy Burrell, of the L., B. W. and R. road, was the next.

"I had a baggage-smasher running with me once," he said, "who had his old-fashioned idea of running baggage exploded in a peculiar way. Jim had ruined two or three trunks for a certain commercial traveler whose route lay along our line, and who resolved to teach him a lesson.

"This gentleman, who was in the hardware line, packed a carpet-bag full of loaded revolvers, and handed it to Jim, who took it and, as the owner went away, threw it against the wall of the car savagely, then drew it on the floor and stamped on it as usual.

"At about the fourth jump, firing began. Forty-two revolvers went off in rapid succession, distributing bullets around the car with disgusting carelessness, the smasher's legs running against six of them before he could get out of the car.

"He rode upon the platform during the whole of that trip; and when he did enter the car he encased his legs in stove-pipe, and ran an iron-clad snow-plow in front of him to push the baggage out. He is running on our main line now, and I believe he smashes fewer carpet-bags than he did in the blissful past—much fewer—and he wears a melancholy air."

A freight-train with a passenger caboose attached is called on some lines an "accommodation." It "accommodates" the company rather than the public, and derives its chief recommendation from the fact that it "stops at all stations." This particular train has been sidetracked for the night; we find a number of the boys gathered in its caboose.

"As I was going through the car on my run to-day," said Sayre, the con, "I saw a lady smoking a pipe very industriously in the rear seat.

"'Madam,' said I as courteously as I knew how, 'we don't even allow men to smoke in this car.'

"'That is an excellent rule, sir,' she replied with the utmost coolness; 'if I see any man smoking in here, I'll inform you at once.'

"Last fall," said Sayre, "Tom Holdsworth had an extra stock, east, on the main line. He stopped on the grade and Len Bassett, a brakeman, went back to flag. In starting up, the train broke in two. Bassett, seeing that he could not stop the train that was following, and gaining rapidly upon them, rushed for his own train, woke up his drovers, and jumped them out, saving a number of lives. He then put on brakes and stopped his train, the result being but a slight damage to the

way-car. This was an exhibition of nerve that you don't see every day."

"Oh, I don't know as it beats Lucas much," said Lowry. "Brakeman Charlie Lucas saw a headlight one night coming pretty close. He took his torpedoes and red light and went back. Arriving at the proper distance, he found he was flagging a belated farmer who was hunting up stray stock. There were no signs of any other pursuing train. Charlie's name has since been changed from Lucas to looseness, though he never gets tight."

"Do you know how near Bill Power came to getting his foot in it?" asked "Pigeon."

"Didn't think there was anything big enough to hold it!"

"Yes, about ten years ago, he applied to Hammond for a passenger-train.

"'All right, sir,' replied the colonel, 'only one objection.'

"'What's that?' asked Power.

"'Require an extra coach to carry your feet.'

"Doc Merriman says he was coming down grade once to side-track for some train, when he saw obstructions on the track ahead. There were two or three inches of snow on the track, which made them more visible, of course.

"He reversed, called for brakes, and sent his fireman down to clear the way. Fireman returned, and said there was nothing there. 'Doc' swore, and went himself. After surveying the obstacles a moment, he looked over to the switch, and there stood Patch.

"'Patch,' yelled 'Doc,' 'the next time you cross the track in front of my engine, I want you to pick up your tracks. There ain't an engine on the road can git over 'em in three inches of snow.'"

"I think I can couple on to that," said Richardson, "and get ahead. Sam Young, who was well known in Truckee, Nevada, is conductor on a freight running to Visalia on the Southern Pacific road. One night when the moon was full his train was steaming over the broad plain near Visalia, just as the orb of night was rising.

"The moon appeared like a locomotive headlight in front of the train, apparently at considerable distance ahead. The instant he saw the light, Sam yelled to the engineer to stop the train.

"The alarm was given, the brakes whistled down in a jiffy, and the train stopped. The conductor jumped off and ran on ahead a few hundred yards as rapidly as possible on the track, and commenced swinging his red lantern as a signal of danger to the supposed approaching train.

"After worrying himself out in running and swinging his light, he stopped a moment, completely out of breath, and took a square look at the fancied monster in front. Sam Young saw 'the man in the moon,' and the truth flashed upon him that he was awfully bilked.

"He hastened back to his train, and told the engineer to go ahead, as the danger of a collision was more remote than he had calculated. The engineer, fireman, and brakeman discovered the mistake before the conductor did. Sam promised to stand treat for the next six months if the parties who witnessed the blunder would agree not to make it public, but the joke was too broad and too good to keep, and, in spite of the promises made, it leaked out."

"Cook, of the P., P. and J., went into Chicago and paid a visit to the Dollar Store. After making some trifling purchases, he offered the pretty saleswoman a dollar for a kiss. The lady agreed and delivered the goods.

"'Now,' says she, with a pretty foreign accent, 'give me another dollar, and you may kiss my mother.' Cook was delighted with the adventure and paid over the dollar. The girl went out and returned, leading in a wrinkled old blear-eyed female, hobbling on crutches.

"'Here she is!'

"'Not any, if you please, miss. The fact is, I never mix drinks. I am a freight conductor on the P., P. and J. Send her to the depot, and I'll bill her through at special rates!'"

"'Dutch' Cooper was coming west on 25, and wanted to stop in the hollow near Wyanet for water. Frank Avery, the brakeman, proposed to give him a lightning stop right there, all by himself.

"It was a down grade, and coming from Princeton to Wyanet, Frank fell asleep and failed to get out. The consequence was they ran by the tub, clear into Wyanet, and Cooper was just screaming for brakes. He was mad, and backed up to the tub, swearing like a streak.

"In the meantime, Frank was scratching his head and studying how he was to

get out of the scrape. While Cooper was taking water, Avery walked over on the engine and said:

"'Cooper, I like to broke my leg back there.'

"'How is that?' asked 'Dutch.'

"'Well, I got out on top and tried to set the brake, but the derned dog broke and threw me off. It nearly killed me.'

"'Is that so? Well, I was pretty mad. You broke your leg? Yes? I feel better now.'"

"We had a smash-up down near Du Quoin on the Illinois Central once," said Old Pop Davidson, the veteran eagle-eye. "I don't know how much stock was killed, but the next day the supe got the following letter:

"'I want you to cum yer at oncet theres bin a smashup i want you to bring six dollars to pay for mi hog. The hog squeeled, but the engine wouldn't stop. J. CERAMPLE.'"

Then Dick Hammond, an old Chicago railroader, brought the Arabian Nights to a close with this one:

"About the only thing a conductor fears is the dense fog. I remember the day we were caught in one, and if you will let me spit it out in my own way, maybe you can understand.

"'Hank,' says I to the brakeman, 'you go over and tell Smith—our engineer—to keep a wild-eye. Second extra on No. 18 left Leland about five minutes ago. Look back pretty often, see if they're coming. Tell Smith to side-track at Sandwich and let No. 4 by.

"'Tell him to get in out of the way quicker than lightning, for No. 4 will be whooping 'em up by the time she strikes the whistling-post. I don't want to drop any torpedo on her to-night.' Si Honner was at the throttle, and his engine, No. 28, had just come out of the shops and he wanted to make a record with her.

"Hank says, 'All right,' and rushes up the ladder and over onto the engine. Fog! No, I guess not!

"On arriving at the switch, Smith whistles down brakes. I calls out from the way-car and asks:

"'What's the matter?'

"Hank says, 'Extra ahead on one side-track; engine disabled on the other.'

"About that time I could hear No. 4 coming over the iron bridge, about a mile away. I picked up the red light and ran back with the flag. I ran as far as I dared; slapped down two torpedoes. Ran a little farther, and could just see No. 4's headlight.

It seemed about forty feet in the air. Could almost feel her hot breath, as she came tearing along, anxious to make up every lost minute.

"Si Honner was behind her, anxious for the reputation of his better half, as he styled his engine.

"He was peering through the fog. When he saw the red flag waved across the track he whistled down brakes, and, without waiting to shut her off, hauled her over.

"The rail being wet, she slipped, and as he struck the torpedoes, he slipped out between tender and engine, and took a look at things.

"About that time his headlight shone on the hind end of a way-car. You could have jumped from the pilot to the back platform without much exertion. For a minute Si looked like animated *rigor mortis*.

"A miss is as good as a mile, and Si felt greatly relieved when he discovered that the only damage done was the wetting of the 28 all over with that peculiar mixture of coal-dust and water, for which the boys have an appropriate name. Believe me, I don't like those fogs. When I look back through all these years, and think how near 28 came to hitting us—it makes me wince."

(To be continued.)

The Railroad Man's Brain Teasers.

HERE is a nifty nut to crack. It is from F. T. Montgomery, King City, California.

(25) Three trains of different lengths and speed were traveling on adjacent tracks. At a certain time the tail-lights of all three trains were abreast. Ten seconds later, during which time Train No. 1 traveled her length, the headlights were abreast, and in another ten seconds the headlight of No. 1 (the longest) and tail-lights of No. 2 were abreast, and the headlight of No. 2 and tail-lights of No. 3 (the shortest) were abreast. At what speed was No. 3 traveling, assuming all speeds constant and that of No. 1 to be 36 miles an hour?

From P. M. Monckton, Powell River, British Columbia, we have received the following juicy pippin. Go to it, boys:

(26) Two cities, Boomville and Hustle City, are connected by two competing railroads. A train on each line leaves Boomville at noon, and reaches Hustle City by the B line in two-thirds of the time taken by the A line, since the latter's train runs only half as fast as the former's. On the return journey, again, both companies start a train from Hustle City at the same hour, but this time the train on the A line runs twice as fast as that on the B. The result is that A beats B by 5 hours, also the speed run by A in the second case is the same as that run by B in the first case. What is the distance between the two cities by each route?

One more good one by Fritz Gannon, Fort Collins, Colorado.

(27) A conductor on a fast run, being asked at what speed the train was traveling, replied: "For the twenty-fourth time since midnight the hour and minute hands of my watch are at right angles to one another, and when they are next opposite, the train will have traveled 54 miles farther."

At what speed per hour was the train traveling, and what was the time of day when the conductor made the remark?

ANSWERS TO APRIL TEASERS.

(23) Sixty-three empties picked up 31 loads.

(24) At 2.10 ten-elevenths P.M., No. 1 is 34 two-elevenths miles east of B, and No. 2 is 32 eight-elevenths miles west of B. Therefore, the trains are 66 ten-elevenths miles apart.

ON THE EDITORIAL CARPET.

Where the M. M. of the Magazine Talks With His Readers—and They Talk to Him.

WE have just received our running orders for June. We hope they will look as good to you in the finished product of the magazine as they do to us just now. Every inch of the train, from the very tip of the pilot to the platform of the observation-car, has been carefully gone over and put through the polishing process of our editorial system, and, in short, it seems to be just the thing in prize specials.

The switch-targets of our fiction division shine with particular brightness. After a long absence, our old friend Spike Malone will again be with us—and all you boys know that a Spike Malone story bubbles with fun like a bu'sted steam-chest.

Sumner Lucas will contribute another yarn about that interesting bo, Fate Johnson, and Augustus Wittfeld will be aboard with another of his humorous stories.

"Curtis the Coward" is calculated to make people think who are attempting to invest their money foolishly.

There will be the concluding part of Harry Bedwell's thrilling drama of the desert, which begins in this number.

Lloyd Kenyon Jones will make his initial appearance as a short-story writer in the June number with a particularly interesting railroad story.

Honk and Horace, having settled in Valhalla, are again in some of the old mix-ups that made them and the little town of the mystic hills so famous.

Then there is a story about an engineer who tried to turn his locomotive into a flying machine.

And there are others.

Among the special articles we will publish the life story of George Stephenson, whose name will live as long as steam is applied to motion. June is the one hundred and thirtieth anniversary of Stephenson's birth, and no doubt there are many who do not know the terrible obstacles against which he had to fight before gaining the slightest recognition. If you do know his story, it will be worth reading again.

The efforts of the railroads to look after the welfare of their employees is told in an article by Charles Frederick Carter.

Why some railroads and railroad men are always getting in trouble is the subject of another interesting paper.

The pioneers of the overland telegraph system and their hardships, told by George Hyde, will be of particular interest to all operators.

"Help for Men Who Help Themselves," a department which has always been looked for with eagerness by our readers, will be started anew in our June number. We have secured some excellent articles for this department. The first will describe the inner workings of the claim office.

Aside from these more practical features, there will be the usual quota of articles dealing with the funny side of railroading, such as "Tales in the Roundhouse," "Ten Thousand Miles by Rail," and "Queer Things on the Line," all new and fresh and just the sort of stuff that one wants to read when the day's work is over and he needs a few hours of recreation before hitting the hay.

We have the "19" order for June. All aboard!

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

ACCORDING to the prominent technical journals of the country, there is a strong movement on foot to abolish the time-honored "Johnson bar" in favor of some more easily controlled apparatus—one which will permit of more refinement in the adjustment of the valve-gear. From the birth of the locomotive in this country, as we all know, the reverse has been effected through the reverse-lever working in a notched quadrant and requiring purely manual effort for its manipulation.

For many years, at least half a century, during which period there was practically no development in the size and weight of the American locomotive, this appliance effectually served the purpose for which intended. The weight of the various parts making up the valve-gear, links, eccentric-straps, rods, rockers, and valves was light, and no difficulty was experienced in pulling the lever over. When unlatched, even with the locomotive at the highest speed, the engineer was not at all alarmed that it would get away from him, and, consequently, it was used, as it was expected that it would be, to adjust the cut-off to meet the requirements of load and grade.

In 1895, or thereabouts, began the revolution which has taken place in locomotives. Previous to that time the heaviest freight-engine weighed scarcely 120,000 pounds, but with the advent of the compound system this weight increased to

145,000 pounds. Cast steel began to take the place of cast iron for frames, driving-boxes, rockers, and wheel centers, and in a very few years, say about 1902, a locomotive was not considered worthy of special comment regarding size unless it tipped the scales at 200,000 pounds.

This advance in general weight implied, of course, a proportionate advance in the weight of the component parts. Eccentric-straps, links, etc., parts of the valve-gear which must be lifted by the reverse-lever, became doubly heavy. No matter what counterbalancing features were resorted to in order that the movement of the lever might be assisted, it became realized in a vague sort of way that it would no longer fill the bill.

The engineers, especially on heavy locomotives at the head of high-speed trains, became rather afraid of their old friend. Many of them learned rather unpleasantly that it had better be let alone when once hooked up into the running-notch. Often when they would attempt to make a nicer adjustment, pull her up or drop her down a notch, the lever would have an awkward knack of twisting out of their hands, and whipping down into the corner with a bang, occasionally to the accompaniment of a shower of notches pulled out of the quadrant, and maybe a broken eccentric-strap. So, gradually, the situation resolved into one notch for the lever, and it was let severely alone, thereby defeating the adjustable feature of all valve-gears.

After the gradual appreciation of this fact, motive-power management was impelled to look across the sea for a solution to the problem. There they use the screw reverse-gear, in which the links are raised and lowered by means of a hand wheel operating a threaded screw connected to the reach-rod, and which unquestionably operates with the minimum of effort at whatever speed the locomotive may be working. It appears to be more and more apparent every day that this arrangement must be incorporated in American practise.

Screw-reversing mechanism takes up little room in the cab. It can be wound to full reverse with three turns of the wheel by one hand whether steam is being used or not, and it permits of the very finest adjustment of the gear to meet the varying conditions which are at all times arising.

It is enthusiastically indorsed by the foreign roads on which it is used; the engineers are loud in their praise. The only possible objection which might be urged would be slow movements in switching, but it is not intended to advocate its use for switch-engines.

What is specifically desired is a valve-gear controlling mechanism which can be operated on high-speed locomotives without danger to the engineer; in which he will have sufficient confidence to attempt to work. As we have said, the present reverse-lever largely defeats the purpose of valve-gears, whether shifting-link or radial, because, if it must be said, many engineers fear it. The screw-gear offers an easy solution to this. We would be glad if some enterprising motive-power chief would give it a fair trial.

LET THE HEADLIGHT ALONE.

WE have noticed that the tendency exists on some roads to transfer the headlight from its well-known position above the smoke-box in front of the stack to the front of the smoke-box door. We do not enthuse greatly over the change. In some cases it is necessary with new and larger locomotives to preserve the proper overhead clearance. In the face of such conditions no objection can be urged, but we have particularly in mind instances where headlights are being relocated on old engines where an abundance of clearance always existed.

In explanation it is said that lowering the headlight about to the center line of the engine serves to illuminate the track to better advantage, but when it is remembered that the oil-lamp is practically valueless to the engineer as an illuminating agent, the argument does not seem logical. All it amounts to at the best is to give warning that the engine is approaching.

In its old position the headlight is protected. It is so high up that it cannot be struck by an object, and arranged on a board supported by columns there is a free circulation of air between it and the hot smoke-box at all times, thoroughly protecting it from burning.

As it is now, after relocation, it seems almost inconceivable how it can be protected either from fire or damage. The smoke-box door is opened every trip for netting examination and other well known routine roundhouse features, and it will take considerable care to work a wrench on the door button-nuts without doing some harm to the headlight. The fact should also be recalled that all doors are not in perfect condition. Many of them are cracked, and it is no unusual sight to see a red-hot door resulting from a fire in the smoke-box—which, of course, would mean no headlight in a very few miles.

On the whole, we think that this is one of the things which had better be let alone. It can have no other result than a positive increase in expense, not to mention a sad blow to the symmetrical appearance of the locomotive. If an electric headlight were under consideration, this comment might not apply, but the oil-light is far better off in its present position in front of the stack.

A WORTHY INSTITUTION.

NOTICES have been sent out by superintendents of the various divisions of the Pennsylvania Railroad calling attention to the St. John's Orphanage, No. 1722 Rittenhouse Street, Philadelphia. The privileges of this orphanage are for the daughters of men who have been killed

while in the discharge of their duties in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and affiliated lines. The St. John's Orphanage was endowed by John Edgar Thomson, late president of the company. It is for girls who are taken under agreement with the mother or guardian, and, free of charge, are given a plain education, including household work, cooking, and sewing.

IN EVERY TROOP LIBRARY.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

THE November RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE has just reached this far corner of Uncle Sam's possessions, and I take pleasure in congratulating you on the versatile make-up of this number. There is just enough of the technical in the stories to pique the interest of a layman, and, like Oliver Twist, ask "for more."

I have never been connected in any way with railroads, but in some twenty-three years' service in the army I have had the pleasure of riding a few miles on them, and, somehow or other, I have always entertained a fellow feeling for railroad men the world over.

I assure you that the readers of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is by no means confined to railroad men alone, as it can be found in every troop library of the regiment.—E. S. R., Troop "L," 2d Cavalry, U. S. A., Jolo, Jolo, Philippine Islands.

ANSWERS TO CERTAIN SIGNALS.

E. E. T., Independence, Iowa.—If, as you say, you have been a reader of this magazine for the past three years, you certainly could not have missed "Casey Jones," which appeared in our issue of July, 1910.

W. R. M., Monessen, Pennsylvania.—Under the conditions given, in which it is stipulated that the man got on the caboose when the latter was a mile above Belle Vernon, and alighted from the *engine* when the latter was at Monessen, he therefore walked one mile, the length of the train, and rode four miles, the distance between stations.

F. G. H., Pitman, New Jersey.—Richard Trevithick was the real inventor of the locomotive. This worthy man was born in England, April 13, 1771, and died at the age of sixty-two. He was an engineer and inventor, and was called "The Father of the Locomotive Engine." He was the man who introduced the high-pressure steam engine in 1802. He effected improvements in the plunger-pump, an indispensable adjunct to mining; this was later developed by him into a double-acting water-pressure engine. In 1803 he constructed the first steam locomotive ever used on a railway. This engine was a marked advance on all previous types, and it is on the strength of its performance that Trevithick was hailed as the "real inventor of the locomotive." Don't you remember the verse in that stirring poem, "The Engine-Driver to His Engine," by William J. MacQuorn Rankine, which runs:

Put forth your force, my iron horse, with
limbs that never tire;
The best of oil shall feed your joints, and the
best of coal your fire;
Like foaming wine it fires my blood to see
your lightning speed—
Arabia's race ne'er matched your pace, my
gallant steam-borne steed!
My blessing on old Trevithick! let his fame
forever last!
For he was the man who found the plan to
make you run so fast;
His arm was strong, his head was long, he
knew not guile nor fear;
When I think of him, it makes me proud that
I am an engineer!

George Stephenson was the perfector of this wonderful invention. He constructed his first locomotive in 1814. It traveled six miles an hour. In the April and current issue of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, in the articles "The First Fight for a Railway," you will read of the remarkable efforts that were made to prevent Stephenson from carrying out his plans. And in our June number, to celebrate the one hundred and thirtieth anniversary of Stephenson's birth, we will publish the graphic story of his life—one of the most interesting chapters in the great romance of human achievement. We hope that you will not miss it.

F. LANGBRYD, Karnpsville, Illinois.—Thomas Davenport, an American inventor, constructed, in 1835, the first electric railway at Brandon, Vermont. It was driven by an electromagnetic engine. He was born July 9, 1802, and died July 6, 1851.

AMONG THE MISSING.

MR. CHARLES I. ROMAINE, Third and Marion Streets, Leavenworth, Kansas, is very anxious to hear from his son, who was a former railroad man. Any one knowing of this man's whereabouts will please notify his father.

Mrs. Susan J. Chandler, Soldiers' Home, Lafayette, Indiana, asks for news of her son, Ben Chandler. He was employed as lineman for a telephone company in Oakland, California, about two years ago.

HEROES OF THE FOREST FIRES.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

IN a recent number of a certain monthly, I read an article, describing the devastation by fire of the National Forest Reserves in Montana and Idaho, and, also, picturing deeds of bravery and life saving in the Bitter Root Mountains.

This article is not at all exaggerated in the description of the fire, but when the author tells of the "heroes" it made he is certainly overstepping the line.

I am not writing these lines in malice toward those would-be heroes, for they are more to be pitied than scorned. I am simply going to give to the world the truth through THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE of what actually occurred during the fire in the Bitter Root Mountains, furthermore, the names of the men who honestly deserve credit.

On the night of August 20, 1910, word reached Avery, Idaho, that the little town of Grand Forks, twelve miles east, was burning, also, the C. M. and P. S. depot at Falcon close by. There were several hundred men, women, and children gathered on the platform of the burning depot when engineer Johnnie Mackedon, returning from the top of the mountain with his helper engine, was stopped by the frantic people.

They climbed on his engine, and hung on wherever they could get a grip.

The cars on the side-track were burning, yet Mackedon switched an empty from them and left Falcon with a load of human freight. Each person was clinging to some little keepsake from his burning home. Mackedon carried those people to safety.

Conductor Vandercook and Engineer Blondell also deserve credit for their bravery.

To these two men, a well-known official of the C. M. and P. S. Railroad owes his life. This official, in his zeal to get all the people out of Falcon, was left behind himself. When Conductor Vandercook missed him from the many who sought refuge in one of the tunnels, he and Engineer Blondell decided to go back down the mountain for him. The huge timbers of the bridges were burning beneath them, but still they kept on until they had rescued the official from certain death.

Their return trip up the mountain to the tunnel was terrible. The bridges were all ablaze. After crossing them, they were compelled to stop and extinguish the flames that threatened to demolish their caboose.

They remained in the tunnel *eight days*, until the bridges were rebuilt.

Where were the government officials all this time? They had beat it to safety.

When Engineer Blondell was asked about his experience he replied:

"Why, all that you could see of a bridge was a wall of flame—but we crossed it. I hooked her up, threw her wide open, and then we lay down on the deck to protect ourselves from the heat. We expected that every minute would be our last on earth."

Those are the men who deserve credit for life-saving on the C. M. and P. S. Railroad in Idaho and Montana.

The women and children were taken to Teoka, Washington, where they were taken care of by the good people of that town.

Ralph W. Anderson, the roundhouse foreman, deserves the credit of saving the town of Avery, and thousands of dollars worth of property belonging to the C. M. and P. S. Railroad.

One of the forest rangers was asked about "back firing" to save the town. He replied that he would give orders to shoot the first man that set a back fire, but he was too timid to stay and see that his orders were carried out.

Mr. Anderson summoned all of the Japanese employed at the roundhouse, and with Johnnie Mackedon, who had returned to Avery; Charles Swanson, engine despatcher; Mr. Delmire, the operator at Avery, and Tom Huff, blacksmith helper, they started under Anderson's orders to back fire on both sides of the St. Joe River. They soon had the fire eating its way up the mountainsides, and Avery was saved. These are the heroes who deserve the credit for saving life and property in the Bitter Root Mountain fires.

Most of the men are now in Avery, and will verify these statements.—HARRY RUSCH, Avery, Idaho.

AN OLD ORDER.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

ALTHOUGH I am not a subscriber, I never miss a copy of your magazine, as I am interested in railroading. My father was an engineer on the Old Colony Railroad in the States a number of years ago, also engineer on the Union Freight Railroad, in 1876. His name was John H. Jennings. I grieve to say that he was called to the home beyond a few months ago, but I would deem it an honor to hear from any one who knew him.

I treasure carefully an order he received while on the U. F. R. R., of which I enclose a copy:

UNION FREIGHT RAILROAD,
S. C. Putnam, General Freight Agent.
A. H. GROVENOR, Agent,
Office No. 3 Old State House.
BOSTON, June, 19, 1876.

To the Conductors and Engineers of the Union Freight Railroad:

It is ordered, that in all cases before crossing a horse railroad track the engine will come to a full stop at least thirty feet distant from the crossing. The conductors will see that the flagman is on the crossing ahead of the engine and the engineer will not start his engine until he receives a signal from the flagman that the way is clear and free from danger.

A. H. GROVENOR, Agent.

I trust that I have not taken up too much of your valuable space. If any one who knew my father sees this, and wishes to write, my address is:

MRS. GEORGE W. MOORE,
Cluny, Alberta, Canada.

OLD TIME POEMS.

EVER since we started this little corner of "The Carpet," which we call "Old-Time Poems," we have relied largely on our readers to supply us with its contents. To those of you who have taken from your old scrap books the tender and heroic memories of the rail which we have already published, we extend our sincere thanks. We know you agree with us that it is well to perpetuate such golden gems of thought in THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

Perhaps there are others of our readers who have old-time songs or poems hidden away, which

they can send us. Just at present we have had requests for the following: "Song of the K. C.," "What is the Matter with the Mail?" "The Song of George Allen," "The Face in the Locket He Wore," "The Oscillator Branch," "Killed on the Line by the Night Express."

Of course our readers know that only poems relating to railroads go into this corner. Have you an old song which you would like us to publish? Do you remember an old song which you would like to see here? If so, let us know.

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

ACROSS the dull and brooding night
A giant flies with demon light,
And breath of wreathing smoke;
Around him whirls the reeling plain,
And with a dash of dim disdain,
He cleaves the sundered rock.

In lonely swamps the low wind stirs
The belt of black funereal firs,
That murmur to the sky,
Till, startled by his mad career,
They seem to keep a hush of fear,
As if a god swept by.

Through many a dark, wild heart of heath,
O'er booming bridges, where beneath
A mighty river brawls;
By ruin, remnants of the past,
Their lives trembling in the blast;
By singing waterfalls.

The slumb'rer on his silent bed
Turns to the light his lonely head,
Divested of its dream:
Long leagues of gloom are hurried o'er.
Through tunnel sheaths, with iron roar,
And shrill night rending scream.

Past huddling huts, past flying farms,
High furnace flames, whose crimson arms
Are grappling with the night,
He tears along receding lands,
To where the kingly city stands,
Wrapt in a robe of light.

Here, round each wide and gushing gate,
A crowd of eager faces wait,
And every smile is known.
We thank thee, O, thou Titan train,
That in the city once again,
We clasp our loved, our own.

ONLY THE BRAKEMAN.

"ONLY the brakeman killed!" Say, was that
what they said?
The brakeman was our Joe; so then—our
Joe is dead!
Dead? Dead? Dead? But I cannot think it's
so;
It was some other brakeman—it cannot be our
Joe.

Why, only this last evening I saw him riding
past;
The trains don't stop here often—go rushing by
as fast
As lightning—but Joe saw me, and waved his
hand; he sat
On the very last coal-car—how do you 'count for
that—

That he was killed alone and the others saved,
when he
Was last inside the tunnel? Come, now, it couldn't
be.
It's some mistake, of course; 'twas the fireman,
you'll find;
The engine struck the rock, and he was just be-
hind—

And the roof fell down on him—not on Joe, our
Joe! I saw
That train myself, the engine had work enough
to draw
The coal-cars full of coal that rattled square and
black
By tens and twenties past our door along that
narrow track

On into the dark mountains. I never see those
peaks
'Thout hating them. For much they care whether
the water leaks
Down their sides to wet the stones that arch the
tunnels there
So long, so black—they all may go, and much the
mountains care!

I'm sorry for that fireman! What's that? I don't
pretend
To more than this. I saw that train, and Joe
was at the end,
The very end, I tell you? Come, don't stand here
and mock—
What! It was there, right at this end the tunnel
caved—the rock

Fell on him? But I don't believe a word—yes,
that's his chain,
And that's his poor, old silver watch; he bought
it—what's this stain
All over it? Why, it's red! Oh, Joe, my boy,
oh, Joe,
Then it was you, and you are dead down in that
tunnel. Go

And bring my boy back? He was all the son I
had; the girls
Are very well, but not like Joe. Such pretty
golden curls
Joe had until I cut them off at four years old; he
ran
To meet me always at the gate, my bonnie little
man.

You don't remember him? But then you've only
seen him when
He rides by on the coal-trains among the other
men,
All of them black and grimed with coal, and cir-
cles round their eyes,
Whizzing along by day and night, but you would
feel surprise

To see how fair he is when clean on Sundays,
and I know
You'd think him handsome then; I'll have—God!
I forget! Oh, Joe,
My boy! my boy! and you are dead? So young,
but twenty—dead
Down in that awful tunnel, with the mountain
overhead!

They're bringing him? Oh, yes, I know; they'll
bring him, and what's more
They'll do it free, the company! They'll leave
him at my door
Just as he is, all grimed and black. Jane, put
the irons on,
And wash his shirt, his Sunday shirt; it's white;
he did have one
White shirt for best, and proud he wore it Sunday
with a tie
Of blue, a new one. Oh, my boy, how could they
let you die, for oh—

Only the brakeman! And his wage was small.
The engineer
Must first be seen to there in front. My God! it
stands as clear
Before my eyes as though I'd seen it all—the dark
—the crash—
The hissing steam—the wet stone sides—the arch
above—the flash

Of lanterns coming—and my boy, my poor boy
lying there,
Dying alone under the rocks; only his golden
hair
To tell that it was Joe—a mass all grimed that
doesn't stir;
But mother'll know you, dear; 'twill make no
difference to her

How black with coal-dust you may be, your poor,
hard-working hands
All torn and crushed, perhaps; yes, yes; but no
one understands
That even though he's better off, poor lad, where
he has gone,
I and the girls are left behind to stand it and
live on

As best we can without him! What? A wreath?
A lady sent
Some flowers? Was passing through and heard—
felt sorry—well, 'twas meant
Kindly, no doubt; but poor Joe'd been the very
first to laugh
At white flowers round his blackened face. You'll
write his epitaph?

What's that? His name and age? Poor boy!
Poor Joe! His name has done
It's work in this life; for his age, he was not
twenty-one,
Well-grown, but slender, far too young for such a
place, but then
He wanted to "help mother," and to be among
the men;

For he was always trying to be old; he carried
wood
And built the fires for me before he hardly un-
derstood
What a fire was—my little boy, my darling baby
Joe—
There's something snapped within my breast; I
think, it hurts me so,

It must be something broken. What is that? I
felt the floor
Shake; there's some one on the step. Go, Jeanie,
set the door
Wide open, for your brother Joe is coming home.
They said
"Only the brakeman"—but it is my only son
that's dead!

A RAILROAD DREAM.

BY MRS. F. D. CASE.

SITTING in a rail-car, flying on by steam,
Head against the casement, dreamed a curi-
ous dream;
Yet I could not think it a thing all ideal,
For though very monstrous, it was very real.

First there came a gentleman in his patent
leather—
Collar, bosom, wrist-bands, overcoat for weather;
In the height of fashion, watch-key, hat, and
glove,
And with air professional—spit upon the stove.

Near him sat a parson, telling how the Lord
Sent the great revivals, blessed the preached
word;
But my dream discovered that he was not above
Honey-dew or fine-cut—spitting on the stove.

Next came a trader—pockets full of cash—
Talked about the country going all to smash;
"War and Abolition did the thing, by Jove"—
Tipped his wicker bottle—spit upon the stove.

Then a jolly farmer, bragging of his wheat,
Thought his hogs and horses nowhere could be
beat;
"Like to sell his Durhams by the head or drove"—
Kept his jaws a wagging—spit upon the stove.

Paddy thought it was "quare" like to be setting
still,
All the whole goin' over bog and hill;
'Twas a glorious country, sure, as he could prove—
Equal to his betters—spitting on the stove.

Witness, perfumed dandy, putting on his air—
Flourished diamond breastpin, smoked in forward
car;
Talked about our army, "'Twas too slow by
Jove"—
Twirled a carrot mustache—spit upon the stove.

Little boy in short coat, wants to be a man,
Following example as the surest plan;
Watches gent and parson—copies every move.
And with Pat and trader—spits upon the stove.

Soon, the flying rail-car reeks with nauseous steam
Ladies almost fainting—children in a scream;
Husband asking lady: "What's the matter, love?
Have a glass of water?"—spits upon the stove.

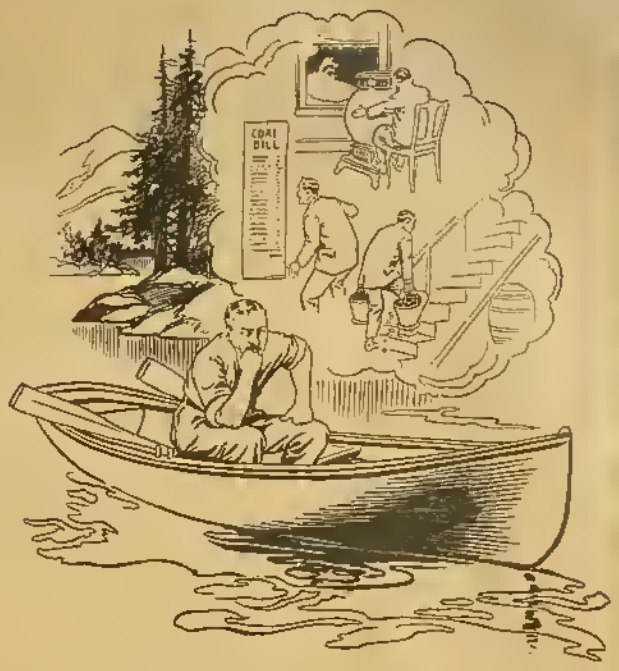
On we go, still flying—not a breath of air
Fit for Christian people in a crowded car;
Sickening, fainting, dying, ladies make a move—
Gent throws up the window—spits upon the stove.

Talk of ladies' flounces, ribbons, jewels, flowers,
Crinolin and perfume, gossip, idle hours;
Put all faults together which men can't approve
And they are not a match for—spitting on the
stove.

Men will call us "angels"—wonder if they think
Such nauseous vapor angel meat and drink?
Wonder if they'll do so when they get above?
Below it would be handier—spitting on the stove.

Vacation thoughts on heating

Don't have your vacation marred by the spectres of old-fashioned heating methods. Don't put it off longer, but settle *at once* and for all time this most important matter of home heating and hygiene. The savings in fuel, repairs, doctor bills, labor, etc., will pay for your annual vacation, and you will put balmy Summer warmth throughout the whole house on the most tempestuous of Winter days by using an outfit of



AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

By the use of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators the fuel bills grow smaller; uneven heating and repair bills disappear; ashes, soot and coal-gases are unknown in the living rooms; carpets, hangings and furniture are thereby given longer life; housework is reduced one-half, and the whole house is made a far better, happier, healthier place to live in.

A No. A-241 IDEAL Boiler and 461 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing owner $215, were used to heat this cottage. At these prices the goods can be bought of any reliable, competent fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

AMERICAN Radiators are made in a multitude of sizes and forms—to go alongside open stairs; to fit into corners, curves and circles; between windows and under window seats; with brackets to hang upon the walls—off the floor; with special feet to prevent cutting carpet; with smoothest surfaces for decorating in any color or shade to match woodwork, wall coverings, furniture, etc.; thin radiators for narrow halls and bathrooms; with plate-warming ovens for dining-rooms; big radiators for storm vestibules; with high legs for cleaning thereunder; with ventilation bases so air of room may be changed 1 to 4 times per hour—and other splendid features which it would pay you big to know. Our free book tells all about them (and all about IDEAL Boilers). You will need it to choose the models from.

Be ready at the turn of a valve to flood the house with invigorating, genial warmth for the vacation-returning family. Prices in Spring usually rule the lowest of the year. In these less-hurried months you are sure to get the best workmanship. Put your property into right heating condition now, ready for best living, renting or selling. Don't wait until you build, but investigate *today* this big-paying building investment. Ask for free book—puts you under no obligation to buy.

Public Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. J Chicago

BULLETIN BOARD

Certificate No. 10

South Bend Watch Company

Railroad Watch Insurance

For "Studebaker" Railroad Watch, Grade No. 329
Serial No. 521049

This watch, sold this 16th day of Feby. 1911, to
John Doe

now employed upon the X Y Z R. R.
is sold to him for railroad service and under the following agreement, to-wit.

The South Bend Watch Company, makers of the same, and party of the first part in this agreement, hereby

Insures This "Studebaker" Watch, No. 521049 to the purchaser or party of the second part for a period of Five Years, from date first above written in this certificate, in the following manner and upon, and under the following terms

SPECIMEN CERTIFICATE

Should there be any change whatever in the general equipment or standard of watches required for the use of railroad upon this road, where the party of the second part, the purchaser, is now employed as Engineer, or should his promotion to some other position require the said watch now employed, require a watch of different equipment or higher grade, then the South Bend Watch Company hereby contracts and agrees to furnish him, in exchange for the above watch, a watch of such grade and character as shall then be required, without further cost or charge to the original purchaser named herein. It is of course understood that the insurance is effective only with watches of this company's make. Such exchange shall be made through the local dealer selling the purchaser this watch.

It is further contracted and agreed that, should the original purchaser, the party of the second part, leave the employ of the road for which he is now working, before above named time, the employment of a railroad requiring a higher grade differently equipped watch than the one insured on this certificate, within a period of five years from the date hereof, then the South Bend Watch Company is exchange for the watch insured by this certificate, without further cost or charge to said original purchaser, a watch of each grade and equipment as required by the road their employee him; it being understood that this insurance is effective only with watches of this company's make. Such exchange to be made through Chief Watch Inspector of the road in charge by whom he becomes employed.

South Bend Watch Company

SOUTH BEND WATCH CO. CORPORATE SEAL 1902 N.J.

YOU SAVE DOLLARS
By South Bend R. R. Watch Insurance Plan

We Bear the Burden of Changes in Time Service

You Save Dollars By South Bend R. R. Watch Insurance Plan

We Bear the Burden of Changes in Time Service

Every Railroad Man in the country will welcome our *Watch Insurance Plan*—for it means a saving of dollars to you all.

From the time R. R. Watch Inspection was installed, there has been a drain on the purse of the R. R. man, because of the changes in requirements of the time service.

These changes have been necessary to keep in step with the closer running schedules of R. R. trains and for the protection of life and property—but, unfortunately, it has been you who paid the bill.

This hardship unavoidably imposed upon the R. R. men was brought forcibly to us when investigating conditions of the R. R. Watch business.

And now, when you buy a South Bend R. R. Watch, we insure you against any further cost coming as a result of any change in time service within five years from the date of purchase, regardless of whether the new requirements demand a higher priced watch than the one you carry.

The Studebaker Passed By All Chief Inspectors.

Think of It!

Grasp the Meaning of Our Great WATCH INSURANCE PLAN

If you go from one road to another—if the least change is made in the requirement of R. R. Watches—we give you a new watch that will meet the requirements, on presentation of our *Watch Insurance Certificate*, which goes with every South Bend R. R. Watch.

There are no strings to this *Watch Insurance Plan*—it is an unequivocal guarantee to protect you against any changes in the requirements of the time service.

Every new man in R. R. service—every man now in service who must buy a new Standard R. R. Watch—should look ahead and provide for the future. *The South Bend is absolutely the only watch which will protect you against the cost of a new watch, if the time service is changed.*

Cut out the Coupon and send NOW for illustrations of our "Studebaker" R.R. models and detailed information.

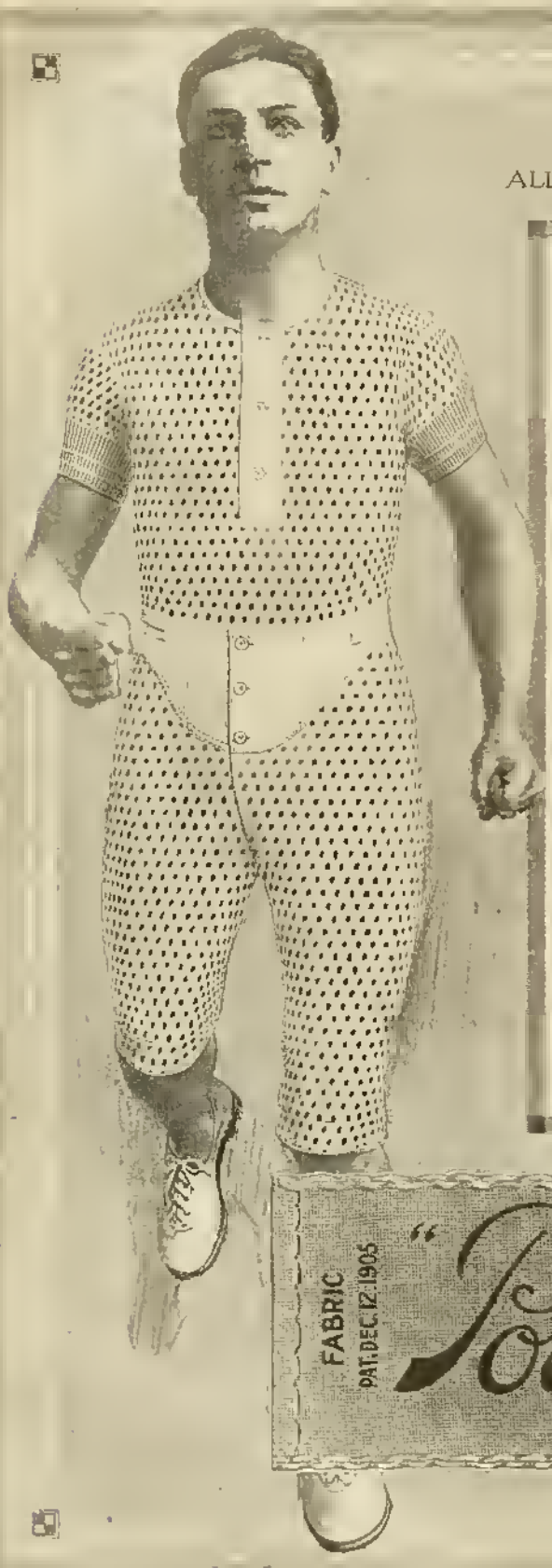
SOUTH BEND WATCH CO.
South Bend, Ind.
Send me all details on your WATCH INSURANCE PLAN
Name _____
Town & State _____

Name and Address of my Watch Inspector _____

South Bend Watch Co.

MAKERS OF RAILROAD WATCHES

South Bend, Indiana



UNION · SUITS
SHIRTS · AND · DRAWERS
ALL · STYLES · FOR · MEN · AND · BOYS

THE unique "Porosknit" fabric is knit and cut to give a true fit with not the slightest bulkiness. Absorbent and ventilated for health and coolness. Elastic for freedom of movement. Firmly sewed, durable, best trimmings, easily washed.

"Porosknit" Union Suits do away with double thickness at the waist, and the downward "pull" of the drawers. No other union suits that fit without binding have the lightness of "Porosknit." They fit the hard to fit.

Buy and wear a suit of "Porosknit" today. That's the best way to know what real underwear comfort is.

For Men	All Styles	For Boys
50c	Shirts and drawers per garment	**25c**

For Men	Union Suits	For Boys
1.00	Any Style	**50c**

On sale in practically all stores. Write us for illustrated booklet showing all styles.

CHALMERS KNITTING CO.
43 Washington St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

Look for this Label on "Porosknit"

TRADE MARK

FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12. 1905

"Porosknit"

DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19. 1905

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"17 Cents a Day" Offer Stirs the Nation!

The Whole Country Applauds the "Penny Purchase Plan"

From a thousand different directions comes a mighty chorus of approval, voicing the popularity of The Oliver Typewriter "17 Cents a Day" Purchase Plan.

The liberal terms of this offer bring the benefits of the best modern typewriter within easy reach of *all*. The simple, convenient "Penny Plan" has assumed national importance.

It opened the floodgates of *demand* and has almost engulfed us with *orders*.

Individuals, firms and corporations—*all classes of people*—are taking advantage of the attractive plan and endorsing the great idea which led us to take this radical step—

To make typewriting the universal medium of written communication!

Speeds Universal Typewriting

The trend of events is toward the general adoption of beautiful, legible, speedy *typewriting* in place of slow, laborious, illegible *handwriting*.

The great business interests are a *unit* in using *typewriters*.

It is just as important to the general public to substitute typewriting for "longhand." For every private citizen's personal affairs are *his business*.

Our popular "Penny Plan" speeds the day of *Universal Typewriting*.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

A Mechanical Marvel

The Oliver Typewriter is unlike all others.

With several hundred *less parts* than ordinary typewriters, its efficiency is proportionately *greater*.

Add to such basic advantages the many time-saving conveniences found only on The Oliver Typewriter, and you have an overwhelming total of *tangible reasons* for its wonderful success.

A Business Builder

The Oliver Typewriter is a powerful *creative force* in business a veritable *wealth producer*. Its use *multiplies business opportunities, widens business influence, promotes business success*.

Thus the aggressive merchant or manufacturer can reach out for *more business* with trade-winning letters and price lists. By means of a "mailing list"—and The Oliver Typewriter—you can annex new trade territory.

Get this greatest of business aids—*for 17 Cents a Day*. Keep it *busy*. It will make your business *grow*.

Aids Professional Men

To the professional man the typewriter is an indispensable assistant.

Clergymen, Physicians, Journalists, Writers, Architects, Engineers, and Public Accountants have learned to depend on the *typewriter*.

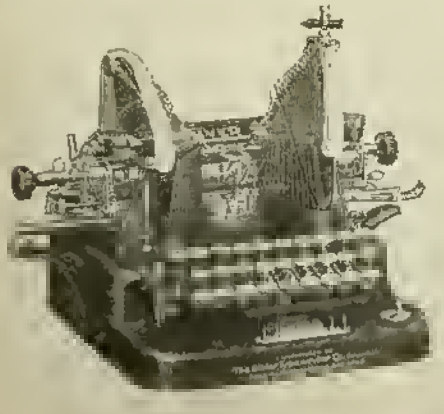
You can master The Oliver Typewriter in a few minutes' practice. It will pay big daily dividends of satisfaction on the small investment of *17 Cents a Day*.

A Stepping-Stone to Success

For young people, The Oliver Typewriter is a stepping-stone to good positions and an advancement in business life.

The ability to operate a typewriter counts for more than letters of recommendation.

Start *now*, when you can own The Oliver Typewriter for *pennies*.



Join the National Association of Penny Savers!

Every purchaser of The Oliver Typewriter for 17 Cents a Day is made an Honorary Member of the National Association of Penny Savers. A small first payment brings the magnificent new Oliver Typewriter, the regular $100 machine.

Then save 17 Cents a Day and pay monthly. The Oliver Typewriter Catalog and full details of "17 Cents a Day" Purchase Plan sent on request, by coupon or letter.

Address Sales Department

The Oliver Typewriter Co.
679 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.
(91) Chicago.

COUPON

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

Gentlemen: Please send your *Art Catalog* and details of "*17 Cents a Day*" offer on The Oliver Typewriter.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

On Which Side of the Desk Are You?

The man before the desk works with his hands and is paid for his *labor*.

The man behind the desk works with his head and is paid for his *knowledge*. It is merely a question of KNOWING HOW

The first step in "knowing how" is simply a matter of cutting out, filling in and mailing us the coupon shown below.

In return we show you how to improve your position or to secure a more congenial occupation and better salary, without loss of time, without neglecting your present work or obligating yourself to pay more than you can comfortably afford.

No text-books to buy — no requirements beyond the ability to read and write, and the ambition to succeed.

Thousands of men, and women, too, in nearly every trade and profession date the beginning of their *success* to the day they *filled in this coupon*. Why not you?

It costs nothing to find out. Take your first step in *your own* advancement.

Mark This Coupon To-day

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1003, 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
Building	Concrete Construction

Name, ...
Employed by ..... R. R.
Employed as .....
Street and No. .....
City ..... State .....

The only Solution: Get a better job

Are you "trying to make both ends meet" on a small, unsatisfactory salary? Are you one of the thousands of energetic, capable men whose days are spent in work not suited to their natural talents?

Then read this wonderful offer. We mean it and there is a fine chance for you if you improve it.

If you lack the time and the means to stop work and take a course of training, the American School will **lend you the cost of the training** you need and let you make your own terms for repaying us.

This is the greatest offer ever made to men who have "got it in them to rise," and we are prepared to help everyone who comes to us in earnest.

Check the coupon, mail it to us, and we will explain fully our **"Deferred Tuition"** plan, how we will lend you the cost of the tuition, and allow you to pay us back when the increase in your yearly income equals the amount of the loan.

No Promotion — No Pay — that's what our **"Deferred Tuition" Scholarship** means. Send the coupon today and prepare for a **better job.**

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Opportunity Coupon

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me your Bulletin and advise me how I can qualify for the position marked "X." R.R. Man's, 5-'11

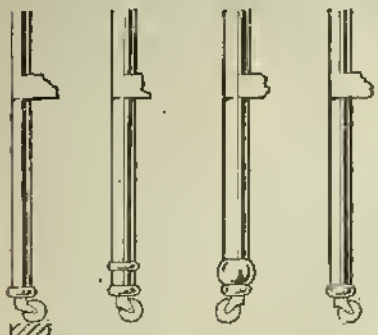
.....Book-keeper	.....Draftsman
.....Stenographer	.....Architect
.....Accountant	.....Civil Engineer
.....Cost Accountant	.....Automobile Operator
.....Systematizer	.....Electrical Engineer
.....Certified Public Acc'nt	..... Mechanical Engineer
.....Auditor	.....Mining Engineer Dp't
.....Business Manager	.....Steam Engineer
.....Commercial Law	.....Fire Insurance Eng'r
.....Reclamation Engineer	.....College Preparatory

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Barcalo Beds

Stand The Hammer Test



Malleable Iron Corners

Absolutely Unbreakable

See This Test—

And the Barcalo 35-Year Guarantee

BARCALO Brass and Iron Beds are unbreakable. The Hammer Test proves that the corner—the weakest point in ordinary beds—is the strongest part of the Barcalo Bed. The Barcalo 35-year Guarantee means that if your Barcalo breaks you get a new bed. A twelve-ply English lacquer finish makes Barcalo beauty permanent—fresh and glossy for years. See the comprehensive Barcalo line—so complete that you're sure to find the style and price you're looking for.

Choose springs as you do beds—inspection and test prove the quality of Barcalo Imperial Springs.

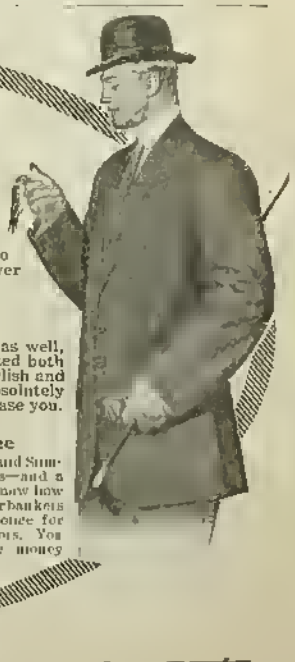
The trade-mark "Barcalo-Buffalo" is a positive identification of Barcalo Beds. Insist upon its being on the bed you buy. Send for the Barcalo Style Book. We'll send it free—also the name of your Barcalo dealer.

BARCALO GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK MALLEABLE CORNERS

Barcalo Manufacturing Co. **Dept. E21, Buffalo, N. Y.**

Barcalo Buffalo

Send a postal for our big new Style Book—FREE

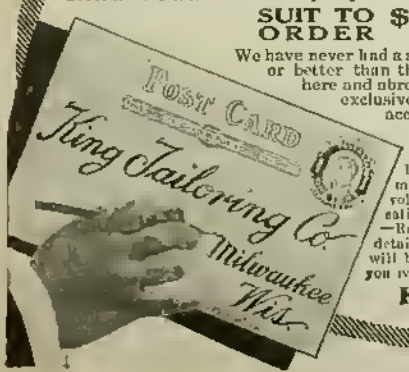


It Tells You How to Save Half Your Clothes' Money

That's interesting—isn't it? And it is as **true** as it is interesting. We have established here, the **largest** custom tailoring business in this country—and it has taken us twelve years to do it. During all those twelve years, our motto has been—"Make better clothes and save every penny of your customer's money that you possibly can." Adherence to this principle has been rewarded—and we are now able, because of increased buying and tailoring facilities, to offer even a greater saving than ever before. We tailor clothes **only** to your individual measure at

SUIT TO ORDER $12.50 to $30.00 We Pay the Express

We have never had a stock garment in our establishment. We guarantee to fit you as well, or better than the highest priced metropolitan tailor. Our woolens are selected both here and abroad by the best judges known to the trade. They are ultra stylish and exclusive. Our self-measuring system is extremely simple and absolutely accurate, and we guarantee not only to fit you, but to entirely please you. Money back without a murmur if you ask for it.



New Edition of the Style Book is Ready—It's Free

In it you will find cloth samples of the very latest weaves for spring and Summer—also fashion plates showing the latest London and New York Styles—and a volume of commendatory letters from men who **know** our clothes and know how satisfactory they are. **The First National Bank of Milwaukee** (our bankers—Resources, $22,000,000.00) will tell you of our responsibility. Write at once for detailed information and Style Book, which is **Free.** Let us be your tailors. You will be surprised at the real beauty of our offerings—delighted at the money you will save. Send a postal now

KING TAILORING COMPANY

408 W. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

GET $1200

OF THIS

$500,000.00

NEXT MONTH

$500,000.00 to change hands

One cent starts you. Any honest, industrious man or woman can enter.

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!

Thousands of dollars already distributed—going on daily. Listen!

10 people receive over $40,000

$2,212 in two weeks went to Kosstal (a farmer)
$1,200 one month, **$1,110** another to Stonebraker (an artist)
$15,215 in 10 days credited to Zimmerman (a farmer)
$3,000 in 30 days to Wilson (a banker)
$1,885 in 28 days received by Rasmussen (a real)
$800 in 11 days and **$14,000** to date, received by Driscoll (a minister)
$2,800 to Rogers (a surgeon)
$6,800 to Snell (a clerk)
$2,200 to Hood (a doctor)
$5,000 to Hart (a farmer).

M. Snell

These are just a few—hundreds showing similar prosperity. Reads like fiction, yet it's the gospel truth. **Proven by sworn statements—addresses—investigation—any proof you want.**

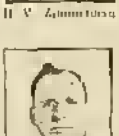
Don't envy these people—join hands—Win a fortune.

Does they not doing. Let us give you the same high grade opportunity, supplying Cost of 10 home with **Allen's Wonderful Bath Apparatus.**

H. V. Zimmerman

New, Different, Grand.

Wonderful but true—**gives every home a bath room for only $17.50**; excels others costing $200. Abolishes tubs, bowls, buckets, made rags and sponges. **Turns any room into a bath room with hot or cold running water.** Think of it! So energizes water—one gallon suffices (leaves almost automatically); **no plumbing—no water works**; self heating. **Gives cleansing, friction, massage and shower baths.** Makes bathing 5 minute operation. Operates wherever water is obtainable, easily carried from room to room or packed in grip when traveling. So simple a child can operate. **Truly marvelous!** A modern home-building without the drudgery, inconvenience, annoyance, mess of lugging water, filling tubs, emptying, cleaning, putting away. Could anything be more popular, easier to sell? Agents, it's simply irresistible. Think of millions who want bath rooms. Unquestionably best thing ever happened for agents. **What a winner**—at sight people exclaim—"There, there, that's what I've been longing for." **No complication.** Patent new—light mechanism—demand enormous—price insignificant—fascinating, dignified, exciting work—**everything just right for an overwhelming business.** A demonstration, sizeable success. You see what others are making—why not yourself? **Used by U. S. Government.** No wonder Brown writes: "I averaged **$164.25 WEEKLY FOR 3 MONTHS.** Wilson sold **102 in 14** days; Hart **16 in 3 hours**; Langley **$115 worth the first day**; Rose solicited **60 people—sold 55.** Why shouldn't Cashman say: "Men who couldn't sell your goods couldn't sell bread in a famine." and Lotterick, "Lucky I answered ad; it's great; money coming fast: 17 orders to-day."



M. Stoneman

$500,000.00

worth will be sold early this season. 75 per cent. profit to you. Experience unnecessary.

Sectional View

FREE SAMPLE AND CREDIT TO ACTIVE AGENTS

Be first—get exclusive rights—own a rip-roaring business. Show the world that all you need is a real opportunity. Investigate for your own use anyhow.

Make $8,000 this year.

Spare time means $15 daily. **One cent starts you—a mere postal.** Containing your name and address—that's all. Send in money—investigate first. Send to-day for amazing offer—it's free. You will forever associate this act with abundant prosperity.

ALLEN MFG. CO., 3314 Allen Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

Too Much Florida Land Has Been Sold

to people who have never seen it. Write Brooksville Board of Trade for BOOK OF FACTS, describing different kinds of Florida soil. We have no land to sell, but want settlers and investors to develop richest district in Florida, according to the State Dept. of Agriculture; not pine land, not sand, but high and rolling with rich dark top soil and clay subsoil. No fertilizer, irrigation or drainage necessary. Raises 80 bu. of corn per acre. Best for citrus fruits, truck and staple crops. An industrious man with $500 to $1,000 capital can be independent here. 300 ft. above sea, no swamps or marshes. Ideal climate, schools, churches, towns, good roads, all conveniences. Home-seekers and investors please investigate. We need you and will help you.

Board of Trade

Box 273 ***Brooksville, Florida***

Crooked Spines Made Straight

Use the Sheldon Method 30 Days at Our Risk.

YOU need not venture the loss of a penny. No matter how serious your case, no matter **what else** you have tried, the Sheldon Method will help you and probably **wholly overcome** your affliction. We are so sure of this that we will make a Sheldon Appliance to suit your special condition and let you decide, after 30 days, whether you are satisfied. We make this unusual offer simply because the 16,000 cases we have treated **absolutely prove** the wonderful benefit the Sheldon Method brings to spinal sufferers, young and old.

There is no need to suffer longer or to bear the torture of old-fashioned plaster, leather or steel jackets. The Sheldon Appliance gives an even, perfect and adjustable support to the weakened or deformed spine and brings almost **immediate** relief even in the **most serious cases.** It is as easy to put on or take off as a coat, does not chafe or irritate, is light and cool. The price is within reach of all who suffer. You owe it to yourself, or the afflicted one in your family, to **find out** more about it. Send for our book **free** at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 255 Fifth Street, Jamestown, N.Y.

Camp Guide Sent FREE!

Just your name and address on the Coupon below brings you the new 1911 edition of our famous Camp Guide, absolutely free. The most practical book on camp life ever written. Gives you **practical** information written by experienced men who have spent years in camps in every part of the country. **This camp guide tells you everything you need to know about camping**—it tells you how to camp successfully and enjoyably—gives you the information that you could not **possibly** secure otherwise except by actual and often disagreeable experience.

Get Ready NOW for Your VACATION!

The time for planning is growing short. **Go camping.** You cannot find a more healthful or enjoyable way of using the time at your disposal.

But when you do go—go right! Send for our new Camp Guide and Catalog the first thing you do. You will find listed and described the largest line of Tents, Camper's Supplies, Sails and Canvas Specialties carried by any manufacturer in the United States. **We sell direct from our huge factories to you.** You are sure of getting the **very highest qualities** it is possible to obtain **at less** than you would have to pay at retail for decidedly inferior goods.

Look at these Wonderful Values

This 7x7 ft. Wall Tent, made of the very best quality 8-oz. Single Filling Duck, cut and made with the most extreme care.

A simply astounding bargain at only $5.45

Family Compartment Tent, 9x16½ ft. Made of the best selected quality of 10-oz. Double Filling Duck. May be divided into rooms for eating and sleeping to suit convenience. Insures absolute privacy. The ideal tent for family or small party. **Specially priced at only $22.50**

Now Write for our FREE Camp Guide and Catalog

—don't bother with a letter—just your name and address on the attached coupon will bring you this great book by return mail. Whether you intend going camping this year or not, you should be sure to get this free book at once. You should certainly get our lowest prices, our bed-rock factory prices, on the very finest line of canvas specialties and camper's goods that it is possible to produce.

H. Channon Company.
Department 1105
Market and Randolph Streets
Chicago, Ill.

Don't Bother with a Letter
Send the coupon for this FREE book today

TEAR ALONG THIS LINE

H. Channon Company.
32 Market Street
Dept. 1105 Chicago

Gentlemen:—Kindly forward me free, postpaid, your new 1911 Catalogue and Camp Guide

Name .....

Address .....

No letter necessary; just send the coupon

Fighting the Trust!!

The Smashing Anti-Trust Fight Now On!

Trust Prices Eclipsed at Last!

An absolutely *first-class* **high-grade** watch at a price within the reach of the people—The Burlington Special Anti-Trust Watch.

The World's Masterpiece of watch manufacture—the Burlington Special—now sold direct to the public at its *rock-bottom, anti-trust* price (and besides without middlemen's profits.

We do not care what it costs—we *will* uphold our independent line and so we are making the most sweeping, baffling offer ever made on watches.

Some trusts are legal and some are not. **We do not say that the watch trust is illegal;** but we do say that the methods of the giant factories in making "contracts" with dealers to uphold **double prices** on watches is very unfair—unfair to us and unfair to you. Hence our **direct** offer on the Burlington at the **very same price the Wholesale Jeweler must pay.**

This is *your* opportunity—**NOW**—while this great Anti-trust offer lasts—get the best watch made anywhere at one-third the price of other high-grade watches. Furthermore, in order to fight the Trust most effectually, we even allow terms of **$2.50 a month** on our finest watch—easiest possible payments at the rock-bottom price, the identical price the **Wholesale** jeweler must pay.

Watch Book on request

Now do not miss this opportunity. At least we want you to know about WATCHES and WATCH PRICES. Write Today.

Be posted

Send a postal or letter or simply mail coupon without sending a letter and get the free book.

BURLINGTON WATCH CO.
Dept. 1105
19th and Marshall Blvd. CHICAGO

Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 1105
19th and Marshall Blvd., CHICAGO

Please send me *without obligation* and prepaid your free book on watches and copy of your $1,000.00 challenge—with full explanations of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name .....

Address .....

No Letter Necessary Coupon will do

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

Special This Month $16.50
17-Jewel Genuine ELGIN IN 20-YEAR GOLD FILLED CASE only
Sent PREPAID On *Free Trial* at Our Special ROCK BOTTOM WHOLESALE PRICE.

Let me send you this
Beautiful Genuine 17-Jewel Elgin Watch Complete in 20-Year Gold Filled Case—the BIGGEST BARGAIN Ever Offered!

NO MONEY DOWN $2 A Month
$2.50 After Examination.

You Assume No Risk Whatever in Dealing With Us

Guaranteed for 20 Years.

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This Inch Advertisement in *Munsey's Magazine* Produced a Profit of $290.99

An advertisement of this size in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE would cost you $29.69. In all six of the Munsey Magazines, reaching 1,700,000 magazine reading homes monthly, $85.55. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

The Frank A. Munsey Company
175 Fifth Avenue New York

WE inserted this one-inch advertisement in a recent issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. It filled an inconspicuous place on a page of small advertisements. We charged our advertising department with $29.69—just what the space would cost any other advertiser.

There is nothing particularly clever about this announcement. It is a bare statement of our rates, but doubtless its plainness recommended it—for up to this date we have made a profit of $290.99 on the business received from this insertion.

If we demanded any concrete demonstration of the "pulling power" of space in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, this instance would convince ***us.***

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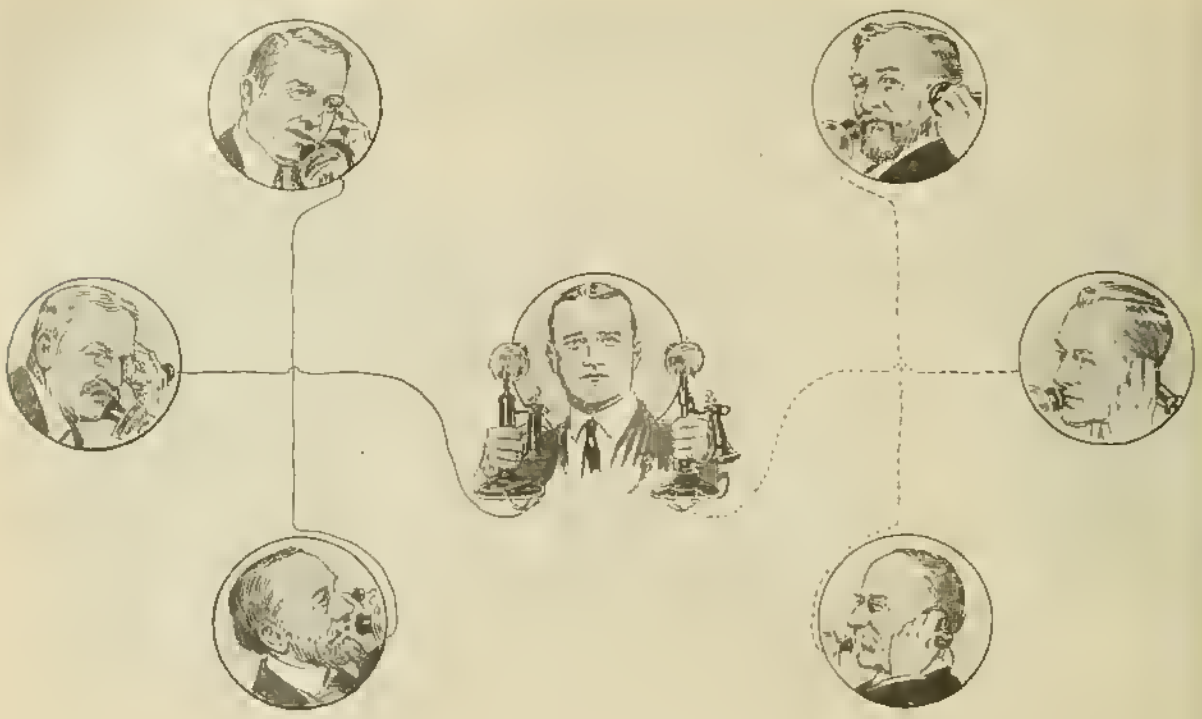

Half Service Or Double Expense

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Some of the people are connected with one system, some are connected with the other system; and each group receives partial service.

Only those receive full service who subscribe for the telephones of both systems.

Neither system can fully meet the needs of the public, any more than a single system could meet the needs of the public if cut in two and half the telephones discontinued.

What is true of a single community is true of the country at large.

The Bell System is established on the principle of one system and one policy, to meet the demands for universal service, a whole service for all the people.

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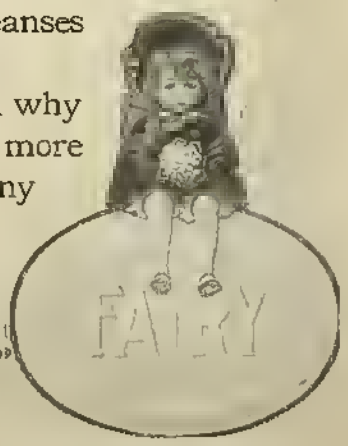
Children Like Fairy Soap

Its whiteness suggests its purity — and appeals to them. It floats always within easy reach — the youngster doesn't have to dive for it. The shape of the cake is oval — it fits the hand to a nicety.

Being made from edible products, Fairy Soap agrees with even the tender skin of a babe, and cleanses thoroughly without irritating.

Try Fairy Soap in your nursery and learn why — though its price is but 5c — it possesses more soap virtues than any other soap at any price.



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