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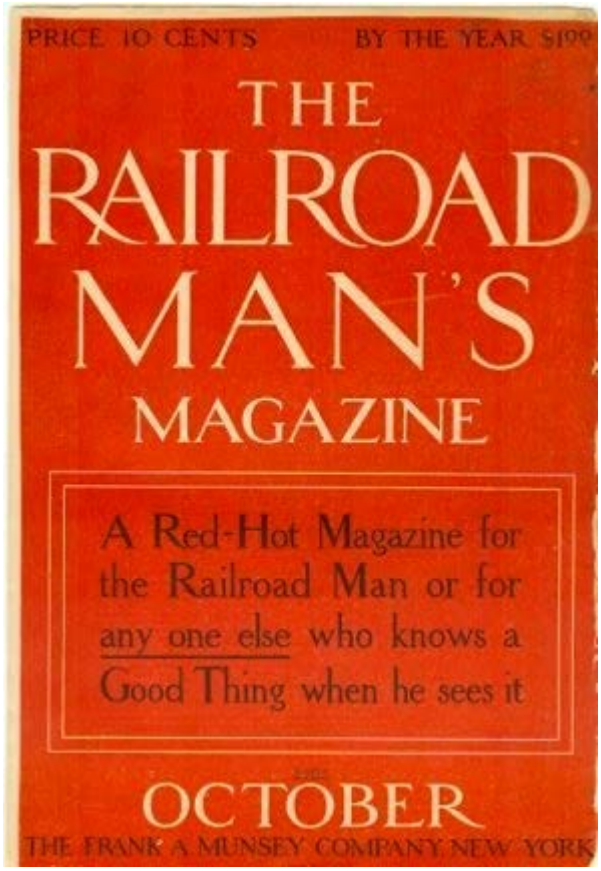
THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

A Red-Hot Magazine for the Railroad Man or for any one else who knows a Good Thing when he sees it

OCTOBER

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, NEW YORK



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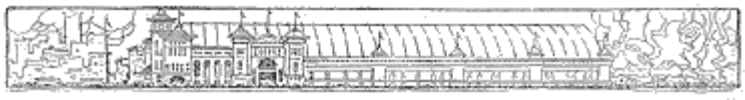

The Railroad Man's Magazine

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THE FRANK A. MUNSEY CO., PUBLISHERS
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Just a Word About This New Magazine

BY MR. MUNSEY.

The railroad, second only to religion, has been the greatest civilizing and enlightening force in the world. It has eliminated space and brought backwoods sections in touch with the polish and alertness of the cities. In conjunction with the telegraph, it has daily placed the news of the world before the farmer and mechanic in the once remote places of the country. It has built up the great West - a region which was a limitless waste when this country was born, and which would still be a vast, uninhabited tract of barren prairie but for the railroad. It has stretched out from the little hamlets along the seaboard and created an empire the like of which does not exist in the Old World.

With a population to-day of well-nigh ninety millions, the United States owes perhaps fifty millions to the railroad, without which our development would have been confined to the Atlantic coast. We should have had no way of bringing grain and cattle from the West, no way of transporting coal from the mines and iron ore to the furnaces, or of carrying the finished product to the centers of trade. Gold and silver and copper would still largely be locked up in the recesses of the mountains.

But the material development brought about by the railroad is not the sum of its achievements. It has made us a big people, a broad people, a great people. The very vastness of things brought within the compass of man by the railroad has stamped itself upon us and made us bigger in conception and execution. And this growth having taken on a momentum, the process of expansion, with our people, has kept pace with the marvelous development of the railroads and all other phases of industry. We think in a big way, see things in a big way, and are reaching up higher and higher all the while to measure up to our ever-expanding conceptions. And in this magic transformation which in a day, as it were, has developed a little nation into the most powerful in all the world, the railroad has played the great and all-important part.

To-day with its various ramifications and allied interests, the railroad business is the biggest industry in America with the one exception of agriculture. And yet there is no magazine of general interest, so far as I know, which contains special features of direct interest to the railroad workers and their families.

It is singular that this is the fact when there are perhaps as many as five hundred publications of one grade and another that are published for the farmer and his family - publications that contain a considerable percentage of reading of a technical farming nature, together with fiction, general information, biography, poetry, and such other items and articles as make good, wholesome, and interesting reading for the home and fireside. The fact that there is a demand on the part of farmers for all these agricultural journals makes me marvel that no publisher hitherto has thought to issue a publication for the railroad man, who represents the second largest industry in our Western World.

Well, at last you have one - you, the railroad workers of America, and I hope you will find in it a good many facts and articles and bits of news that should naturally interest you and all those directly or indirectly connected with railroading. But in addition to these specific features that ring of the rail I am sure you will find in it an immense amount of good general reading, some instructive, some amusing, and much that is entertaining. And after all it is the entertaining things - the good, warm-blooded human stories of deep vital interest - that take hold of us and make us a nation of magazine readers.

My experience in the publishing business justifies me in saying that, if all fiction were to be eliminated from the magazines of America, their combined circulation would speedily dwindle to not over twenty per cent of the present total. If this deduction is correct, and it is not a careless bit of analysis, it is clear that the story with love and adventure - the good old-fashioned kind that never grows old and never will lose its charm so long as human nature remains human - cuts a very big figure in the periodical publishing world

and fills a very big place in our lives as a people - including all the people who can read at all.

It is this fact that leads me to issue a magazine for the railroad world which shall be something more than a mere technical thing - a magazine that shall be filled with human interest stories in fact and human interest stories in fiction. And fortunately for this publication, the railroad in its very nature is so dramatic that it furnishes thousands of themes in real life which are as thrilling and daring and brave as the fancy of the most active story-writer can invent and vitalize into probability.

Before the days of the railroad and ocean-going steamers, writers found that the ocean furnished the most dramatic possibilities. But with the disappearance of the sailing ship and with the subjugation of cannibals and savages, the ocean no longer compares with the railroad in the variety and multiplicity of dramatic and thrilling possibilities.

The weather bureau, the lighthouse, the life-saving station, the telegraph and telephone, the wireless telegram, a better knowledge of the ocean and its habits and a more complete record of its most dangerous places - all these, together with the big stanch ships of to-day, have robbed the sea of much of its dangers. It is still far from a placid thing, and it can be very ugly, very treacherous, very wicked, but to a large extent man is getting the mastery of it. Our big modern steamers can run away from a storm, fight a storm, defy a storm. All this about the sea to show that its old-time dangers and terrors are disappearing, while railroading has come into the foreground and is the most thrilling and dramatic phase of human endeavor. Every minute that a great train is thundering along at sixty or eighty or a hundred miles an hour it is not only subject to many perils, but is actually skirting the very edge of disaster. And because of this danger - this tensity of life on the rail, there is an excitement and fascination to it that cannot be found and does not exist in the more placid and more secure occupations.

Railroading on its present gigantic scale in America is a world in itself - a great nation in wealth and activity and enterprise and population. It is something apart from agriculture and the building trades and manufacturing and merchandising. It has its own language to a considerable extent - its slang and shadings that smack of the speed of the locomotive, and it might almost be said that it has its own literature. The railroad stories that have already been created and the railroad stories that have been enacted in real life are in aggregate much more than the entire literature of some old and important countries. And railroading with us is only a little more than half a century old. Indeed, it is within the last twenty-five years that the great expansion has come about.

It is for this world, this great railroad world, that we are issuing THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. It is largely a new creation in magazine-making. There is nothing else in America or in any other country just like it. We have had no examples to follow. Consequently we may have fallen short of the mark at which we have aimed. But perfection is usually a thing of growth. The important thing is to begin, to make a start. There can be no evolution without something to improve. In a word, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is now something more than a fancy. It has crystallized into a fact, taken on an entity, and now it is up to the magazine itself to fill a place hitherto unfilled in the homes of the railroad workers of America - to bring into these homes each month many hours of entertainment, and to bring also a wider and fuller knowledge of railroad men and methods, as well as an abundance of good, wholesome, helpful, and instructive reading on matters of general interest and of timely importance. If it does this in a way acceptable to you it will measure up to the standard set for it by its publisher.

A Whole Nation on Wheels.

BY GILSON WILLETS.

The Story of the Seven Hundred Million Railroad Passengers Who Pay $456,000,000 Yearly for the Privilege of Traveling Twenty-Two Billion Miles in the Land of Unrest.

AMERICA is the land of travel. Nowhere else in the world are people so constantly on the wing. Whether it is business or pleasure, the search for health or the seeking for change, the need of rest or the feeling of restlessness, over eighty million men, women, and children are constantly on the move. The twenty-two billion miles that were traveled on railroad trains in this country last year meant that seven hundred million passengers traveled an average of thirty miles each, or very nearly two hundred and seventy-five miles for every person in the United States. The amount of money paid to the railroads yearly for the privilege of riding about the country is nearly double the total annual revenues of all the governments of South America.

To carry and care for this great army of travelers, another army of trainmen, engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen, ticket-agents, despatchers, track-walkers, and members of the thousand and one other callings that make up the railroad world is enlisted. Speed with safety is the constant cry of the "nation on wheels," and every energy of the men who rule or serve in the empire of steam is bent to meet the demand.

The result is that we travel in almost as great comfort and safety as though we sat quietly at home. We are fed, shaved, bathed, and amused as we speed across the country at fifty miles an hour. If we wish to read, libraries and periodicals are at our disposal. Games are ready to amuse us. Note-paper is at hand for the letters we would write. At night we sleep as quietly and deeply in our berths as though in our own homes, and at the journey's end we look back with nothing but pleasant recollections, whether it has been across a State or across the Continent.

THE most restless nation is the one having the most extended facilities for the transportation of its people by rail. That nation is America. The sleeping nations are those with little or no railroad mileage. All Asia, with only 40,000 miles of railways, is restful, content to squat on one spot. That nation is awake, progressive, rich, powerful, enlightened whose transportation facilities are the best and most far-reaching. The United States, with 220,000 miles of single track - one-half the total railway mileage of the world - is impatient of remaining long in the same place. As opportunity begets the man, so the very existence of our railways inspires a national desire for travel. The Southern Pacific Railroad pierced the American desert; whereupon the American people began crossing that desert at the rate of 150,000 a year. The Southern negro worked steadily enough until the railroad came his way, with trains spreading broadcast the germ of the white man's disease of railroaditis - a fever, specifically a mania impelling the victim to go somewhere by rail, even if he return the same day. It is the fever to do something. It is in the blood of us, as malaria, the fever to do nothing, is in the blood of people south of the Rio Grande; it is part of the general uneasiness in this land of unrest.

The railroad has reformed the stay-at-homes. There's a new depot at the four- corners - the farmer rushes to the city. Thirty thousand boys and girls from the rural districts came into New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston last year. A cheap excursion to Niagara - people spend their last cent to go. People pay the railroads $25,000,000 annually to travel to the Falls and $100,000,000 to get to Broadway. Railroaditis is incurable. No victim of that malady wants to be freed from its symptoms, for it is itself a cure for a worse disorder - restlessness. It is said that even the tramp, 8,000 of him, rode on the trucks of railways last year to attend an annual meeting of his kind on an island of the Mississippi,

in Louisiana.

Two Million Passengers a Day.

The railroad train, then, is responsible for nine-and-ninety per cent of the unrest that pervades this nation. There are 7,000 such trains at this moment speeding over the tracks that gridiron the land or entraining or detraining passengers at certain of the 45,000 railway stations that dot our geography. What restlessness is represented by the 488,000 wheels whirling under the 35,000 cars and their 7,000 locomotives in use to-day!

Let us see exactly what this restlessness means in its material and visible form, this visible gratifying of the national mania for motion, this concrete response to the necessity for change, this tangible expression of the instinct to go, to come, to flit, this proof of a delirium that abates only "on the road." Know you that to-day, as you read this, 2,000,000 passengers are riding the rail, hither, thither, with 250,000 pieces of baggage? Two million passengers! In Indian file they would form a line reaching from Jersey City to Jacksonville, Florida. It is as if all the people of Philadelphia, or all the inhabitants of Saint Louis, Boston, Baltimore, and Cincinnati were to-day passengers on railways speeding through all our States and Territories.

Two million passengers does not mean, of course, 2,000,000 different persons; for that would mean that one in each forty of our population is to-day *en route*for some point by rail. Not so. Each commuter, for example, counts for two passengers - a passenger into the city in the morning and a passenger out to his suburban home in the dewy eve. Here is where your local passenger counts. He travels in the proportion of ninety-five to each hundred passengers. So that to-day. out of the 2,000,000 passengers, only 100,000 are through passengers - all the others are classified as "local traffic." As each commuter counts for two passengers, he would, in a month, count for, say, fifty of the sixty million passengers who will ride 1,800,000,000 miles on railways during the period this magazine is for sale on the cars. And during a year that same commuter would be counted as 600 of the 716,000,000 passengers carried in our steam-hauled chariots.

That vast number - 716,244,858, to be exact - is the total of passengers that patronized railroads in the United States last year; a number equal to the entire population of the two most densely crowded countries of the earth - China and India. A little figuring will show that the 2,000,000 given as the number of passengers on the road to-day is the average daily travel based on a year's traffic, though the exact number may be more or less according to conditions on the particular day.

Sixty million miles is the aggregate of the railway mileage our 2,000,000 passengers will cover to-day. This is an average of thirty miles each, or a total distance equal to that of 2,200 trips around the equator. In a year, therefore, this restless nation travels the inconceivable distance of twenty-two billions of miles - 22,174,139,000 miles last year. Running sixty miles an hour, the Empire State Express would take 44,000 years to cover that distance.

$1,200,000 Paid Daily in Fares.

In hard cash, our 2,000,000 passengers of to-day will pay the railroads $1,200,000, which figure naturally represents the average daily income of the railroads from passenger traffic. In a year - last year, for example - the restless nation paid to railroads $456,000,000 - and that stupendous amount of cash came merely from the average charge of two cents a mile.

Some kind of a ticket is held by each of the 2,000,000 passengers this day on the road. All those tickets, placed end to end in a strip, would reach from New York to a point ten miles beyond Philadelphia, a distance of 100 miles. The tickets are sold by 40,000 station and ticket agents and are collected by 7,000 conductors. Agents and conductors together, marching in lock-step, would make a line twenty-eight miles long.

In the proportion of nine to each mile of single track the mighty legion of passengers on railroads to-day (almost equal in number to all the Northern soldiers enlisted in the four years of the Civil War) is distributed over the railway mileage. At the same time six railway employees are looking to the safety and comfort of the nine passengers on each track mile.

Where the Travelers Come From.

The year's passenger traffic is distributed over the mileage in the proportion of 3,200 to each mile of single track, the center of density of traffic varying with the day, the season, or the event. For instance, in the carnival season in the South, when 100,000 persons are set down by the railroads in New Orleans for the Mardi Gras, the center of density of Southern traffic is, of course, in Louisiana. Right after the holidays Florida becomes the center of Southern travel, when a quarter of a million passengers are carried in and out of that State in a month.

Then there's the traffic at the great terminals, which are also central points of departure. At the Pennsylvania terminal at Jersey City 25,000,000 passengers arrive and depart each year, and 20,000,000 at the Grand Central Station in New York. Altogether 500,000 non-residents pour into New York and out again in the course of each weekday in the year, 250,000 coming from New Jersey alone.

A number of passengers equal to the population of the United States twice over is carried by railroads in New York State alone. In the harvesting season in the Middle West, 100,000 harvest-hands are carried in and out again. In summer 1,000,000 passengers are railroaded to and from Saratoga, and between Easter and Labor Day 3,000,000 passengers are carried in and out of Atlantic City. The Maine woods get 40,000 during a short season. A national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic makes 200,000 railroad passengers, and a Chautauqua Assembly 50,000.

Passengers Who Travel Early and Often.

Again, in accounting for the enormous passenger traffic, there are great groups of railroad patrons that travel constantly during an average of nine months in the year - groups the members of which are not centered but scattered. These include traveling-salesmen, of whom there are 350,000 counted by railroads as 100 passengers each, because they buy 100 tickets each in the course of a year, and hence are counted as 35,000,000 passengers in the yearly total. Also actors and actresses on the road, of whom there are 55,000, are counted in the total of annual traffic at 5,500,000 passengers because they, too, hold an average of 100 tickets each in a year.

Thus the people of the restless nation move about on business or pleasure or in search of health, Colorado and New Mexico alone having enough health-seekers to count as 120,000 railroad passengers a month, until now restlessness is so stretched that it breaks beyond the confines of the United States and extends northward to Hudson Bay, and would go southward, if it could, to Patagonia. In response to this demand for extended outlet for travel, a committee of railroad kings, of which President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania road is the most active member, has in view the building of a road from New York to Buenos Ayres, corresponding as an engineering feat to the Cape-to-Cairo road.

Railroads Rich as the Government.

The dollar mark of the railroad is greater than that of all the trusts combined, and in magnitude of financial operations is almost as great as the government itself.

To illustrate, the uneasy nation to-day is traveling over 1,067 different railways, representing in their total capitalization one-eighth of the total wealth of the nation - the capital of the railways being $12,500,000,000, and the total wealth of the nation $100,000,000,000. This means that for each mile of line the railway capital amounts to $61,490. The capitalization of the railroads of the United States is almost as great as the national wealth of Italy, and is greater than that of Belgium, Spain, Holland, Portugal, or Switzerland, or of the last three combined.

The total track mileage over which our two million passengers will travel to-day is 288,000, including second, third, and fourth rails, sidings and yard tracks. The greater part of these tracks lie within the domains of the seven great railway systems. On the Vanderbilt lines our passengers cover a track mileage of 20,000; over the Pennsylvania system another 20,000; over the Harriman system, 22,000; over the Hill system, 19,000; over the Morgan system, 18,000; over the Gould system, 13,000; and over the Rockefeller system, 10,000.

As for travel over railroads with odd names, our friends will cover 1,725 miles of track on the "Katy," and if you know not that road ask any man from Texas; 523 miles over the "Nickel Plate"; 405 miles over "Natural Gas"; 957 miles over "The Road of Anthracite"; 450 miles over the "Clover Leaf"; and 1,683 miles over the "Big Four."

Altogether, the number of railway miles per 10,000 of inhabitants is twenty-six, and for each hundred square miles of territory we have seven miles of line. Our travelers can pass two whole days and nights crossing Texas, and they have 11,609 miles of track at their disposal in Illinois, 10,933 in Pennsylvania. and 8,297 in New York, these four States having the largest mileage, a combined total of 42,662.

The 45,000 railroad stations, if they could be gathered in one place and only one family of five persons allotted to each building would make a city nearly equal in population to the combined populations of Portland, Maine; Portland, Oregon; and Atlanta, Georgia.

Comparison of our total railway mileage with that of other nations may be interesting to the restless. We have half the total mileage of the world; we have 40,000 more miles of track than exist in all Europe; our mileage is five times greater than that of all Asia; twelve times that of all Africa; seven times that of all South America; and all North America outside of the United States has only 28,000 as against our 220,000.

How the Travel-Mad Are Carried.

To move this travel-mad nation requires 7,000 trains, each train in the course of a year making hundreds of round trips and covering as a whole 441,156,000 miles. The trains are made up during a year of 40,000 cars, not including Pullmans, of which there are more than 4,000. And here it may be stated that our come-and-go people are recorded as Pullman passengers to the number of 14,000,000 yearly, and that they travel in Pullmans an aggregate of 440,000,000 miles annually.

In quelling their restlessness our people make necessary the services of 11,000 passenger locomotives. Imagine the energy put forth by those locomotives! With an average of 2,500 horse-power each, here is power equal to the combined hauling strength of 27,500,000 horses, which is more horses by some 6,000,000 than we've got in the country. One horse, representing the combined height, length, and bulk of the 27,500,000, would be so mastodonic that he could set his forelegs in Honolulu and slake his thirst in the streams of Hawaii, while his hind legs rested on Fifth Avenue whence, with a whisk of his tail he could sweep all the mosquitoes out of the State of New Jersey.

Each of our locomotives hauls in a year an average of 66,000 passengers, and in the same time the average distance traveled by each locomotive is 1,978,000 miles. Those 11,000 locomotives carry bells enough to put one in the steeple of each Catholic church in the land and whistles enough to equip every brewery and all the distilleries in the Union. The dead weight of all these iron horses in the passenger service - at 120,000 pounds each - is equal to that of twenty-six buildings like the twenty-story Flatiron Building in New York City, whose weight is 50,000,000 pounds.

Weight is, indeed, a very important consideration in the hauling capacity of the modern passenger locomotive that must make speed, as shown by the sad story of famous "999." That engine once made a mile in thirty-two seconds, a rate of 112 miles an hour, said to be the fastest mile ever run by a locomotive anywhere in the world. Yet she is now hauling a milk train on the New York Central because she weighs only 100,000 pounds, and hence is too light for the speed demanded by a people who rest not.

One more illustration of railway passenger facilities. Put all our passenger cars and all our locomotives on a single track end to end, and they would form a train 800 miles long, reaching from New York to Charleston, South Carolina, and it would take a conductor twenty-six working days to walk through the cars and past the engines.

An Army of Railroad Men.

A good result of the unrest of Americans is that it gives employment to 1,300,000 railroad men, employment by which they earned last year $817,000,000. Of the number named, more than one-half are employed directly in the passenger service, including 12,000 locomotive engineers and as many firemen, 11,000 conductors, 25,000 trainmen, 50,000

switchmen, flagmen, and watchmen, 40,000 station and ticket agents, 30,000 other station men, and 10,000 telegraph operators and despatchers, not to speak of 4,900 general officers, 5,000 other officers, and 12,000 clerks.

Altogether the total number of railroad men to-day actually nursing the American disease of railroaditis (without intent to cure) is greater than that of all the students enrolled in all the colleges of the country. The number of trackmen alone, 125,000, is twice as great as the number of enlisted men in our regular army. Among these employees there are at least four gray-haired conductors who have traveled each over two million miles, and one engineman who has covered over one million miles during his period of service. In this great industrial army are representatives of every country on the globe, from the aboriginal American to natives of China, Siam, Burma, and Afghanistan.

As for accidents among our two million passengers of to-day, according to the law of averages at least one passenger and ten employees will be killed. This is based on the official figures for average annual accidents, namely, 440 passengers and 3,600 employees. By the same computation, at least twenty passengers will be injured to-day, and 180 employees, for the average yearly injuries is 8,200 passengers and 60,400 railroad men. And, parenthetically, it is possible that at least one train may be robbed to-day, for the average of train hold-ups shows one in each fortnight.

With only one in each million passengers killed in a year, and only one in each 400,000 passengers and employees injured, the most interesting facts are to be written, not about the number of accidents, but rather about a passenger's comparative safety on the road. So many and such thorough safeguards have been thrown about the passenger since the "De Witt Clinton" made her first trip that an accident insurance company to-day is a kind of get-rich-quick concern. For instance, it is a fact that the average number of miles that an individual in this country may travel before being killed in a railroad accident is 510,000,000. Which is to say that if all the people of this country traveled within the United States all the time, spending their entire existence on railroads, and the sole cause of death was railroad accidents, the average length of life of an American would be a little over 3,000 years.

Even railroading as a profession is not nearly so hazardous as in former years. So true is this that the life insurance companies now insure firemen and engineers at a premium only slightly advanced beyond the average. Railroad men, in short, are no longer deemed "bad risks."

No More "Sleeping at the Switch."

Since the restless nation must travel by rail, let us focus our attention upon safety in that travel. So argue the railroads. The result is that those employed in the departments that make the wheels go round, watch the movement of every train more closely, more carefully, than a sleuth shadows a suspect. Each train on the road at this minute is watched by so many men, stationed at such frequent intervals along the line, that it is as if the track were fenced in with human beings, each with his hand on a telegraph key.

"Asleep at the Switch" could not have been written if the railroads of the poet's time had been what they now are. The melodramatic situation used to such advantage, the switchman snoring at his post, the train coming madly on through the night and saved in the very nick of time by a maiden with her hair streaming in the wind, would not be true to life in these days of the block and other scientific and automatic systems of signaling. The fate of no trainload of passengers on the road to-day is left to a single man who may or may not snuggle up to his switch and take a nap.

Then, too, nearly every train carrying our two million passengers is equipped with air-brakes. A party of railroad men traveling in a special train through Pennsylvania came to a town where mammoth factories were built in a row half a mile long. "Hats off to Westinghouse!" cried one of the party, and every man doffed his traveling cap. In the factories past which the train was speeding thousands of men were employed making the device which has reduced railroad accidents to a minimum - the air-brake. With this brake a passenger train of 300 tons, traveling at sixty miles an hour, can be stopped in about 4,500 feet, or in about ninety seconds; and, in case of emergency, in 1,200 feet, or in thirty-one seconds. And so, along with the railroad men the restless nation should take off its hat to Westinghouse.

For the safety of the passengers, too, there are the locomotive engineers whose coolness and judgment amount at times to something very like a sixth sense. Long experience gives them a certain intuition for which there are no rules, but which often saves hundreds of lives.

The higher the development of this "sixth sense," the greater the engineer's compensation. The men who are running the crack trains to-day earn a salary that the president of a small college would be glad to have, $250 a month for fifteen days of actual service. And if one were obliged to pick out the ten men in this country having the best eyesight, one would find the ten among the $3,000-a-year passenger engineers.

Hotels on Wheels.

A nation on the go must indulge its restlessness not only in safety but also in comfort. On the through trains, which are itinerant hotels, the passenger expects attention as good as in a first class hotel - and he gets it, the Pullman company having reduced the comfort of travelers to a science. That company's cars are in operation on 184,000 miles of railway to-day. At the shops in Chicago the company is turning out each week three sleeping-cars, costing an average of $30,000 each, also twelve passenger cars of the most comfortable type. The longest unbroken run of any cars in the Pullman service is from Washington to San Francisco, 3,626 miles. The company employs 18,000 men to look after the comforts of passengers, paying them $10,000,000 in wages.

For their comfort on the road, further, our people, changeless only in their desire for change, have such things as hospital cars - notably one on the Long Island Railroad - car windows built on an angle - on a train on the New York Central - so that the passengers within may see forward or back, and road-beds covered with oil for a thousand miles at a time to lay the dust - on the Southern Pacific in Texas.

Millions to Save Minutes.

Finally, for the restless man, speed. What millions are spent each year for minutes! The Pennsylvania Railroad at Trenton, New Jersey, eliminated a curve and elevated the track at a total cost of $600,000 - to save three minutes. And why is that road spending $100,000,000 for a new terminal in New York? In the last analysis it is to save the fifteen minutes consumed in a ride on a ferry-boat. In New Mexico the Santa Fe is spending $10,000,000 on the Belen "cut-off " to save six and seven-tenths miles - in fact, to save less than half a mile, since the principal saving is in a reduction of 2,000 feet in the altitude of the highest point on the line.

Behold we travel to-day in every comfort between New York and Philadelphia in two hours, whereas our forefathers spent at least two days, in comparative discomfort, to accomplish the same journey. And if, on any Sunday evening, you take a certain train leaving New York, you will eat your supper in San Francisco on the following Thursday evening. Four days from New York The framers of our Constitution would have deemed a man mad who would have suggested such a possibility.

Among other journeys to delight the heart of the man with the move-on mania, passengers are this very day being railroaded from Philadelphia to Atlantic City, fifty-eight miles, in fifty minutes; from New York to Buffalo, 436 miles, in 420 minutes; from Burlington to Chicago, 206 miles, in 200 minutes from Chicago to Pittsburgh, 525 miles, in eight hours; and from New York to Chicago, about 1,000 miles, in eighteen hours - and the latter run has been made in sixteen hours.

Speed has had the effect of reducing the number of working hours among railroad men. It has been "legally" decreed that no man can endure the modern pace of our railroads for more than ten hours, and remain physically and mentally normal. As a matter of fact, every railroad seeks to avoid keeping any employee on duty beyond ten hours, and most roads beyond eight hours. Storms, washouts, accidents, any unusual conditions of weather or traffic keep men at their posts, however, beyond the "normal" period fixed for a day's work. Men have worked continuously twenty-five or thirty hours, and circumstances have sometimes demanded the services of a train crew continuously for thirty-six hours.

Myriads Touched by the Railroad.

One further great good is to be credited to the spirit of unrest that impels people to take to the road. It is that with a million employees of all classes engaged in railway transportation in this country, each person so employed affects the

interests of at least four more. Here, then, are five millions whose welfare depends upon railroads, in the last analysis upon the people's restlessness.

And five millions are not all. Many more millions, employed in kindred industries, are affected. Thousands are engaged in building the locomotives that haul us; 213,000 persons are engaged in constructing the cars that carry us; more thousands in the manufacture of rails; and still other thousands in other industries and professions upon which railroads depend for supplies and for services. It is plain, therefore, that the profession of railroading, developed by a national travel-fever, affects the present and future of more persons in the United States than any other kind of employment excepting agriculture.

The growth of the railroads that has made necessary this vast industrial army is indicative of the development of the grand national steeplechase, the race to get somewhere. Before Stephenson invented the locomotive in 1829, and before that first American train was run Baltimore-way, the most of the people were content to stay at home. With the growth of railway mileage, however, grew restlessness. In 1830 there were only twenty-three miles of railway. By 1840 the mileage had grown to 2,800, and in 1850 to 9,000. At the outbreak of the Civil War the mileage was 30,000, and by 1870 it had reached 53,000. By 1880 it had jumped to 93,000, and then in the next decade it more than doubled itself. Only six years ago the mileage was only 193,000; to-day it is 220,000. And now, with the facilities to go and to come back and to start out again, this nation as a whole is traveling to-day and to-night three million miles each hour and half a million miles each minute.

Restlessness Indulged Means Prosperity.

The restlessness of the nation is the surest sign of national prosperity, for there can be no better proof of wealth than this, that people travel, that they can leave the routine of life for the sake of change. Money it costs, much money, to take to the road, to pay for new quarters for a short period. Where people can do this there must be great prosperity - not to speak of such benefits as the widening of the viewpoint and the increased appetite for knowledge that come from a short journey.

Last year we, the restless ones, paid to the railroads the sum of $456,343,380. Think of the tremendous restlessness - why not call it energy, or enterprise? - producing in one year a number of railroad passengers that pay for their movement a sum nearly equal to the total revenues of the Federal government; a sum equal to one-fourth of the entire public debt; a sum of money equal to one-fourth of all the currency in circulation in the country.

Is it a wonder, then, that the railroads can furnish us with $10,000 dining-cars, and $30,000 sleeping-cars, and $50,000 railroad presidents? We pay the railroads only two cents a mile, to be sure. But then we travel billions of miles. The distance from the earth to the moon is said to be 240,000 miles. Paltry distance that! Last year our 716,000,000 passengers traveled 22,000,000,000 miles, which is a distance equal to 44,000 round trips from this land of unrest to yonder inconstant lantern of heaven.

Great Train Robberies of the United States.

BY CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE.

THE story of the great train robberies of the United States for the last forty years is almost the story of the growth of the railroads for the same period. These raiders of the New World have followed the steel trails across the prairie and over the mountains as vultures follow the march of an army. Daring, resourceful, unscrupulous, sometimes morose and cruel, sometimes gay and almost chivalrous, they have plundered express-cars and collected tribute from passengers.

It has been somewhat roughly estimated that the average aggregate loot of all the train robberies of the country is not far from $150,000 a year. Yet it is the one profession which is not overcrowded and in which success is rare and difficult of attainment. The few who succeed fall through their very success, for fame in this calling spells ruin.

Though a man have the courage and skill of Dick Turpin, the debonair recklessness of Claude Duval, or the fiendish cruelty of Bluebeard, sooner or later the hard hand of the law will fasten on him, and he will be led away to gallows or cell. It was so with the first band, the Renos, and it will be so till the last train robber dangles from the limb of a tree or languishes in a steel cell. At the end of the trail, however long and tortuous it may be, stands Justice, blindfolded with scales and two-edged sword.

To read the story of the great train robberies of the United States is to gain a clearer view of human endurance, daring, cunning, and cruelty, and of the certainty with which the man who sins in this way collects his wage which is extermination. In this and in succeeding numbers of the RAILROAD MAN's MAGAZJNE will be told for the first time in coherent form the true story of the great train robberies of the United States. It is thrilling, vivid, and authentic in every particular.

THE MARSHFIELD AFFAIR. - No. 1.

The Jeffersonville Railroad the First Victim of an Organized Train Robbery - Rise and Fall of the Reno Gang.

ON May 23, 1868, the newspapers of the country printed a paragraph to the following effect:

"The car of the Adams Express Company was robbed last night on the Jeffersonville Railroad, at Marshfield, Indiana, twenty miles below Seymour. A party of robbers supposed to be the notorious Reno brothers, held up the train and made a clean sweep of the express company's safes, said to contain in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand dollars."

Train robberies had been committed in the border States during the preceding year, but it was not until the Marshfield hold-up had been successfully pulled off that the authorities became thoroughly aroused as to the serious nature of this new and unique form of crime. In the enormity of the sum secured, the far-reaching effects on the international relations of two great countries which ensued, and the terrible penalty paid by the perpetrators of the robbery, the case stands alone in the annals of crime, and may properly be considered the first of the great train robberies committed in the United States.

Train robbing was an aftermath of the war. When the last echoes of civil strife were dying away the railroads of tbe West entered upon an epoch of reconstruction and extension. Almost immediately operations were confronted by dangers and obstacles of a new and harassing character, which followed in the wake of internecine conflict as outlaws and despoilers follow in the wake of an army. Throughout the war guerrilla and "jay hawker" operations in the border States were of a most merciless and desperate character. On the disbanding of Quantrell's guerrillas and similar organizations which had harried Indiana, Missouri, and Kansas with fire and sword, men who had followed the guerrilla leaders found themselves thrown out of employment and left upon their own resources; accustomed to a life of danger and adventure, many of them were unable or unwilling to turn to peaceful pursuits. Others, who had followed the more or less lucrative calling of bounty-jumpers, found themselves in the same position.

First Appearance of the Reno Gang.

So it was with the Reno brothers, the first of the Western outlaws and train-robbers. Before a year had passed the newspapers of the time were publishing brief accounts of deeds of violence committed by an organized band who raided county seats, looted banks, and ultimately invented a form of crime peculiarly American - the holding up and looting of express and passenger trains. This form of robbery was destined to grow to such proportions and to prove so difficult to stamp out that for thirty years the ingenuity of the railroads and express companies was pitted against the daring and systematic operations of the train-robbers.

In Indiana particularly the railroads found themselves confronted by this persevering and determined type of despoiler. In 1868 the region around Seymour, Indiana, was known as one of the most dangerous places in the country for the transportation of persons and valuables. Rockford, a little village about two miles from Seymour, was the home of the Reno brothers, leaders of an organized band of outlaws, whose operations, like those later of their contemporaries, the James and Younger brothers, extended all over the border States. The four brothers - John, Frank, William, and Simon Reno - robbed the Adams Express Company on several occasions in 1867; boarded trains, overpowered the express messenger, or took possession of the engine and express-car, uncoupling them from the remainder of the train and running them up the line, leaving them after robbing the safes.

Modern Robber Barons.

Fruitful of expedient, debonair, masterful men, the Reno brothers not only rendered life and property unsafe, but held the peaceful, law-abiding people of the whole community in a state of fear and intimidation. Though many efforts were made by the railroad and express companies, assisted by Pinkerton detectives, to bring about their capture, the brothers lived openly among their neighbors, who were assured of dire vengeance in case of betrayal, and for a long time seemed practically immune from punishment.

Besides conducting their own nefarious operations, they considered the region theirs by "right of discovery," and would tolerate no rivalry. An instance of this professional jealousy occurred early in 1867. Michael Collins and Walter Hammond, two "independent" outlaws, held up a train on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and took six thousand dollars from the Adams Express messenger. The Renos, who happened to be in the neighborhood at the time, got wind of the robbery. Collins and Hammond fled on horseback after their coup. They were pursued and overtaken by the Renos, who relieved them of the money and subsequently exerted their political influence to such good effect that "the small competitors" were sent to the Indiana penitentiary for a long term of years.

Up to this time an open arrest of any one of the Reno brothers in their own district had proved impossible, but they made the mistake of extending their operations into Missouri. On returning from a raid through the latter State, John Reno, the eldest of the brothers, was kidnaped from Seymour, through the instrumentality of Allan Pinkerton, head of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, assisted by the sheriff of Daviess County and several determined Missourians. He was tried and convicted of robbing the safe of the county treasurer, at

Gallatin, Daviess County, Missouri, and sent to the Missouri penitentiary for twenty-five years' hard labor. Thenceforward he was to be counted out of the operations of the gang.

Early in 1868 the three remaining Renos - Frank, William, and Simon (or "Sim," as he was called) - accompanied by a strong gang, made a raid through Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, robbing county treasurers and banks. Frank Reno, Albert Perkins, and Miles Ogle (who subsequently became a noted counterfeiter) were arrested by William Pinkerton, son of Allan Pinkerton, for robbing the safe of the county treasurer at Glenwood, near Council Bluffs, Iowa. The three men were taken to the Glenwood jail, but in some inexplicable manner escaped and coolly returned to their criminal pursuits. Such was the condition of affairs with the Reno gang in May, 1868, at the time of the robbery of the Adams Express Company at Marshfield, a crime which all previous experiences may be said to have led up to and culminated in.

The Renos' Greatest Feat.

On the night of May 22,1868, a little band of less than a dozen men lay secreted near the railroad water-tank at Marshfield, Indiana, a wood and water station on the Jeffersonville branch of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, some twenty miles from Seymour. The night was dark and gloomy. It had rained during the early part of the evening, and drifting banks of clouds obscured the heavens as though to shut out from view the deed of violence about to be enacted below. Marshfield was a fuel station for the old-fashioned wood-burning locomotives of the time. Near the water-tank, where the group of somber figures waited, rows of cordwood lay stacked beside the track, convenient for loading upon the locomotive tender.

The men had been gathered together for some time. They conversed in low tones and appeared to be on the *qui vive* for some event to come to pass for which they waited, as well as to avoid detection by any chance night-passer. The long, low whistle of a locomotive sounded far down the track, the engineer signaling for a stop. Instantly the men sprang up and began fumbling with the revolvers in their belts. Without the least confusion, and as coolly as if they were about to engage in some perfectly legitimate transaction instead of a most desperate act of outlawry, the men separated and stationed themselves in the most convenient places to surround the head of the express train and to carry out their various parts in the deed.

A singing sound on the rails and a low rumble, growing momentarily louder, heralded the approach of the train. In another minute the glare of the headlight shone on the rails with panting exhaust and grinding brakes, the Jeffersonville express rolled up to the ambushed bandits, the engine stopping beside the water-tank.

Except for the lights in the locomotive cab, the head of the train was dark. The doors of the express-car, which was just behind the engine, were locked and barred, both those on the ends and sides. Every member of the train-crew, from conductor to "candy-butcher," knew the dangerous character of the country they were passing through. They knew, too, that Frank Reno, the daring and adroit leader of the Reno gang, had "broke jail" with two desperate companions only a short time before. It was impossible to lock up the entire train, but the express and baggage men at least were taking no chances. Back of the baggage and express, the ground on each side of the track was illuminated by the light from the windows of the passenger coaches. The moment the train stopped the bandits clustered about the engine and express-car. There was no need for further orders; every member of the outlaw gang knew his work, and went about it systematically and expeditiously, with a running accompaniment of threats and curses calculated to intimidate the trainmen and passengers who might be curious to find out what was going on "up front."

Working Their Own Ruin.

In the scene of confusion and alarm which ensued upon the first dash of the robbers, Americus Wheeler, the conductor of the train, was the only man who offered any immediate resistance. By some curious mistake, this conductor's name appears in all the current reports, as well as in later histories of the affair, as Wheldon; but, as the Pinkerton records show, his name was Wheeler. As far as can be discovered, this is the first time the name has appeared correctly in print. Wheeler was a man of nerve; he did not propose to

stand tamely by while the outlaws conducted their looting operations - for he understood what had happened instantly the train stopped and a pistol-shot rang out, punctuating a chorus of hoarse voices. Drawing his old cap-and-ball revolver, he sprang down from the platform and began firing. For a moment the Renos were surprised; then one of the gang, standing beside the locomotive, yelled out, laughing:

"Here's a d----d fool that wants to get shot full of holes."

A fusillade of revolver-shots followed the remark. It is no credit to the conductor that he is living out his old age to-day in peace and comfort. As one of the outlaws said subsequently: "He did his d-----est to get himself shot up, and he got what he came after." Not one of the Renos realized at the time that in firing upon and wounding the man who opposed them they were all signing their death-warrants. Possibly it would have made no difference if they had; they were men who held life cheaply, their own as well as that of those who opposed them. Nevertheless, the first shot fired at the conductor was the herald of a terrible fate to come.

While the flashes of the revolver-shots lighted up the darkness, the passengers in the coaches scrambled out, concealing their money and valuables. But the robbers did not design to molest the travelers on this occasion, as they had done once or twice before. While the majority of them forced the trainmen with revolver-shots to keep under cover, the leader sprang into the. engine-cab. The engineer hesitated to obey the order to assist in uncoupling the express-car; he was brutally assaulted by the bandit arid tumbled out of the cab after the fireman.

Frank Reno was an amateur engineer; except for the purpose of saving himself trouble, he did not require the services of the engine crew to aid in carrying out his designs. The other members of the gang were also familiar with the mechanism of railroad trains. In less time than it takes to tell it, the engine and express-car were disconnected from the remainder of the train, and, with the tall robber at the throttle started up the track in the direction of Seymour, twenty miles away. At the water-tank the trainmen stood beside the abandoned train, listening to the exhaust of the stolen locomotive as it dwindled away in the distance.

Looting the Treasure-Car.

Equipped with crowbars and hammers, the robbers clambered upon the platforms of the express-car, and as the locomotive pulled it away from the water-tank, they began an assault upon the locked doors, hurling horrible threats at the messenger within. No one will ever know precisely what took place in the express-car during the few moments that succeeded the breaking in of the doors. The engine had gathered full headway by the time the robbers had demolished the doors, poured into the car, and overpowered the messenger, helpless against such overwhelming odds.

Doubtless the bandits were infuriated by the refusal of the messenger, in his stunned and dazed state, to tell where his keys were hidden; certainly they did not believe his statement that the money consignments were in through locked safes which he had no means of opening. The messenger knew that the safes were carrying a very large sum of money, and the result showed that he did his best to protect the express company's property. The outlaws were men quick to violence and rapid in execution. They wasted no time in argument. Maddened by the expressman's obstinacy, they unbolted and slid back one of the side doors of the car. The engine was now running up the track under full headway. Without a word, two brawny ruffians picked up the helpless messenger and swung him in the air.

"One - two - And to h--l you go!"

The robber on the engine heard a shriek and looked back. The vagrant light of the moon showed him a dark figure tumbling heels over head down a steep embankment hi the darkness. How the express messenger, after that terrible midnight fall, ever managed to fetch up at the foot of that embankment, bruised and terribly injured certainly, but with his life still whole within him, is another problem left unsolved. Probably it was partly due to the sloping character of the ground at the point where the robbers tossed him

from the running car that he did escape with his life and is living at the present day.

Once in undisputed possession of the car, the robbers proceeded to make short work of the safes of the Adams Express Company. They had not to contend with the heavy burglar-proof repositories in use on railroads at the present time - the great steel affairs with combination locks, and so strongly constructed that their destruction by explosives or otherwise cannot be brought about without the destruction of all their contents. The old-fashioned car-safes were merely oblong iron shells, three or four feet long and two or three wide and deep (though they varied in size on the different runs) with lids that fitted into the top and could be pried open with an ordinary crowbar.

What a scene that must have been for a May night! Far up the track from the stalled passenger train, the bruised and battered messenger trying to drag himself back to safety, and, still farther toward Seymour, the flying engine and express-car, with bold, reckless Frank Reno at the throttle of the locomotive, gazing grimly into the darkness ahead, and the robbers in the express-car chanting with joy as they emptied the treasure boxes and brought the rich booty into view.

Riding Home with the Booty.

The robbery was boldly planned and still more daringly carried out; but no one instance more vividly illustrates the reckless character of the leader of the band than that wild night run to a point almost within sight of his own doorstep. Accustomed to horseback raids and traveling over the district he terrorized with the least discomfort to himself, he did not propose to give himself any more trouble than necessary in reaching his own stronghold after committing the crime, and beyond question the very daring of the night ride fascinated the heedless spirit of the dare-devil knight of the rail. By the time the robber stopped the locomotive, within a mile of Seymour, the gang in the express-car had broken into the three iron boxes of the Adams Express Company and emptied the contents upon the floor of the car. When Frank Reno jumped down from the engine and came back to the car to superintend the distribution of the booty, according to the custom of the gang, the arch robber found he had made a haul which far exceeded his most sanguine expectations.

As afterward ascertained, the stolen treasure consisted of a package from Nashville consigned to New York, containing thirteen thousand dollars, and another from Louisville, containing ten thousand dollars in greenbacks of large denomination - a fact, by the way, which afterward proved of service to the detectives in tracing the robbers, for the numbers of the large bills were listed and immediately spread broadcast among bankers, brokers, and others for identification. There were also a small consignment of government bonds and sufficient cash in other packages to bring the total loss up to the enormous sum of ninety-seven thousand dollars - the result of an hour's work and of a deed which would have appalled a regiment of Dick Turpins. The work of distribution was short and quick. Twenty minutes after the engine stopped the robbers had melted into the darkness, and for the time being disappeared from the face of the earth.

Early next morning, the 23d, the "dead" engine and the express-car were found where the robbers had deserted them on the previous night. A few scraps of paper alone were left to show for the treasure the looted express-car had carried.

On the morning of May 25, when the investigating committee reported the magnitude of the robbery, the authorities were appalled. The daring of the conception and the audacity of the execution of the robbery made it peculiar among similar crimes, and the fact that the handiwork of the Reno brothers was recognized by those who were familiar with their methods made the express company determine to follow the case to the bitter end, regardless of time, money, or trouble.

Picking up the Trail.

Then began one of the most famous pursuits after train-robbers ever undertaken - a pursuit which ended only with the destruction of the entire band and which resulted in a complete revision of the extradition

laws of Great Britain and the United States.

Immediately after the Marshfield robbery Frank Reno, the leader of the gang, fled to Canada, and at first the Adams Express Company confined itself to offering large rewards for his capture, while the principal attention was turned to the other members of the band. The work of Allan Pinkerton in capturing John Reno was remembered, and the case was put into his hands. He deputized his son, William Pinkerton, to run down the lesser members of the gang, while he personally undertook the capture of the arch assassin and robber, Frank Reno.

For a month after the robbery detectives worked night and day in the district in which the Renos lived, piling up evidence showing that the Marshfield robbery was the work of the Reno brothers and others of their organization. In this they were successful, but they still had to "catch their men before they could hang them." The first break came early in July following. On the 10th of that month six men attempted to rob the Adams Express Company car on the Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, near Cincinnati. Clever detective work brought the job home to John Moore, William Sparks, George Gerroll, and three others, all known to belong to the Reno gang. The attempt to rob the train turned out disastrously for the outlaws, the trainmen capturing one of the robbers and wounding another, who, however, escaped for the time being.

Judge Lynch Takes Charge of the Renos.

A large reward was offered for the robbers, and within a week after the attempt two more of the men were apprehended. These three - Moore, Sparks, and Gerroll - confessed their participation in the affair, and were taken to Cincinnati for safe-keeping. A few days afterward they were transferred to the Brownstown (Indiana) jail to be held for trial. *En route* a deed of violence occurred which indicated that the peace-loving people of Indiana were as fully determined as the authorities to put an end for all time to the rule of the notorious Reno gang. On the night of July 22, when the deputy sheriffs having the three men in charge were approaching Brownstown with their prisoners, a vigilance committee, formed of a posse of citizens of Jefferson County, relieved them of the captives; next morning the bodies of the men were found swinging from the limbs of trees near Seymour.

By a curious coincidence, three more men - Phil Clifton, Charles Roseberry, and "Yal" Elliott - who were implicated in the attempt to rob the Adams Express Company, were in the hands of the county officials by July 22. While they were being taken under a strong guard to the county jail at Brownstown, a posse of vigilantes repeated the previous performance; the party was stopped near Seymour, the guard was overpowered, and the prisoners were lynched.

After these terrible hints of what their own fate would be, it is little wonder that William and Simon Reno decided that the country was getting too hot to hold them. But they were too late in making up their minds to flee. A price was upon their heads, and the country was alarmed. Principally through the efforts of the Pinkertons, the two brothers were run down in Indianapolis and arrested. To avoid a repetition of the vigilante lynchings, the brothers were taken to the jail at New Albany, Indiana, a short distance from Seymour. There they were destined to remain behind the bars until the end of the year, when one of the most terrible acts of retributive justice was wreaked that the Middle West has ever known. But the last scene of the drama was to be participated in by the chief actor, and he possessed the brains to give his pursuers a long chase.

The Leader Fighting Extradition.

While the band was being broken up in Indiana, Frank Reno was living peacefully in Windsor, Ontario, across the river from Detroit. Here he associated himself with Charles Anderson, a noted English burglar who had fled from the States to escape the consequences of his many crimes. The Pinkertons and the express people knew that they were up against a hard proposition in endeavoring to capture Frank Reno and take him out of a country whose extradition treaty did not cover the offense for which he was wanted by the United States authorities.

Tempted by the great reward offered, many attempts were made to cajole or kidnap the premier knight of the rail across the Detroit River, but he was too clever and eluded all the traps set for him by amateur detectives and others. Finally, on the representations of Allan Pinkerton, Frank Reno and Charles Anderson were arrested in Windsor on the night of August 8, under the extradition treaty between the United States and Great Britain, on a charge of assaulting with intent to kill Americus Wheeler while robbing the Adams Express Company at Marshfield, Indiana, on the Jeffersonville Railroad, May 22.

Reno and Anderson had plenty of money to fight the case, but they appeared to have little fear that they could be held on the charge, much less extradited to the United States. But on September 13 they were astounded to find themselves committed for extradition, to be handed over to the United States authorities as soon as the necessary papers should arrive.

Reno and Anderson employed the best legal talent, and twisted and squirmed in every possible way to escape their impending fate. Allan Pinkerton and L. C. Weir, of the Adams Express Company, who were prosecuting the case against the two criminals, were arrested at Windsor for perjury at the instance of the Reno brothers, and were held in four hundred dollars bail to appear before the magistrate at Sandwich. But the names of Reno and Anderson were already written in the book of doom.

On September 23 a writ of habeas corpus was granted by Justice Draper, directing the jailer of Essex County to "bring up Frank Reno and Charles Anderson, who were committed to Windsor jail on a charge of shooting Americus Wheeler with intent to kill at Marshfield, Indiana." The defense offered was that "shooting with intent to kill" did not come under the Ashburton treaty and was not extraditable. But on October 6 the chief justice delivered an opinion at Toronto in the Reno-Anderson case, deciding in favor of the crown and formally committing the prisoners to await extradition.

Brought to Bay.

This case gave rise to prolonged argument concerning the extradition laws between the United States and Great Britain. In connection with the Reno-Anderson case, the cases of robbers who had looted the American and Merchants Union Express Company were coupled to secure a "working decision" for future robberies. Out of these cases grew a general feeling in favor of a change in the extradition treaty and a closer understanding which bore fruit not long afterward. The cases led to the conclusion in Canada that fugitives from the United States should be given up whenever it could be consistently done, and the part unwillingly played by the great train-robber in bringing about so important a change in international law may be counted as one unintentional good that resulted from his stormy life.

The decision of the chief justice destroyed Frank Reno's last hope. He was taken back to New Albany in company with his cocriminal, Charles Anderson, and there jailed. It will be remembered that William and Simon Reno were already in the New Albany jail. The three brothers were together at last in safe-keeping. It was time for the final scene in the tragedy growing out of the Marshfield robbery, and that was recorded in a newspaper paragraph on December 12, 1868, the only obituary of the first train-robbers, and a fitting setting to the last act of a life-drama of crime.

The Robbers' Trust Is Formed.

> "A vigilance committee, said to hail from Seymour, Indiana, arrived at New Albany at eleven o'clock on the night of Friday, December 11, and at three o'clock next morning proceeded to the Floyd County jail and demanded admittance, which was refused by the jailer, who was quickly overpowered and bound, after being shot in the arm and struck on the head. The watchman was then compelled to open the cells of the notorious express robbers - Frank, William, and Simon Reno, and Charles Anderson - who were immediately seized and hanged to the rafters of the jail. Frank Reno fought desperately for his life. The committee returned on the 7 A.M. train. Two of the robbers, Frank Reno and Charles Anderson, had been but recently

extradited from Canada. All the telegraph wires on the Jeffersonville Railroad line were found connected together and grounded one-half mile north of Seymour. It is supposed to be the work of the regulators before going to New Albany. After hanging the robbers, they locked the jail doors and those of the jail residence and carried off the keys, making the inmates prisoners until the keys were returned by Mr. Perrette, whom they took prisoner to the depot to prevent an alarm. They took forcible possession of the train, running it past the State prison near Jeffersonville, whence they fled in every direction."

So ended the first great tragedy of train-robbery. But other knights of the rail were to follow in the footsteps of the Renos, whose deeds of daring were to equal and at times even to excel those of the earliest railroad bandits. A unique and fascinating form of crime had taken root and was destined to develop into one of the most gigantic criminal industries the country has ever known.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Everything, Thought the Section Boss
Who Turned President Gilmore's Letter of Dismissal into a Pass.

Men have been known who were hard to fire. That man is a genius, though, who can turn a letter of dismissal to his own advantage and keep his job at the same time. The Boston *Herald* has found such a man:

A story is told of how the late ex-Governor Joseph A. Gilmore, of New Hampshire, when he was superintendent of the Concord and Claremont Railroad, once wrote a letter to one of his section bosses who had done something to displease him. All the man could make out was the date and Superintendent Gilmore's signature.

Some time afterward, being in Concord, the man went to call on the superintendent at his office.

"Hello, John! How do you do?" said Mr. Gilmore. "Well, what are you doing now?"

"Why, I'm up here at the same place on the section, Mr. Gilmore," replied John.

"What! " said Mr. Gilmore, "didn't you get a letter from me?" naming the date.

"Why, yes, certainly," answered John.

"Well, didn't you know that that was a letter of dismissal?

"Letter of dismissal!" cried the astonished John. "No! I couldn't make it out, except that it was from headquarters and signed by you, sir. But after some study I concluded it was a pass. As none of the conductors on the road could read it, they all accepted my statement that it was a pass from Mr. Gilmore, and I have been riding on it ever since.

John kept his place on the section.

INDUSTRIAL ROLL OF HONOR.

A Record of the Heroic Deeds Done in the Course of the Day's Work.

EVERY day, in all parts of the country, the men who do the work of the world are facing dangers seen and unseen. There is no calling so prosaic but that it has its peculiar perils, or so spectacular but that grim death, often in the most hideous form, lurks constantly in the background. But this cloud of terror that lowers over us is not without its silver lining. Seldom does the bolt of danger strike but that the hero of the moment or of the hour is there to meet it. The swift emergency raises commonplace plodders to the plane of the heroes of the world and transforms cowards into brave men who count their own lives as nothing if, by laying them down, they can save the lives of others. From all walks of life they come, young and old, rich and poor, men and women, children even, and thousands of their deeds are never chronicled. The comparatively few that do reach us through word of mouth or public print go far to restore our faith in human nature.

A Philip Sidney of the Railroad.

THE railroad wreck at Salisbury, England, last June, in which many Americans lost their lives, was redeemed from utter horror only by the fortitude of the injured. A fine story of pluck is told of Chick, the fireman of the stationary engine into which the express dashed after it left the rails on the curve. Terribly scalded as he was when he was brought out of the wreckage, Chick refused to be carried on a stretcher to the infirmary. The doctors had just arrived with a few stretchers, but the fireman said:

"Look to the others who are worse hurt than me - I can walk."

Deceived by his fortitude, the doctors allowed him to go, and the plucky fellow actually walked to the infirmary, where he collapsed at once. When he recovered he asked immediately after the injured. A few hours later he was dead.

Gave His Life for Three Others.

THREE lives were saved at the cost of one in Kokomo, Indiana, July 3. Frank Curless, a boy of fifteen, brought his brother and two companions out of the river where cramps had seized them, but the effort was too much for him, and he fell back and was drowned just as he swung the last boy to safety.

Two Saved from Drowning at Once.

TWO more rescues were added last July to the already long list which stands to the credit of Matthew M. Leary, an instructor in the Boston gymnasium and public baths. Two girls, Jennie Edwardson and Annie Ryan, bathing at Wood Island Park, were carried out of their depth, and the cry went up that they were drowning. Leary dove for the girls and brought them safely to shore, fifty feet away, one in each arm.

Unconscious but Still a Life-Saver.

POLICEMEN and firemen are expected to take long chances, but to dive fully clad into the whirlpool where the current of the Bronx Kills struggles with the tide that races through the East River is rather more than the contract calls for. Yet that was what Policeman Heffron, of Manhattan, did to save the five-year-old son of Detective Wyckman, of the Bronx detective bureau. The boy was in a rowboat with three older companions, and when the boat was caught in the swirl where the current comes through the kills he was thrown out or jumped out in terror. Heffron, on shore, seized a boat, rowed out to the struggling boy, and plunged in as he stood, coated and shod. The current was too strong for him and whirled his boat out of his reach as he strove to swim back to it after he had caught the boy. When members of the harbor squad dragged them out, policeman and boy were both unconscious, but the officer's hand was gripped tight on the collar of the boy's jacket.

From Safety to Peril to Save Life.

SIX months after the fact, President Roosevelt gave public recognition to one of the nerviest feats performed in the history of railroading. On December 21, 1905, George H. Williams, of Quincy, Massachusetts, was at the throttle of the "One Minute" flyer pulling out of Quincy. Suddenly he caught sight of a woman on the track dead ahead, apparently doomed to death beneath his train or a passenger train running rapidly in on the other track. To shut off steam and throw on the air was the work of an instant, and Williams sprang out on the running board and down to the cow-catcher, hoping to catch the woman before the engine should strike her.

Before he could reach her, confused by the roar of the two trains, she sprang across the track directly in the path of the other engine. Unhesitatingly Williams left the safety of the cow-catcher of his own engine and sprang after her, seizing her and throwing her to safety as the other engine bore down on them. The woman landed clear, but the right side of the cow-catcher caught Williams and tossed him to one side, unconscious, and apparently dead.

Three months in the Quincy city hospital brought him around. Meanwhile, the woman whom he had saved, Mrs. H. H. Hill, of Quincy, was moving heaven and earth to insure his reward. Finally, after much unwinding of red tape, the President granted Williams one of the little bronze medals provided for in the act of February 25, 1905. Only two others have been awarded, and the honor is not to be lightly held.

Fireman Does Daring Circus Trick.

WHEN New York City's firemen answer an alarm, dangers multiply in the already peril-strewn streets. Street-cars, trucks, cabs, carriages, automobiles, the pillars of the elevated roads all seem to lie in wait for the galloping fire-horses and bounding, swaying trucks. The mettle of the department is shown by the fact that the drivers never hesitate if the choice lies between a crowded crossing with its likelihood of bruised and trampled people and a lamp-post or pillar with sure disaster to the engine or truck. The lamp-post or pillar it is every time.

One of the nerviest tricks in many a day was done by Foreman William J. Walsh, of Truck No. 6, on July 12. Engine No.31 had answered an alarm from the corner of Canal and Center Streets, and was in position on the corner. Truck No. 6 was coming east through Canal Street at a fast gallop, with James Daniels driving. As the truck topped a little rise and swung down a grade on the other side Daniels laid back on his three plunging horses when suddenly the left rein snapped. The driver gripped the other rein hard and shouted to the men around No.31 to get out of the way. A collision seemed inevitable when Foreman

Walsh appeared climbing over the ladders of the truck. His right arm was in bandages, a slight reminder of the skylight that had fallen on him at another Canal Street fire a week before; but he gained the driver's seat and leaped to the back of the center horse.

It was touch-and-go, for they were almost on the engine; but Walsh caught the broken rein and, pulling with all the strength of his one sound arm, swerved the truck to one side. Six inches less, and truck, engine, horses, and men would have gone down in a tangled, murderous collision. The danger averted, Walsh dropped to the ground and went calmly back to his place by the truck.

Sings as Death Hangs Over Him.

WHEN Herman Fischer, the young Staten Island plumber, was buried in the tunnel of his own digging at Tompkinsville, last summer, it is hard to say who displayed the greater powers of endurance, the buried plumber or the firemen who rescued him. For twenty two hours the work of rescue went on unceasingly, and during that time Fischer sang and shouted cheerful encouragement from the hole that might at any moment become his tomb. Meanwhile, the firemen denied themselves sleep and even food and drink, save such as they could snatch without pausing in their work. To reach Fischer it was necessary to dig a trench twenty feet deep, ten feet long, and three feet wide. Then the rocks that held the plumber's feet were split with cold chisels and he was drawn out of danger with a block and tackle, dirty, ragged, bruised, his face as white as chalk, but still cheerful.

"Well, Fisch, how are you?" asked Deputy Chief Guerin, who had superintended the rescue.

"Fine as silk," answered the redoubtable plumber, undaunted by his twenty-two hours of suffering. "What's next on the program?"

Fight Hot Steam to Stop Their Train.

THE railroad men who should have careful consideration as possible wearers of the railroad life-saving medal established by Congress a year and a half ago are Engineer W. H. Swain and Fireman Louis Morgan, of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company. On the 6th of last February they were taking their train, the Pacific Express, over the regular run west-bound. They had reached the bottom of a long grade about four miles out of Bridal Veil, the sixth station east of Portland, when the injector-pipe exploded and the cab was filled with blinding, blistering, scalding steam. It was flee or be cooked alive, and the engineer and fireman fled to the tender. Then sober second thought came to them. The flyer was on the track ahead somewhere near Bridal Veil, delayed by a refractory engine. With two hundred pounds of steam and the momentum of a long down-grade run, there was nothing that could prevent the express from crashing at full speed into the rear of the flyer. Let the fireman tell his own story of what happened:

> "Both of us knew that the flyer was on the track at Bridal Veil. We knew that she had trouble with her engine, because we had been signaled several times farther back on the line. We knew there was no way to get word ahead and that if we could not stop our own train within a few minutes no power on earth could prevent a collision. The whole situation went through my mind like a flash. I knew it was impossible to get to the throttle or the air-brake through the cab, for I would have been cooked before I got inside the door. I knew that less than four miles lay between us and the flyer. The nine or ten minutes that elapsed before the crash was seemingly but a second.
>
> "I had been in a similar accident before, and that time had reached the throttle and shut it off by crawling over the engine-cab and reaching through the lookout-window. This was my only chance, and I attempted to crawl on top of the cab through the blinding steam. I could get no

hold, and the train was pitching so I fell. A second time I made the roof of the cab and reached for the ventilator-hole to brace myself. A cloud of scalding steam caught me in the face and I almost went off.

"I managed to crawl over and down upon the running-board. Wrapping my jumper about my head, I broke the lookout-window glass and reached for the throttle. I couldn't see it, but finally felt it and pulled it shut. I was afraid to look to see how close we were to the flyer. Every instant I expected a crash and that all would be over. But I knew the air-brakes must be applied to stop the train, and I tried to reach the lever, then I looked up. The engine was upon the Pullman of the flyer. I felt the shock of the collision as I jumped. I did my best, but I could not stop the train."

While the fireman was fighting forward over the top of the cab, the engineer was struggling desperately to reach the throttle through the rear. Again and again he plunged forward, only to be driven back by the scalding steam that boiled out through the broken injector-pipe. When the flesh began to drop from his scalded hands and he could no longer see, he gave up trying to reach the throttle and crawled painfully back over the tender, hoping to uncouple the air-hose at the rear and so set the brakes. But he had stayed too long in the steam of the cab, and the flesh dropped from his hands whenever he grasped the hose. He was lying across the bumpers, still fighting to release the imprisoned air, when his engine struck the flyer. The collision had not been averted, but if the fireman had not caught the throttle when be did the locomotive would have plowed into the Pullmans of the flyer at full speed. As it was, no lives were lost.

Can Wear Three Life-Saving Medals.

JOHN J. SWEENEY, an employee of the Department of Charities of New York City, has received his third medal for life-saving, this time from the United States Treasury Department. The two others are from the Life-Saving Benevolent Association of New York and the Volunteer Life-Saving Corps. He has about a dozen rescues from drowning to his credit.

FOUR-FLUSHING.

BY CY WARMAN.

What Did the Superintendent Mean When He Told the Chief Engineer to "Four-Flush Strong at Lone Tree" Station?

"Four-flush strong at Lone Tree, north and south. VanLaw."

It took the chief engineer as much as a minute to appreciate the full meaning of the telegram quoted above. He made no reply, but began surveying, grading, and building a railroad north and another south from Lone Tree.

VanLaw was the recognized genius of the P. D. & Q., that was rushing its rails into every new town and prospective county-seat in the waking West of the seventies. His title was simply superintendent, but he was the president's right arm, the pathfinder's inspiration, the contractor's boss, and a constant menace to the peace and rest of the weary Jerry who wanted to smoke between spikes.

The "Amateurs," as VanLaw invariably called the competing line, the Illinois Western, were making a dash for the same promising points. The " P. D." people always argued that the Western took tips from them and headed where VanLaw's stakes gleamed above the wild grass, but the other fellows denied this. One thing, however, they could not deny. They wanted to build to Spike Buck and be in first. In the seventies men did not hang about the State Legislature waiting for right of way. They built, and asked permission afterward. If a pathfinder preempted a pass, he named it and held it by right of discovery, and wo often came to the man who tried to dislodge him.

When the spring that piloted the summer of which I write opened, each company had special detectives watching the other. It is related that these "spotters," to save work and worry, used to meet and compare notes, make out their reports, and mail them together. But the man who would rob his employer in that way would certainly deceive his pal, and so it fell out that VanLaw's man held out on the secret service of the opposition. That is to say, there were some things he forgot to tell. From Lone Tree, the first divisional station west of the Missouri, a stage line ran to Spike Buck, forty miles south.

"Why are you building north from Lone Tree? " asked the Amateurs.

"Goin' to Sunset," answered the "Q." man, and that was true. It was also true that five miles out on this Sunset Branch the "Q." people had a supply-camp where they were piling up material, but the Amateur, accepting the other man's word, never went up to see.

VanLaw had so constructed his time-tables that all the material passed Lone Tree between midnight and morning. It was summer now and the prairie was hard and dry. From the camp at the end of the Sunset spur every night a long string of wagons trailed out toward Spike Buck, forty miles south. This freight-road passed down a rock-floored ravine under the main line of the "Q.," so that looking from the car-window you would not notice the white marks on the sand stone bed of the dry river where the wagons went, burdened with cross-ties, timbers, and rails for the line VanLaw was quietly constructing north and south from a point midway between Spike Buck and the aforementioned main-line bridge. Every night a mile or so of mules, four, six, and sometimes eight to a wagon, crept out across the prairie and in the shelter of the following night they came back empty on a slow trot.

At Lone Tree, the "Q." established an engineering-camp and began leisurely surveying a line to Spike Buck. The Amateurs smiled. They had looked that land over a year ago and found it impossible to reach the roaring metropolis of the plain under a two-per-cent grade. They reasoned that the "Q." would fool away the summer sounding the swales and then abandon the route. When they began a second survey the Amateurs would begin building up from the south. Even if the " Q." should foolishly decide to build where they were now surveying, the Western could easily cover the sixty miles of level land long before the "Q." could build this fifty miles of bad road and bridge the swales.

So the Amateurs rested on their arms, watching the "Q." engineering outfit and securing terminal facilities at Spike Buck. That is to say, they were negotiating for land and a bonus. But as often as they came to close the deal, one man on the board of aldermen balked. It was nonsense, he said, to say the railroads would ignore Spike Buck, the best town in the West. He would favor, rather, charging the railroads for the privilege of coming into camp. And so the business would fall or hang fire.

This balky alderman had a cow-ranch a few miles north of Spike Buck and spent much of his time with the cowboys. Sometimes he would go far beyond the ranch and one day he came suddenly upon a gang of men distributing cross-ties on the prairie.

"What are you doing?" asked the alderman.

"Scatterin' ties."

"What for?

"Three dollars a day."

"For whom?"

"Th' boss."

"What's his name?"

"I never asked him."

"Where's he headed?"

"He didn't say, but if you're curious or interested an' 'll follow that line of stakes, you'll more'n likely catch up with the engineers drivin' 'em."

Inasmuch as the line of stakes led toward the cow-ranch, the alderman decided to follow. He was not, however, looking for the engineer. He was after the presiding genius of the "Q.'" but he would not say so to the foreman of the tie-gang. Ten minutes later, at the summit of the little hill he met VanLaw.

"Howdy?" said the pathfinder, reaching for the alderman's hand. "How is the herd behaving?" he asked as they both swung down.

"We've had a hot, dry spell," said the alderman, "and I'm afraid I sha'n't be able to hold 'em much longer. The Maverick has gone over to the cause of the Western."

"To the Amateurs, eh?"

"To the Amateurs, and I'm all alone. I've kept them milling for a month, but they're due to stampede any night. The other fellows are working in every direction. Jones & Co., the new real estate firm, buy pages in both the papers, and while they are buying and selling a few inside lots, they are negotiating for a large tract of land near the town for a suburb. Fancy a two-year-old town with coal-oil lamps and horse-cars wanting a suburb."

VanLaw nodded, smiled, and rubbed his chin.

"Jones & Co. are buying for the Western," the alderman went on, "and I hear the mayor is to invite the president out from Boston. This move I can't block. In short, the proposition is becoming too warm to handle. You know you can take a hot potato and by tossing from one hand to the other cool it down, but it's pretty hard on a one-armed man. So long as I had the Maverick to toss it to occasionally, I was confident, but he's been seen."

"What are the Amateurs asking?"

"Depot site, fifty acres for shops and yards, and a cash bonus. What do your people ask?"

"Right of way, that's all."

"Good boy. That makes my job easier. But the other fellow will agree to run trains in and out in six months from the date of contract."

"We can do it in six weeks. Bradford stepped it off last night and assured me that ten miles will take us from the end of the track to your town. Only five miles remain to be built to connect us with the main line at the bridge. We approach the main line along the shoulder of a little lift of table-land and can build up to within half a mile of the connection before we can be seen from the train, which, I may explain, is flagged safely through Lone Tree at a good forty miles an hour. Only night trains stop at Lone Tree now." The alderman smiled approvingly on his friend the pathfinder. While the two men talked the sun sank low in the western sky. A party of engineers drove by in a big buckboard. Down the prairie they saw the tie-men cacheing their shovels and picks in the tall grass. Then they lined up, two abreast, and marched away to camp, the foreman, who knew nothing, in front. As the sun went down the two men parted with a warm handclasp, and the alderman galloped back to his ranch for the night.

Long after the others had gone to sleep VanLaw sat in Bradford's tent and told him what was expected of him.

"Let no man escape to tell the tale from now on, guilty or innocent," said the superintendent, "but try to avoid manslaughter."

Bradford smoked and listened. He knew that all the gang brought out were still with him and the few who had joined since had stayed. He had seen to that. If a man became disgruntled he was humored. If he insisted upon quitting, he was given his time and told to go over to the boarding-tent and stop until the buckboard would be going out to Lone Tree. In each instance the man had been completely baffled and disarmed by this kindness and in a few days, having been shamed by his companions, he returned to work. For the sick he had a splendid hospital and everything that could be desired - everything but transportation. "Certainly," he would say to the sick or discharged, "you can have a pass as soon as I can get a book," and so the prospective traveler would wait patiently, for all men delight to ride free.

Something of importance had been forgotten. VanLaw was going back to Bradford's tent, after having said good night, when be saw the engineer come out and walk to a smoldering fire that had been burning in the open. As VanLaw approached, Bradford stopped, brushed the coals, and put a small book on the fire. As it blazed it lit up the faces of the two road-makers.

"What on earth are you about?" asked the chief.

"Cortez," said Bradford, "burned his boats to keep his men in Mexico. That's a book of passes that your thoughtful chief-clerk sent out to me."

There was a good deal of suppressed excitement in Spike Buck when the alderman returned to camp on the day following his interview with VanLaw. The *Tri-Weekly Herald* had a strong editorial on "The Needs of the Camp." The alderman, who, as editor of his college paper, had learned to mark the style of a writer, saw at a glance that this literature had not originated in the *Herald* office. And then, too, there was a fine chalk cut of Mr. Jones on the front page and the argument was the argument of a man who saw only one railroad headed for Spike Buck and that the Western.

The *Weekly Chronicle*, not to be outdone, came out next day with a full-page ad for Jones & Co. and a warm roast for the "Obstructionist," whom it introduced for the first time as the college chum of Superintendent VanLaw, of the P. D. & Q. road. The *Chronicle* advised the alderman to resign, since it was an open secret that he was on the pay-rolls of the P. D. & Q. This was the only thrust that hurt the alderman, the charge that he had been bribed.

Late in the afternoon the alderman saw a great crowd about the post-office. The people were cheering and as he approached they cheered him. Then they hooted and hissed him. A friend whispered to the alderman that the president of the Western was coming next week.

The alderman attended the special meeting of the council that night and to the surprise of the mayor, the other members, and the spectators, took a great interest in the arrangements that were being made for the entertainment of the distinguished visitor. Some one spoke to the mayor and he named the balky alderman as one of the members of the reception committee that was to meet the president's party at the station. "He's come down some," said the editor of the *Herald.*

"I thought I'd land him," commented the *Chronicle* man, audibly.

The next day the alderman rode out to the cow-ranch and beyond, and the next VanLaw galloped up to Lone Tree - and got his president on the company wire. They talked for an hour and then VanLaw began to issue orders to the engineer in charge of the survey east of Lone Tree to rush his stakes into Spike Buck by the end of the week and locate a depot site. The engineer jumped twenty miles in a single day and began setting stakes again. A young man with a swift-looking cayuse and a cowboy-hat joined the engineering force just before it reached Spike Buck and showed the engineer how to enter and where to plant his last stake.

The assistant superintendent took charge of the construction work on the south branch. Every inch of siding was filled with cars laden with tools and material, scrapers and Missouri mules. The Western detective reported to his company and the Western began building up from the south, confident of their ability to beat the enemy by a month or more. The Western detective was ordered to camp on the trail of the "Q." graders. One night he saw a long line of flats loaded with rails steal out of a siding, west-bound. In the dawn of the next day the spotter walked down the line alone. Some ten miles out he came upon the train of material standing on a blind siding, and went back kicking himself for not having asked his friend the enemy, and saved the long tramp.

When the president of the Western passed through Chicago the president of the P. D. & Q. called upon him and invited him to use the "Q." which would take him within forty miles of Spike Buck, whereas he would be obliged to stage sixty miles from Morgan's Pond on his road. Of course, the traveler was bound to accept the courtesy of the "Q."

Otherwise he would seem to be jealous, while he was not, having the best of it and the sympathy of the good people at Spike Buck.

"I should not be surprised," said the president of the "Q.," if VanLaw would finish our line in time to bring you back by rail. Anyway, we'll back your train down as near to Spike Buck as possible."

"Ah," said the Western man, " you're a great jollier. I like to fight a man who can look fate in the face as you do. Too bad," he added with mock sorrow, as they shook hands, "and young - so young!"

The president of the P. D. & Q. smiled for a long time after leaving his friend. "The dear old chap! Somehow --" but he could not stop now. If he did he could never stop VanLaw - never.

It was well for VanLaw that the excitement in Spike Buck kept the people in town, for the advance-guard of graders was almost in sight of the camp by the end of the week. The engineers had already picked up the line of stakes set by the south-branch surveyors, who had purposely swung round so as to enter the town from the north, and the location was completed. Under cover of the bluffers at Lone Tree, where they were actually laying some tracks and pretending to lay much more, VanLaw built boldly up to the blind-siding at the high bridge and made connection with the main line. This done they could rush material to the front and the line began to creep rapidly toward Spike Buck.

The president of the Western was amazed at the work being done by the "Q." at Lone Tree. He would have liked to look about but the committee hurried him into the canopied buckboard and they were off on the forty-mile drive. Before the dust had settled behind the last vehicle, the assistant superintendent had every grader in the outfit north of the station loaded onto a string of flats and away they went to join the VanLaw force, for this make-believe line had been given its last spike.

The general solicitor of the Western who accompanied the president met the council at the regular meeting that evening and made a formal proposition, asking an immediate reply. His company would, agree to complete their line within six months if the city would give them land for depots and shops. He had seen the folly of asking a cash bonus, since the "Q." were building and asking nothing. The balky alderman rose and a murmur ran through the room. The alderman was pleased, he said, to note that the Western would not insist upon a cash bonus. If nothing better offered he would favor accepting the proposition.

"What would you suggest?" asked the mayor, with a smile, for they all enjoyed seeing the obstruction foiled.

"I'd ask the "Q." people to bid," said the alderman, returning the mayor's smile with interest.

"Can you speak for your company?" asked the Maverick who had been for the "Q." but was not now.

The alderman answered that he had no company and no connection, directly or indirectly, with any company, but he has just learned that the superintendent of the " Q.," who was in charge of the construction work, was at the hotel, having ridden over from the camp that afternoon.

"S'pose he is?" demanded the Maverick, who having deserted the "Q." seemed to blame that company for his conduct. "Can't this board act without his consent? He doesn't own all the council."

The alderman, like the true gentleman that he was, ignored the Maverick.

"If the gentleman wishes to invite his friend to appear before the council," said the solicitor, "pray let him. I shall find no fault."

It was agreed and when VanLaw came in and the alderman rose to introduce him, there was a hush in the city hall.

"Mr. Mayor, gentlemen, this is Mr. VanLaw, general superintendent of the P. D. & Q. Railroad, a great pathfinder and a gentleman. The only thing against him so far as I know - and I have known him all my life - is that he is my friend. I have been accused of having been bribed by him and having been paid by the "Q." company to champion his cause. I should have felt and resented these insults more if they had been offered in the open and by men, but the insinuations have been made covertly and by cowards, moral and physical cowards."

Those who followed the speaker's gaze saw the Maverick shift his glance from the indignant alderman to

the floor. VanLaw was too much of a diplomat to allow himself to become mixed up in this family row. Moreover, he knew his friend would have his day and that it was not far distant. The mayor caused the Western's proposition to be read and then asked VanLaw, playfully, if he could "raise it."

"I think we can do it in three months," said the "Q." man.

"Would you undertake to complete your line in ninety days?" asked the mayor.

"I would."

"I should like to ask, before we proceed, if this gentleman is authorized to make such rash and extravagant promises."

"I think I can satisfy the board on that point," said VanLaw, without looking toward the lawyer. "Let the Western make the terms, and the P. D. & Q. will set the pace."

"The arrangements, as stated in the agreement just read, are entirely satisfactory to the Western. We are not asking for any cash bonus."

"The "Q." never did ask for cash, or for anything but right of way," said VanLaw, "but if the town's got it to burn we'd like to sit by the fire, inasmuch as we're sure to be in town."

"Fix your time limit," said the lawyer, never looking at thc road-maker. Make it six months or six years if you like."

"Suppose we say six weeks?" said VanLaw, gloating.

The lawyer blew smoke, glancing up at the mayor.

"Let us do business," said the mayor, by way of calling the pathfinder to order.

"I'm dead serious," said VanLaw. Six weeks - and the first road in gets the land, and failing to build within the time limit, we forfeit the bonus and pay the regular price."

"I'm talking sense and you are talking nonsense," said the lawyer, dusting the ash from his cigar.

The obstructionist having cooled down, got slowly to his feet. "I would remind the representative of the Western that no one here has questioned his sincerity, much less his authority. Further, it seems to me that all that remains is for him to accept the time limit, since he invited the representative of the P. D. & Q. to fix the time."

The Bostonian got up and gathered up his papers. "Mr. Mayor, gentlemen, I shall not contribute any more of my time and talent to this farce. I bid you good night."

When the lawyer had left them the mayor asked VanLaw what he proposed to do.

"Precisely what I stated. We will build a line to Spike Buck and have a regular through Chicago sleeper leaving here every afternoon within six weeks from to-day, or forfeit our agreement and pay the price, but in any case you'll have a railroad long before the leaves begin to turn."

The city solicitor, who happened to be present, was instructed to draw up the agreement for the mayor and VanLaw to sign before eight o'clock on the following day, as the pathfinder must hurry back to the grading-camp. The solicitor did not disturb his chief that night, but when he told the president at breakfast of the absurd proposition made to him by the "Q." and assured him that the "hams" on the board actually believed it, the president told him to order a conveyance to carry them back to the station at once.

When they had gone six or eight miles, they were held up by a man on foot. The solicitor, leaning out, recognized the hold-up. It was VanLaw. "On behalf of the president of the P. D. & Q.," said he, "I wish to offer you the use of our line. Your special, freshly iced by the limited this morning, is standing just over that little hill."

"Damn me, if I don't believe the fellow's crazy," said the lawyer.

As VanLaw turned and pointed toward the little hill a man on the summit waved his hand and then the deep, musical voice of the iron-horse rolled over the silent prairie. The glad, triumphant cry of that unseen locomotive seemed to tell the whole story. The president leaped from the wagon and grasped the hand of the pathfinder. Arm in arm they walked to the top of the ridge and saw below in the narrow vale a thousand men working like ants, staking, surfacing, and laying track.

"You see," said VanLaw, " I could have made it six days just as well as six weeks."

"Let us sit down," said the president of the Western.

As he spoke he produced a couple of excellent cigars and there he sat and smoked in silence for some time. Presently he said: "Do you know, I am glad I came out here. I've learned a lot today, but tell me, why are you building both ways from Lone Tree?"

"Oh!" said VanLaw, looking at the president of the Western, "we weren't building; we were only four-flushing."

FAST TRAINS OF THE WORLD.

French the Best in Europe,
But the Germans and English Are Not So Slow -
Americans in the Running Too.

French railroad companies are fined for each train which is more than ten minutes late, but the schedules for ordinary traffic are not very exacting. On the other hand, the fast French trains attain a higher average speed than those of any other country on the continent of Europe.

According to a German authority, quoted by the *Railroad Telegrapher*,the average speed of the fastest European trains is as follows: French, fifty-eight miles an hour; English, fifty-five; German, fifty-one. The fastest long run without a stop is the one hundred and eighteen and a half miles from London to Bristol, which is made in exactly two hours. On this run the train drops a coach without reducing speed.

Our fast trains have not been averaged in this manner as yet, but there is no run abroad where high speed is maintained for as great a distance as it is on the eighteen-hour trains from New York to Chicago. These travel nine hundred and eighty miles in one thousand and eighty minutes, or at the rate of fifty-four miles an hour, including stops.

Recently a locomotive, while on a trial trip between Camden and Atlantic City, New Jersey, pulled a train weighing four hundred and fifty-five tons over a mile stretch in a fraction less than thirty-five seconds.

KING OF THE RAIL.

BY LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

Panting and snorting, quite ready to start,
Human almost in the beats of its heart,
Chafing, impatient at any delay,
A clang of the bell, and slowly - away!
Down at each crossing they lower the bars,
Warning the reckless, "Look out for the cars!"
Open the throttle a little more still,
Curb the steel giant's impetuous will.
Just for a moment the speed must be slow,
Gradually out in the country we go.
Give her her head now, but with a firm hand
Keep the rash monster well under command.
Here on a perfectly level, clear track,
Sparks are thrown out from the fuming smoke-stack.
Faster and faster, by green lights and white,
Now let her go with the power of her flight!
Dashing through meadows, through fen, and through brake;
Rushing by streamlet, by river, by lake;
Leaving the mile-posts behind, one by one;
Making a record that's never been run!
Racing through sunshine that gleams golden bright;
Pacing through darkness and shadows of night!
Curb her a little when crossing the bridge,
Slow just a trifle till safe o'er the ridge!
Then on, on again, with courage once more!
Hear her reply with a spurt and a roar;
Whizzing and hissing, leaping and springing,
Grumbling and struggling, writhing and wringing,
Shaking and quaking, rocking and swaying,
The Overland Mail brooks no delaying!
Steaming and rumbling, bounding and bumping,
Dashing and flashing, jerking and jumping,
Down mountain gorges and through forests deep,
Whirling 'round lakes with a swish and a sweep,
Routing the echoes that mocking resound,
See how the monster can cover the ground!
Freighted with happiness, freighted with tears,
Freighted with confidence, freighted with fears,
Look how it rumbles and roars into sight,
An emblem of strength, a picture of might!
Sovereign so powerful, what can avail
With thee in ascendent -- King of the Rail!

"DAN" QUIXOTE.

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

**Author of "The Private War," "Terence O'Rourke,"
"Gentleman Adventurer," etc., etc.**

If there be trouble to herward and a lie of the blackest can clear,
Lie while thy lips can move or a man is alive to hear.
---Kipling: *Certain Maxims of Hafiz.*

**A Tale of "Dan" Maitland, the Millionaire;
"Dan" Anisty, the Gentleman Burglar;
and the Girl in the Case.**

Chapter I.
Dust.

IN the dull, hot dusk of a summer's day, a green touring-car, swinging out of the east driveway of the park, pulled up smartly, trembling on the verge of the Fifty-Ninth Street cartracks, then more sedately (under the watchful regard of a mounted member of the traffic squad) crossed the Plaza and merged itself in the press of southbound vehicles on Fifth Avenue. In the big machine were one grimy, anxious-eyed chauffeur, and five young men, more or less disguised in dust, dusters, and goggles.

Of the passengers, four were in that state of subdued yet vibrant excitement which is apt to follow a long, hard drive over country roads. The fifth was Daniel Maitland, Esq., for whom no introduction is necessary other than mention of the fact that he was - and is - the identical gentleman of wealth and position whose solemn but sincere participation in the wildest of conceivable escapades had earned him the sobriquet of "Mad Maitland." Just at that time, to judge from his preoccupied pose, he was already weary of, if not bored by, the harebrained enterprise which, initiated on the spur of the moment and his own heedless suggestion, had brought him a hundred miles through the heat of a broiling afternoon, with a company of friends as irresponsible as himself, to seek dubious distraction in the night side of the city.

As the automobile progressed down the avenue, picking its way with elephantine nicety, twilight deepening, arc-lights blossoming suddenly upon their bronze columns into spheres of opalescent radiance, Mr. Maitland ceased to respond, ceased even to give heed, to the running fire of chaff, mostly personal,

which occupied his companions. Listlessly engaged with a cigarette, he lounged upon the green leather cushions, half closing his eyes, and heartily wished himself free for the evening.

But he stood committed to the humor of the majority and lacked entirely the shadow of an excuse to desert; in addition to which he was altogether too lazy for the labor of manufacturing a lie of serviceable texture. So he abandoned himself to his fate, even though he foresaw with weariful particularity the program of the coming hours. To begin with, thirty minutes were to be devoted to a bath and dressing in his rooms. This was a prospect not so unpleasant to contemplate. It was the afterwards that repelled him: the dinner at Madeira's, the subsequent tour of the roof-gardens, the late supper at a club, and then, prolonged far into the small hours, the session around some green-covered table in a close room reeking with the fumes of good tobacco and hot with the fever of gambling.

Abstractedly Maitland frowned, tersely summing up the situation. " Beastly!" said he in an undertone. At this the green car wheeled abruptly around a corner below Thirty-Fourth Street, slid east half a block or more, and came to a palpitating halt. Maitland, looking up, recognized the entrance to his apartments, and sighed with relief for the brief respite from boredom that was to be his. He arose, negligently shaking off his duster, and stepped down to the sidewalk.

Somebody in the car called to him, and turning for a moment he stood at attention, an eyebrow raised quizzically, cigarette drooping from the corner of his mouth, hat pushed back from his forehead, hands in coat pockets, a tall, slender, sparely built figure of a man, clothed immaculately in flannels. When at length he was able to make himself heard -

"Good enough," he said clearly, though without raising his voice: "Madeira's in an hour. Right. Now, behave yourselves."

"Mind you show up on time!"

"Never fear," returned Maitland over his shoulder.

A witticism was flung back at him from the retreating car, but passed unregarded. Maitland's attention was completely distracted by the contemplation of the very unusual sight of a young and attractive woman coming out of a home for confirmed bachelors.

His apartment house stood upon a quiet block in a neighborhood severely respectable, a little west of Madison Avenue. An old-fashioned building, it contained but five suites of rooms, and these were exclusively occupied by men of his set and acquaintance. The janitor, himself a widower and confirmed misogynist, lived alone in the basement. Barring very special occasions when some one of the tenants felt called upon to give a tea in partial recognition of social obligations, no woman ever crossed the threshold of the building.

Therefore was Maitland astonished, and the more so because of the season. At any other time of the year he would readily have accounted for the phenomenon that now fell under his observation on the hypothesis that the woman was somebody's sister or cousin or aunt. But at present that explanation was unsatisfactory; he happened to know that not one of the tenants was in town, barring himself - and his own presence there was a thing entirely unforeseen.

Still incredulous, he mentally conned the list: Barnes, who occupied the first flat, was traveling on the continent; Conkling, of the third, had left a fortnight since to join a yachting party in the Mediterranean; Bannister and Wilkes of the fourth and fifth floors were in Newport and Buenos Ayres.

"Odd!" concluded Maitland.

So it was. She had just closed the door, apparently, and now stood poised, as if in momentary indecision, on the low stoop, glancing toward Fifth Avenue the while she fidgeted with a refractory button on a long

white kid glove. Blurred though it was by the darkling twilight as well as by a thin veil, her face yet conveyed an impression of prettiness, an impression enhanced by careful grooming. From her hat, a small thing, something green with a superstructure of gray ostrich feathers, to the tips of her russet shoes - including her walking skirt and bolero of shimmering gray silk - she was distinctly "smart" and interesting.

He had keenly observant eyes, had Maitland, for all his detached pose; you are to understand that he comprehended all these points in the flickering of an instant, for the incident was over in two seconds. In one the lady's hesitation was resolved; in another she had passed down the steps and swept by Maitland without a glance, without even the trembling of an eyelash. And then he had a view of her back as she moved swiftly away toward the avenue.

Perplexed, he lingered upon the stoop until she had turned the corner, after which he let himself in with a latchkey and, dismissing the affair temporarily from his thoughts, or pretending to do so, ascended the single flight of stairs to his flat. Simultaneously heavy feet were to be heard clumping up the basement steps, and surmising that the janitor was coming to light the gas in the hall, the young man waited, leaning over the banisters. His guess proving correct, he called down:

"O'Hagan? Is that you?"

Th' saints presarve us ! But 'twas yersilf gave me th' sthart, Misther Maitland, sor!" O'Hagan paused in the gloom below, his upturned face quaintly illuminated by the flame of a wax taper in his gas-lighter.

"I'm dining in town to-night, O'Hagan, and dropped in to dress. Is anybody else at home?"

"Nivver a wan, sor. Shure, th' house do be quiet's anny tomb -"

"Then who was that lady who just came out, O'Hagan?"

"Leddy, sor?" - in unbounded amazement.

"Yes," impatiently. "A young lady left this house just as I was coming in. Who was she?"

"Shure an' I think ye must be dr'amin', sor. Divvle a female - rayspicts to ye - has been in this house for manny th' wake, sor."

"But, I tell you -"

"Belike 'twas some wan jist sthepped into the vesthibule, mebbe to tie her shoe, sor, and ye thought -"

"Oh, very well." Maitland gave up the inquiry as profitless. More than likely, he was prepared to concede, O'Hagan's theory was the right one; he could not have sworn that the woman had actually come out by the door; it was merely an impression, honest enough, but circumstantial.

"When you're through, O'Hagan," he told the Irishman, "you may come and shave me and lay out my things, if you will."

"Very good, sor. In wan moment."

Occasionally, in the absence of their valets, O'Hagan attended in that capacity one or another of the five bachelors, and, all things considered, made a very satisfactory gentleman's gentleman. He was, however, a trifle vague as to the duration of time; his one minute - had lengthened into ten ere he appeared to wait upon Maitland. The latter, with patience unruffled, employed the interval idly wandering through the flat, lighting the gas in every room and noting that all was as it should be, save that everything was badly in need of dusting. A memorandum was made of this circumstance to be spoken of to O'Hagan as something coming within the scope of his duties. As things turned out, however, Maitland's remarks to the janitor

were very different from those he had contemplated.

In the end he brought up in the room that served him as study and lounging room, the "parlor" of the flat, fronting on the street. Standing beneath the chandelier, he looked about him for a moment. Here as elsewhere all was in order, but dusty.

Finding the atmosphere stale and oppressive, Maitland went to the windows and threw them open. A gush of warm air, humid and redolent of the streets, invaded the room, together with the roar of traffic. He rested his elbows on the sill and leaned out, staring absently into the night, for by now it was quite dark. Without concern he realized that he would be late at dinner; no matter, he would as willingly miss it altogether. For the time being he was absorbed in vain speculation about an unknown woman whose sole claim upon his consideration lay in a certain but quite immaterial glamour of mystery. Had she, or had she not, been in the house? And if she had, for what purpose? Upon what errand?

His eyes focused upon the void of darkness beneath him - night made visible by the street-lamps - he found himself suddenly and acutely sensible of the wonder and mystery of the city; the city whose secret life was fluent upon the hot, hard pavements below, whose voice throbbed, sibilant, vague, strident, inarticulate, upon the night-air; the city of which he was a part equally with the girl in gray whom he had never seen before and was never in all likelihood to see again, though the two of them were to work out their destinies within the bounds of Manhattan Island. And yet --

"It would be strange," he said thoughtfully, "if -" He shook his head, smiling. "'Two shall be born,'" quoted Mad Maitland sentimentally, "'Two shall be born the whole wide world apart -'"

A piano-organ, having maliciously sneaked up beneath his window, drove him indoors with a crash of metallic melody. As he dropped the curtains his eye was caught by a gleam of white upon his desk, a letter that had been placed there, doubtless by O'Hagan, in Maitland's absence. At the same time, a splashing and gurgling of water from the direction of the bathroom informed him that the janitor-valet was even then preparing the bath. But that could wait.

Maitland took up the envelope and tore the flap, remarking the name and address of his lawyer in its upper left-hand corner. Unfolding the enclosure he read a date a week old, and two lines requesting him to communicate with his legal adviser upon "a matter of pressing moment."

"Bother," said Maitland. "What the dickens."

He pulled up short, eyes lighting.

"That's so, you know," he argued.

"Bannermann will be delighted, and - and even business is better than rushing round town and pretending to enjoy yourself when it's hotter than the seven brass hinges. ... I'll do it!"

He stepped quickly to a telephone in one corner of the room, gave Central a number, and in a brief moment was in communication with the residence of the lawyer.

"This is Mr. Maitland. I wish to speak with Mr. Bannermann. ... That you, Bannermann? ... Yes. Been out of town and just got your letter. Only in for to-night. ... Entirely at your service. Can you dine with me at the Primordial? ... Good enough. In half an hour, then. Good-by."

Maitland hung up the receiver, waited a bit, and put it again to his ear. This time he called up Madeira's and requested the head-waiter to make his excuses to "Mr. Cressy and his party"; Mr. Maitland was detained upon a matter of business but would endeavor to join them later in the evening. With a satisfied smile he turned back to the desk, with purpose to replace the letter.

"Bath's ready, sor."

O'Hagan's announcement fell upon heedless ears. Maitland was motionless before his desk - transfixed with amazement.

"Bath's ready, sor "-imperatively.

"Maitland roused slightly. "Very well, in a minute, O'Hagan."

Wondering, he bent forward and drew the tip of one forefinger across the dark, polished wood of the desk. It left a dark, heavy line, and beside it, clearly defined in a thick layer of dust, was the silhouette of a hand, a woman's hand, small, delicate, unmistakably feminine of contour.

"Well!" declared Maitland frankly, "I am damned!"

Further and closer inspection developed the fact that the imprint had been only recently made. Within the hour unless Mad Maitland were indeed mad or dreaming - a woman had stood by his desk and rested her hand, palm down, upon it; not yet had the dust had time to settle and blur the sharp outlines.

Maitland shook his head with bewilderment, thinking of the gray girl. But no. He rejected his half-formed explanation - the obvious one. Besides, what had he there worth a thief's while? Beyond a few "articles of virtue and bigotry" and his pictures, there was nothing valuable in the entire flat. His papers? But he had nothing; a handful of letters, a check-book, a bank-book - all useless. Still -

It was a flat-topped desk of mahogany, with two pedestals of drawers, locked. Maitland determined this latter fact by trying to open them without a key; failing in which he produced a key-ring and had the drawers open in a jiffy. But their contents were undisturbed. And again he wagged his head from side to side, in solemn stupefaction. "This is beyond me. But I've got to know what it means."

O'Hagan was shuffling his impatience in the hall. Pondering, Maitland relocked the drawers and got upon his feet. A small bowl of beaten brass, which he used as an ash-receiver, stood ready to his hand. He took it up, carefully blew it clean of dust, and inverted it over the print of the hand. On top of the bowl he placed a heavy book.

"O'Hagan!"

"Waitin', sor."

"Come here, O'Hagan. ... You see that desk? I want you not to touch it. Don't touch anything on it until I give you permission. Don't even dust it. Understand?"

"Yiss, sor; very good, sor."

Chapter II.
The Gray Girl.

BANNERMANN pushed his chair a few inches, shifting his position so that he faced the window. Maitland, twisting the sticky stem of his liqueur glass, sat in silence waiting for the lawyer to speak. But the latter was in no hurry; his mood was rather contemplative and genial. Mad Maitland was known as a man thoroughly conversant with the art of ordering a dinner; that which they had just discussed had been exceptional. Bannermann drew pensively at his cigar and thought with fond regret of the salad; it was not every day that one's existence was gladdened by such a salad.

Maitland flicked the ash from his cigarette and his eyes followed the lawyer's gaze out through the open window. Because of the excessive heat the curtains were looped back and there was nothing to obstruct the view. Madison Square lay beneath, a wilderness of foliage here and there made vivid by electric lamps, its walks teeming with humanity, benches crowded, fountain splashing faintly in the distance. The whole was flanked by the towering hotels on Broadway, whence came the rumbling groan of the surface-cars like the tortured protest of a chained brute.

Again Maitland thought of the city, and of destiny, and the gray girl, the impress of whose hand was imprisoned beneath the brazen bowl in his study. For by now he was quite satisfied that she and none other had invaded the privacy of his apartments in his absence, obtaining entrance by means as indefinable as her motive. For the moment he was strongly tempted to take Bannermann into his confidence, but he resisted the impulse. Bannermann was so severely practical, and this business so madly whimsical and impossible. ... If she had made away with anything it would have been different. But -

"I'm waiting, old man," Maitland suggested. "What's up?"

Bannermann unwillingly put the salad out of mind and turned his attention to his client. "Oh, I don't know," he said, smiling, "I dare say you're thinking that 'a matter of pressing moment' that can wait a week can wait longer. It's nothing excessively important, perhaps; only I have been worried by your utterly careless habits, and dropped you that line on the impulse of the moment."

Maitland grinned. "What now?" he demanded. "Don't read me a lecture to-night. If that's what you've got on your chest, wait until some morning when I'm in the humor for it."

"No lecture," Bannermann laughed. "But - well, I've been wondering what you are going to do with the Maitland jewels."

"What? Oh, those things? They're safe enough - in the safe out at Greenfields."

"To be sure, quite safe." said the lawyer, with irony. "Oh, quite!" And he proceeded to take all Madison Square into his confidence, addressing it from the window: "Here's a young man, sole proprietor of a priceless collection of family heirlooms - diamonds, rubies, sapphires, galore - and he thinks they're safe enough in a safe in his country residence on Long Island, fifty miles from anywhere! What a simple, trustful soul it is!"

"Why should I bother?" argued Maitland sulkily. "It's a good, strong safe, and - and there are plenty of servants around," he concluded vaguely.

Precisely. Likewise plenty of burglars. You don't suppose a determined criminal like Anisty, for instance, would bother himself about a handful of thick-headed servants, do you?"

"Anisty?" with the rising inflection of inquiry.

Bannermann squared himself to face his host, elbows on table. "You don't mean to say you've not heard of Anisty, the great Anisty?" he demanded.

"I suppose I have," Maitland conceded, unperturbed. "Name sounds familiar, somehow."

"Anisty," deliberately, "is said to be the greatest jewel thief the world has ever known. He has the police of America and Europe by the ears to catch him. They've been hot on his trail for the past three years and would have nabbed him a dozen times if only he'd had the grace to stay in one place long enough. He's the man who made off with the Bracegirdle diamonds, wrecking a burglar-proof-safe to get 'em - don't you remember?"

"Yes," Maitland admitted, "I recall that affair, now that you mention it. Well, what about Anisty?"

"Only what I have told you, together with the fact that a detective from the central office called on me some time ago, failing to find you at home and being directed to me by the janitor. He came to advise me that Anisty was believed to be in New York, and that it would be wise to put the Maitland jewels in a safe-deposit vault, if that had not already been done."

"Um-m-m," said Maitland. "They think Mr. Anisty has his eye on my property, eh?"

"It's a big enough haul to attract him," said the lawyer earnestly. "Anisty always aims high. ... Now will you do what I have been asking you to do for the past eight years?"

"Seven," corrected Maitland punctiliously. "It's just seven years since I entered into my inheritance and you became my counselor."

"Well, seven, then. Will you put those jewels in safe deposit?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"But when?"

"Will it suit you if I run out to Greenfields to-night?" Maitland demanded, so abruptly that Bannermann was disconcerted.

"I ask nothing better."

"I'll bring them in to your office to-morrow. You arrange about the vault, will you, like a good fellow?"

"Bless my soul! I never dreamed that you would be so - so -"

"Amenable to discipline?" Maitland grinned, boylike, and, leaning back, inspected Bannermann's startled expression with keen enjoyment. "Well, consider that for once you've scared me. I'm off - just time to catch the ten-twenty for Greenfields. Waiter!"

He scrawled his name at the bottom of the card presented to him, and arose.

"Sorry, Bannermann," he said, chuckling, "to cut short a pleasant evening. But you shouldn't frighten me so, you know. Pardon me if I run; I might miss that train."

"But there was something else -"

"It can wait."

"Take a later train, then."

"What! With this grave peril hanging over me! Impossible! 'Night."

Bannermann, discomfited, saw Maitland's shoulders disappear through the dining-room doorway, meditated pursuit, thought better of it and reseated himself, smiling.

"Mad Maitland, indeed!" he commented.

As for the gentleman so characterized, he emerged a moment later from the portals of the club, still chuckling mildly to himself as he struggled into a light evening overcoat. His temper, having run the gamut of boredom, interest, perturbation, mystification, and plain amusement, was now altogether inconsequential, a dangerous mood for Maitland. Standing on the corner of Twenty-Sixth Street, he thought it over, tapping the sidewalk gently with his cane. Should he or should he not carry out his intention as declared to Bannermann and go to Greenfields that same night, or should he keep his belated engagement with Cressy's party?

An errant cabby, cruising aimlessly but hopefully, sighted the tall figure with the white shirt-bosom from a distance and bore down with a gallant clatter of hoofs. "Kebsir?" he demanded breathlessly, pulling in at the corner.

Maitland came out of his reverie and looked up slowly. " Why, yes, thank you," said he amiably.

"Where to, sir?"

Maitland paused on the forward deck of the craft and faced about, looking the cabby squarely in the eye. "I leave that to you," he replied politely. "Just as you please."

The driver gasped.

"You see," Maitland continued with a courteous smile, "I have two engagements: one at Madeira's, the other with the ten-twenty train from Long Island City. What would you, as man to man, advise me to do, cabby?"

"Well, sir, seem' as you puts it to me straight," returned the cabby with engaging candor, "I'd go home, sir, if I was you, afore I got any worse."

"Thank you," gravely. "Long Island City depot, then, cabby." Maitland extended himself languidly upon the cushions. "Surely," he told the night, "the driver knows best - he and Bannermann."

They started jogging so sedately up Madison Avenue that Maitland glanced at his watch and elevated his brows dubiously; then with his stick poked open the trap in the roof of the vehicle. "If you really think it best for me to go home, cabby, you'll have to drive like hell," he suggested mildly.

"Yessir!" A whiplash cracked loudly over the horse's back, the hansom lurched into Thirty-Fourth Street on one wheel, and was presently jouncing eastward over rough cobbles at a pace which roused the gongs of surface-cars to a clangor of hysterical expostulation. In a trice the L extension was roaring overhead and the ferry-gates yawning before them. Again Maitland consulted his watch, commenting briefly: "In time."

Yet he reckoned without his ferry, one of whose employees deliberately and implacably swung the gates shut in the very face of the astonished cab-horse, which promptly rose upon its hind legs and pawed the air with gestures of exasperation. To no avail, however; the gates remained closed, the cabby (with language) reined his steed back a yard or two, and Maitland, lighting a cigarette, composed himself to simulate

patience. Then followed a wait of ten minutes or so, during which a number of vehicles joined company with the cab; the passenger was vaguely aware of the soft, jarring purr of an automobile, like that of some huge cat in the immediate rear, a circumstance which he had occasion to recall before long.

At length the gates were opened again, the bridge cleared of incoming traffic, and Maitland's cabby drove aboard the ferry-boat, with nice consideration selecting the choicest stand of all well out upon the forward deck. A moment later a motor-car slid humming in on the right of the hansom.

Maitland sat forward, resting his arms on the apron, and jerked his cigarette out over the gates. The glowing stub described a fiery arc and took the water with a hiss. Warm whiffs of the river's moist and salty breath fanned his face gratefully and he became aware that there was a moon. His gaze roving at will, he nodded an even-tempered approbation of the night's splendor, in the city a thing unsuspected. Never, he thought, had he known moonlight so pure, so silvery and strong. The shadows of the collapsible gates fell along the forward deck as if stenciled in lampblack upon white marble. Beyond the boat's blunt, rounded nose the East River stretched its restless, dark reaches, glossy, black, woven with gorgeous ribbons of reflected light streaming from the pier-head lamps of the farther shore. Overhead the sky, a pallid and luminous blue around to low-swung moon, shaded to profound depths of bluish-black toward the horizon. Above Brooklyn rested a tenuous haze. A revenue cutter, a slim, pale shape, cut across the bows like a hunted ghost. Farther out a homeward bound excursion steamer, tier upon tier of glittering lights, drifted slowly toward a pier beneath the new bridge, the blare of its band swelling and dying upon the night-breeze.

Presently Maitland's attention was distracted and drawn by the abrupt cessation of its motor's pulsing to the automobile on his right. He lifted his chin sharply, narrowing his eyes, and whistled low; thereafter he had interest in nothing else. The car he saw with the experienced eye of a connoisseur was a recent model of one of the most expensive and popular foreign makes, built on lines that promised a deal of speed and equipped with engines pregnant with multiplied horse-power, all in all not the sort of car one would expect to see a lone woman operating, least of all after ten of a summer's night.

Nevertheless its single occupant was a woman and there was that in her bearing, an indefinable something - whether the carriage of her head and shoulders, which was spirited and independent, or a certain air of self-confidence and reliance to set Mad Maitland's pulses drumming with excitement. For, unless he labored gravely under a misapprehension, he was observing her for the second time within the past four hours. Could he be mistaken, or was this in truth the woman who had, as he believed, made herself free of his rooms that evening? There was the hue of her attire to confirm his suspicion: it was all gray. Her head and face were thoroughly well protected against inquisitive glances by a veil of misty gray, drawn in and daintily knotted beneath her chin; her hands, too - they were small - were hidden in light gauntlets of gray kid and a light wrap of gray linen, cut full and flowing, cloaked her figure completely.

But nothing could conceal the fact that she was quite small and girlishly slender, like the woman in the doorway, nor did aught temper the impersonal and detached composure of her bearing, also identical with that of the woman in the doorway. And, again, she was alone. ... Yes? Or, no? And if yes, what was he to do? Alight and accost her, accuse her of forcing an entrance to his rooms for the sole purpose, so far as he knew, of leaving him the outline of her hand in the dust of his desk's top? Hardly that. Maitland was daringly eccentric and careless of the world's opinion, but he scarcely cared either to be laughed at by the gray girl, or to he set upon and soundly pummeled by his fellow passengers for offering an insult to an unprotected woman.

He was still pondering ways and means when the boat, to his intense surprise, bumped into the Long Island City ferry-slip. "The devil!" exclaimed Maitland in dismay. He had been so absorbed with his problem that the passage from shore to shore had taken place without his knowledge. And now, he realized, it was too late to take any steps; in another five minutes at most the gray girl, with her attendant mystery, would have slipped away from him. Sulkily he resigned himself to the inevitable - saw the woman straighten up briskly as the boat stopped and, bending forward, start the motor. A little later, when the gates were open and the

restraining chain down, he saw the car sweep away over the bridge and out of sight at a very considerable, even if lawful, rate of speed.

Whereupon Mr. Maitland, cursing his lack of inventiveness, paid off his cabby and, to that worthy's intense amazement, walked into the waiting-room without wavering a hairbreadth from the straight and narrow path of the sober in mind and body.

The ten-twenty had departed by a bare two minutes. The next and last train for Greenfields was to leave at ten-fifty-nine. Maitland, with assumed nonchalance, composed himself upon a bench in the waiting-room to endure the thirty-seven-minute interval. Five minutes later an able-bodied washerwoman with six children in quarter sizes descended upon the same bench, and the young man in desperation allowed himself to be dispossessed. The news-stand next attracting him, he garnered a fugitive amusement and twenty-four copper cents by the simple process of purchasing six "night extras," which he did not want, and paying for each with a five-cent piece. Comprehending, at length, that he had irritated the newsdealer, he meandered off, jingling his copper fortune in one hand, his newspapers in the other, and made a determined attack on a slot machine. The latter having vomited twenty-four assorted samples of chewing-gum and stale sweetmeats, Maitland returned to the washerwoman and sowed dissension in her brood by presenting the treasure-horde to the eldest girl with instructions to share it with her brothers and sisters.

It is difficult to imagine what folly might next have been recorded against him had not, at that moment, a ferocious and inarticulate howl from the train-starter announced the fact that the ten-fifty-nine was in waiting.

He settled himself as comfortably as he could in the smoker and endeavored to find surcease of ennui in his collection of extras. In vain; even a two column portrait of Mr. Dan Anisty, cracksman, accompanied by a lurid catalogue of that worthy's achievements in the field of polite burglary, hardly stirred his interest, and an elusive resemblance which he traced in the features of Mr. Anisty, as presented by the sketch-artists-on-the-spot to some one whom he, Maitland, had known in the dark backward and abysm of time, merely drew from him the comment: Homely brute!"

He laid the papers aside, cradling his chin in the palm of his hand and staring out of the car-window at a reeling and moon-smitten landscape. He yawned exhaustively, his thoughts astray between a girl garbed all in gray, Bannermann's earnest and thoughtful face, and the pernicious activities of Mr. Daniel Anisty, at whose door Maitland laid the responsibility for his most fatiguing errand.

The brakeman's wolf-like yelp, "Greenfields," was ringing in his ears when he awoke and stumbled down the aisle and car-steps just in the nick of time. The train, whisking around a curve cloaked by a belt of somber pines, left him quite alone in the world, thrown utterly on his own resources.

An hour had passed and it was mid-night. The moon rode high, a cold white disk upon a background of sapphire velvet. Its pellucid rays revealed with disheartening distinctiveness the dark and inanimate roadside hamlet called Greenfields - the general store and post-office, the hotel so-called, the straggling line of dilapidated habitations, all wrapt in silence profound and impenetrable. Not a belated villager was in sight; not even a dog barked; and it was a moral certainty that the local livery service had closed down for the night.

Nevertheless, Maitland, with a hardihood bred of desperation at the prospect of a five-mile tramp, spent some ten valuable minutes hammering upon the door of the house infested by the proprietor of the livery-stable. He succeeded only in waking the dog, and, inasmuch as he was not on friendly terms with that animal, withdrew at discretion and set his face northward upon the open road. It stretched before him invitingly enough, a silver ribbon winding between patches of pine and scrub-oak or fields lush with rustling corn and wheat. Having over come his primary disgust as the blood began to circulate more briskly in his veins, Maitland became aware that he was actually enjoying his enforced exercise. It could have been hardly otherwise with a night so sweet, with airs so bland, so fragrant of the woods and of fresh-turned earth, with so clear a light to define his way

He stepped out briskly at first, swinging his stick and watching his shadow, a squat, incredibly agitated silhouette in the golden dust. But gradually, insensibly, the peaceful influences of that still and lovely hour tempered his impatience, and he found himself walking at a pace more leisurely. After all, there was no hurry; he was unwearied, and Maitland Manor was less than five miles distant.

Thirty minutes passed and he had covered less than a third of the way, yet was content. By remembered landmarks he knew that he was close upon the little stream called, by courtesy, Myannis River, and, in due course, stepped out upon the long wooden structure that spans that water. He was close to the farther end when, upon a chance impulse, he glanced over the nearest guardrail down at the bed of the creek, and stopped incontinently, gaping. Stationary in the immediate center of the depression, hub-deep in the shallow waters, was an automobile - and the same automobile which had occupied his thoughts on the ferry-boat. Less wonderful, perhaps - but to him amazing enough - in the driver's seat was the girl in gray.

The succession of coincidences had hardened him; the first shock of surprise over, he stood in silent contemplation, interested but beyond capacity for astonishment. Evidently the girl had not heard his footsteps, deadened as they had been by the deep soft blanket of dust on the bed of the bridge. She sat motionless, apparently lost in reverie, temporarily unconscious of the embarrassing predicament which was hers. So complete, indeed, was her abstraction, that Maitland found himself speculating upon the reality of her. A wraith of the night she might well have seemed to him, a shimmer of gray as she was, slight and unsubstantial to behold, still as any mouse.

He noted that her veil was now raised, but her countenance remained so deeply shadowed by the visor of her mannish motoring-cap that he received only a dim and unsatisfactory impression of her features, but enticing, however dim. Maitland turned noiselessly, rested his elbows on the rail, and staring down framed a theory to account for her position, if not for her patience.

On either hand the road struck off at a tangent, down the banks and into the river-bed. It was plausible to presume that the girl had lost control of the machine and that, taking the bit between its teeth, it had swung gaily down the incline to its bath. Why she lingered there was, however, less patent. The water, as has been indicated, was some inches below the chassis of the car; it did not seem possible that it could have interfered with the running-gear or the motor.

At this point in Maitland's meditations the gray girl appeared to have arrived at a decision. She straightened up suddenly with a little resolute nod of her head, raised one small foot to her knee, and began to fumble with the laces of her shoe. Maitland grasped her intention to abandon the machine: she was determined to wade! Clearly then there had been a breakdown, irreparable so far as frail, feminine hands were concerned. After one shoe another would doubtless be removed, and then. ... The witness was moved to protest, out of sheer chivalry.

"Don't!" he cried hastily. "I say, don't wade!"

Her superb composure claimed his admiration. Absolutely ignorant though she had been of his proximity, the voice from out of the skies evidently alarmed her not at all. Still bending over the shoe she turned her head slowly and looked up.

"Oh!" said a small voice tinged with relief. Knotting the laces again, she sat up. "I didn't hear you, you know."

"Nor did I see you," Maitland supplemented unblushingly, "until a moment ago. I - er - can I be of assistance?"

"Can't you?"

"Idiot! " said Maitland severely, both to and of himself, then aloud: "I think I can."

"I hope so," doubtfully. "It's very unfortunate. I ... was running rather fast, I suppose, and didn't see the slope until too late. "Now," opening her hands with a gesture ingenuously charming with its suggestion of helplessness and dependence, "I don't see what can be the matter with the machine."

"I'm coming down," said Maitland briefly. "Wait."

"Thank you, I shall."

She laughed and Maitland could have blushed for the inanity of his caution; happily he had action to cloak his discomfiture. In a twinkling he was at the water's edge, pausing there to listen with admirable docility to her plaintive objection: "But you'll get wet and - and ruin your clothing. I can't ask that of you."

He chuckled, by way of reply slapping gallantly into the shallows and courageously wading out to the side of the tonneau. Whereupon he was warned, in tones of fluttered indignation: "You simply wouldn't listen to me! And I warned you! Now you're soaking wet and will catch your death of cold and - and what can I do? Truly I am sorry -"

Here the young man lost track of her remarks. He was looking up into the shadow of the motoring-cap, discovering things. The shadow was set at naught by the moonglare reflected from the surface of the stream, and the face that bent above him was invested with a gentle radiance. He caught his breath sharply, his direst fears confirmed. She was pretty, indeed perilously pretty. The firm, resolute chin, the sensitive sweet line of scarlet lips, the straight little nose, the brows delicately arched, the large, alert eyes with the dangerous shadows beneath them, the glint as of raw copper where her hair caught the light - Maitland appreciated them all far too well, and clutched nervously at the rail of the seat, trying to steady himself, to re-collect his whirling thoughts and consider sensibly that belike it all lay in the magic of the moon, this bewitching apparition that looked down upon him so gravely.

"Of course," he mumbled, "it's too wonderful to endure. Of course it will all fade away, vanish utterly in the cold light of day."

Above him perplexed brows gathered, "I beg pardon?"

"I - er - yes," he stammered at random.

"You - er - what?"

Positively she was laughing at him! He, Maitland the exquisite, Mad Maitland, the imperturbable, was being laughed at by a mere child, a girl scarcely out of her teens! He glanced upward, caught her eye agleam with merriment, and looked away with much dignity.

"I was saying," he manufactured, "that I did not mind the wetting in the least. I'm happy to be of service."

"You weren't saying anything of the sort," she contradicted calmly. "However -," She paused significantly.

Maitland experienced .an instantaneous sensation of furtive guilt, as though he had been caught in the wrong. It was the reverse of comfortable. He shuffled uneasily. There was a brief silence, on her part expectant, on his blank. His mental attitude was hopeless. For some mysterious reason his nonchalance had deserted him in the hour of need; not in all his experience did he remember anything like it - any situation as awkward.

The river purled indifferently about his calves; a vagrant breeze stirred the tree-tops and died of sheer lassitude; time plodded on with measured stride. Then, of a sudden, full-winged inspiration was born out of the chaos of his mind. Listening intently, he glanced with covert suspicion at the bridge; it proved untenanted and inoffensive of mien, nor was there any sound of hoof or wheel upon the roadway. Again he looked up at the girl and found her in thoughtful mood, frowning, regarding him steadily from beneath

level brows.

He assumed a disarming levity of demeanor, smiling winningly. "There's only one way," he suggested - not too archly - and extended his arms.

"Indeed?" She considered him with pardonable dubiety.

He became as adamant. "I must carry you. It's the only way."

"Oh, indeed no! I - couldn't impose upon you. I'm - very heavy, you know -"

"Never mind," firmly insistent. "You can't stay here all night, of course."

"But are you sure?" She was yielding. "I don't like to -"

He shook his head, careful to restrain the twitching at the corners of his lips. "It will take but a moment," he urged gravely, "and I promise to be careful."

"Well -" She perceived that, if not right, he was stubborn, and with a final small gesture of deprecation weakly surrendered. "I'm sorry to be such a nuisance," she murmured, rising and gathering her skirts about her.

Maitland opened the door of the tonneau, stoutly denying the base insinuation: "I am only too glad -" She balanced herself lightly upon the step, while he moved nearer and assured himself of a firm foothold on the pebbly river-bed. She sank gracefully into his arms, proving a considerable burden - weightier, in fact, than he had anticipated. He was somewhat staggered; it seemed that he embraced countless yards of ruffles and things ballasted with, at a shrewd guess, lead. He swayed, then, recovering his equilibrium incautiously glanced into her eyes, and lost it again, completely.

"I was mistaken," he told himself; "daylight will but enhance -"

She held herself considerately still, perhaps wondering why he made no move. But perhaps she didn't wonder. There is reason to believe that she may have suspected - being a woman. At length, "Is there anything I can do," she inquired meekly, "to make it easier for you?"

"I'm afraid," he replied, attitude apologetic, "that I must ask you to put your arm around my ne - my shoulders. It would be more natural."

The monosyllable was heavy with meaning, with any one of a dozen meanings, in truth. Maitland debated the most obvious. Did she imagine he had insinuated that it was his habit to ferry armfuls of attractive femininity over rocky fords by the light of a midnight moon? No matter. While he thought it out, she was consenting, and a slender arm was passed around his neck. As though he had waited only for that, he began to wade cautiously shoreward. The distance lessened perceptibly. He contemplated the decreasing interval without joy, for all that she was of an appreciable weight; there are compensations for all burdens.

Unconsciously, inevitably her head sank toward his shoulder; he was aware of her breath, fragrant and warm, upon his cheek. He stopped abruptly, cold chills running up and down his back, and gritted his teeth and shuddered. "What is the matter?" she demanded, deeply concerned but at pains not to stir.

Maitland made a strange noise with his tongue behind clenched teeth. "Urrrrgh," he said distinctly. She lifted her head, startled, and relief followed, intense and instantaneous.

"I'm sorry," he said humbly, face aflame, "but you - tickled."

"I'm - so - sorry," she gasped, violently agitated for an instant. Then she laughed, a low, almost silent little laugh, as with deft fingers she tucked away the errant lock of hair.

"Ass!" Maitland told himself fiercely, striding forward.

In another moment they were on dry land. The girl slipped from his arms and faced him, eyes dancing, cheeks crimson, lips a tense, quivering line. He met this phase with a rueful smile.

"But - thank you - but," she gasped explosively, "it was so funny!"

Wounded dignity melted before her laughter. For a time, there in the moonlight, under the scornful regard of the disabled motor-car's twin headlights, those two rocked and shrieked, while the silent night flung back disdainfully echoes of their mad laughter. Perhaps the insane incongruity of their performance was first apparent to the girl; she, at all events, first controlled herself. Maitland subsided, rumbling, while she dabbed at her eyes with a wisp of lace and linen.

"Forgive me," she said faintly, at length; "I didn't mean to -"

"How could you help it? Who'd expect a hulking brute like myself to be ticklish?"

"You are awfully good," she countered more calmly.

"Don't say that. I'm a clumsy lout. But -" He held her gaze inquiringly, "but may I ask -?"

"Oh, of course - certainly. I am - was - bound for Greenpoint-on-the-Sound -"

"Ten miles!" he interrupted.

The corners of her lips drooped, her brows puckered with dismay. Instinctively she glanced toward the waterbound car. "What am I to do?" she cried. "Ten miles! ... I could never walk it, never in the world! You see, I went to town to-day to do a little shopping. As we were coming home my chauffeur was arrested for careless driving. He had bumped a delivery-wagon - it wasn't really his fault. I telephoned home for money to bail him out and my father said he would bring it in. Then I dined, returned to the police-station, and waited. Nobody came. I couldn't stay there all night. I phoned to everybody I knew, until my money gave out, but not one was in town. At last I started home, alone."

Maitland nodded comprehension. "Your father -?" he hinted delicately.

"Judge Erastus Wentworth," she explained hastily. "We have rented the Grover place at Greenpoint for the season."

"I see," thoughtfully. And this was the girl who he had believed had been in his rooms that evening, in his absence! Oh, clearly, that was impossible. Her tone rang clear with truth -

She interrupted his train of thought with a cry of despair. "What will they think!"

"I dare say," he ventured hopefully, "that I could hire a team at some farm-house -"

"But the delay! It's so late already!"

Undeniably late - one o'clock at the earliest. Maitland regarded her thoughtfully, then, without a word, turned and again began to wade out.

"What are you going to do?" she cried, surprised.

"See what's the trouble," he called back. "I know a little about motors. Perhaps -"

"Then - but why -" She stopped; and Maitland forebore to encourage her to complete her question. It was

not difficult for him to supply the missing words. Why had he not thought of investigating the motor before insisting that he must carry her ashore?

The humiliating conviction forced itself upon him that he was not appearing to great advantage in this adventure. The feeling was distinctly humiliating; ordinarily he was by way of having a fine conceit in himself. It requires a certain amount of egotism to enable one to play the exquisite to one's personal satisfaction. Maitland had enjoyed the possession of that certain amount and hitherto his satisfaction in self had been passably complete. Now, he could not deny, the boor had shown himself beneath the polish of the exquisite. Intolerable thought! "Cad!" exclaimed Maitland bitterly. It was all due to hasty jumping at conclusions; if he had not chosen to believe a young and charming girl identical with an - an adventuress, this thing had not happened, he had still retained his own good will. For one little moment he despised himself heartily - one little moment of clear insight into self was his. Forthwith he began to meditate an apology, formulating phrases that should prove adequate without sounding exaggerated.

He had reached the car and, through sheer, blundering luck, at once stumbled upon the seat of trouble, a clogged valve in the carbureter. It was no serious matter; with the assistance of a repair kit he had the valve clear in a jiffy. News of this triumph he shouted to the girl, receiving in reply an "Oh, thank you!" so fervently grateful that he felt more guilty than ever.

Ruminating unhappily on the cud of his contemplated apology he waded around the car, satisfying himself that there was nothing else out of gear, and apprehensively cranked up. The motor began to hum contentedly. All was well. Maitland, flushed with this success, climbed into the driver's seat and opened the throttle a trifle. The car moved. Then, with a swish, a gurgle, and a watery whoosh, it surged forward, up, out of the river, gallantly up the slope. At the top the amateur chauffeur shut down the throttle and jumped out, turning to face the girl in gray. She was by the step almost before he could offer his hand to help her in. As she paused to thank him, it became evident that she harbored little, if any, resentment; eyes shining, face aglow with delight, she dropped him a droll little courtesy.

"You are too good!" she declared with spirit. "How can I thank you?"

"You might," he suggested, looking down into her face from his superior height, "give me a bit of a lift - just a couple of miles up the road. Though," he supplemented eagerly, "if you'd really prefer, I should be only too happy to drive the car home for you."

"Two miles, did you say?"

He fancied something odd in her tone; besides, the question was superfluous. His forehead was wrinkled with wonder as he replied, "Why, yes - that much, more or less. I live -"

"Of course," she put in quickly, "I'll give you a lift - only too glad. But as for your taking me home at this hour, I can't hear of it."

"But -"

"Besides, what would they say?" she countered obstinately. " Oh, no," she decided, and he felt that from her decision there would be no appeal. "I couldn't think of interfering with your arrangements."

Her eyes held his for a single instant, instinct with mischief, gleaming with bewildering light from out a face schooled to gravity. Maitland experienced a sensation of having grasped after and missed a subtle allusion. His wits, keen as they were, recoiled, baffled by her finesse. And the more he divined that she was playing with him, as an experienced swordsman might with an impertinent novice, the greater became his confusion.

"But I have no other arrangements -" he stammered.

"Don't!" she insisted - as if he were fabricating and she knew it! "We must hurry, you know, because - There, I've dropped my handkerchief - by the tree there. Do you mind -?"

"Of course not." He set off swiftly toward the point indicated, but on reaching it cast about vainly for anything in the nature of a handkerchief. In the midst of his futile quest a change in the impatient drumming of the motor surprised him. Startled, he looked up. Too late! The girl was in the seat, the car in motion, already some yards from the point at which he had left it. Dismayed he strode forward, raising his voice in perturbed expostulation. "But - I say - !"

Over the rear of the seat a gray gauntlet was waved at him, as tantalizing as the mocking laugh that came to his ears. He paused, thunderstruck, appalled by this monstrosity of ingratitude. The machine gathered impetus, drawing swiftly away. Yet in the stillness the farewell of the gray girl came to him very clearly. "Good-by!" with a laugh. "Thank you and good-by - *Handsome Dan!*"

Chapter III.
Handsome Dan.

STANDING in the middle of the road, watching the dust-cloud that 'rose behind the fast disappearing motor-car, Maitland cut a figure sufficiently forlorn and disconsolate to have distilled pity from the least sympathetic heart. His hands were pushed stiffly down to the very bottoms of his trouser-pockets; a rumpled silk hat was set awry on the back of his head; his shirt-bosom was sadly crumpled; above the knees, to a casual glance, he presented the appearance of a man carefully attired in evening dress; below, his legs were sodden and muddied, his shoes of patent-leather twin wrecks. Alas for jauntiness and elegance, ease and aplomb!

"Tricked," he observed casually, and protruded his lower lip, thus adding to the length of a countenance naturally long. "Outwitted by a chit of a girl! Dammit!"

But this was melodrama. Realizing which he strove to smile, a sorry attempt. "'Handsome Dan,'" quoted he and, cocking his head to one side, eyed the road inquiringly. "Where in thunder d'you suppose she got hold of that name?" Bestowed upon him in his callow college days, it had stuck to him burr-like for many a weary year. Of late, however, its use had lapsed among his acquaintances; he had begun to congratulate himself upon having lived it down. And now it was resurrected, flung at him in sincere mockery by a woman whom, to his knowledge, he had never before laid eyes upon. Odious appellation, hateful invention of an ingenious enemy!

"Handsome Dan! She must have known me all the time - all the time I was making an exhibition of myself. ... Wentworth'? I know no one of that name. Who the dickens can she be?"

If it had not been contrary to his code of ethics, he would gladly have raved, gnashed his teeth, footed the dance of rage with his shadow. Indeed his restraint was admirable under the circumstances. He did nothing whatever but stand still for a matter of five minutes, racking his memory vainly for a clue to the identity of "Miss Wentworth." At length he gave it up in despair and abstractedly felt for his watch-fob. It wasn't there. Neither, as investigation showed, was the watch. At this crowning stroke of misfortune, imagining that the timepiece must have slipped from his pocket into the water while he was tinkering with that infamous carbureter, Maitland turned eloquently red in the face.

"The price," he meditated aloud, with an effort to resume his pose, "is a high one to pay for a wave of a gray glove and the echo of a pretty girl's laugh." With which final fling at fortune he set off again for Maitland Manor, trudging heavily but at a round pace through dust that soon settled upon the damp cloth of his trouser-legs and completed their ruin. But Maitland was beyond being disturbed by such trifles. His wounded vanity engaged his solicitude to the exclusion of all other interests.

At the end of forty-five minutes he had covered the remaining distance between Greenfields station and Maitland Manor. For five minutes more he strode wearily over the side-path by the box-hedge which separated his ancestral acres from the public highway. At length, with an exclamation, he paused at the first opening in the living-wall, a wide entrance for a pebbled carriage-drive that wound away to the house, invisible in the waning light, situated in the shelter of the grove of trees that studded the lawn.

"Gasoline! Brrr!" said Maitland, shuddering and shivering with the combination of the nauseous odor and the night's coolness, now making itself felt unpleasantly. Though he hated the smell with all his heart, manfully inconsistent he raised his head, sniffing the air for further evidence, and got his reward in a sickening gust. "Tank leaked," he commented with brevity. "Quart of the stuff must have trickled out right here. Ugh! If it goes on at this rate, there'll be another breakdown before she gets home. Serve her right, too!" he added with vindictive emphasis. But for all his indignation he acknowledged to himself a sneaking wish that he might be at hand again, in such event, a second time to

give gratuitous service to the gray lady.

Analyzing this frame of mind, not without surprise and disdain of himself for entertaining it he entered the drive-way and struck off across the lawn, making directly for his own front door. The hour was, according to his dead reckoning, two, or something later, and a chill was stealing in upon the land, wafted gently northward from the Sound. All the world, save Maitland, seemed to slumber, breathless. Gray shreds of mist stole wraith-like between the serried trunks of trees, veiling the wan and pallid face of the moon, now nearing the horizon, while in silent rivalry long and velvety shadows stole across ample breadths of dew-drenched grass. Somewhere a bird stirred and, chirped sleepily, and the inconsiderable sound was startling in the rapt silence.

In a moment or two the Manor came into view. Before its broad verandas its owner paused indefinitely, staring idly at the pale, columned facade and wondering if his entrance at that unholy hour would be apt to rouse the servants. It seemed unlikely; they were sound sleepers. He contemplated with mild amusement the prospect of their surprise in the morning when they should find the master in occupation.

"Bannermann was right," he conceded, "any -" The syllables died upon his lips; his gaze became fixed; his heart thumped madly for an instant; and instinctively he held his breath, tip-toeing to the edge of the veranda the better to command a view of the library windows. These opened from ceiling to floor and should by rights have presented to his vision a blank expanse of dark glass, but, oddly enough, even while thinking of his lawyer's warning, he had fancied - "Ah!" he cried softly.

A disk of white light, perhaps a foot or eighteen inches in diameter, flitted swiftly across the glass and vanished. "Ah, the devil, the devil!" murmured the young man unconsciously.

The light appeared again, dancing across the inside wall of the room, and was lost as abruptly as before. Maitland on impulse buttoned his top-coat across his chest, turned up the collar to hide the whiteness of his linen, darted stealthily a yard or two to one side, and with one noiseless bound reached the floor of the veranda. A breath later he was at the front door, where at the first glance, he discovered the means of entrance used by the midnight marauder. The doors stood ajar, showing a black interval between. So that, then, was the way! Cautiously Maitland put a hand upon the knob and pushed.

A sharp and penetrating squeak brought him to an abrupt standstill, heart hammering wildly. Gathering himself for a sudden spring, if need be, he crept back toward the library windows and reconnoitering cautiously, determined the fact that the bolts had been withdrawn on the inside of one window-frame which was swinging wide. "It's a wise crook that provides for his own quick exit," considered Maitland.

The sagacious one was not, apparently, leaving, just then. On the contrary, having made all things ready for a hurried flight upon the first alarm, the intruder had turned back, as was clearly indicated by the motion of the light within. The clink of steel touching steel was audible, and Maitland nodded. Bannermann was indeed justified; that very moment the safe was being attacked.

Maitland returned noiselessly to the door. His mouth had settled into a hard, unyielding, thin line, and there was a dangerous light in his eyes. The fop had disappeared, giving way to the man that was in Maitland - the man ready to fight for his own, naked hands against revolver, if need be. True, he had but to go to the gun-room to find firearms in plenty, but these must be loaded and precious moments wasted in the process - moments in which the burglar might gain access to and make off with his booty. Maitland had no notion of permitting anything of this sort to occur. He counted upon taking his enemy unawares, difficult as he conceived such a feat to be in the case of a professional cracksman.

In the hallway, groping his way to the library door, his fingers encountered its panels; it was closed, doubtless secured upon the inside; the slightest movement of the handle was calculated to alarm the housebreaker. Maitland paused, deliberating another and better plan. He had in mind a short passageway connecting the library with the smoking-room. In the library itself a heavy tapestry curtained this opening, while an equally heavy portiere took the place of a door at the other end. In the natural order of things a burglar would overlook this.

Inch by inch the young man edged down the hallway and into the smoking-room, the door to which stood providentially open. Once inside it was but a moment's work to feel his way to the velvet folds and draw them aside, fortunately without rattling the brass rings from which the curtain depended. He entered the passage, acutely alert, recognizing from the click of metal that the intruder was still at his difficult task.

Inch by inch - there was the tapestry. Very gently the householder pushed it aside. The insidious fragrance of burning varnish from the dark lantern penetrated the passage while he stood on its threshold, feeling along the wall for the electric-light switch. Unhappily he missed it at the first cast and - heard from within a quick, deep hiss of breath. Something had put the burglar on guard.

Another instant wasted and it would be too late. The young man had to chance it. Without further hesitation he stepped boldly into the danger-zone, at the same time making one final, desperate pass at the spot where the switch should have been - and missed it again. On the instant there came a click of a different caliber from those that had preceded it. A revolver had been cocked, somewhere there in the blank darkness.

Then followed a voice, accents ringing sharp and imperative: "Stand where you are!"

Maitland knew enough not to move. On the other hand, the warning came too late his fingers had found the switch at last and turned it. The glare dazzled both momentarily, but the flash and report for which Maitland waited did not come. When his eyes had focused themselves to the suddenly altered conditions, he saw, directly before him and some six feet distant, a woman, a slight figure, dark-cloaked, resolute upon her two feet, head framed in veiling, features effectually disguised in a motor-mask whose round, staring goggles shone blank in the blinding light.

On her part, she must have recognized him on the instant. As for him, his wits were wool-gathering, scattered by the revolver which stared him in the face. New as the experience was to him, he seemed to find it fascinating and gave back look for look to the black, expressionless, deadly eye, of the muzzle, seeming to see the very point of the bullet that lurked in the cylinder - seeing, indeed, farther, clear into the eternity that lay on the other side of a slender trembling fingertip.

But presently the weapon wavered and was lowered. The woman's voice, tinged with irony, brought him to his senses. "Oh!" she remarked coolly, "it's only you."

Gasping, he parroted the pronoun: "*You - you!*"

"Were you expecting to find any one else?" she inquired suavely.

"I confess -" He lifted his shoulders helplessly. "Certainly I did not ezpect to find you here, Miss Wentworth. And then the black cloak, you know -"

"Reversible, of course; gray inside, as you see - Handsome Dan!" And the girl laughed shortly, pulling aside an edge of the garment to reveal its silken gray lining with the ruffles of the gray skirt beneath. He nodded stupefied appreciation of the device - wondering, now that he had caught her, what he was to do with her. Simultaneously he was troubled by the repetition of that obsolete nick-name.

"Handsome Dan," he iterated, all but mechanically. "Why do you call me that? Do you know me? I could swear we had never met until this night!"

"But you are altogether too modest," she laughed. "Not that it is a bad trait in the character of a professional, sir! But, really! it does seem incredible that a gentleman so widely known as Handsome Dan Anisty, whose portrait and biography have occupied space in every yellow journal in America during the past two months, should feel surprise at being recognized." And, thrusting the revolver in a pocket of her cloak, "I thought you a servant - or Maitland himself," she concluded.

"But" he temporized, trying to get his bearings.

"You are certainly a very bold man, and as surely a very careless one." Did he catch a glint of admiration in the eyes behind the goggles? Now, if they ever get hold of *my* portrait and publish it. ... Well!" she sighed, lifting slender, bare fingers to the mass of ruddy hair, "I suppose in that event I shall have to become a natural blonde."

Her humor, her splendid composure, the lightness of her tone, combined with the half-laughing, half-serious look that she swept up at him, eased the tension of his emotions. For the first time since he had entered the room he smiled. Then, for a time, he regarded her steadfastly in silence, thinking deeply. So he resembled this burglar, Anisty, strongly enough to be mistaken for him - eh? Plainly enough the girl believed him to be Anisty. ... Well, and why not? Why shouldn't he be Anisty for the time being, if it suited his purpose so to masquerade?

It might possibly suit his purpose. His position was uncommonly difficult. As Maitland he had on his hands a female thief, a hardened character, a common malefactor (strange that he found so little relish in the terms!) caught red-handed; as Maitland, his duty was to hand her over to the law, to be dealt with as - what she was. Yet, even as these considerations were urging themselves upon him, he knew that his eyes were appraising her with open admiration and interest. She stood before him, slight, delicate, pretty, appealing in her ingenuous candor. How could he bring himself to deal with her as he might with - well, Anisty himself?

As Anisty, however - if he chose to assume that expert's identity for the nonce - he would be placed at once on a plane of equality with the girl as a fellow of her craft she could hardly refuse his attentions. As Anisty, he would be in a position to earn her friendship, to gain her confidence, to learn something of her needs, to aid and protect her from the consequences of her misdeeds, possibly even to divert her footsteps into the paths of a calling less hazardous and more honorable. Worthy ambition: to reform a burglar! Maitland regained something of his lost self-esteem, applauding himself for entertaining so laudable a motive.

Thus he chose his course for better or worse in those few seconds, thereby proving his incontestible title to the name of Mad Maitland. His face lightened, his manner changed, he assumed with avidity the role for which she had cast him and which he stood so ready to accept and act. "Well and good," he conceded. "I suppose one may as well own up -"

"Oh, I know *you*," she assured him, with a little, confident shake of her head. "There's no deceiving me. But," and her smile became rueful, "if only you'd waited ten minutes more. Of course, I recognized you from the first, down there by the river, and knew very well what your lay was. You gave yourself completely away by mentioning the distance from the river to the Manor. And I did so want to get ahead of you on this job! What a feather in my cap, to have forestalled Dan Anisty! ... But hadn't you better have a little care with those lights? You seem to forget that there are servants in the house. Really, you know, I find you most romantically audacious, Mr. Anisty - quite in keeping with your reputation."

"You overwhelm me," he murmured. "Believe me, I have slight conceit in my fame, such as it is." And, crossing to the windows, he loosed the heavy velvet curtains and let them fall together, drawing their edges close so that no ray of light might penetrate the windows.

She watched him with interest. "You seem well acquainted here."

"Of course. Any man of imagination is at pains to study every house he enters. I have a map of the premises, house and grounds, here." He indicated his forehead with a long forefinger.

"Quite right, too, and well worth one's while. If rumor is to be believed, you have ordinarily more than your labor for your pains. You have taught me something already. ... Ah, well!" she sighed, "I suppose I may as well acknowledge my inferiority - as neophyte to hierophant. Master!" She courtesied low, "I beg you to proceed and let thy chela profit through observation!" A small white hand gestured significantly toward the collection of burglar's tools - drills and chisels, skelton-keys, putty and all - neatly displayed upon a rug before the massive safe.

"You mean that you wish me to crack this safe for you?", he inquired, with inward consternation.

"Not for me. Disappointment I admit is mine but not because of the money loss I sustain. In the presence of the master I am content to stand humbly to one side, as befits one of my lowly state in - the ranks of our profession. I resign,

abdicate in your favor, sir, claiming nothing by right of priority."

"You are too generous," he mumbled, confused by her thinly veiled ridicule.

"Not at all," she replied briskly. "I am entirely serious. My loss of to-day will prove my gain of to-morrow. I look for incalculable benefit through study of your methods. My own, I confess," with a contemptuous toss of her head toward the burglar's kit, "are clumsy, antiquated, out of date. But then I'm only an amateur."

"Oh, but a woman!" he began to apologize on her behalf.

"Oh, but a woman!" she rapped out smartly. "I wish you to understand that this woman, at least, is no mean -" And she hesitated.

"Thief?" he supplied crudely.

"Yes, thief ! We're two of a feather, at that."

"True enough. ... But - you were first in the field. I fail to see why I should reap any reward for tardiness. The spoils must be yours."

It was a test. Maitland watched her keenly, fascinated by the subtlety of the game. "But I refuse, Mr. Anisty - positively refuse to go to work while you stand aside and - and laugh."

Pride! He stared, openly amazed, at this bewilderingly feminine bundle of inconsistencies. With each facet of her character that she disclosed to him, minute by minute, the study of her became to him the more engrossing. He drew nearer, eyes speculative. "I will agree," he said slowly, " to crack the safe, but upon conditions."

She drew back imperceptibly, amused but asserting her dignity. "Yes?" she led him on, though in no accent of encouragement.

"Back there, in the river," he drawled deliberately, forcing the pace, "I found you - beautiful."

She flushed, lip curling. "And, back there, in the river, I thought you - a gentleman!"

"Although a burglar?"

"A gentleman for all that!"

"I promise you I mean no harm," he prefaced. "But don't you see how I am putting myself in your power? Every moment you know me better, while I have not yet even looked into your face with the light full upon it. Honor among thieves, little woman!"

She chose to ignore the caressing note in his voice. "You're wasting time," she hinted crisply.

"I am aware of that fact. Permit me to remind you that you are helping me to waste it. I will not go ahead until I have seen your face. It is simply an ordinary precaution."

"Oh, if it's a matter of business -"

"Self-preservation," he corrected with immense gravity.

She hesitated but a moment longer, then with a quick gesture removed her mask. Maitland's breath came fast as he bent forward peering into her face but he schooled his own features to an intent but inoffensive expression. He feared the loud thumping of his heart would betray him. As he looked it became evident that the witchery of moonlight had not served to exaggerate the sensitive, the almost miniature, beauty of her. If anything its charm was greater there in the full glare of the electric chandelier, as she faced him, giving him glance for glance, quite undismayed by the intentness

of his scrutiny. In the clear light her eyes were lustrous pools of tawny flame, her hair showed itself of a rich and luminous coppery hue, spun to immeasurable fineness, a faint color burned in her cheeks, but in contrast her forehead was as snow - the pure, white and close-grained skin that is the heritage of the red-haired woman the world over, as well as her chiefest charm - while her lips. ... As for her lips, the most coherent statement to be extracted from Maitland is to the effect that they were altogether desirable, from the very first.

The hauteur of her pose, the sympathy and laughter that lurked in her mouth, the manifest breeding in the delicate modeling of her nostrils and the firm, straight arch of her nose, the astonishing allurement of her eyes, combined with their resolute dignity, these, while they bewitched the young man, abashed him. He found himself suddenly endowed with a painful appreciation of his own imperfections, the littleness of his cosmos, the coarseness of his masculine fiber, the poor futility of his ways contrasted with her perfections. He felt as if rebuked for some unwarrantable presumption. ... For he had looked into eyes that were windows of a soul, and the soul was that of a child, unsullied and immaculate.

You may smile; but as for Maitland - it was no laughing matter. From that moment his understanding was clear that, whatever she might claim to be, however damning the circumstances in which she appeared to him, there was no evil in her. But what he did not know, and did not even guess, was that, from the same instant, his being was in bondage to her will. So love comes, strangely masked.

Chapter IV.
The Amateur Cracksman's Initiation.

AT length, awed and a little shamefaced, "I beg your pardon," he stammered.

"For what?" she demanded quickly.

"For insisting. It wasn't - courteous. I'm sorry."

It was her turn to wonder; such delicacy of perception is not to be looked for in the make-up of a burglar. She tried to pass it off with a laugh. "The thief apologizes to the thief!"

"Unkind!"

Briefly hesitant, with a quick gesture she flung out a hand to him, generously. "You're right; I was unkind. Forgive me. Won't you shake hands? I - I do want to be a good comrade, since it has pleased Fate to throw us together so oddly." Her tone was almost plaintive, unquestionably appealing. Maitland was curiously moved by the touch of the slim, cool fingers that lay in his palm, but not unpleasantly. He frowned in perplexity, unable to analyze the sensation.

"You're not angry -?" she asked.

"No - but - but -"

"Yes?"

"Why do you do this, little woman? Why do you stoop to this - trade of yo - of ours? Why sully your hands - and not only your hands - imperil your good name, to say nothing of your liberty -"

She drew her hand away quickly, interrupting him with a laugh that rang true as a coin new from the mint, honest and genuine. "And this," she cried, "this from Dan Anisty! Positively, sir, you are delightful! You grow more dangerously charming every minute! Your scruples, your consideration, your sympathy - they are touching - in you!" She wagged her head daintily in pretence of disapprobation. "But shall I tell you?" more seriously, doubtfully. "I think I shall ... truly. I do this sort of thing, since you must know, because - imprimis, because I like it. Indeed and I do! I like the danger, the excitement, the exercise of cunning and - and I like the rewards, too. Besides -"

The corners of her adorable mouth drooped ever so slightly.

"Besides -?"

"Why ... I need the money. You can't imagine how terribly. ... But this is not business! We must hurry. Will you, or shall I -?"

The crisis was passed; Maitland understood that he must wait until a more favorable time to renew his importunities. "I will," he said, dropping on his knees by the safe. "In my lady's service."

"Not at all," she interposed. "I insist. The job is now yours. Yours must be the profits."

"Then I wash my hands of the whole affair," he stated, in accents of finality. "I refuse. I shall go, and you can do as you will - blunder on," scornfully, "with your nitro-glycerine, your rags and drills and - and rouse the entire countryside, if

you will."

"Ah, but -"

"Will you accept my aid?"

"On conditions, only," she stipulated. "Halvers?"

He shook his head.

"Half shares, or not at all!" She was firm.

"A partnership?"

"I'm not worthy the honor."

"But," he promised rashly, "I can save you - oh, heaps of trouble in other ways."

She shrugged her shoulders helplessly. "If I must - then I do accept. We're partners, Dan Anisty and I!"

He nodded mute satisfaction, brushed the tools out of his way, and bent an attentive ear to the combination. The girl swept across the room and there followed a click simultaneous with the total extinction of light. "Why -?" he demanded, startled.

"The risk," she replied. "We have been frightfully careless."

Helplessly Maitland twirled the combination dial; without the light he was wholly at a loss. But a breath later her skirts rustled near him, the slide of the bull's-eye was jerked back and a circle of illumination thrown upon the lock. He lowered his head again, pretending to listen to the fall of the tumblers as the dial was turned, but covertly watching the letters and figures upon it. The room grew very silent, save for the faintly regular respiration of the girl bending at his side, her breath warm upon his cheek. The consciousness of her nearness almost stifled him. ... It is to be feared that Maitland prolonged his counterfeit study of the combination unnecessarily. Notwithstanding this, she seemed amazed by the ease with which he solved it.

"Splendid!" she applauded spontaneously, as the heavy door at length swung silently outward.

"Hush!" he cautioned.

Madness was running riot in his veins that night, swaying him to its will. He had never a doubt or thought of hesitancy, but forged ahead, wilfully blind to consequences. On the face of it he was playing the fool with rare adeptness, but the truth is that he simply could not have done other than as he did. Consciously he believed that he was merely testing the girl. The jewels lay in a secret compartment, behind the cash-drawer, which he withdrew brazenly. Fumbling in the aperture thus disclosed, he pressed the spring, releasing the panel at the back. It slid smoothly out of sight. The light of the bull's-eye discovered the canvas-bag within.

At his ear, incredulously, "How did you guess?" she breathed.

"Bribed the man Maitland hired to construct this," he fabricated shamelessly.

Rising, he passed over to the center-table, the girl following. "Steady with the light," he whispered; and loosed the string around the mouth of the bag, pouring its contents, a glistening, priceless, flaming, iridescent horde of treasure, upon the table.

"Oh!" said a small voice at his side. And again and again: "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Maitland himself was moved by the wonder of it. The jewels seemed to fill the room with a flashing, amazing,

coruscant glamour, rainbow-like. His breath came hot and fast as he gazed upon them, a queen's ransom, a fortune incalculable even to its owner. As for the girl he thought that the wonder of it must have struck her dumb. Not a sound came from the spot where she stood.

Then, abruptly, the sun went out. At least, that was the effect. The light of the handlamp vanished utterly, leaving a particolored blur swimming before his eyes, against impenetrable blackness. His lips opened; but a small hand fell firmly upon his own, and a tiny, tremulous whisper shrilled in his ear. "Hush - ah, hush!"

"What?"

"Steady ... some one coming ... the jewels ..."

He heard the dull, musical clash of them as her hands swept them back into the bag, and a cold, sickening distrust rendered him almost faint with the sense of trust misplaced, illusions resolved into cold realities. His fingers closed convulsively about her wrists, but she was passive.

"Ah, but I might have expected that" came her reproachful whisper.

"Take them, then, my - my partner that was." Her tone cut like a knife, and the touch of the canvas-bag, as she forced it into his hands, was hateful to him.

"Forgive me -" he began.

"But listen!"

For a space he listened, the silence seeming tremendous. Then, faint but distinct, he caught the tinkle and slide of the brazen rings supporting the smoking-room portiere. His hand sought the girl's; she had not moved, and the cool, firm pressure of her fingers steadied him. His mind worked quickly.

"Quick!" he told her, in the least of whispers. "Leave by the window you opened and wait for me by the motor-car."

"No!"

There was no time to remonstrate with her. Already he had slipped away, shaping a course for the entrance to the passage, the thought dominant in his mind that at all costs the girl must be spared exposure. She was to be saved, whatever the hazard. Afterward ... the tapestry rustled, but he was yet too far away to spring. He crept on, crouching, vicious as a panther stalks its prey -

Like a thunderclap from a clear sky the glare of light leapt from the ceiling. Maitland paused, petrified, on tiptoe, eyes incredulous, brain striving to grapple with the astounding coincidence that had come to him. The third factor stood in the doorway, slender and tall, in evening dress - as was Maitland - a light, full overcoat hanging open from the shoulders, one hand holding back the curtain, the other arrested on the light switch. His lips opened and his eyes protruded with amazement. Feature for feature he was the counterpart of the man before him. In a word, here was the real Anisty.

(To be continued.)

RAILROADS' PRINCELY INCOME.

An Annual Income Four Times as Great as That of the Government of the United States.

THE United States Government in 1904 was content with an income of five hundred and forty million six hundred and thirty-one thousand seven hundred and forty-nine dollars, but it spent five hundred and eighty-two million four hundred and two thousand three hundred and twenty-one dollars. That year the railroads took in two billion one hundred and eighty-eight million one hundred and eight thousand and eighty-one dollars, or four times as much as the Federal government, and paid out for operating expenses and fixed charges one billion nine hundred and nine million three hundred and twenty-two thousand one hundred and fifty-five dollars.

In the army and navy of the United States were ninety-seven thousand and three men, whose support and equipment cost the nation two hundred and seventeen million nine hundred and ninety-one thousand five hundred and thirteen dollars. The railroads employed one million two hundred and ninety-six thousand one hundred and twenty-one men, and paid them eight hundred and seventeen million five hundred and ninety-eight thousand eight hundred and ten dollars for their services.

The railroads have not yet acquired as big a pension bill as the Civil War left the government - one hundred and forty-one million seven hundred and seventy thousand nine hundred and fifty-five dollars in 1904 - but they are making considerable progress in that direction. In the six years of its existence the pension department of the Pennsylvania Railroad has retired as pensioners two thousand seven hundred employees and has paid to them two million four thousand and eighty-seven dollars. The "Big Four," it is announced, will hereafter lay aside three hundred thousand dollars a year to be used for the same purpose.

Nearly one-sixth of the wealth of the country is owned by the railroads, for the total value of the property represented by the two hundred and twenty thousand miles of main track in the United States is sixteen million dollars, more than the wealth of the entire country at the outbreak of the war.

The army of one million two hundred and ninety-six thousand one hundred and twenty-one railroad men is greater than the total number of men who voted in eighteen States at the last Presidential election and is about one-sixteenth of the voting population of the United States. One in every sixty-two persons in the country is employed by the railroads in some capacity.

Law for the Railroads.

Recent Enactments of State Legislatures and Latest Decisions of the Courts of the Country Affecting Transportation.

The mere fact that a great many people have been in the habit of using a railroad trestle as a foot-bridge and that the railroad company had made no complaint, says the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, does not give the people any special rights on the bridge or compel the railroad company to exercise a special degree of care for their safety.

In deciding a suit arising from the delay of a shipment of threshers until after the season for the sale of such machinery had passed, the Kansas Supreme Court held that common carriers are charged with a "knowledge of seed-time and harvest" and the general customs relating thereto in the territory in which they do business.

According to a recent act of the legislature of that State, Florida railroads failing to pay a claim for loss or damages within ninety days must pay twenty-five per cent on the judgment obtained by the claimant in excess of the amount offered by the railroad in settlement of the claim.

Down in Georgia the supreme court has sagely concluded that an engineer is not justified in acting on the presumption that a child of "tender years " on a railroad track will appreciate its danger and use the discretion of an adult in getting out of the way of an approaching train.

California rejoices in a law making the circulation of fraudulent reports regarding the value of the stock of a corporation formed in the State a felony punishable by two years imprisonment or five thousand dollars' fine, or both.

In Minnesota railway, telegraph, and express stations must bear the local name of the community, unless it is liable to be confused with the names of other stations on the same line.

The State of Mississippi has effected an increase of about twelve million dollars in the amount of taxable property in the State by a recent readjustment in the assessment of railroads.

By the terms of a new statute in Michigan, in a suit by or against a railroad company, the books of the company are subject to the inspection of the attorney-general of the State.

A trolley company in Vermont whose cars fail to come to a full stop and display a signal at a grade railroad-crossing is subject to a fine of twenty-five dollars for each omission.

The Legislature of Washington, at its latest session, passed a law making the maximum railroad fare for adults three cents a mile and for children one and a half cents.

In Massachusetts the illegal sale of street railway transfers is made punishable by a fine not exceeding fifty dollars or imprisonment for not more than thirty days.

Virginia has found it necessary to pass a law declaring that for all legal purposes the words railroad and " railway " are to be considered synonymous.

California has made it a misdemeanor to transport cattle, sheep, or swine in car-load lots for more than thirty-six hours without stopping for ten hours' rest.

In South Carolina it has been made a misdemeanor for the conductor of a trolley-car to refuse to separate negroes and white people.

Railroads running within three miles of a county-seat in Oklahoma must build a line through the county-seat and establish a depot.

California makes the wrecking of a train or an engine a felony punishable by death or life imprisonment, at the option of the jury.

Intoxication while on duty is a misdemeanor for a railroad employee in California; and if death results, a felony.

Thirty States have State railroad commissions, twenty of which have power to fix rates on purely State traffic.

Montana requires its railroads to maintain a station at plotted townsites of one hundred inhabitants or more.

The Biggest Railroad Station in the World.

BY GRANT WINSLOW.

The Pennsylvania Station on Manhattan Island - To Cost $100,000,000, or One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents for Every Man, Woman, and Child in the United States - Can Handle the Entire Population of North America in One Year.

Yes, the biggest of the hundred great terminal stations of the world." Thus spoke President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in reply to my question as to whether he " would call it the biggest."

Mastodonic in area, of course, and multimillioned in cost and yearly passenger capacity is this new depot," the largest of the more than one hundred thousand railway stations of civilization. It is the Pennsylvania's new terminal in the heart of New York. The general progress of the whole country made necessary this Titanic structure for passenger traffic, and hence the traveling public will accept it as a matter of course.

A Giant of Giants.

Railroad men, however, see it with eyes more specific, regarding it as a monument erected by the far-seeing administration of President A. J. Cassatt. The new station is one-third larger than the present largest station in the world - Liverpool Street Station, London; one-half larger than the present largest station in the United States-South Station, Boston; and one-quarter larger than the new Grand Central Station now building for the New York Central in Manhattan.

You could put Madison Square Garden in one corner of the new terminal and the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in another corner, and still the " Penn " road would have ample room left for all the traffic for which the station is designed, except that to and from Long Island. On the ground occupied by the new station and train-shed there is room for twenty-four cathedrals like that of St. Patrick's, on Fifth Avenue, or room for five hundred ordinary city dwelling-houses, for a few more than that number of dwellings were torn down to secure the site (at a cost of ten million dollars, or one million dollars more than the-cost of the site for the South Station, Boston) for what railroad men call the Great Ambition" of President Cassatt. At least three or four years may elapse before the new station is completed. Meantime, it exists only on paper - in hundreds of plans in the Pennsylvania's main offices at Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Only a Hole in the Ground.

The visible beginning of the mammoth station is represented by a vast hole in the ground running from Seventh to Ninth avenues, and from Thirty-First to Thirty-Third Streets, embracing four of the largest blocks in the metropolis, equal to sixteen ordinary blocks, or three blocks larger than the site for the new Grand Central Station. Besides this main area, the company has bought several parcels " of adjoining properties, notably the whole Seventh Avenue front facing the new station, just for elbowroom.

The new Pennsylvania station and train-yard will cover twenty-five acres, while the new Grand Central will cover only twenty acres, and the South Station in Boston covers only thirteen acres. Specifically, the

station itself will be seven hundred and eighty feet long by four hundred and thirty feet wide, these dimensions not including the train-shed or yard, but only the station building itself. Thirty-Second Street from Seventh to Ninth Avenues will, naturally, be closed forever to the public to accommodate the train service. Everybody will have to go, as it were, around the yard.

100,000,000 Passengers a Year.

Within the station and train-shed will be standing-room for fully three hundred thousand persons, a number equal to five armies like that of the regular military force of our country. Two hundred thousand persons can occupy the same space without any dangerous crowding. To put the passenger capacity of the station in another way, the engineers estimate that the accommodation will be equal to a maximum traffic of one hundred and thirteen thousand arriving and departing travelers per hour, or over a million per day of ten hours.

This would mean a maximum capacity of over three hundred and fifty millions a year, or two thousand a minute, or thirty each second, but in their conservative way the engineers divide the maximum by three, thus attaining what will probably be the actual traffic, namely, thirty thousand passengers an hour, or five hundred each minute, or eight each second, which means three hundred thousand in a ten-hour day, or about one hundred million a year.

Therefore, in the first year of the station's existence, the entire populations of the United States, Canada, and Mexico could use it in the ordinary course of travel without discomfort to a single individual patron of the road. Meantime the annual passenger traffic at the South Station, Boston, is less than twenty-five million, while the estimate for the new Grand Central is not more than forty million yearly, or thirteen thousand an hour.

Were all the travelers who are to use the Pennsylvania Station in the course of one year to form in line of procession, four abreast, the line would reach from New York to Panama, and it would require a period of three years to pass through the station, stepping at regular military pace.

Counting the Cost.

Dollars, of course, form the backbone of this gigantic enterprise. The money to be put into the new station and the connecting tunnels under the Hudson and East rivers, comes, through different home and foreign money marts, from thousands of individuals in the United States and Europe. The Pennsylvania Railroad recently secured a loan of fifty million dollars from the people of France, and that whole French loan would pay for only one-half of the new terminal.

Were the total cost of the undertaking to be defrayed by this nation as a whole, each man, woman, and child enumerated in the census would be obliged to send President Cassatt one dollar and twenty-five cents, thus making the required total of one hundred million dollars. At the same time the South Station, Boston, cost only twenty-five million dollars, while the new Grand Central and its yard improvements are to cost only seventy million dollars.

The Price of an Empire.

In detail, the new terminal proper (exclusive of tunnels) will cost in the neighborhood of sixty million dollars, including ten million dollars for site, or twice as much as the costliest building in the Union, the State Capitol at Albany, twice as much as the National Capitol at Washington and the Congressional Library taken together, and three times as much as the most beautiful building in the world, the Taj Mahal, at Agra, India.

Altogether, the total cost of station and tunnels will reach a figure larger than that representing the

combined sums paid by the United States for the Philippines, Florida, Alaska, and Louisiana.

How the Station Will Appear.

Imagine dwellers in adjacent skyscraping hotels looking down upon the new terminal. They would behold a parallelogram of Brobdingnagian dimensions as to length and breadth, but of comparatively Lilliputian dimensions as to height. The general elevation, indeed, is only sixty feet, with two exceptions -first, that in the center, where the dome of the grand waiting-room reaches a height of one hundred and fifty feet; second, that on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Thirty-Third Street, where there is an elevation of four stories for office purposes.

At first there was a plan to erect a twenty-story building at the Seventh Avenue end, from which revenue might be derived by office rentals. But it was decided that such a building would interfere with the requirements of a great terminal, hence the structure is not higher than is necessary for actual railroad purposes. As the tracks are forty feet below the street, however, the building rises one hundred feet from its foundation walls, corresponding in height to a ten-story building.

Architecturally, the inhabitants of the near-by skyscrapers see a structure, which, in the unusual extent of its area and in its general type, suggests the great baths of ancient Rome. The baths of Caracalla, still magnificent in their ruins, were, indeed, the inspiration of this architectural plan. The design of the entire exterior is severely classic, showing a Doric colonnade thirty-five feet high surmounted by a low attic.

In appearance the building certainly is a wide departure from the conventional railway station. One misses the turrets and towers, and, more than all, the usual lofty, arched train-shed; but as the principal function of this station is performed underneath the streets, the upward and visible signs of the ordinary station are naturally absent. It resembles, rather, some vast auditorium constructed on low lines for the easy ingress and egress of a multitude of persons.

The great station will front on Seventh Avenue, standing back fifty feet from the curb. It is to be one of the most beautiful, as well as one of the most practical, of the railway stations of the country. The architects are Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, names which stand for art and beauty in public buildings.

Pink Milford granite is to be used in the exterior construction, similar to the building stone of the Boston Public Library, the University Club in New York, the Courthouse in Pittsburgh, and the Chamber of Commerce in Cincinnati. This stone has peculiarly soft shades of color that are very pleasing to the eye.

Gateway for 300,000 a Day.

Now, supposing that one of the dwellers in the adjacent skyscrapers decides t~ go forth to Chicago or Denver or New Orleans or San Francisco or t6 any one of the twenty thousand odd stations reached by the Pennsylvania system to the westward or southward, instead of taking two or more trolley-cars and a ferry-boat, as formerly, to reach the Pennsylvania's terminal at Jersey City, our traveler would merely walk around the corner to get his "through" car.

Arrived at the station, he would discover that it is unique among the railway stations of the world in the number and convenience of its entrances and exits. That is, each of the four sides of the structure is a front, opening respectively on two wide avenues and two important streets. The numerous entrances and exits are independent of one another, the incoming throng being thus separated from the outgoing.

We will suppose that our traveler enters the station by the main entrance on Seventh Avenue. This is for foot-passengers only, and opens into an arcade two hundred and twenty-five feet long and forty-five feet wide, flanked by shops. Here our friend may purchase all eleventh-hour requirements for his journey, for the shops will be filled with wares that appeal especially to tourists. In this arcade two thousand persons may shop without inconvenience to one an-other. Is our traveler in need of food or drink? He will find the

restaurant and lunch-rooms and cafe' at the farther end of the arcade, where kitchens and serving rooms are equipped to serve ten thousand meals a day.

Waiting in Marble Halls.

Beyond the arcade the traveler will enter the general waiting-room, a lofty and magnificent apartment three hundred and twenty feet by one hundred and ten feet, and one hundred and fifty feet high. Eight full regiments of infantry could parade rest" within the marble walls of this room. It is, in fact, the largest room of its kind in the world, the new Grand Central waiting-room being only ninety by three hundred feet, while the corresponding room in the South Station is only sixty-five feet by two hundred and twenty-five.

It may be that Mr. Tourist has his family with him, his wife, and, possibly, the baby. First of all, then, he takes mother and child to the subsidiary waiting-room for women, which, like the men's waiting-room; is provided with comfortable chairs and opens into retiring rooms and lavatories. There he leaves mama and baby to be waited on by women attendants if need be, while papa goes into the general waiting-room to attend to the details incidental to starting upon his journey, such as buying tickets at one of the twelve ticket-office windows, or getting his package from the parcel-room, or checking his small baggage, or sending a telegram, or telephoning in one of the twenty-four booths. For within the spacious walls of this wondrous room are located all the offices for such matters, all so disposed as to situation that a passenger may proceed from one to another *seriatim,*with a minimum of exertion and without retracing his steps.

Get Your Baggage Checked.

To check his heavier baggage, his trunks, our passenger will go to the main baggage-room, which has four hundred and fifty feet of frontage for the use of transfer wagons. His trunks will be delivered at this baggage-room and taken away through a special subway thirty feet wide, and from the baggage-room the trunks will be delivered to the tracks below by motor trucks and elevators.

The baggage facilities provide for the handling of ten million pieces of incoming and outgoing baggage in the course of a year; also, for the handling of six million packages, store bundles, and the like, by local express.

Had our traveler arrived at the station by carriage instead of on foot, he would have pursued this same routine, excepting that he would have entered, not by the main entrance, but by the open pavilion at the corner of Thirty-First Street on Seventh Avenue, which furnishes a carriage entrance for incoming traffic.

Twenty cabs may here discharge their fares simultaneously. A similar pavilion on the Thirty-Third Street corner is, for outgoing carriage traffic. After our traveler's carriage descends, under cover, from the street level by a slight gradient of twenty feet to the level of the station proper, it passes through a tunnel to the incline, two blocks away, assigned as an exit. At the same time, on the track level, a public cab service will be maintained at rates lower than have ever been known before in New York.

On the Concourse.

Now, when our traveler is ready to go to his train, he returns to the women's waiting-room for wife and baby, and then proceeds to the Concourse, an immense platform facing the twenty-one tracks. The Concourse, in other words, is a covered assembling place three hundred and forty feet by two hundred and ten. It is fully twenty-five feet wider than the great lobby of the Jersey City train-shed. This is the vestibule to the tracks.

The Concourse and adjacent areas are roofed by a lofty covering of iron and glass, similar in design to the famous sheds of the new stations in Frankfort and Dresden, Germany, this being only one of the many respects in which the terminal resembles the monumental beauties of the stations at German centers, such

as those, too, at Berlin and Hanover.

Ten thousand persons can wait for trains on the Concourse at one time, without undue crowding. By exits alone the Concourse is designed to get rid of one hundred and sixty-two thousand persons an hour, while all trains bring a maximum of only thirty thousand an hour.

It is obvious that to get to the tracks forty feet below the street level, our traveler, in traversing the great station, must descend several different stairways and escalators. These are all very wide and are designed to accommodate three hundred and twenty-five thousand outgoing and incoming passengers per hour. As this capacity is more than three times as great as that of the train service in a whole day, it will be seen that there need be no elbowing or jostling, and that one's friends by the score may come to "see one off" or to greet the incoming relation, even during the busiest hour of a Saturday afternoon in summer.

Help for the Long Islander.

But might it not be that our traveler, instead of starting westward or southward, would seek a destination in New England or on Long Island, including Coney Island or the race-tracks at Sheepshead or Belmont? Well, then, he would go just the same to the new station to begin his journey. For thence he can take a through car for Providence or Boston or any point " down East," arrangement for this service having been made by a loop running through an East River tunnel from Long Island, connecting with the main line from New England. By the same token, the passenger from " down East" can get to any point on Long Island without changing cars or crossing a ferry.

Then, too, were our outward-bound traveler booked for Coney Island or any point on Long Island, he would not be obliged to cross a ferry to Long Island City, as at present, but would go direct to the new Pennsylvania Station in New York to get his train. The whole northern side of the station is assigned to the Long Island service, and by means of subways this traffic will be handled independently of the rest of the station.

We have followed our passenger through the arcade on the street level to the general waiting-room on what is called the First Level and to the Concourse on the Second Level. Now behold him on the Third Level, which is the track level forty feet below the street. Here, on either side of eleven platforms are twenty-one tracks, and on one of these stands the train that is to carry Mr. Tourist to West or South, to Long Island or New England.

Seventeen Miles of Tracks.

Could a bird's-eye view be had of the track service of the station, one would compare the trackage to two unfolded fans joined together at the open ends, the handle of one extending under the Hudson River and that of the other under the East River. For it must be remembered that this station is extraordinary in that trains are fed to it through a tunnel at either end, each tunnel running under a river, presenting, therefore, a problem in engineering which has never before been met in the construction of a railroad terminal.

With the tunnels, or tubes, at either end of the station, and with four tracks running through each tube and multiplying after they emerge from the tubes until they reach a total of twenty-one tracks in the station proper, it is easy to understand why the trackage may be compared to two open fans joined together at the open ends. These two fans embrace seventeen miles of tracks, affording ample room for the operation of one thousand four hundred and fifty trains a day.

For the Long Island service, including the immense summer traffic to Coney Island and the Long Island race-courses, tracks Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 are set apart. On these four tracks the Long Island suburban service will be operated on the "shuttle" plan, by which the trains are kept in continuous motion in and out of the station. Half a million passengers can be handled on these four tracks in a single day of ten hours, if necessary. All the remaining seventeen tracks are for "through business" to the West and South.

On the twenty-one tracks as a whole, a maximum of one hundred and forty-five loaded trains an hour (in and out) will be handled. At the South Station, Boston, on the busiest day, only eighty-eight trains are handled on twenty-eight tracks. In a ten-hour day at the Pennsylvania Station, one thousand four hundred and fifty trains, as already stated, will arrive and depart, or an average of more than two trains in each minute of the day.

Coupled end to end on a single track, those trains of a single day would reach from New York to Albany, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. In the course of a year the arriving and departing trains at the new station would number five hundred and twenty-two thousand, and these coupled together on one track would reach once and a half around the equator, or, if coupled together on thirteen different tracks side by side, they would form thirteen solid rows of cars and engines extending each from New York to San Francisco, leaving not an inch of room between the two oceans on which to budge.

Half a Million Cars a Year.

As for standing room for trains in the train-shed and adjacent yard, there will be accommodation for five hundred and ninety cars and locomotives, or thirty-seven thousand feet (seven miles) of standing room for rolling stock, all this without interference with actual train operations-switching, shunting, and so on. In the train-shed and yard in their entirety there is standing room for one thousand five hundred cars and locomotives, as against room for one thousand at the new Grand Central Station and six hundred and thirteen at the South Station, Boston.

The maximum of one thousand four hundred and fifty trains daily will be made up of an average of five cars and a locomotive each, which means that seven thousand two hundred and fifty cars (and one thousand four hundred and fifty locomotives) will pass in and out of the station each day. The cars will be loaded with a number of passengers averaging all the way from eighteen in a Pullman sleeper to one hundred on a Coney Island car, and one hundred and twenty-five on each car of a race-train bound for a Long Island race-track. And on all the trains eight passengers will be detrained or entrained with each tick of the station clock.

Army of Railroad Men Enlisted.

In addition to the number of passengers passing through the terminal, a veritable army of railroad men will have a part or the whole of their workaday being within that mighty parallelogram.

At least seven hundred different locomotive engineers, and as many firemen and conductors, will come in and go out in the course of a day. Over three thousand trainmen and more than one thousand Pullman employees, including porters, cooks, waiters, and conductors, must be included in the battalions of railroad men using the station, not to speak of a regiment a thousand strong of track-men, cleaners, inspectors, switchmen, and yardmen working permanently within the station, train-shed, and yard.

This makes a total of some seven thousand railroad men who will enter or leave the station, or remain within the limits of the terminal during the hours of daylight alone. For their accommodation a room is assigned in the adjacent building on Seventh Avenue-the one built by the company for elbow-room-to be used as a branch of the Railroad Men's Y. M. C. A.

With all the room in the station yard, it is not enough for the enormous amount of yard work entailed by the operation of one hundred and forty-five trains an hour. The main yard, therefore, will be at Sunnyside, embracing over one hundred acres, hard by Long Island City. Every train, no matter where from or where bound, will be cleaned, repaired, watered, iced, and inspected in that main yard, and hence the traffic in the East River tunnels will be ten times greater than that through the Hudson tunnel.

Throughout the tunnels and terminals electricity plays its part not only in respect to lighting but also as the

motive power. Two great power-houses, one at the New Jersey end and one at the Long Island end, will supply this cleanest of motive powers. Thus there will be no smoke nor steam nor gas to choke the passenger in these corridors of the under-earth.

When your train from the West reaches Harrison, New Jersey, near Newark, or a place still farther away, the steam engine that brought you to that point will be uncoupled and supplanted by an electric locomotive, which will take your train through the tunnel into the station. And that electric locomotive will take your train the journey under the Hudson River within two minutes, which is about ten minutes better than the fastest ferry-boat now makes the trip in the finest weather.

Tunnels and Tubes.

A word about those far-famed and very interesting tunnels, which are as much a part of the great new terminal station as are the handles of the monster fans already alluded to by way of describing the look of the trackage. The tunnel under the Hudson is eight thousand feet long, and the one under the East River about six thousand feet. There is also a tunnel under Bergen Hill, on the Jersey side, six thousand feet long. The building of those tunnels is, to be sure, a separate story. But once the tunnels were dug, then came the work of inserting into them the necessary tubes or inner shells of steel, each having a thick coating of asphalt.

The present year will probably see the completion of the Hudson River tubes. In each will be installed a wonderful system of signals and safety devices, and through each will run a wall parallel with the sides of the railroad cars and of a height of about four feet above the track level. Now, should any hitch occur, such as a blockade in the tube, the passengers can get out and walk safely along that wall right into the great passenger station.

The Costliest Hall in the World.

After solving the problem of the tubes came the less difficult task of preparing the site for the world's largest railroad station. Having acquired all the five hundred or more buildings, mostly dwellings, on the chosen site, the next thing to do was to get all the tenants to move out. The tenants moved, and for a time the region presented the spectacle of a deserted town in the heart of New York. Goldsmith's Deserted Village " was not half so uncanny as were these four huge blocks of uninhabited houses.

Then came legions of wreckers," workmen in the employ of contractors who had bought all the brownstone, and all the tin roofing, and all the lead-pipe, and all the woodwork, in all the dwellings, at bargain rates, provided they would carry off the loot. Then began the active work of excavation - dig! dig! dig! the song of spade and machine-shovel and pump and steam-drill and boring apparatus generally.

Thus was dug in the heart of Manhattan and under the beds of two rivers what may be said to be the costliest hole in the whole world. In comparison with this mighty hole over which the great new station is now being reared and in which seventeen miles of tracks are to be laid, all the excavations now going on under the direction of archeologists in Greece and Egypt become as the mere turning of sod in a back-yard. Even the unearthing of Herculaneum will be child's play beside the herculean task that is now being completed by ten thousand earth-diggers and rock-blasters in the American metropolis.

That stupendous hole is the beginning of the greatest of modern engineering enterprises, a hole by which New Jersey and Long Island will be land-connected with Manhattan, a hole that means, as already stated, that travelers from the West and South, and passengers from Long Island, need no longer change from a comfortable train to a three-cent ferryboat in order to get into New York.

Joyful Tidings for the Commuters.

There is one individual who will benefit so largely from the tunnels that he should be named in particular, in distinction from all other travelers. He is the commuter. He rejoiceth exceedingly, for all his weary life he has been compelled to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous changes from heated train to chilly ferry-boats, in getting into New York. The train brought him to Jersey City or to Long Island City. So far, so good!

But at either of those places, especially in winter, when the river was choked with ice, he began to have harassing thoughts of the probabilities of getting late to his office. Oftentimes, alas! the ferry-boat took a longer time crawling through the ice than the railroad journey from his suburban home. And wo came to him, for because of such delay he lost his job.

To-day, however, he smiles in contemplation of the good that is coming to him via the great new station. Soon he is to be carried across the Hudson or across the East River without one glimpse of water; and by direct connection with the subway he will be rushed to his office every morning in time to hold his position.

A Great New Seaport?

Look closely at the results effected by the transportation problem so thoroughly solved by the heads of a railway system, a problem that for years has been the despair of railroad kings and of many a genius of the engineering world, and a rather strange fact may be discovered. It is that Long Island for the first time becomes an important slice of land in the nation's commerce and transatlantic passenger traffic.

It must be remembered that the Pennsylvania Railroad owns the whole of the tip end of Long Island, Montauk Point, and has been holding it in reserve for years, allowing no improvements, but just keeping it free of incumbrances-for what purpose? That purpose is now in sight. It is that Montauk may be made one of the great seaports of the country. The port of New York is already inadequate to the demands of ocean steam-ships. Why not, then, develop Montauk as an auxiliary sea-terminal for the Penn system and save the difference in time between steamships and railroad speed?

Since, by means of its new terminal in New York and its tunnels, the Pennsylvania can soon run trains straight through to Montauk, who knows but what ocean steamships may in a little while dock at Montauk and send travelers and the hordes of immigrants thence by all-rail routes to any place in the Union?

Where Will the Profit Come In?

Such is the meaning of the great new terminal station-such itself is the largest railroad depot built by railroad financiers who dared expend upon it $100,000,000, the return of which money may not be expected until the expiration of at least a decade after the station is put into use. Every passenger entering or leaving that station during the first ten years following the opening day will cost the Pennsylvania company the sum of twenty cents; so that, for instance, for each tripper who buys his fifteen-cent ticket to Coney Island from the new Penn terminal, the company will lose a nickel. On the other hand, the one hundred million travelers departing from or arriving at the new station in the course of the first year will pay to the company sixty million dollars and in ten years six hundred million dollars.

Railroad kings decreed that the surface of the waters were not sufficient for metropolitan railroad traffic to and from a terminal, so under the beds of two rivers tunnels were hewn and steel tubes were inserted. Thus the ancient and honorable ferry-boat loses its importance. Then railroad kings pronounced steam antiquated as a motive power for a modern terminal, and the magic of electricity was summoned for duty.

By such means, and more, there comes into concrete being a depot into which two hundred way-stations can be set down and each surrounded by a liberal-sized lawn; a station so large that the entire population of the three great countries of North America can pass through it in a single year without one annoying push or shove, half of them bent upon getting themselves railroaded to points in every State in the Union, and

the other half coming into New York.

Such is the station by which railroad kings are solving one of the problems of transportation, answering the question of how we can save the precious minutes, and hence more precious dollars. And they are proud of their achievement President Cassatt is proud of it, Vice-president Rea is proud of it, Chief Engineer Noble is proud of it, Operating Engineer Richards is proud of it - all hands down to the most humble architect's clerk or trainman are head over heels in love with it.

Such, indeed, is the biggest of the one hundred thousand odd railroad stations in the world - builded in the mere attempt on the part of a Cassatt administration to keep pace with the growth of the whole Union, a growth so rapid that the people must themselves constantly travel from place to place to keep in step with the forward march of their own businesses and to enjoy the resulting possibilities in the pursuit of health, pleasure, happiness, and suburban homes.

GREAT DATES IN RAILROAD HISTORY.

Years That Have Marked Epochs -
From the First Road to the Latest Law.

- 1630 - A man named Beaumont laid rails on a highway in England to transport coal from the Newcastle mines. This is the first railroad known in history.
- 1765 - James Watt constructed his first steam engine at the Corson Iron Works, Glasgow, Scotland.
- 1776 - The first iron rails, of which we have a complete account, were cast with a perpendicular ledge instead of the flange on modern wheels.
- 1801 - A short line of track for a horse railroad was laid between Wandsworth and Croydon in the suburbs of London - the first chartered railroad on record.
- 1 804 - The first attempt to utilize steam power on a railroad was made by a Cornishman named Trevithick, who ran a locomotive attached to several wagons in South Wales.
- 1827 - The first American railroad, from Quincy, Massachusetts, to the Neponset River, was completed.
- 1828 - Charles Carroll, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, laid, on July 4, the first rail of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.
- 1829 - The Stourbridge Lion, the first steam locomotive ever seen in America, had its trial trip over the line of the Delaware and Hudson Canal and Railroad Company. In England, Stephenson's locomotive, The Rocket, won the prize of $2,500 offered by the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.
- 1830 - The first section of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, fifteen miles in length, was opened. Over it Peter Cooper ran his little locomotive, Tom Thumb, to prove that engines could be used on curves. The Best Friend, the first locomotive built in America for actual service, began regularly to haul freight on the South Carolina Railroad.
- 1842 - The whole of the Boston and Albany was completed, the first road to be operated as an important through route. The New York Central route to Buffalo was opened, though the various companies along the line were not consolidated until eleven years later.
- 1844 - With the aid of the government, Professor Morse built his pioneer telegraph line between Baltimore and Washington.
- 1846 - The Pennsylvania Railroad was chartered.
- 1853 - Eleven railroads were consolidated into the New York Central.
- 1854 - The Mississippi River was first reached by the Chicago and Rock Island Road.
- 1858 - Railroad building was pushed as far West as the Missouri River, the Hannibal and St. Joseph reaching that river.
- 1868 - George Westinghouse invented the air-brake.
- 1869 - The Union and Central Pacific lines were joined, making a through railroad route from the Atlantic to the Pacific.
- 1870 - The Chicago and Omaha pool was formed, the first pool on a large scale in the history of American railroading.
- 1887 - The Interstate Commerce Commission was established to have supervision over railroad rates.
- 1901 - The Northern Securities Company was organized to control the transcontinental railroads.
- 1904 - The United States Supreme Court, by a decision of five to four, held that the Northern Securities Company was in restraint of trade and was therefore illegal.
- 1906 - The Hepburn bill was passed by Congress, increasing the size and powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

KITTY'S SUIT-CASE COMEDY.

BY JANE DE LEUW.

An Amusing Complication, Introducing a Quick-Witted Young Man, a Pretty Girl, and a Most Ideal Numskull.

THIS is the story of a true happening with a real sequel and, because it is true (that is, all except a few details that don't count) the narrator is somewhat handicapped. In the first place, the heroine of it is pretty, and everybody knows that pretty heroines are out of fashion. They're employed occasionally to point a moral, but never to adorn a tale.

Now Kitty, who points no moral, is distractingly pretty. Not stunning, you know, or disconcertingly smart, but a slim, lovely grown-up child with wide, dark eyes, a delicious little tip-tilted nose, and lips as red as a "jack" rosebud, all set in a heart-shaped face. Not even for the sake of appearing literary will I deny this: Moreover, I fancy if she hadn't been pretty there'd be no story to tell. Then there's another awkward thing. In every well-regulated tale, whenever the heroine meets with an adventure, the right man turns up. In this story the wrong man turned up. Not wrong in the sense of - but I'm anticipating.

It began in New York, in the Grand Central Station, whither Uncle Gerry had escorted Kitty. She had spent the summer in Paris with the Gerrys and was en route to her own home, which is - well, Chisaga is near enough. Aunt Gerry was not a good sailor and the ocean voyage had used her up, and that was why she didn't come to the station to see Kitty off. Uncle Gerry had an important business engagement, and that was why he left her there half an hour before train-time. Before he left, however, he did everything he could think of to insure her comfort. Among other things he checked her suit-case.

"You won't have to bother about it until it is time to board your train," he said as he kissed her good-by.

Twenty -minutes later, her suit-case grasped firmly in one small, gloved hand, she was boarding the train. Uncle Gerry began it and the porter was the next one to serve in the capacity of first aid to a misguided destiny. Kitty, too young and strong to be concerned about creature comforts, had seated herself unconsciously with her back toward the engine.

"Yo'll be more comf't'ble, miss, if yo' face th'uther way," the black servitor observed, respectfully but solicitously.

His anxiety for her comfort seemed to Kitty the most natural thing in the world. It was but a continuation of the attention she had received on the other side, where a long procession of subservient officials had striven to convince her that they existed but to serve her. Almost unconsciously she changed to the seat across the aisle, absorbed in anticipating the delights of home-coming. In her suit-case was a marvelous mechanical toy for the pride of the house of Hunnewell, her eldest sister's baby, and she was picturing John Hunnewell Hampton's delight when she demonstrated to him the toy's remarkable proficiency in the matter of rapid and continuous transit.

Instinctively she glanced down at the bag at her feet. The initialed end faced her and she started as she took in the significance of the stiff black lettering.

"G. F. E." the initials were, and hers were "K. F. H." In a flash she saw what was wrong. The man to whom

she had given the check had made a mistake. Excitedly she consulted a locket watch. There was still five minutes before the train pulled out. Impulsively seizing the alien bag, she hurried out with it.

The check man was sympathetic even in the mad whirl of which he was the steadfast center. He accepted with polite resignation Kitty's disjointed accusation, but he was unable to produce her suit-case. " All you c'n do is to leave this un here with your address, an' we'll forward yours as soon as it comes back," was the best advice he could give her. He added consolingly, however, that it was a cinch that the party who had received her bag would return it.

For sixty anxious seconds Kitty debated, then she reluctantly surrendered the suit-case, scribbled her address on a card, and hastened back to the train, which began to move the instant she stepped aboard.

During her absence the porter had been busy, and all the seats now faced one way. This, however, she did not notice until afterward. She was too concerned about her loss. There was nothing of extraordinary value in the missing bag, only her modest silver toilet things; two or three of the souvenirs she had picked up abroad, and the necessities of traveling, but as she sank despairingly into a seat she felt that she could better have spared her trunk. She had no intention of crying, she sternly refused to take out her handkerchief, but she had to wink her lashes very fast to keep back the tears. Between two of those winks she chanced to glance down at her feet. Her heart gave a joyful bound, and then - every bit of the wild rose color faded from her cheeks. Her own suit-case, with the familiar black lettering, confronted her!

Five minutes later Kitty emerged, white and shaken, :from what she herself has described as "a plunge into indescribable emotions." The thing was horribly plain to her. She had carried some other person's suit-case off the train. Whose? She glanced furtively across the aisle at the seat which she realized must have been the one she slipped into after the porter had made his suggestion. It was without an occupant and destitute of any luggage. She ventured a look about the car. Besides herself it contained five passengers, four women and a man. It took only a few seconds to satisfy her that each woman sat in close and watchful proximity to her own bag. The man was a giant of a creature, with an unprepossessing countenance, and it was with sharp relief that she observed that his immense boots were firmly planted on a battered suit-case.

But the relief was merely temporary. Somebody must be the owner of the bag she had carried off the train. Shudderingly rehearsing the whole dreadful occurrence, she recalled dimly having seen a number of men stroll into the car, kick their bags negligently under the seats, and saunter out again. Presumably they were in the smoking compartment.

With terror-stricken but fascinated eyes she began to watch the passage-way from which the smokers must emerge and as she did so she battled with temptation. It was probable that no one had seen her carry away the suit-case. Why say anything about it? Why not wait until she arrived home, when she could transfer the burden to her father's broad shoulders? The battle was short, sharp, and decisive, and Kitty's conscience, a regular thoroughbred Puritan conscience, won.

Yet the first smoker who entered the car caused her resolution to waver. He was a short, fat little man, with a red, irascible face. Exactly the sort of creature, so she instantly decided, to doubt the truth of her story and hand her over to the police at the next station. I once overheard her attempt to describe how she felt as he made his way down the aisle. Her heart, she asserted, was in her mouth, but she also insisted that it seemed to be in the aisle, too, or, rather, that, an assortment of hearts all belonging to her seemed to be in the aisle and that the fat man stepped on them as he walked.

This, however, was but one phase of her emotional experience. She declared that, while acutely conscious of this phenomenal heart-action, she was able at the same time to rehearse the trial proceedings and was prepared to receive the judge's sentence when the fat man hesitated beside the empty seat. You will gather from this, doubtless, some idea of the real state of her feelings. But just as she was about to clear her parched throat for confession, the fat little man moved on.

The respite she enjoyed was very brief, however, for hardly had he faded from her line of vision when a

young man in violent checks appeared. His hat was perched rakishly on the back of his head, a very big stone ornamented his elaborate scarf, and his waistcoat was of a strange and prominent pattern. Meeting Kitty's intent gaze and misinterpreting it, he made her the recipient of a joyous smile and a confidential wink. I don't know how she manages it, but I've seen Kitty, on one or two occasions, transform herself with remarkable ease into an ice princess. She lifts her chin a little and her eyebrows, which are inclined to arch, become very level and her eyes darken until they look quite black, and the trick is done. The young man in the noisy checks shrank away abashed and deposited himself in a seat far removed from that uncongenial atmosphere.

But Kitty, though outwardly frigid, was inwardly on fire. She quite seriously considered the advisabilitv of alighting at the next station, leaving a note for the porter and her own suitcase to compensate the victim of her blunder. While she pondered this possible solution two more passengers strolled into the car, but they did not so much as glance at the luggageless seat. What if the suit-case had been left behind by some absent-minded traveler? she asked herself with a thrill of hope.

She was hugging the pleasing thought to her bosom when another man emerged from the passage-way and sauntered down the aisle. Now a historian, I realize, should be without prejud4ce, and to avoid the appearance of anything like bias on my part, I'm going to quote Kitty's description of this man.

"Clean and big and brown, you know, in a nice American way, with such a trustable look about the eyes."

Yet I fancy the fact that the fellow was presentable enough relieved the situation only a trifle for Kitty when he dropped into the seat across the aisle. She sat as motionless as a statue, her hands tightly clasped, waiting for him to make the painful discovery that he was luggageless. Hearing no excited exclamation, she ventured, after a while, to steal a glance at him. The man was gazing out of the window, but he seemed conscious of her scrutiny, for he turned and looked at her suddenly. Kitty shrank back in her seat, pale and dumb. But the more she considered her painful dilemma, the more convinced she became that if she desired to avoid attracting the attention of the entire car she had better explain before he discovered his loss and called the porter. She clasped her hands more tightly, cleared her throat, and turned resolutely.

"I - I beg your pardon," she faltered.

He faced her instantly. Queer how, though I have his word for it that he was thinking of business matters, and Kitty's word for it that he seemed absent-minded, he was conscious of her slightest movement!

"Is there something you wish - shall I call the porter?" he questioned (coldly, Kitty avers; anxiously he asserts).

"No - o, I don't want the porter. I want to speak to you," she answered hurriedly. Anybody can see that it was a reply that might be misconstrued, but I'll say this for the fellow that he did not misconstrue it. He has since acknowledged to me privately, however, that for a few minutes he was sure she was a lovely little lunatic escaped from her keeper. But he dissembled cleverly.

"What is it?" he asked, and showed his bravery by moving a little nearer to her.

"I carried your suit-case off the train," she confessed, staring at him with wide, tragic eyes.

"Oh, that's all right," he responded easily, glad that he had read somewhere that lunatics should never be contradicted.

But just at this point Kitty's intuition, until now held in abeyance by her excited mental condition, came into play.

"I'm not crazy, and I really did carry your suit-case off the train!" she exclaimed indignantly, preferring, naturally enough, to be taken for a blunderer rather than a lunatic. Then with a flood of words she

explained her mistake.

Tears followed the words. The few girls I've seen cry have looked like limp rags. I'll wager Kitty looks different. I imagine that heart-shaped little face of hers merely becomes a trifle pinker and that the tears, instead of splashing down her cheeks, cling to her long, thick, silky lashes, and that her soft, red lips quiver in a childish, maddening way; I don't blame the man across the aisle for what followed, but I do contend that he needn't have let it go the length he did.

You see Kitty, whose instinct is unerring (for after all there's no use denying the fellow's a gentleman) and who has the happiest faculty of saying exactly the right thing in the right place, wound' tip her confession with, "and I was so afraid that it might belong to somebody impossible or horrid or frightfully Cross."

And the man, who hadn't said a word, who had just stared at her, you know, peeked around the car then too, and nodded his head understandingly and assured her, "it's not of the slightest consequence. I have two suit-cases, and really there was nothing of value in the one left behind." (Much he knew about it!)

"I thought I could send a telegram and they could forward it," suggested Kitty, smiling through her tears. "and you can't imagine how much I appreciate your taking it so beautifully!"

It was Kitty's gratitude, out of all proportion to the fellow's service, that inspired him to steer the course he did. He shamelessly accepted that gratitude and basked in it and took advantage of it in a way that was sad to behold.

I saw them together first in the dining-car, where they seemed to be on perfectly good terms and were making their table a little oasis of friendly gayety in a desert of disapproval. All the women passengers had drawn their own conclusions from Kitty's sudden acquaintance with Fessenden, and the men had all decided that a man that could take advantage of such an innocent little woman must be something in the gold brick line. Kitty and Fessenden, however, were blissfully unconscious of all this.

From a retired corner I was a witness to their very evident enjoyment of each other's society. I hadn't the remotest idea who Kitty was, but when I beheld Fessenden in friendly converse with her I endeavored to let him know that I was willing to overlook the fact that he was my cousin and a shameless abuser of my good-nature. Would you believe it? Instead of being grateful he turned me down cold. Pretended that he didn't know me at all. Worse than that. After one of my well-meant efforts to extend the olive-branch, I observed him say something to Kitty and saw her lips curl unmistakably as she looked at me out of the corner of her eye. Both afterward indignantly denied this, but I'll take my oath on it.

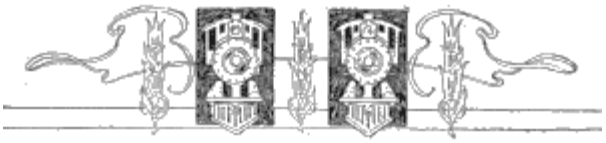
This being a true story there can, of course, be no dramatic denouement. There are, however, wedding cards - Kitty's and Fessenden's. I received them yesterday.

But in order that you may properly appreciate my position and feelings in the whole matter, I add a few facts. When that fatal blunder in regard to the suit-case was made, I was on my way to Chisaga to take testimony in an important case there. Kitty's brother had been my particular college pal. I had heard a great deal about Kitty and I was fully prepared to fall in love with her. Her brother Dixie had often assured me fervently that I was just the fellow he'd pick out for his sister.

And who was Fessenden? To begin with, he was my cousin. Furthermore, he was one of your bred-in-the-bone, dyed-in-the-wool New Yorkers, an architect by profession, on a business trip to Chisaga, which he had arranged to take at the same time that my mistress, the law, called me out. Fate saw fit to play him as favorite, for of course, after his grandstand pose in the beginning, he had the inside track. I didn't stand the ghost of a chance even after the truth came out.

And what was the truth? Why, that it was my suit-case that Kitty carried off the train, of course. My initials are GFF and Fessenden had taken shameless advantage of our relationship to bulldoze me into keeping quiet after he learned Kitty's mistake.

I have been greatly abused and mistreated, and swear I wouldn't go near the wedding - if it were not for Kitty's sister. But that is another story.



OLD, BUT STILL A FAVORITE.

John Godfrey Saxe's "Rhyme of the Rail" Still Quoted as One of the Best of Its Kind and Time.

Few purely humorous poems dealing with commonplace subjects have come nearer attaining immortality than has John Godfrey Saxe's "Rhyme of the Rail." Written more than fifty years ago, it is still quoted as one of the most amusing railroad poems ever written. It deals with the ordinary experiences, sensations, and people of a railroad trip, but with such zest and freshness and quaint but appropriate rhythm that both the ear and the sense of humor are pleased.

The poem was written some time in the late forties, and appeared in "Humorous and Satirical Poems," published in 1850. Saxe was by turns a lawyer, school superintendent, and journalist, finally deciding on the last as his life career. In 1850 he purchased the Burlington (Vermont) *Sentinel*, and in 1872 he became the editor of the Albany *Journal*.

He is remembered principally, however, for his comic poetry. His journalism has been drowned in the broad flood of anonymity, and his few short excursions into politics were fraught with disaster. But the "Rhyme of the Rail" bids fair to live as long as its subject.

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

BY JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges;
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,-
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

Men of different "stations"
In the eye of fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same;
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level,
Traveling together.

Gentleman in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentleman at large,
Talking very small;
Gentleman in tights,
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentleman in gray,
Looking rather green;

Gentleman quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentleman in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker,
Wonder what they mean!
Faith, he's got the Knicker-
Bocker Magazine.

Stranger on the left
Closing up his peepers;
Now he snores amain,
Like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "Association!"

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks;
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
Sitting *vis-a-vis*;
Baby keeps a-squa!ling,
Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!

Market-woman, careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges;
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale, -
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

NANCY HART'S GRATITUDE.

BY ADA PATTERSON.

How a Southern Mountain Girl Repaid the Kindness of a Young Union Telegrapher - The True Story of a Confederate Pocahontas and a Telegraphic John Smith.

THE TRUE STORY SERIES. So many people have declared so many times that truth is stranger than fiction that they no longer appreciate the full force of their own declaration. True stories are often not only stranger than fiction but infinitely more absorbing. The knowledge that the men and women whose deeds are described on the printed page are flesh and blood and not the pen and ink creations of a novelist invests them with a compelling human quality which no literary art could give. For this reason true stories of actual experiences of real men and women are to be regular monthly features of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

TRUE STORY, NUMBER ONE.

Every telegrapher who served in the Civil War the government ranks as a hero, but Marion H. Kerner is more than a mere hero. He is the Captain John Smith of the key and sounder, and his Pocahontas was a young girl of the mountains who guided Confederate troops through the narrow footpaths of the wildest region of West Virginia. At the risk of being shot as a traitor and spy she saved the life which had been imperiled by too great zeal in speeding the sparks that spelled valued information to the Union army.

Mr. Kerner is, moreover, the poet laureate of the Military Telegraphers' Union. When the union holds its annual convention at Washington in ()ctober, where President Roosevelt will be its guest and will eulogize the uniformless boys who fought for the Union with wire as bravely as the other soldiers with musket and sword, all who remain of the telegraphers of that era will join voices in singing Mr. Kerner's song, written for the occasion, " The Boys That Swung the Keys." Still in active service at the headquarters of the Western Union in New York City, although he supplements his activities by serving as the superintendent of lectures at the Wadleigh High School and as lecturer and author, this Captain John Smith of the Civil War is a spare man of lithe figure, with features incisive and refined, grizzled hair, and blue eyes, mild, contemplative, and kindly.

So he seems in his home in Harlem, but at the sounder in the big, noisy building, like a hive of myriad bees peopled by the incessant click of ten thousand tireless keys, he is quite a different figure. 'Tis the man relaxed we see at his desk at home - the kindly, reminiscent host, discursive and deliberate. Bending to his task of message-sending during the intense hours when the wires above our heads buzz loudest, he is strained, intent, stern, a soldier of the wires at attention, concentration incarnate.

He was in such a mood of utter absorption in the moment's task when the Confederates captured him while he was sending a warning message to a Union regiment, and it was then that Nancy Hart saved his life at the peril of her own.

"It seemed to be a daredevil act that invited my capture," he said. but I was a boy. We were all boys at the key in the Civil War. The government wanted young blood and it got it. Those of us who were not drafted

were volunteers, and if we hadn't been drafted we would have volunteered, for Uncle Sam had no more willing service than that of the boy operators. I was an operator at Martinsburg, West Virginia, in the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, when the war began. A half-dozen confederate soldiers came in one blazing hot afternoon and invited me to pack up my traps and go with them.

"My 'traps' were the key and battery and my small wardrobe. I obeyed, and we marched up-town, myself and my guard of six, and reported to the officer in command at the city hall. The officer told me he wanted me to join the regiment and send despatches to headquarters... I told him my sympathies were with the Union, and that I could not serve its enemies, for which frankness I occupied a cell in the city hall jail for two weeks. The intervention of two girl friends, Confederates themselves, secured my release. They said to the commanding officer, whom they had met in their own homes and who was a friend of their fathers': "Marion don't want to serve in the Confederate army. He's a Union boy. Why don't you let him go back to Baltimore to his mother?"

Too Small to Shoot.

"I did not reach the protection of my mother nor my home city, for on the way I stopped at Washington and was drafted into the telegraphers' corps of the army. I was at once detailed to service at Gauley's Bridge, in West Virginia, and after a few weeks there I was ordered to Somerville, a village thirty miles away, on the other side of the Cumberland Mountains It was a dangerous ride, and because I was only sixteen, and small and slight for my age, I was chosen as offering the least target sur face for the bullets of the guerrillas who infested the mountairis. It proved to be a wise choice, for although several unwelcome overtures were made to me from the shelter of the tall fir-trees, I escaped with only the slight headache that follows the whizzing too near one's ears of such leaden messengers.

At Somerville I was assigned to duty in Lieutenant-Colonel Starr's headquar- ters. He had chosen a cottage whose owners had fled before the arrival of the dreaded Yankees, and we made ourselves comfortable in the midst of their confiscated Lares and Penates. My instrument was set up between two front windows of rhe cottage, and I slept on a cot that was about six inches higher than the window-sill, in the same room with Lieutenant-Colonel Starr that I might be ready to send despatches.

The Heroine Appears.

" The sixty men who were stationed at Somerville were comfortable as to quarters, but they had little to eat. A foraging party became necessary and ten men were sent forth to confiscate all the chickens and ham and vegetables to be found. I happened to be sent on this expedition, and it was to that raid I owed the privilege of meeting Miss Nancy Hart. On our way over the mountain we came upon a typical logcabin in a small clearing in the forest. Two of the men went to the door and rapped upon it with the butts of their revolvers. A shrill voice answered them with defiant words in a pronounced Southern accent. Three heads were thrust from the windows, and three angry tongues bade 'us begone. The two men removed their bats, and told our needs. They said we were willing to pay for the meat and vegetables we needed, but if payment was refused we must have them anyway. A tirade of abuse from the three at the window was the reply. Then we held counsel. Strategy, it was concluded, was necessary, and it was agreed that I, being the youngest, and for that reason probably the most ingratiating among suspicious women folk, should make the next sortie.

'"Tell them,' said the man in command of the expedition, that we only want the use of the iron kettle hanging in front of the door to make stone soup." Do as I tell you. If they ask you what stone soup is, say you don't know.'

Making "Stone Soup."

Removing my hat, I approached the formidable three. When I made known my wants there were cries of

derision from them, 'Stone soup!' Who ever heard of such a thing? But the oldest woman consented grudgingly to the use of the big kettle. We built a fire, put a half-dozen good-sized stones into the kettle, and half filled it with water. Curiosity mastered the hidden foe. The door opened and the enemy came forth to see what them fool Yankees were doing.'

"Arrest that Girl."

We then asked their permission to put a few potatoes into the soup to flavor it. The woman consented. She and the girls came close to the kettle to look at the devil's broth. I asked for a few onions, and got them. Little by little we got what we needed to make a rich, nourishing soup. When we were pouring it into tin cups and offering portions to our reluctant hostesses, Lieutenant-Colonel Starr rode up. He dismounted and looked keenly at the taller of the two girls, who looked back at him without flinching. His order rang out sharply: 'Arrest that girl; she is Nancy Hart, the rebel guide.'

"She was a tall, muscular girl, lean and wiry like most of the mountaineers. Her hair hung in a tangled brown mass about her shoulders, her features were keen as a hawk's, and her eyes were clear, gray, and piercing. This was Nancy Hart, who had been the dread and torment of the Union soldiers; for, sure-footed as a panther, and as noiseless, she prowled about the mountains to seek Union camps, then hastened to the ucarest Confederate troops and led them through tbe mountain fastnesses to fall upon the enemy. The Union soldiers feared Nancy Hart more than any regiment of soldiers in the Confederacy.

"She was swift as a lightning bolt and pitiless as a saber edge. Lieutenant-Colonel Starr openly rejoiced in the capture. The girl sullenly yielded. She asked but one favor - that her friend go with her - and this the officer readily granted. The girls were led away while the lamentations of the young spy's mother rang down the mountain-side.

"Nancy and her friend, the other mountain girl, were imprisoned in a large room above that occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel Starr and myself. A soldier was always on duty, patrolling the hall outside. It was while she was a prisoner there that seventeen-year-old Nancy and myself became friends. She wanted needles to make dresses for herself and her friend, and I got them from the sutler for her. When she needed any small article for her comfort I provided it.

"A traveling photographer stopped on his way over the mountain, and I took Nancy to the wagon and had her daguerreotype taken. That camera was the only thing Nancy Hart feared in all her life. It was the first one she had seen, and she could not be convinced that it was not some new-fangled instrument for her execution until I sat for my daguerreotype and she saw the picture in my hand. Then, wearing my hat with a wild turkey feather thrust through the band, and in the frock that she had made in her prison, she sat for the picture. I have it still, with two locks of Nancy's hair in the case. I asked for two because her brown, sunburned hair was at least four shades lighter in front than in the back. The hair has preserved its color unfaded for forty-four years. One of the soldiers on guard in the hall was a susceptible lad, who was smitten with Nancy. All the boys suspected it, and Nancy knew it better than any of us. One morning at four o'clock she appeared at the door of her room, while her companion lay sleeping.

"'Hello, Sam! ' she said. ' The blamed roosters are crowing so that I can't sleep.'

"Sam moved nearer, delighted to have a chance to chat with Nancy. She ridi- culed his manner of holding a gun. 'I can hold that gun better than you can. Let me show you how to hold it,' she said.

Died for Love.

"'I won't,' said Sam, and he meant it; but Sam was smitten, and all foolish things are possible to the man in love. Nancy wheedled him into allowing her to hold the gun. As soon as she grasped it, she stepped back into the room, leveled it at him, and pulled the trigger. Nancy's aim was sure, and Sam fell a victim to woman's duplicity. He was shot through the heart. Nancy stepped over his dead body and ran down-stairs

and into the barnyard. She threw a saddle upon the commanding officer's horse and was off before the sentries could overtake her with their bullets.

"Precisely twenty-four hours later we were awakened by the rattle of musketry. The moonlight streaming through the unshaded windows showed that we were surrounded by a company of men that outnumbered us ten to one. A second fusillade followed the first.

"'Roll off that couch,' Lieutenant-Colonel Starr ordered, with profanity. Lie on the floor.' Since the cot was six inches higher than the window-sill, I tumbled off with alacrity, and lay on the floor until the officer had gone to the door and waved his handkerchief as a flag of truce.

"As we marched forth to surrender. a wildly capering figure in skirts, with eyes alight with triumph and limbs agile with mirth, greeted us with shrieks of de- rision. It was Nancy Hart, who bent nearly double as she recognized each prisoner. She had delivered us into the hands of our foes.

Nancy Pays Her Debt.

" As we passed in revlew before Major Bailey, commander of the six hundred men who had captured our sixty, Nancy indicated me with an earnest forefinger. Say, Major, that little fellow ain't no Yank. He's a prisoner like me.'

" Major Bailey, with infinite confidence in Nancy, said, 'Let the boy go.'

"I looked my thanks at Nancy, but her eyes never once met mine. She was looking serenely across the tops of the highest trees. When I would have stopped to thank her, she began again her strange gyrations of triumph, her grotesque dance of joy at the capture of the 'devil Yankees,' and ignored me.

"Free to do as I pleased, I went inside the cottage and disconnected my relay. Throwing a blanket over it, I swung it over my arm and sauntered off toward the mountains. No one paid any attention to me. I was merely a mountain-boy friend of Nancy Hart's on my way home, and of no importance to the six hundred Confederates.

"I made my way toward Gauley's Bridge, and before I had walked a mile from Somerville I saw that the Confederates had cut the wires connecting Somerville with Gauley's Bridge. The ends of the wires lay loose upon the ground. An inspiration came to me to try to save my friends by communicating with the regiment at the bridge. Kneeling upon the ground. I threw off the concealing blanket and connected my relay with the end of the wires toward Gauley's Bridge. Thus the ground and the foot of the relay formed a key, and with the other end of the cut wires for a sounder, I began to sound the signal. Hello,' the answer came back. The signal was that of Gauley's Bridge. With the bit of wire at the disconnected end I tapped off the message: 'We - are - captured.'

Back in the Toils.

"I got no further. The liore of a shining six-shooter dazzled me by its proximity. It was three quarters of an inch from the bridge of my nose, most correctly and mathematically aimed exactly half-way between my eyes.

"'Stop that! What 'r ye doin'?' demanded a peremptory voice, and I looked up at a raw-boned, black-eyed man in a gray uniform. At his shoulder stood a man a little bigger than himself. Unable to frame a satisfactory answer, I made none at all. My captors, who belonged to the main body of the troops who were still at Somerville, and who had cut the wires, took me back with them, carrying the relay and the blanket.

"The troops were ready to march. At sight of our trio approaching, Major Bailey, the Confederate officer, halted them and waited. My captors saluted.

"We found this young un' tinkerin' with the wires.'

"Major Bailey comprehended in a moment, and turned upon me with a blaze of eyes and a volley of profanity. Take him to -' he began: but Nancv Hart spurred her horse - Lieutenant-Colonel Starr's stolen horse - to the major's side before he could finish.

"Now you Major, don't you do nothin' to that young un',' she said. ' He's a good friend of mine, and if it hadn't been for his helpin' me I would never have got away and brought ye here; If you do anything to him I'H leave ve and bring the whole Yankee army to cut ye to pieces.'

"Major Bailey, still cursing, changed thc contemplated order. Take him to the rear he ordered.

"We marched all day, I barefoot because a soldier on the other side had taken a fancy to my boots. At a turn of the path Nancy Hart and her girl friend stood and waved their hands at us. In another instant they had disappeared in the forest, and that was the last glimpse I ever had of my benefactress; nor have I ever heard of her since. She may be dead. Certainly if she lives her hair is not the same color as the locks in the daguerreotype. Lest I be accused of a lack of gallantry, I must say that a sweetheart had all the time claimed my loyal thoughts, else I might have been as susceptible as poor Sam.

"The troops sent out from Gauley's Bridge, on receipt of my message, must have followed close upon our trail, for we were suddenly whisked off from the main path into the forest and traveled without footprints to guide us all night. I was taken to Belle Isle and afterward to Libby Prison. These incidents occurred in July.

"Late in Septemter I was exchanged, with four other telegraphers in the serv- ice. The Confederates demanded commissioned officers in return for us, although we were all youths in our teens. One of those boys has risen to distinction in the Western Union service in San Francisco and another in Omaha. Two of them are dead. By the grace of Nancy Hart, I complete the trio that survive."

UP MONT BLANC BY TROLLEY.

A Climb of Twelve Thousand Feet and a Drop of Forty Degrees' Temperature in Four Hours.

With the adoption by the French Government of the plans of M. Duportal and the awarding of the building contract, the project of a trolley-line to the summit of the highest mountain in Europe is brought one step nearer to realization. The scheme is not as fantastic as it appears at first sight.

Despite its great height - fifteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-two feet above the sea - Mont Blanc is not a formidable ascent for the mountaineer who has perseverence and physical endurance, and Swiss railroads are now in operation up far steeper grades than its comparatively gentle slopes. It is only at an elevation of eleven thousmid five hundred feet that the trolley-line will reach the glacier region.

Although easy in one sense, the ascent of Mont Blanc under the existing conditions is no small undertaking, as it requires two days and, at the least, close to fifty dollars. The new railroad will cut the time to four hours and the expense very considerably, though the trip will probably never be a cheap one.

The speed of the new cars will be controlled by other factors than the difficulty of operation. Between the summit of the mountain and the starting-point of the line there is a difference of temperature of about twenty-five degrees Centigrade, or forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. It is estimated that a change of eight degrees Ceatigrad - fourteen degrees Fahrenheit - is as great as can be experienced without discomfort. The cars will only climb about four thousand feet in an hour.

The trains to be run on the new line will be made up of two passenger cars, weighing four tons each, and an electric locomotive, weighing fifteen tons. When full, the cars will hold eighty persons, and there will be eight of these trains running at once, it is expected. Including three hundred thousand dollars for the power-house and electric equipment, the line is expected to cost two million dollars, or about two hundred thousand dollars a mile.

Fares will not be the only source of revenue, however, for it is probable that a number of hotels will be erected along the line, as in the case of similar roads.

OFF THE MAIN LINE.

Little Curiosities in Railroad Literature
Gleaned from Sidetracks All Over the World.

IN Germany, a tax is imposed on all railway tickets costing sixty pfennigs or more.

EVERY business-day in the year an army of two hundred and fifty thousand commuters swarms into New York City from the towns and villages of New Jersey.

FROM railroad to pulpit is the latest run of George West, formerly general manager of the Saint Louis and North Arkansas Railroad, who has been ordained to the Baptist ministry in Arkansas.

CLINGING to the cross-bars underneath the cow-catcher of a locomotive, Jim O'Connors rode for one hour on a sixty-mile-an-hour train from Saugus to Los Angeles, California, and was taken out unconscious.

SWITZERLAND has nearly a hundred railways whose sole business is the carrying of tourists to mountain-tops. When the road now being built up the Jungfrau is completed, its upper terminal will be fourteen thousand feet above sea-level.

THE locomotive that went down with the wreck of the Firth of Tay bridge in Scotland in 1879 is still in the service, hauling freight, or goods trains, as our English cousins call them. The three months that the engine spent in the mud of the river had failed to impair its usefulness.

WILD Rose, Wisconsin, has the unenviable distinction of possessing the youngest train-wrecker in the world - Stanislaus Yeska, of the mature age of nine years. After several attempts had been made to wreck passenger trains on the Northwestern road by obstructions placed on the track, the youthful culprit was caught in the act.

THE avernge number of passengers in each railroad train in the United States in 1904 was 50.25. This represents a growth from about thirty-nine a train in 1898, but is still far below the development attained abroad. In 1898 Germany carried an average of seventy-one persons in each train, and India had the large figure of one hundred and eighty-nine.

THIRTY-ONE years of operation without a passenger killed by train accident is the record of the Canadian line or the Michigan Central, formerly known as the Canadian Southern. The line is five hundred miles in length and carries a heavy traffic. The Pacific division of the Canadian Pacific has a similar record, not a passenger having been killed in the twenty years of its operation.

A NOVEL hair-cut was received by Harry Crump, of Industry, Ohio, when he fell from a Baltimore and Ohio freight train near his home. He was saved from death by the wheels pushing him aside. The fall stunned him, and as he lay with his head against a rail the wheels clipped his long locks. A few slight scalp wounds were the only other evidences he had of his "close shave."

A MISSOURI Pacific passenger train bound east from Kansas City was hemmed in between two landslides near Overton, Missouri, recently. The train was running slowly at the time and struck a slide. Before the engine could be backed out from the obstruction a large amount of earth and rock fell directly in the rear of the train, shutting it in so that it could go neither way. - Train Dispatcher's Bulletin.

AN early type of car used on the Sixth Avenue surface line in New York in the sixties was built in omnibus shape, with the driver's seat on top, and drawn by one horse. At the two ends of the route - Central Park

and Canal Street - the horse was simply made to walk around, while the car swung about on a pivot above the axles, leaving the running gear on the rails in the same position as before.

THE following interesting information is from an English exchange: On the Southern railways of the United States, negroes are not permitted to travel in the same carriages with white people, Jim Crow cars being provided by law exclusively for colored persons. Senator Foraker is agitating for the abolition of this system, and out of gratitude seven hundred Ohio negroes have named their piccaninnies after him."

THE difficulty experienced by passengers at great railway stations in finding the time of arrival or departure of their trains is to be solved in a novel manner by the Pennsylvania. In all the waiting-rooms powerful phonographs are to be placed which will announce in sonorous tones the arrival or departure of every train and its destination a few miuntes before it is due. The machines are to be worked by electric switches.

AS a result of the passage of an anti-pass law in Iowa, many county and city officials have resigned their offices rather than surrender their hardy annuals. One mayor who threw off the robes of office declared he did so because to surrender his pass would have been a virtual admission that he had received it on account of his official position, when, as a matter of fact, he held it only because of the affection which the directors of the road had for him.

THE banner railroad for courtesy is the Erie, which recently altered its schedule in Ohio to accommodate an ardent lover. The lover in qnestion was Porter E. Harnes, a spry sixty-year-old, of Richwood, Ohio, who has been "sitting up" with a comely widow in the near-by town of Peoria. The last Erie train to Richwood to stop at Peoria was at 5:34 P.M. - far too early for the elderly Romeo. To suit its schedule to his courting, the Erie finally consented to stop the train passing Peoria at 11:24 P.M. on signal.

THE Southern Pacific is building a line in Mexico to Guadalajara which represents a very cosmopolitan cooperation in labor and materials. It is an American railway, built on Mexican territory, with rails from Spain, carried to the United States on German steamers, and unloaded by Jamaica negroes. The sleepers are from lands in the Orient acquired by the Japanese in their war with Russia. The earthwork and laying of rails and sleepers were done by Mexican Indians, Chinese, and Greeks, under the supervision of Irish gangers, American engineers, and Mexican Government inspectors. - Railway and Engineering Review.

A RAILROAD to run by balloon-power is one of the latest developments of scientific ingenuity. Consul Bardel, at Bamberg, Germany, describes experiments in this direction now under way in the mountains in that vicinity. The purpose of the scheme is to overcome steep inclines, which would ordinarily have to he attacked by cables or cogwheels. A balloon, carrying ten passengers in a suspended car, is attached to a slide running along a steel rail. It rises to the top of the incline by the lifting power of the hydrogen with which it is inflated. Then a tank which it has carried up empty is filled with water, which hauls it down. There is a speed regulator, controlled by the conductor. The inventor believes that all cable roads will be relegated to the scrap heap by this device. - Collier's Weekly.

THE first railroad ever built in northern Asia has been completely lost to sight. In the early seventies a twelve-mile road was laid around the rapids of the Angrara River, near Irkutsk, for the transshipment of river freight. With the opening of new lines this pioneer road was abandoned. Fifteen years later the locating engineers of the Siberian Railroad visited the place, curious to see how the road was built. The old freight sheds were found with their locks intact, and a few overlooked packages of goods were moldering in dark corners. The line of the track could be traced by the clearing through the forest, but of the track itself not a trace remained. It could not have been burned or carried away by the natives. Evidently the soft ground had slowly absorbed the unballasted rails and ties until they rested many feet below the surface.

Pioneers of the Iron Trail.

BY FRANK MACDONALD.

Men Who Have Tamed the Desert, Overcome the Mountains, and Built an Empire in the west - Stirring Incidents in Strenuous Lives.

The railroad was to adventurous spirits of the nineteenth century what the sea was to the men of Queen Elizabeth's time. Stout hearts, strong bodies, and resourceful minds were needed by those who led the way westward over the Alleghanies, across the Mississippi Valley, and the great plains, to the mountains and beyond.

Romance, adventure, was the very breath of their nostrils. For fifty years they led our civilization toward the Pacific, fighting the wilderness, the desert, and the savage. The plain story of their lives needs no embellishment. The simple record of their deeds is a thrilling chronicle of courage and intellect overmastering the brute forces of nature.

OPENING THE WAY ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

General Dodge, the Builder of the Union Pacific Railroad Still in the Game at Seventy-Five Years of Age.

A YOUNG New Englander, not much past his twentieth year, had gone West to make his fortune, and, as he was a civil engineer, had entered the corps of the Illinois Central as one of the assistants. Later he went to Iowa to locate a few short lines there, and while at Council Bluffs had met, on the piazza of the hotel where he stopped, a lawyer who had done work for the Illinois Central and the Rock Island roads.

The engineer and the lawyer entered on an animated and enthusiastic discussion of the possibility of building a railroad over the Rocky Mountains and the desolate region beyond. Such a road would replace the trails whose lines were marked by bleaching bones. Both men believed fervently that such a road to the Pacific Ocean was not only possible but was necessary. They also knew that practically all the rest of the world laughed at the idea. The lawyer questioned closely, and the engineer's answers made him more and more convinced that the great road could and would be built. The engineer was Grenville M. Dodge and the lawyer was Abraham Lincoln.

Dodge was born in Danvers, Massachusetts, in 1831, and after studying at Captain Partridge's Military Institute and at Norwich University, went to Illinois. He was with the Illinois Central from 1851 to 1854, and then went to Iowa, where he later met Lincoln. The same year the Federal government began surveying for a transcontinental railroad, and as the project was one constantly fixed in Dodge's mind he jumped at the chance of going out with the surveying party.

Practically the whole Rocky Mountain region remained to be explored and charted. It was wild and inhospitable, and the Indians were resisting relentlessly the advance of the white men. Dodge and his little band of engineers, however, did not mind the fighting, nor did they mind the exposure, the scorching heat of summer, or the wild storms of winter. They found new ways over the mountains and showed that a railroad could be built. Included in the work personally performed by Dodge was the first complete survey of the Platte River territory. The work had to be done under arms, and the surveying party was organized on a military basis. There was no easy source of supplies, and when the men plunged into the wilderness they had to depend on their own resources and courage.

Before the breaking out of the Civil War Dodge had also worked through Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska for the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and when finally the war came he was recognized as the best equipped railroad engineer in the West, his knowledge of available routes including also the vast far Western tract that did not then possess a single mile of road. He was, besides, a trained soldier, and it was in recognition of his accomplished work that he was made colonel of the Fourth Iowa Infantry.

An Engineer Turned Soldier.

That stern Western experience had toughened him, and the demands of military service found him fit. At the battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, fought March 7 and 8, 1862, he had three horses shot under him and was seriously wounded in the side. He mounted a fourth horse and hung on till the end of the fighting. Then he dropped to the ground, weak from loss of blood and in agony from the hurt he had received. His skill and valor were recognized by Grant, and he became commander of the Department of the Mississippi. There his railroad training came into play again, for he built the Mississippi and Ohio road, a magnificent feeder for the Federal troops, and a road that helped greatly in making successful the operations in the Mississippi Valley.

In the spring of 1863 he was hurriedly summoned to Washington. Just previous to that he had organized colored troops, and his action had met with a storm of disapproval. He reasoned that President Lincoln wished to talk with him on that matter and perhaps to censure him. The organization of colored troops was not mentioned. The President came directly to the point. A transcontinental railroad was to be built, and Lincoln wanted information concerning it. The conversation at Council Bluffs had not been forgotten in any of its details, and the information Dodge had obtained later was speedily placed at the President's disposal. The latter had power to fix the Eastern terminus of the road, and his action in selecting Omaha was undoubtedly due to Dodge. December 1, 1863, ground was broken at Omaha, and the work of pushing the road westward was begun.

The progress up to 1866 was slow. Then Dodge, whose surveys had been used in all the work, took personal charge of the building and things begun to bear a different aspect. By May, 1867, be had twelve thousand men at work along the Platte, and despite the attacks of Indians, the troubles that arose from the hordes of gamblers who followed the construction gangs, and the fights that took place among the workers themselves, Dodge managed to preserve order and keep the men moving.

Henry M. Stanley, who went over the route while the road was under construction, said at the time: "The country appears to afford meager chances for the agriculturalist. Cattle may be raised in some portions of the valley, but the bleached skeletons of oxen, mules, and horses, with which it is thickly strewn, tell a sad tale." Two years before, while going over the broad trails from Atchison to Denver City, Stanley counted the skeletons of one thousand two hundred and ninety oxen, ninety-three mules, and one hundred and forty-five horses. Human beings by the score had also perished, but as their bodies had been buried there were no skeletons to tell the story and help mark out the trail. It was through such a country that the road was built, and in addition to eliminating loss of life it was destined in time to turn the unpromising ground into a rich agricultural district.

Fighting and Building Together.

The Indians gave unceasing trouble. They swooped down upon surveying parties, attacked trains, ambuscaded construction gangs, and, hiding at a distance, steadily picked off those engaged at work. Unscrupulous traders furnished all the arms the savages wanted, and gamblers who had lost their money sold their weapons at a good price, until Dodge made the announcement that any person supplying arms or ammunition to the Indians would be hung. That stopped the traffic for a while, but the Indians had already obtained a good supply.

For a few weeks the new breechloading Spencer rifles in the hands of the Indians did more to protect the railroad builders than the soldiers did. The Indians did not understand the operation of a breech-loader, and dozens of fatalities occurred when they attempted to pound the cartridges into the muzzles of the guns. At Plum Creek a hand-car, with five men, and later a passenger train were derailed. Some of the passengers were killed and a few were made captive. The hand-car had been sent out with a gang to repair a break in the telegraph line, and William Thompson, a telegraph lineman, was wounded and scalped, but recovered.

At the great powwow held at North Platte in September, between the chiefs of the Brule and Ogallalla Sioux and the Cheyennes on one side, and representatives of the government headed by Generals Sherman and Harney on the other, the Indians gave as their chief cause for making war the fact that the railroads were advancing at such a rapid rate that game was being driven from the prairies. They protested long and earnestly, but all the while the session was held Dodge was advancing his line and was branching out with feeders into the surrounding district. A stronger force of soldiers had been sent into the field and these were able to hold the Indians in check, though some of the warriors held their ground even after the conference.

Besides making the surveys Dodge superintended the construction of the roadbed, the laying of the ties and rails, and the building of bridges. He had a force of twelve thousand men under him, mostly Irishmen, organized and disciplined like a well-drilled army. But when the line of the Central Pacific, on which Chinamen were employed, began to approach the line of the Union Pacific, trouble became inevitable. The gangs fought until Dodge declared martial law, as he had in the case of the traders and gamblers. Then trouble ceased. The golden spike which united the lines of the Union and Central Pacific was driven at Ogden, May 10, 1869. The first year Dodge had charge of the work he located and put in operation five hundred and eighty-seven miles of track, hauling in all his material for construction and all supplies for his army of men as he went along. During the last year he opened up seven hundred and fifty-four miles of road.

A Leader Worth Following.

He was in absolute command of construction, and he got the work done without waste of time or energy. Absolutely fearless, he would ride into a crowd of refractory track-workers and bring them back as easily as he could locate a stretch of road over the level prairie. And he could make the men work cheerfully. They were sometimes restless after a few months in the field. He had been at the work for years, and showed no signs of breaking. So when he got after them to urge them on to work they did it with a will.

A few weeks after the last spike was driven, Dodge began work on another big railroad, the Texas and Pacific through Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, and carried through surveys and construction with the same result as on the Union Pacific. Politics took him out of active railroad work for several years, but to-day, at the age of seventy-five, he is back in line again and among other positions holds that of chairman of the board of directors of the Colorado and Southern.

MAN WHO GAVE RAILROADS TO COLORADO.

How David H. Moffat Built Them when Others Balked at the Appalling Difficulties.

It is something of a distinction to have turned at the age of sixty-three the first shovelful of dirt on the most difficult piece of railroad construction in the United States. It becomes still more of a distinction when it is realized that the man who turned the first shovelful financed the road out of his own pocket. Yet David H. Moffat who did this is accustomed to doing unique things in railroading, especially in forwarding construction.

In 1851, when he was twelve years old, he came to New York City from his native place in Orange County and began work as a messenger boy in the New York Exchange Bank. He worked there four years and then moved to new fields, still remaining with banks. In 1860 he started in a prairie schooner from Omaha with a supply of books and stationery to open a store in Denver. Denver did not want books and stationery in quantities sufficient to make the business highly profitable, so after a few years Moffat turned back to banking.

Denver had grown from a mining camp, where a vigilance committee found more to do than vigilance committees usually found, to a prosperous, thriving city and the capital of the Territory of Colorado. Still it was sixty hours' stage drive from the nearest railroad station. The gold and silver mined in the neighborhood was carried by mule train and provisions had to be brought in the same way. Living was expensive, and as the Union Pacific and the Kansas Pacific, because of the difficulties of the grades, had decided to ignore Denver's existence, it seemed probable that the cost of living would advance to the point where the growth of the city would be strangled. Spasmodic attempts were made to change the minds of the directors of the Union Pacific, but without avail. Then Moffat, who was not yet thirty years of age, organized himself into a committee of one and went out to see that Denver got the railroad it so badly needed.

On the Warpath for a Railroad.

We're a big and thriving city," he said enthusiastically, but we'll never he as big and rich as New York until we get a good railroad, even if we are the heart of the nation and have the best location in the world."

He pounded relentlessly at the directors of the Union Pacific. He offered inducements, and he got his townsmen to do the same. The directors held off, for they could not see their way clear to building a spur road to Denver and making it pay, and much less could they see the possibility of putting the city on a main line. The answer was final, and Moffat and a couple of associates set out to build the road themselves. The projector of the scheme was Julia Evans, afterward governor. Moffat was the financier, and he also went into the field to see that the work was done well and quickly. It was not a very great or very long line they built, running as it did only from Denver to Cheyenne, but it was great enough to enable Denver to retain the lead over the other cities of the Territory which its mines originally gave it. The first train to enter the city arrived in the summer of 1870, and the locomotive, purchased from the Union Pacific, had been rechristened the David H. Moffat.

Moffat's next step in developing the railroads of Colorado was a line along the banks of the Rio Grande del Norte to Creede, which was then a booming silver camp. The Rio Grande Railroad would have nothing to do with it, so Moffat, who had profited by the construction of the Denver Pacific, as the line between Denver and Cheyenne was called, and had also been drawing big money from his bank, built the road entirely at his own expense. Then when it began to give returns he sold it at a heavy profit to the Rio Grande. Creede did not last long as a boom city, but the road continued to pay as an important district had been opened up.

The Denver and New Orleans road, now part of the Colorado and Southern, was started by Moffat and his associates in 1881 to give Denver an outlet to the Gulf. They built from Denver to Pueblo, when the work was taken over by General Dodge and others and completed to Fort Worth.

In 1893, when money was scarce and investors were timid, Moffat saw that Cripple Creek was a coming

town and tried to interest people in the building of a road that would enable the miners to get their ore out. Every one held back, so he dug down into his own pocket again and built a road that brought him a fortune.

The Denver and South Park road, another of his lines, is not long, but the building of it was an unusually tough engineering proposition, even for builders who were accustomed to the difficulties of Colorado railroad construction. The fifteen miles cost over a million dollars. The line to Leadville was another hard undertaking, but its shipments of ore to the Denver smelters brought millions of dollars to the men who undertook the risk of building the road.

From 1885 to 1891 Moffat was president of the Rio Grande, taking the position when the road was bankrupt and sinking deeper and deeper into the mud, and leaving it when it was on a solid paying basis. His first work was to rebuild the line, and re-equip it throughout so that it could handle the traffic its situation would naturally give it.

Latest and Greatest of His Tasks.

The latest enterprise on which he has entered is the most picturesque of all. It is an "air-line" from Denver to Salt Lake City over the Continental Divide, midway between the Union Pacific on the north and the Rio Grande on the south. Besides putting Denver at last on the main line of a road over the mountains, it also opens up a magnificently rich section of northern Colorado. The proposal to build the line met with instantaneous and active opposition from the roads that would be affected by it, and they were strong enough to throw up formidable legislative obstacles. When it was suggested that Moffat was at last up against a job too big for him and that he could not get a route, one who knew him well remarked confidently:

"A right of way block Dave Moffat? I guess not. If there's no other chance he'll cuss a right of way through."

He didn't have to go to such an extreme, but he did have to furnish the money for the building. New York capitalists whom he visited refused to advance any money for the building, so he said:

"Never mind. I'll build it myself. We have a little money out in Colorado, I and my friends. We can all chip in, and I guess among us we can make up a fair-sized pot. This road is one of the plums of Colorado, but it'll take a little shaking to bring it down."

It took more than a fair-sized pot, as the preliminary work for the surveys cost a quarter of a million dollars. The Burlington had tried to get over the mountains and had become frightened when a million dollars had been put into the work and brought no visible results, and Moffat bought the rights the Burlington had acquired. The first fifty miles of road out of Denver cost sixty thousand dollars a mile, and the thirty-five miles up the foot-hills to the Main Range Tunnel cost one hundred thousand dollars a mile, all this for grading before a single tie was laid.

In eleven miles there are twenty-nine tunnels through solid granite, and the road has every conceivable sort of curve, from a horse-shoe to a tennis-racket. Bridges and fills cost a million dollars. Steam Shovel Cut, through rock, is two thousand two hundred feet long and averages forty feet deep. The Main Range Tunnel, nearly three miles in length, is under James Peak, at an elevation of nine thousand six hundred feet, and cost three-quarters of a million dollars. William Crook, whose firm had the contract for building one of the worst sections of the road, took down twelve thousand cubic yards of granite with one blast, using one thousand kegs of black powder and fifteen boxes of dynamite to do it.

The worst part of the road, the way through the mountains, has been conquered, and what remains to be done is comparatively easy. Throughout, the road is of standard' gage, three thousand six hundred heavy Texas pine ties to the mile, instead of the usual two thousand eight hundred and eighty pound rails, and all equipment fitted for heavy through traffic. It was a magnificent conception in railroad building, and it took

magnificent courage to risk millions of dollars in a venture that had swallowed other millions and given no return, but Moffat has made such ventures before, with the result that he and many of his friends are millionaires. His life history is an illustration of the possibilities of state-building with railroads, and there is not a line of failure in it. It is a chronicle of continuous success under heavy handicaps.

FROM ROUSTABOUT TO RAILROAD PRESIDENT.

Romantic Career of James J. Hill, Who Started with Nothing and Is Now the King of the Northwest.

At sixty-eight years of age James J. Hill can look back on a life-work that has made the great Northwest one of the richest sections of the world. He was eighteen when he came to this country from Canada, where he was born, and for three years previous to emigrating he had been forced, by the bankruptcy and death of his father, to work In a country store. He landed in Saint Paul practically penniless, and found that the demand for clerks was nil.

Work along the river-front was the only thing open to him, and so, although he was of slight build and utterly unlike the husky men usually hired, he started in with the roustabouts. His grit enabled him to tote on his back as big a load of cord-wood for the river steamers and otherwise do as good a day's work as any of his associates. Saint Paul was growing, and the steamboat traffic was at its height. There was also the beginning of a gigantic railroad business, though there was none who could foresee the possibilities of its future development. Hill saw possibilities in both lines, but his work as a river laborer fixed his attention principally on steamboats and on furnishing steamboat supplies.

It was while he was working on the water-front that he met the woman who was afterward to become his wife. Her name was Mary Mahegan, and she was a waitress in the little restaurant where Hill got his meals. He went there in the first place because it was clean and cheap, and he continued to go there so he could see the little waitress. The first time lie saw her he resolved to marry her, though at that time she seemed to him far harder to attain than fame and for-tune.

It was a long time before he could summon up courage to address her, and still longer before he could bring himself to the point. He went into the restaurant a dozen times resolved to settle his fate, and each time he came away without having spoken and angry with himself for his lack of courage, but more than ever resolved to marry her. At last he did ask her, and she readily agreed. Hill thereupon imposed a condition: he must first make a place for himself and for her in the world, and to this she agreed also. This was probably the last time in his career that James J. Hill did not go boldly and confidently about the accomplishment of anything on which he had decided.

When Mary Mahegan had accepted him he went out elated, and luck seemed suddenly to turn in his direction, for he got a place as shipping clerk in the office of the Dubuque and Saint Paul Packet Company, and soon worked from that post to the ownership of a steamboat of his own and of a wood and grain business. He also sent Mary East in order that she might study, and when she returned two years later he married her.

First Try at Railroading.

His first plunge into railroading was made in 1873, and it was a big one and startling to those who did not understand Hill. He had got together about one hundred thousand dollars when an irresistible bargain came his way. A little railway called the Saint Paul and Pacific was for sale for five hundred thousand dollars. It had been the worst managed road in the country, was thirty-five million dollars in debt, and had not paid a cent on its pay-roll in six months. Besides that, it was so thoroughly discredited and every one connected

with it was held in such low regard that no one but Hill would consider it. Saint Paul capitalists laughed at him when he asked for backing, and would not lend him a cent for any such scheme as buying up a worthless property like the Saint Paul and Pacific.

He thereupon went up to Canada, interested Daniel Smith and George Stephen (afterward Lord Mount - Stephen), and worked through them and others so successfully that he managed to get all the money he wanted from the Bank of Montreal. There was a terrible howl from the Canadian papers and people. Hill was represented as an American freebooter looting innocent and confiding Canadian financial institutions. At that time Canada was giving enormous grants of land right and left for railroads either begun or contemplated, and there was a growing and well-founded suspicion that all was not well in Dominion railroad finances. Not a great deal had yet been said openly about conditions in Canada, but the thought of an ex-Canadian and at present enthusiastic American borrowing money to finance a run-down American railroad was too much.

Beginning of His Folly.

Hill got back safely with the money, however, and started in rebuilding the road. It had about four hundred miles of track, all in a bad condition, and equipment that should long ago have gone to the scrap pile. Hill rebuilt every foot of the old road and then started the line west toward the Pacific Coast.

It had been customary in building trans-continental lines to get the biggest possible subsidies from the government and to take in the choicest tracts of land along the route and hold them for speculative purposes. Such a course had been so generally followed that there was a gasp of astonishment when Hill asked for nothing and made no attempt whatever to gouge out any of the choice bits from the government lands. A daring speculation now became downright folly.

Hill's folly, however, pushed steadily toward the Pacific. It went over the prairies, where there were at times not a score of people within a hundred miles of the line, and headed for a region so sparsely settled that there seemed no chance of its paying dividends within a generation. But even before Puget Sound was reached the settlement of the land along the route of the road had already begun. Farmers, ranchers, and lumbermen flocked in, transforming the land before given over to the Indians and the buffalo into a vast farm that feeds millions of people.

Hill's folly gave profitable returns from the first, and the Canadians who helped him became millionaires during the process. It had usually been the custom to build a road only to supply the needs of the people in a district. Hill built a road that brought settlers by the thousands. He made it enormously profitable through the cities and farming districts he created. It was mad folly, according to the old standard, to attempt any such thing. It is good railroad policy according to the revised standard which Hill set up.

He had shown that he was a railroad rebuilder and developer. He afterward proved that he was a great financier. In 1893, when the country was wild with panic, and railroads and industries wore being swept down in the general ruin, the Great Northern, grown from a worthless line four hundred miles long to a system that embraced nearly six thousand miles of track, weathered the storm and steadily earned small amounts while other roads were digging fatal holes in their reserve. Hill, country store clerk, Mississippi River roustabout, shipping clerk, and steamboat man, had built so solidly that not even the heavy storm of financial disaster and the industrial depression that followed it could shake his work.

THE NESTOR OF THE FIELD MEN.

William F. Shunk,
Born in the Same Year that the First American-Built Locomotive Appeared

and Only Lately Retired.

The first railway in the United States was only four years old when William F. Shunk, known as the builder of famous railways, was born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1820. That first rail-way was three miles long and was built from the quarries of Quincy, Massachusetts, to tide-water for the purpose of hauling the granite to be used in building Bunker Hill Monument. The rails were of wood, the ties were granite blocks, and horses supplied the motive power.

The year Shunk was born was distinguished by the fact that there was built at the West Point Foundry, from the designs of Horatio Allen, the first locomotive constructed in America. It was in that year also that a Baltimore paper said: "A correspondent has asked, 'What is a railroad?' We do not know. Perhaps some reader can tell us." Thus Shunk's life parallels the entire growth of American railways, from about forty miles and one American-built locomotive in the year of his birth to 1906, when the United States has approximately three hundred thousand miles of track and American locomotives excel all others in the world.

Shunk was a midshipman in the United States Naval Academy from 1846 to 1850, and after his graduation spent a short time at sea. All his time and thought were given to engineering, and as railway construction was booming and suffered from a lack of efficient engineers, he left the navy in 1855 and began in a subordinate position in the engineering corps of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The road was already a prosperous one, for as far back as 1846 it had begun to pay dividends. It had also been devised to meet the needs of the people of the State, and its lines were spreading out to reach every advantageous point. Such a school was a hard but a good one for a railroad engineer, and Shunk was so thoroughly grounded in the essentials of the business that he kept up with the tremendous pace set during the following fifty years.

In 1857 he was with the United States Coast Survey, but remained only a few months, as railroading drew him back, and he began his first independent work by locating the route of the Louisburg and Spruce Creek road. He served during the Civil War as a clerk in the State Department, and again went back to the railroad field.

Building the Elevated in New York.

His work in erecting the elevated roads of Manhattan made him nationally famous. The first attempt at building an elevated road in New York was made in 1867, and the cars were drawn along by means of a wire cable and a stationary engine. The attempt was not highly successful, for the promoters, led by a pitiful, blind sense of economy, had tried to utilize the surface rolling stock. A new company took over the elevated road franchise in 1872 and started in with a comprehensive plan for specially constructed cars and little engines to draw them. Shunk became chief engineer in 1876, and under his direction the elevated roads of Manhattan were built.

Shunk's elevated lines have stood solidly during all the years in spite of the tremendous strain to which they have been subjected. The squat, iron-latticed posts, planted on bases of brick' and cement, have kept the roadbed true, while the iron stringers, with ties of wood on which the tracks rest, have not been improved upon in elevated construction. An elevated road, with numberless heavy trains passing and repassing, is necessarily noisy and subject to intense vibration, but the all-steel road is agonizing, the whole line forming one gigantic, throbbing, shrieking cord. This defect is absent from Shunk's line, and it has stood constructive tests in all other respects.

Blazing the Trail for the Pan-American Railway.

Between 1882, when he left the Manhattan Elevated Company, and 1898 he was connected with some of the biggest engineering enterprises in the country, and also in 1887, began the building of the Kings County Elevated in Brooklyn. But his most memorable work was done with the intercontinental survey

which was made between the years 1892 and 1899. The idea of a series of railways for all the Americas, the great Pan-American Railway, had been gradually taking definite shape, and the survey recommended by the First International American Conference was sent out with Shunk as engineer-in-chief.

The party thoroughly covered the ground from the southern boundary of Mexico to the northern border of Bolivia. The way is through tropical jungles and forests and over almost unscalable mountains, and Shunk led his engineers through it all and brought back a report of the practicability of the road. Such work in the open demands muscles as tough as a rawhide, unflagging enthusiasm, and transcendent ability to conquer dangers and difficulties, and so to lead others that they conquer also. Shunk possessed all these characteristics, and the survey he headed stands high in the matter of practical accomplishments under difficulties.

He was sixty-eight years old in 1898, an age at which most men seek rest and comfort, when there was turned over to him the engineering work in connection with the Guayaquil and Quito Railway in Ecuador. The country had only about fifty miles of road, for there the Andes tower to their greatest height, barring the way of even wagon roads, and generally giving room only for a thin thread of trail over which pack animals can barely crawl. A fortnight was required to cover the four hundred miles between Quito and Guayaquil. The government had made fitful attempts to better conditions or to interest capitalists in the construction of a road, but nothing had been done and the old trail continued to be used by those who had to make the journey. An American and European company finally took up the matter, and Shunk was sent out to make the field surveys.

Quito lies in a valley nine thousand three hundred and fifty feet above sea-level, and around it rise some of the highest peaks in the world. The way to the city is blocked by precipices, by chasms, and by huge shoulders of mountain that jut out and leave no way around. Shunk was sent to find a way, and he found it. Much of the road has already been completed, and it is one of the marvels of engineering. The altitude at which it is built is not quite as great as that of the Croya Railway in Peru - also the work of Americans - but it twines and twists, burrowing under mountains, climbing steadily upward from the coast, and finding a place where seemingly no possible place existed.

Shunk's work was finished in 1902, and at the age of seventy-two he retired from active work, though even at the present time he is in frequent consultation with the builders of great roads.

TICKET-SELLING MADE EASY.

IN Italy, where the business of ticket-selling runs far from smoothly, the government, which owns the railroads, has been experimenting with a device intended to simplify the work of the ticket-agent beyond the chance of errors, accidental or intentional. This machine prints a ticket for any place.

With the passenger's ticket an exact copy is also made in order to register the transaction, and a dial indicates to the traveler the correct fare. If the invention is found to work well in practise the intricate piles of pasteboard in the ticket-agent's office may soon become obsolete.

Full Speed Ahead.

Years of Prosperity Inspire the Railroads to Put Millions Into Better Equipment, Smoother Track, and the Latest Time and Labor Saving Devices.

COAL has been definitely abandoned as fuel on the Yoakum roads in Texas. Hereafter oil alone will be burned.

THE Union Pacific is to build a telephone of its own more than one thousand eight hundred miles long, from Omaha to San Francisco. The line will be strung on independent poles.

PRUSSIA will spend in the near future fifty-one million dollars on the construction of new railways and the improvement of existing lines. Twenty-four new lines will be bulit and twenty-seven others double-tracked.

THE latest Yankee invention to be adopted by the Japanese is the block signal. A large order for mechanical safety devices has been received by a Pittsburgh company for use on the Nippon and Kobu railways.

INCLUDED in the order for new equipment, costing approximately seven million dollars, which was recently placed by the Wabash, were four thousand steel under-frame coal-cars of one hundred thousand pounds' capacity.

A NEW record was made on the Baltimore and Ohio when the bridge over Swan Creek was removed and a new one erected in exactly four minutes. The entire time that the track was closed to traffic was only fifty minutes.

ALTHOUGH steel cars have been in use on elevated and subway lines in cities for some time, the first all-steel passenger car for a steam railroad has only recently been turned out in Pittsburgh. It was built for the Southern.

THERE "isn't going to be any" tow-path soon, if a fleet of tugboats equipped with gasoilne engines now on the Erie Canal fulfils expectations. No sleeping quarters for the crews have been provided, as the men are expected to live ashore.

ALTHOUGH the official figures are not yet available, the preliminary report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the fiscal year ended June 30 shows an increase in railroad earnings of one per cent over 1905. The earnings then amounted to two billion seventy-three million dollars.

A material for ties, oak is now findmg a rival in the wood of the catalpa-tree. Several of the Western roads are planting this tree along their right of way, as it is also valuable in protecting the road from wind and snow. Catalpa-wood is never gnarled and will not rot for many years.

STEEL mailcars are to be substituted by the Pennsylvania for the wooden ones now in use. Seventy-five cars of the new type have been ordered. This is an improvement which is regarded favorably by the Post-Office Department, as the steel frames will withstand collisions and will be more durable generally.

AN alfalfa-field two hundred yards wide and one thousand long has been planned by the Union Pacific as one solution of the problem of weeds on its right of way. Now that it has been proved that alfalfa will grow without irrigation, the company believes that it may be possible to substitute a profitable crop for the

weeds.

IN its new erecting shops at Princeton, Indiana, the Southern has made a striking departure from the usual architecture of such structures. The framework of the building is of steel, but the walls are of glass. The Southern seems to be well satisfied with the innovation, for it will build more shops of a similar nature in the same town.

THE Bavarian Railroad authorities have decided to equip their trains with wireless telegraphic apparatus like that in use on ocean steamships. During the experiments a message was sent from Berlin, two hundred miles away, to the cab of a locomotive. The trials showed that a train can be warned of danger by a wireless message.

ORDERS for five hundred and sixty-two thousand tons of steel rails have been booked ahead for 1907 by American railroads. Among the roads which have placed the largest contracts are the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Chicago, Milwaukee and Saint Paul, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, Illinois Central, and the Wisconsin Central.

IT is expected that it will soon be possible for the engineer and the conductor of a moving train to talk with each other over the telephone. Extensive experiments with this object in view were conducted on the Harriman lines during the summer, and the block system will shortly be supplemented by telephones placing the despatcher in communication with every towerman and operator on the line.

IN itself there - is nothing very remarkable about the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake road, but financially it is in a class by itself. It is a bondless railroad. Built at a cost of forty million dollars by Senator Clark and his associates, it is said that not one of the company's securities will be offered for sale for the next two years, and up to the present not a single bond has been sold or offered for sale.

A SLEEPING-CAR of a radically different type from those in common use has been on exhibition in the East during the summer. In the new car the berths are carried below the car-floor when not in use, and their places taken by comfortable arm-chairs. As the upper berth will only be made up when necessary, it is asserted that the new car is more comfortable at night, as well as in the day-time, than the present type.

GASOLINE motor-cars are receiving serious attention. The Union Pacific is using them daily on its branch line from Lawrence to Leavenworth, and the Erie has been experimenting with a car cigar-shaped in front and entered from the side. This car has shown itself capable of making good time, and it is not unlikely that a service of single cars may be inaugurated on some of the suburban lines at the New York end of the Erie.

ONLY thirty-four per cent of the revenue of the one steam railroad now in operation in the Philippines is derived from freight. The other sixty-six per cent is obtained from passengers, despite the fact that fares are much lower than in the United States and that at least ninety-five per cent of the traffic is third-class. Freight rates, on the other hand, range from five dollars a ton to ten dollars for a one-hundred-mile haul, but as the average car-load is only four tons it does not pay to run large cars.

THE Western Union Telegraph Company has been experimenting with an automatic telegraph machine, which, is asserted, can do the work of three operators, transmitting messages at the rate of one hundred words a minute, which means one hundred messages an hour. No knowledge of telegraphy is required to receive a message, all that is necessary being to insert a piece of paper in the machine. Some of these machines are already in use on the line between Buffalo and New York.

MORE miles of track were laid in the first six months of this year than in any similar period for fifteen years, with the single exception of 1902. Then two thousand three hundred and fourteen miles were completed between January 1 and June 30. This year the new mileage has been two thousand two hundred and ninety-eight for six months, but it is not improbable that by the end of the year the figures for 1902, five thousand six hundred and eighty-four miles, and for 1903, five thousand seven hundred and eighty-six miles, will be exceeded.

CORKS AND THE COMMODORE

BY HARRY D. COUZENS.

A Tale of Bold Deception, Double-Dyed Intrigue, and Thrilling Adventure in Honolulu Harbor.

"WHITE schooner off Koko Head; looks like a yacht," said the Diamond Head lookout over the telephone, and a yacht she proved to he as she rounded to her anchorage in Honolulu Harbor two hours later. Moreover, there fluttered from her foremast-head the signal of a well-known yacht-club on the Atlantic coast and from her main the commodore's flag. The anchor slid into the bay to the accompaniment of a sharp explosion from a long brass gun.

As the great white sails came flowing downward a small but select party met in the cabin to partake of champagne with the commodore, whose papers declared him to be also owner, captain, and sailing-master. They were the marine doctor, two customs officials, and the brown old pilot. The commodore was large, athletic, and darkly handsome. To his official guests his manner was full of charm and courtesy, but the doctor, who knew more of men than of ships, noted a certain grimness in the set of the square, bony jaw and a glint of steel in the cold blue eyes. " A strong man and a hard one," was his mental comment. I'll wager that he's a driver."

"This is a fine, tight little ship you have here, captain," said the pilot, sneezing a trifle over the unaccustomed wine. "A craft that's good for sore eyes."

"You may well say so," replied the commodore. "The Hermione is a witch. There is no finer schooner-yacht afloat. I have been three years on this cruise, in some of the roughest water on the globe, and with all her speed she is as sound and able as a clipper-ship. The more I sail her the better I love her."

"I should imagine that being your own captain and sailing-master would lessen the charm of cruising somewhat, does it not?" asked the doctor.

"That depends on the way you look at it. Some owners like cruising along shore. Deep water scares them. They like to sit under the awning with the ladies and listen to the guitars while a paid man runs the ship and takes the responsibility. I sail because I'm a sailor, and I prefer to be boss on my own boat. I don't want any one on my ship who can tell me to mind my own business and clap me in irons if I don't do it."

The old pilot nodded his head approvingly as he finished his wine, but later, as he sat in the stern-sheets of the whaleboat that took him to the landing, he glanced hack at the club signal and the commodore's flag. In the far-off days of his youth he, too, had been a yachtsman and he slowly wagged his grizzled head. "I did suppose," he murmured, "that John Hildegraves was commodore of that club. I may be getting old and behind the times in Eastern affairs, but I must look the matter up!"

Now a beautiful white schooner flying the flag of a commodore is not a common visitor in the South Seas. Besides, those were "flush" times in Honolulu, for the free and easy system of the defunct monarchy still prevailed and sugar stocks were active. Therefore, the commodore was well entertained. His engaging personality won him many friends, to whom he extended the hospitality of his yacht, and after night-fall the Hermione, ablaze with lights, was the scene of many a merry gathering. The quiet harbor echoed the strains of sweet music and the laughter of guests of both sexes. Not infrequently the fag-end of these gatherings came ashore in the gray light of dawn, having sat long at poker about the cabin table, and no one

shared the old pilot's suspicious thoughts of the genial commodore.

And yet there were gatherings aboard the Hermione when no strains of guitars, taro-patch fiddles, and sweet blending voices disturbed the peaceful harbor, and shore-boats glided darkly to her side. There were conferences in the cabin when the voices were scarcely audible above the wavelets scuffling against the vessel. Ah Chuck, the head of a powerful and unscrupulous syndicate of Chinese, one William Englehart, an ex-trader and adventurer, and others of various classes and nationalities paid the tribute of a visit to the popular commodore.

For a month the Hermione lay at anchor, and the commodore as guest and host fulfilled the duties of both offices in faultless style. Then, wreathed in flowers, as is the custom in Hawaii, he sailed away to extend his cruise to China seas, escorted from the harbor by many friends on a tug-boat who sang "Aloha Oe" and other touching songs of farewell.

It was some six months later when the commodore stepped ashore from the deck of a prosaic Pacific mail liner to find Honolulu shuddering at a mild epidemic of cholera. Amusements were suspended, for the town was genuinely alarmed, and over all hung the stern interdict of the quarantine. It seemed as though the plague's black hand had swept all mirth from the land. People spoke in awestruck tones and scanned fearfully the list of dead, for a serious outbreak of the scourge might sweep the islands bare of life. As for the commodore, he had returned strictly on a matter of business, leaving the Hermione on the ways at Hong-kong to sail later and join him at San Francisco. Meanwhile, having come ashore, he was held fast by the quarantine, not to leave till the last death was recorded and the city purified of its last germ.

II.

HE sat in his cottage on the Royal Hawaiian Hotel grounds, figuring on a small pad with a dainty gold pencil. It was a warm night in November and the air was stagnant and sultry, poisoned by the sickly Kona wind from the south, but it was still more oppressive within, for the door was shut and the shades closely drawn. The commodore perspired freely, though in his shirt-sleeves, but the fat Celestial seated opposite, whose beady eyes never left the commodore's face, seemed unaffected by the stifling atmosphere, though he wore a blouse of heavy brocaded cloth. A bucket of iced champagne with glasses stood on the table.

"You are well aware, Ah Chuck," the commodore was saying, "that trade is regulated by the balance of supply and demand. In this case there is an excessive demand and no competition as to the supply. Therefore, you and I have what they call a corner on the market. Now about the price; it is true, as you say, that we agreed some months ago on a fixed rate, but there was no cholera then and no quarantine. Please do not insist upon the terms of a purely verbal and wholly illegal contract. The present figure is fifty dollars a pound."

The Chinaman's face wore its habitual meaningless grin, but his eyes narrowed to oblique slits in his fat, sallow face. Ah Chuck knew all there was to know of the law of supply and demand. He drummed on the table and his long nails made an ugly, scratching sound. "I give you thutty-five dollah!" said he, at last.

"I believe I said fifty," said the commodore mildly. "Look here, Ah Chuck, I expect Englehart at any moment. I'll give you five minutes to decide whether you accept or refuse my terms. At the end of that time" (he looked at his watch) "the price will be sixty dollars!"

"Spose I no buy," said Ah Chuck. "What you do then? No can bling ashore; no can bling ship inside; no can sellem San Flancisco. Mebbe you sailem ship back to Hong-kong!"

"No," said the commodore; he still spoke quietly, but his jaw was set hard and the steely glint shot from his eyes. I don't contemplate wandering about the high seas with a hold full of contraband. I expect to sell to you and on the terms I've stated. There's a fortune in it for you and your partners at that, but I thought you

might prove tricky and threaten to throw me over. so I came back prepared." He opened a morocco wallet and took therefrom a folded paper which he spread on the table before the Chinaman. " Here is a document I picked up in Hong-kong. It cost me a good deal of trouble and some money. The proper authorities might be glad to see this, eh? Take your hand out of that sleeve: Quick. do you hear!"

Ah Chuck withdrew his taloned hand from the voluminous sleeve, where he had a revolver. and sat back, white and staring. His fat smile was gone. "People who buy and sell slave-women are in a risky business," the commodore continued, in hard, even tones, " particularly when they add murder and convenient disappearances to the game. The time is up, Ah Chuck. Do we trade?"

"All light, I buy!" said Ah Chuck.

The commodore drew a cork and filled two glasses with champagne, first, however, returning the document to his wallet. Ah Chuck followed this movement with his eyes. "When you give me that paper?" he asked.

"When you hand over the money tomorrow night," said the commodore. Get drafts on San Francisco and split them up among all the banks or some one will smell a rat. Well, here's fortune Ah Chuck I hope we'll both be richer to-morrow night. He extinguished the lights and opened the door and the Chinaman glided into a waiting vehicle whose steed seemed to have wings, so swiftly and silently did it vanish.

The commodore stood looking after it, whistling softly; then he turned on the light and with a grim smile went back to his figuring. It was a simple computation, the result of which showed that a certain quantity of merchandise at fifty dollars a pound would yield a net profit of something over one hundred thousand dollars. The commodore laid the pencil aside and mopped his brow. Presently there was a light step on the veranda. The man who entered was stockily built. his face tanned a deep brown. His sandy hair and stubby mustache were bleached to a still more tawny hue by tropic suns. There was about him, despite his bulk of chest and shoulders, something of the lithe agility of a jungle creature, a suppleness as of life in the open, the muscles trained to a hair, the eye alert and inquisitive. He wore riding boots and had a binocular case suspended from his shoulder.

Billy Englehart was known from end to end of Polynesia. He had turned a more or less honest penny at various occupations from pearl-poaching to "blackobirding." He had been a trader, had sailed with Bully Hayes, and tradition said had once thrashed that rugged pirate of many seas. Billy lived by choice a life of action and adventure and was generally credited with being a trifle to windward of the existing statutes, but in personal dealings was known as a "square man."

"Well, Billy," said the commodore genially; "what news?"

"Good. Schooner's off Waimanalo. Burnt a blue flare in answer to mine on shore. Didn't dare risk going aboard. She's standing off and on now, I reckon. Your mate's a good man. Now, give me a drink and a cigar. I've ridden like the devil and most likely foundered a good horse."

The commodore poured a glass of wine, but Englehart waved it aside. "No bilge-water, thanks: I want a man's drink!" He went to the sideboard, poured a liberal portion of Scotch into a tall glass, added ice from the champagne bucket, and sent a hissing stream over all from a siphon. Then he lit a cigar and discussed his drink with great relish.

"By thunder!" said he, as he pushed the empty glass aside, "I needed that. I've ridden thirty-five miles, and I haven't navigated a horse for a good while, either. Commodore, I suppose you have some plan of action. You may not be in this business for your health, but if you can beat out the custom-house and the quarantine both, my hat's off to you. According to my way of thinking you're taking a mighty long chance. I don't like it! Another thing: don't think you're above suspicion. Old Cap Sylvester has you spotted as a counterfeit. lie wrote to the South Shore Yacht Club that you flew their commodore's flag and I guess their reply wasn't favorable, so there's a general belief in certain circles that you're not all wool and a yard wide.

Plain talk, but this is a dirty business any way you look at it, and my advice is to look out for squalls. You stand to lose that fancy schooner of yours, flag and all, and land high and dry on the Reef (Oahu Prison) and I don't propose to join you there. If you have a good scheme in mind, you've got to show me."

"I've heard a good deal off and on about Billy Englehart around the islands," said the commodore, "and I've never yet heard of his refusing to take a chance. I've got to pull this thing through, Billy, and you've got to help me. Every dollar I have in the world is on board that schooner, and as long as you've got some inkling as to the true state of affairs I may as well tell you that the schooner don't belong to me and never did. I stole her right out of New York Harbor!"

Englehart puffed briskly at his cigar. "Proceed," said he, "I'm interested."

"Well, about three years ago I needed a schooner-yacht to carry through certain schemes I had in mind, and I chose the handsomest and ablest one I knew of. Being without a dollar, I approached a syndicate of - of gentlemen, with a proposal full of romantic and pecuniary possibilities. It was no less than a venture to the South Seas to loot shell-beds. You see, I had cruised with some of the syndicate before and knew my men. The syndicate was to charter the schooner and take me along as sailing-master and captain. Sounds fishy to you, of course, but this syndicate had lots of money and was full of romance. Besides, I had cruised in the South Seas and told a pretty plausible yarn, not mentioning the gunboats and cruisers that hang around the charted shell-beds. What was the use?"

"Well, once I had my fingers on the master's papers, the rest was easy. I dropped part of the syndicate at Kingston, Jamaica, and the rest at Rio. The cruise thus far was full of romance and adventure, but-anyhow, they went ashore. Billy, for three years I've knocked about the world in that yacht. I have been an honored guest - at the clubs in all the ports of the world. I've flown commodore and vice-commodore flags and, actually, I've been disgusted myself, at times, to see how shockingly ignorant people are of the yacht register."

"I see," said Englehart, "that Hayes and Ben Pease were only a couple of rough nigger-stealers compared with you. How did you live all this time and pay your crew and port fees? I've seen you put up some pretty gaudy entertainments right here in this town, and it wasn't done on wind."

"Well," said the commodore, "I know something about various games of skill, for one thing, and I have promoted several enterprises that have paid fairly well. You will observe that I am a man of resource and- and there are a lot of people like that syndicate. Now, here's the point: I need this money as badly as I needed the Hermione three years ago. Her term of usefulness is over, for the syndicate is closing in on me and the jig's about up. There is hardly a port I can put into where there isn't an injunction or a detective. If this don't go through I'm b-u-s-t bust! With your help and Ah Chuck's it will go through. The little things you have heard I have allowed to leak out discreetly. It is part of the scheme. There is so much stuff aboard the Hermione that no one will bother about you or me or the ship. They will want the stuff and, Billy, I've just squeezed that slippery old Chinaman for fifty dollars a pound!"

"What!" cried Englehart. "Well, in that case -"

"Exactly!" said the commodore. "I thought you would listen to reason, and now pay attention!"

For the space of half an hour the two held close converse. Then Englehart spat dryly, though there was a gleam of inward excitement in his eye. "I'll see you through," said he. "I'll tell you plain that I'm pretty rough myself, but you're mighty shady company even for Billy Englehart. I'm sticking by you just because I admire your nerve."

III.

HANAMA BAY is a small, obscure inlet on the eastern coast of Oahu. It is of oval contour and walled about with steep cliffs that form a natural amphitheater. On either side tower the loftier headlands of Koko Head and Kamookane. The bay is choked with coral and affords no anchorage, though a small boat may thread its way among the channels in the reef to the narrow strip of beach. It is a wild and desolate spot. The cross-sea running athwart the Molokai Channel roars continually upon the reef and the clouds break free from the pointed peaks like bubbles from a pipe to pour their moisture into the bay. A few plover piping cheerlessly among the weedy rocks and the bos'n-birds wheeling overhead are the only permanent inhabitants of the neighborhood, which bears a dark reputation for unlawful traffic. Much illicit merchandise has been landed hereabouts, and many a gallon of fiery liquor distilled from juicy roots over a fire of guava wood to animate the forbidden hula.

Late in the afternoon of a November day four Hawaiians stood waist-deep in the waters of the bay, holding with some labor to the gunwales of a whaleboat in the endeavor to keep her bow-on to the great, hissing combers pouring in. The wind was strong from the south and the coming Kona storm was sending forward its advance guard. The sea was leaden of hue and the breeze had a dead, stale odor.

At the summit of the ridge overlooking the sea to the south Billy Englehart stood watching a small speck rapidly enlarging over the horizon. This soon resolved itself into a schooner running before the wind, her course being laid for the near vicinity of Hanama. She showed a remarkable turn of speed and as she approached there might be perceived a certain jauntiness in the lines of her hull which belied her rusty coat of black and the wear and tear of her canvas, which was old and dirty. With the exception of a large sampan peacefully tossing to a sea-anchor in the swell no other vessel was to be seen.

Englehart closed his glasses with a snap and scrambled down the cliff, slipping over the rotten tufa and tearing clothes and cuticle with the roughly thorned lantana, until he reached the beach and the waiting whale-boat. Into the stern-sheets he leaped and ran out the long steering-oar. The Hawaiians, needing no word of command, shoved off through the surf, sprang aboard over the gunwales, and, bending to their oars, shot the boat through the angry sea at the mouth of the bay with all the skill and precision of the finest small-boatmen in the world.

Meanwhile the schooner had run close to the rocky shore and with a great snapping of canvas rounded into the wind, her broad wings folding like a settling sea-bird. The moment her way was checked a number of bales lying forward on her flush-deck were heaved, one by one, over the side. As she made stern-way they strung out forward like a line of corks, tossing playfully about in the swell. The moment the bales were jettisoned the sheets were trimmed with a purring of blocks, the sails filled, and with no hail or sign to the whale-boat the schooner fled away southward. The sampan, far out to sea, was a mere speck on the leaden waters.

While these events were happening three men rode furiously down the beach road leading to Hanama and a tug-boat, hidden by the intervening promontory, crept stealthily along just clear of the shoal of sand and coral. Each rider had a silver star upon his breast, and the men aboard the tug wore caps, upon which devices were worked in gold cord. There was a tension of deadly earnestness about both of these expeditions which were approaching a common focus from different points of sea and land.

The cavaliers rode to the top of the ridge, their winded horses laboring in distress. Here they dismounted and, concealed by the low bushes, stole forward to the margin of the cliff, below which lay the bay spread out like a highly colored map. The whale-boat was nosing the heavy channel sea in which a less able craft would have capsized, but her crew were men bred to the surf and, now poising on the crest, now sliding down the long seas, tactfully urged forward while Englehart wielded the steering-oar, she drew nearer to the tossing bales. The man in the bow now laid aside his oar and with a boat-hook drew the bales alongside, whence they were carefully lifted aboard.

The horsemen, meanwhile, had descended the cliff by the steep and narrow trail to the beach. The whale-boat was about a quarter of a mile from shore and perilously sunken with her load, for at least half the

floating merchandise was stowed between the thwarts. As she headed for the beach the tugboat, wheezing and puffing, the black smoke pouring from her stack and the seas leaping from her bows, came suddenly into view from round the point. Twice her whistle screeched as she made for the laboring whale-boat.

"That means 'hands up!'" said Englehart cheerfully. "Now, boys, pull like the very blazes!" He swung the long oar and the rowers put forth all their strength, but the cargo was stowed high between the thwarts, the craft was over-laden and unmanageable, and the men were hampered at their oars. The tug bade fair to overhaul them before they had made half the distance and as a tottering ba1e overbalanced and wedged in a rower Englehart gave a sharp order and it was heaved overboard; then another and another of the dearly won parcels were consigned to the deep, all thought of salvage being apparently lost in the race to escape the tug-boat.

"By George!" said one of the three on the beach, who was watching from behind a fantana-bush. "Do you see that? That ain't like Billy Englehart. There's a heap of stuff there and it's never his way to quit in a pinch!"

The tug, a few hundred yards away, tooted hoarsely, and Englehart bent forward, urging on his oarsmen as a huge wave formed and came rushing on behind. The natives, however, needed no urging. They bent to their oars till the stanch whale-boat, lightened of her last bale, was picked up by the great wave. Her stern rose and the oars were at once shipped, for there was no need of further effort except by the helmsman. This was the South Sea art of "surfing in" and with the crest of the wave beneath her stern the boat was borne at tremendous speed clear to the strip of beach. The tug gave up pursuit and sheered seaward, where her crew devoted themselves to the matting-covered bales still aimlessly tossing about, though barely visible in the waning daylight. The schooner, unheeded by the actors in this stirring chase, was speeding far away to the south.

As the Hawaiians stepped ashore and made the whale-boat fast, the three men came forward. Englehart, still seated in the stern-sheets, looked at them sourly but without apparent surprise. With some embarrassment he produced an ancient briar-pipe and blew tentatively through the stem.

"Come ashore, Billy," said one of the men politely. "We want you mighty bad."

"What for?"

"Nothing much," replied the deputy marshal. "We want you, that's all. Come ashore, Billy. Where's your friend, the commodore?"

"Don't know the gentleman," said Englehart. "Well," he continued dryly, as he stepped ashore, "I guess the game's up, deputy. Sorry to put you to so much trouble. Now, how much am I in for? What's the fine for breaking quarantine and the duty on corks?"

"Corks?"

"Yes, corks. There's cork in those bales, and I'd have brought it in and paid duty all ship-shape and Bristol fashion, if it hadn't been for this damned quarantine. I tried to force matters this way because I needed the cork, but you seem to have spoiled my game. Still, I'm only foul of the quarantine regulations, after all. I suppose a small fine will settle it."

The three officers looked at one another knowingly. "Looks to me," said one, "as if you fired them bundles over the side mighty lively when you saw the Elen was after you. Corks, eh?"

"I think I said corks!" said Englehart snappishly, with an ugly look at the speaker. "And now if you are through with your damned jaw, let's get out of here!"

IV.

MEANWHILE, the swift schooner, whose advent had precipitated these events, had made her escape, with small remark from the crew of the revenue boat. In the wheel-house the captain, it is true, conned her with his glass, as is the seaman's habit.

"Might be a trader from the look of her," said he to his mate at the wheel, "but she's too much brass-work on her decks. Looks like one of them Frisco pilots. I reckon she's a yacht badly in need of overhauling." Then his attention was wholly occupied with the whale-boat and the rescue of the bales, a task involving seamanship of a high order in the heavy seas. He received no orders to follow the schooner, for which he was duly thankful, for the breaking Kona was imminent and a stern-chase is a long one, even with steam, against a fast schooner.

As the miles curled from the vessel's forefoot the crew busied themselves at the fore-hatch with a watch-tackle. Bale after bale, strikingly similar to those cast over at Hanama, was hoisted to the canting deck, and to each was affixed a small cylindrical device of brass with a fuse attached. When this fuse was lighted the cylinder gave off a blue flare. Blue is not a striking color at night, but a flame can be seen for a mile or so. The bales were then carefully hoisted overboard, each one bearing its tiny signal-light, which was not quenched, for the sea did not break as it did near shore, but rolled in long, moaning swells.

The tug, far inshore, was invisible save for a pinpoint spark from her lights. The sampan, a mile to leeward, could still be seen from the yacht's deck, but the crew apparently took no heed of it, and as the last bale was cast off the schooner filled away on her course and was soon lost in the dusk.

Fishing, said the regulations, was forbidden during the epidemic, and the crew of the large sampan seemed content to abide by the law, for they had cast no nets and the deep-sea lines were not uncoiled. Three of the crew sat in the lee of the high bow smoking queer, conical cigarettes of Chinese tobacco in brown paper. The fourth, a very tall, powerful Chinaman, who wore the common, paper-muslin tunic of a coolie, stood in the stern watching the tug-boat through a small glass. He was smoking a long, black cigar.

The tug steamed with all speed around Koko Head point, and the moment her white light was lost to view behind the headland the tall Chinaman issued a number of rapid orders. The sea-anchor was got aboard by the blundering crew, the rag of sail was set, and slowly the unwieldy craft made headway and bore down toward the blue flares which burned brighter as the darkness grew. Although his crew was lubberly and the sampan a mere log, the tall Chinaman had knowledge of seamanship beyond the ordinary. The wind had risen as the tropic night shut down like a pall and the chase of the blue fantoms was long and difficult, yet the last bale was stored in the fish-well as the Kona broke in a driving roar of rain and spume.

In the small hours of the morning the storm had spent its force, but the great, crashing combers were still roaring across the mouth of Honolulu Harbor. The black clouds were breaking into scud and as the moon shone momentarily through a rift the watchman on the quarantine wharf was surprised and startled to see what appeared to be a huge sampan poised high on the crest of a prodigious wave on which it rode to the quieter waters within. A tall Chinaman seemed to stand high in the stern, frantically clinging to the long sweep by which the craft was steered. It was but a fleeting glimpse, for the moon quickly vanished, and might have been a trick of the vision. At any rate, despite the edict prohibiting vessels entering the harbor, the watchman made no official report of the matter and to put forth in a small boat to investigate would have been to court destruction.

V

THE customs officials seated in the station-house were in rare good-humor as the deputy marshal walked in with his prisoner after a hard ride from Hanama. A number of square bales covered with coarse matting were stacked against the wall, still dripping pools upon the floor from their recent immersion. It made a

goodly heap, containing vast financial possibilities, for thus is opium wrapped for commercial export. The contraband drug was sold in the open market in San Francisco, and he who made the lawful seizure received half the proceeds.

"How are you, Englehart," said the inspector. "Sorry to see you in this fix. It's the old story, though, of the pitcher that goes oft to the well. Now, boys, get those bales open!"

Englehart sat down and lit a cigar. If he was annoyed, as well he might be, it was hardly perceptible. His face bore an expression of bored resignation. The inspector slit the matting and disclosed a number of dirty tin boxes wrapped with soiled paper covered with Chinese characters. The inspector, his fingers trembling slightly, cut the paper of one and pried the cover off with his knife. As the box flew open a look of blank amazement overspread his countenance. He probed in the box with his fingers, then turned it over and scattered its contents on the floor. It had been filled with coarse bits of cork.

"Hell," he said explosively. "Englehart, what the devil's all this?"

"Cork," said Billy, smoking placidly. "That's what I said it was. The deputy here wouldn't believe me."

Viciously the inspector attacked a fresh tin. Helping hands joined in the labor. Matting was ripped off and tin after tin opened and its contents scattered, and the result in each case was the same. All were filled with cork shavings. And yet from each tin came tantalizingly the subtle, weed-like odor of poppy-juice.

The deputy marshal viewed Englehart with hanging jaws. He was wise enough to know that he was beaten. "Billy," said he, "I guess you've run in a cold deck on us. I'll he blessed if I can see how or why. It is too elaborate for a mere joke, but I'm ready to cry quits if you'll tell us what you and that commodore are up to."

"Nothing to tell," said Englehart soberly, though there were suspicious wrinkles about the corners of his eyes and mouth. "I told you it was cork plain enough. That's what I ordered and paid for, and it's what I received, apparently, and a pretty mess you've made of my investment. How much bail do you want me to put up? I think I can find it about me somewhere."

"Oh, thunder! Clear out if you want to. I'll find you if I need you later."

"All right," said Englehart. At the threshold he turned to lodge a final shaft.

"By the way, you fellows can keep that cork. I don't want it now. You - you might smoke it! Good night!"

And Billy Englehart, trader, "recruiter," and gentleman of leisure, turned and walked out of the station-house.

VI.

It was a large room with a private joss in one corner, before which punk-sticks were burning. A vault was built into a side wall and its door stood open. The floor was littered with bales covered with matting, many of which had been opened and the contents, a vast number of small dirty tins, lay about and were being carried into the vault by a Chinese boy and piled neatly on the shelves. Ah Chuck sat by a table inlaid with mother-of-pearl, nibbling candied watermelon rind. A tall Chinaman stood before a mirror, rubbing his face with a towel saturated with witchhazel. As he rubbed, the racial lineaments seemed to melt away and when, with a final movement, he removed a bald wig with a long cue attached, there were revealed the swarthy, handsome features of the pseudo commodore.

"Well, Chuck." said he from the depths of a wash-bowl, "all's well that ends well. I thought for a while your old tub was never going to weather that blow outside. It was a good thing though, that storm, for it

shut out the moon. Otherwise we might have been seen in the harbor. How's Englehart?"

"All light," said Ah Chuck. "He 'lested, but he no stop long. He wait you now, your cottage. He laugh!"

"Good old Billy. Have you got those drafts?"

Ah Chuck went to the vault, and from a drawer took several drafts of large denomination. He looked inquiringly at the commodore. "You give me paper," he said.

The commodore had removed the coolie's tunic and from his own clothing took the paper which Ah Chuck desired. He handed it to him, with a mocking bow. "Keep it, Ah Chuck. I have no further use for it. It may interest you, however, to know that I made it myself. We're quits. Good night!" A moment later a belated hack was bearing him swiftly toward the hotel.

Out of the Scrap Heap.

Stories For Which Our Contemporaries Vouch -
They Are Good Enough to be True and We Hope for the Best.

TOO EARLY FOR HIM.

Applicant for a Job Willing to Drink With the Boss,
But Not So Early in the Morning.

IN a Western town not long ago the superintendent of a railroad was seated in his office, when in walked a big, burly negro, according to the Buffalo *Times*. The superintendent looked up and said:

"How did you get in here, past my office-boy and clerks? You have a lot of assurance, coming in here without first sending in your name."

The negro replied that there was no one in the outer office when he entered.

"I am looking for work," he said, "and want it bad; am willing to go switching, or do anything."

The superintendent said: "Do you drink?"

The negro replied: "It is a little early, isn't it?"

CUSTER'S LAST TROOPER.

John Martin, the Bugler
Who Carried Custer's Appeal for Help to Reno,
Now a Ticket-Chopper.

IN the New York Subway station at One Hundred and Third Street the one member of Custer's troop who came alive out of the massacre in the Little Big Horn Valley is employed as a ticket-chopper. For thirty years John Martin served in the regular army, entering the Seventh Cavalry in 1874 and leaving it a sergeant in 1904.

At the time of the massacre Martin was a bugler. Outnumbered by Sitting Bull's men, Custer saw that he would need help. "Ride to Major Reno," he ordered the bugler, "and tell him to bring up his men at once!"

Martin reached Reno's command, some three miles away, in safety, and the major started at once to relieve his chief. But there were hostiles in front of them, and in trying to make a short cut the troopers struck an impassable road, so that it was fifty-five minutes after Martin left Custer before Major Reno brought his men upon the battle-field. The only living thing to be seen was one horse. During the fifty-five minutes Martin had been away Custer and seven hundred men had fallen. Major

Reno was tried by court-martial, and it was chiefly by Martin's testimony that he was triumphantly acquitted.

DIVIDING WITH HIS MEN.

Two Million Dollars for the Employees Who Stood By William J. Palmer When He Needed Them.

THE Chicago *Record-Herald* recently published again the story of the most munificent gift ever made to railway employees, a gift of two million dollars in cash. There were hard times on the Rio Grande Western when William J. Palmer was president of it and owned the control of it as well.

To cap the climax, Palmer learned that a general strike was to come in a few days. A strike meant ruin to the road and to Palmer, and the president went out along the line for a last personal appeal. For three days he argued the case with the men, saying frankly that there was no money for increased salaries. Their only chance was to wait until the road had survived the crisis.

The president won out. The men liked him, and they voted to stick to "the old man." The Rio Grande Western prospered, the men got their extra pay, and Palmer felt that his troubles were over.

Then came the era of railroad consolidation. Gould wanted the road and was willing to pay for it. When the deal was closed Palmer had five million dollars for his share - the result of the loyalty of his men, as he looked at it, a few years before. Of that five million dollars he kept - three millions; the rest was divided among the employees who had stuck to him in the lean years, according to the responsibility of their positions. There were section men and inferior operating men who got five thousand dollars and seven thousand dollars, and the man who then held the position of traffic manager received twenty-five thousand dollars. The old employees of the Rio Grande Western were the wealthiest lot of railroad men in the United States.

HARD ON THE FROG.

Probably this Railroad President Would Have Expected His Cook to Make Codfish Balls Out of Fish~Plates.

RAILROAD presidents have not always been men thoroughly familiar with the practical side of railroading. In a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* Frank S. Bishop, the general Eastern passenger agent of the Illinois Central, told of the first inspection trip of a newly elected lawyer-president of that road.

The roadbed was in a frightful condition, Mr. Bishop said, and as the train began to jump about the new president became alarmed. After one particularly terrifying crash, as the train passed over a switch, he gasped:

"What was that? *What was that?*"

"Oh, nothing," said the superintendent. "We just struck a frog."

"Well," sighed the president, "we certainly killed it."

HELD UP BY RABBITS.

If This is True, It's Remarkable, But the Story is a Mighty Good One in Any Event.

THE other night a passenger-train on the Southern Pacific was halted west of San Antonio with a suddenness that was startling to all aboard. Investigation proved that the trouble was rabbits, plain jack-rabbits. The long-eared creatures had crowded upon the tracks and were so dazed by the engine light that they permitted themselves to be killed by hundreds, their bodies actuallv impeding the progress of the train.

It is explained that because of the unusual dryness of this particular region of Texas the rabbits are drawn to the railway lines in search of food at night. They come by thousands, and have made themselves not only a nuisance but a menace.

The idea that a heavy railway train can be held up by jack-rabbits seems a little preposterous, and yet that is just the sort of impedimetit that is annoying the engineers on the Southern Pacific. In Kansas the grasshoppers have halted trains on numerous occasions, and locusts have been equally successful in delaying traffic.

This is a great country, a country of many singular possibilities, and its greatness is shown by its unexpected emergencies as well as by the steady tread of its anticipated progress. - *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

HOW SHOCKING!

A Wildcat Which Received a Practical and Lasting Lesson on the Effects of the Electrical Current.

A WILDCAT, or mountain-lion, recently climbed an electric-power pole on an Idaho ranch on the Big Hole River. The moment it touched the wires two thousand volts of electricity went through the animal and set fire to the pole. The linemen who were sent out to investigate, says the Anaconda *Standard*, found the tail and the feet of the mountain-lion at the top of the pole and the rest of the body at the bottom.

CARELESS ENGINEERS.

What the Fireman, Turned Farmer, Said When His Mules Ran the Plow Into a Stump.

THE tenacity with which retired sailors cling to their old sea habits and language is well known, but it appears that in this respect they are rivaled by railroad men. A brakeman who had given up railroading for farming, says the Atchison *Globe*, started to break up a piece of land with a plow and a team of mules, the reins lied farmer-fashion around his waist. He had gone but a short distance when he saw a stump ahead and immediately began giving the railroad "stop" signal with both hands. The plow struck the stump and the brakeman went head first over the plow.

Picking himself up, he ran angrily to the mules and roared: "You flop-eared scoundrels, don't you ever look back for a signal?"

Birth of the Locomotive.

BY EDWARD B. MITCHELL.

First Railroad Engine in the United States Imported from England - First Working Locomotive Used in South Carolina.

FOR many years there stood in a rough shed in Honesdale, Pennsylvania, an old engine, an object of terror to the children of the neighborhood and of curiosity to visitors. It was the famous Stourbridge Lion, the first locomotive ever run in America. Brought over from England in 1829 by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, it was run for two or three miles over the railroad connecting the company's coal-mines with Honesdale, the terminus of the canal, and then retired permanently from service. With the Stourbridge Lion itself the directors found no fault. It was the weakness of the track which prohibited its use.

On the road there was a great deal of wooden trestle-work, built not to sustain locomotives, but horse-cars. Over the Lackawaxen Creek, for instance, this trestle was thirty feet high, with a curve of three hundred and fifty or four hundred feet radius. So, flimsy was the construction of a great part of this road - timber rails with an iron top taking the place of our modern steel - that engineers estimated that it would not be safe for an engine with more than a ton and a quarter weight on each wheel. From the inexperience of the builders it resulted that the Stourbridge Lion actually put a weight of nearly two tons on each wheel, and the locomotive had consequently to be withdrawn.

First Appearance in America.

This disappointment was a great one, not only to the officials of the company but to the whole country-side, which had expected the "wonderful machine" to work marvels for the prosperity of that section. Its trial, indeed, was made the occasion of a public holiday. At first it had been intended to run the Lion for the first time on July 4, 1829, but as the railroad was not completed in time the experiment was postponed to August 8.

On that day a large crowd was on hand see Horatio Allen, the assistant engineer of the company, who had purchased the engine in England, start the locomotive. After running it back and forth a number of times over a short stretch of track, Allen headed for the high trestle over the Lackawaxen Creek.

He took no one with him, for it was considered not at all improbable that the Lion would either plunge through the trestle-work or leave the track at the curve. What actually happened has been described by Allen in a speech on the occasion of the completion of the New York and Erie Railroad in 1831.

"As I placed my hand on the throttle-handle I was undecided whether I would move slowly or with a fair degree of speed; but, believing that the road would prove safe, and preferring, if we did go down, to go down handsomely and without any evidence of timidity, I started with considerable velocity, passed the curve over the creek safely, and was soon out of hearing of the cheers of the large assemblage present. At the end of two or three miles I reversed the valves and returned without accident to the place of starting, having thus made the first railroad trip by locomotive on the Western Hemisphere."

Allen's return in safety with the Lion was greeted by more cheers and by the discharge of cannon procured for the purpose of helping in the celebration of the great event. A mechanic named Alva Adams was so severely injured by this discharge that his arm was amputated, apparently the only unfortunate incident in a day of general rejoicing.

One business man notes rather sourly, however: "The locomotive engine Stourbridge Lion was started by steam this morning. Alva Adams had his arm blown off while firing the cannon. No work was done until after the middle of forenoon."

Inglorious Fate of the Lion.

For those responsible for the inovation, however, there was no rejoicing. The road had been built for horse-power, not locomotives, and the Stourbridge Lion was considered too heavy a load for it to sustain. For fourteen or fifteen years the locomotive stood in an old shed until so many of its parts had been lost or broken that it was obviously impossible to use it again. The boiler was then installed as a stationary engine in one of the company's shops at Carbondale and the wheels and axles sold for old iron.

During its long stay in the shed the Lion - so called because of the lion's head painted on the smoke-box - was dreaded by children who had to pass its home, and many of the more timid ones were accustomed to take long detours in order to avoid passing the mysterious monster.

For us it is somewhat difficult to see how the Lion could terrify any one or strain any railroad. The locomotive, described as a "plain, stout work of immense height," weighed no more than seven tons - an insignificant burden compared with the eighty or one hundred tons of a modern flyer.

Nine horse-power was the strength of the new machine, and with this it was expected to draw from sixty to eighty tons at the rate of about five miles an hour. In the neighborhood especial pride was taken in the fact that with Lackawaxen coal the steam pressure had been raised to more than forty pounds to the square inch. The monster was ungainly enough. There was no cab, the engineer standing on the tender, and above the boiler rose a complicated mass of walking-beams, rods, and levers of every description.

First Home-Grown Locomotive.

A year after the Stourbridge Lion had been tried and found wanting, Peter Cooper brought out the first locomotive built in America. The Tom Thumb, as he named his creation, was purely an experimental machine designed simply to prove that locomotives would stay on the track on curves. In this respect the engine, weighing less than a ton, and with a boiler smaller than those in many private houses to-day, was completely successful.

In the summer of 1830 Cooper hitched his locomotive to a passenger carriage containing twenty-four persons and weighing, together with the fuel and water, about four tons. With this load he started from Baltimore for Ellicott's Mills, thirteen miles away on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, over which horse-cars had been running for some time. Including stops for various purposes, the outward run was made in one hour and fifteen minutes.

The return trip was even more successful, for only fifty-seven minutes were needed. The inventor's satisfaction in this feat was somewhat marred, however, by his defeat in an exciting race with a horse-car. Half-way back to Baltimore, Cooper met a car drawn by a powerful gray horse, and sent out by Stockton & Stokes, the great stage-proprietors of the day, to humble their new rival.

Tom Thumb Beaten by a Horse-Car.

As there were two tracks available. there was nothing to hinder a race home, and Cooper readily accepted the challenge. The gray got the better start. and for a while seemed to have completely distanced the little locomotive. He was indeed fully a quarter of a mile in the lead before the Tom Thumb struck its gait. Slowly the engine crawled up until the machine and the horse were on even terms once more, then gradually forged ahead until a cheer from the passengers behind announced that the horse had been distanced.

It seemed, indeed, as if Cooper's victory was to be a decisive one, when suddenly the situation was reversed again. A band in the blowing apparatus, used to obtain a forced draft in the diminutive boiler, slipped from the drum, and the engine, wheezing and panting, began to lose speed. By the time the band had been replaced the horse was too far ahead to be overtaken.

At this time steam had many rivals. One car, the Flying Dutchman, for which its inventor received a prize of five hundred dollars, was worked by a horse on an endless apron, or belt, which he worked as a squirrel whirls the wheel of his cage. This machine could carry twelve passengers at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and for a while a great future was predicted for the device. Its popularity, however, was greatly diminished when a car filled with Baltimore newspaper men ran into a cow and was rolled down an embankment.

Another remarkable invention was the sailing-car, now entirely forgotten. The first of these strange craft was the Meteor, which occasionally made its appearance outside of Baltimore, when the wind was in the right quarter. As the car was nothing but a basket set on wheels, with a pole in the middle to hold the sail, the inventor was afraid to run the risk of capsizing in a side-wind.

Steam Finally Set to Work.

The construction of the South Carolina Railroad, which was begun in 1829, hastened the end of these mechanical fancies. Acting on the advice of Horatio Allen, the directors determined to adopt steam as the only motive-power for the new road, and an order for a locomotive was given to the West Point Foundry in New York City. In October, 1830, this locomotive, the Best Friend, was shipped by water to Charleston.

During the fall several experimental trips were taken, on one of which a small piece of artillery was carried for the purpose of firing salutes, and then the Best Friend settled down to routine work, the first locomotive to be used in the United States for actual service. Through the winter the locomotive worked faithfully, only to come to grief in the spring. While on the turn-table a negro fireman pressed down the safety-valve, and the boiler exploded.

About this time the second locomotive, the West Point, was put in service. One hundred and seventeen passengers took part in the new arrival's trial trip, and it was evident that in South Carolina at least the locomotive had come to stay. A few months later the West Point Foundry turned out the De Witt Clinton, the first locomotive to run in the State of New York.

In August, 1831, this engine began to make regular trips over the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad from Albany to Schenectady, with a train of five or six passenger coaches. These coaches had previously been drawn over the line by horses. Their shape and construction were those of an old-fashioned stage- coach, with a driver's seat at each end.

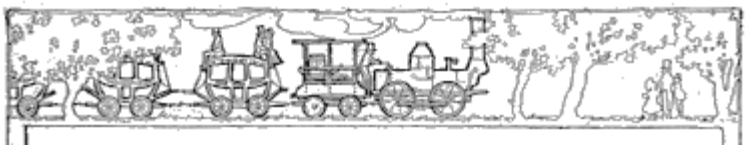
Utica to Buffalo in Twelve Hours.

On the first trip the conductor - a new official in railroading, for hitherto the driver had collected fares, as well as guided the horses - having gathered up the passengers tickets before starting, mounted to the little outside seat on the carriage, and from that perch tooted a tin horn as a signal for the train to go ahead.

Despite these inconveniences, the trip was regarded as an unqualified success. For a portion of the way a speed of thirty miles an hour was maintained, and enthusiasts already predicted that it would soon be possible to breakfast in Utica, dine in Rochester, and sup on the shore of Lake Erie. As a matter of fact this prediction has been far more than realized. The running-time of the Empire State Express from Albany to Buffalo is about five hours and a half, and if one cares to, he can breakfast in Albany and lunch at Buffalo.

From that time locomotive has followed locomotive from the foundries and locomotive-works of the

country. In 1829 there was one locomotive in America, the Stourbridge Lion, described above. When the De Witt Clinton began its trips between Albany and Schenectady, in 1831, there were three engines in active service. Seventy-three years later there were in the country forty-six thousand seven hundred and forty-three working locomotives in the freight and passenger service.



BINLEY AND 46.

A Railroad Poem so Cleverly Imitative of Bret Harte that the Famous Author Refused to Disown It.

ONE of the most successful hoaxes that ever slid unchallenged into the mind of the great American public was perpetrated by Sam Davis, now Controller and Insurance Commissioner of Nevada. Some years ago, in company with Thomas McCrossen, he started at Vallejo, California, a paper called *The Open Letter*. At dinner one night with Woodford Owem, then Collector of the Port, Mr. Davis defended his ability to imitate the style of any modern poet so closely as to defy detection. A friendly wager followed, Mr. Owens naming Bret Harte as the poet to be imitated.

Within a week Mr. Davis had written 'Binley and 46' and had published it in The Open Letter over the name of Bret Harte. An accompanying editorial paragraph explained that the poem had been found by Mr. McCrossen in a trunk which Harte had left in a San Francisco lodging-house many years before. So "Binley and 46" went the rounds of the press. Even *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* gave it a full page, with illustrations by Matt Morgan. The authenticity of the poem remained unquestioned. As for Harte, he said nothing. When the hoaxers thought the joke had gone far enough they exposed it in *The Open Letter*. The feelings of readers who had been tricked were, as the poet has said, various. Many showed indignation; others laughed - but Mr. Davis had won his wager. His principal embarrassment has been the impossibility of undoing the hoax. Despite all efforts to establish the real status of the poem, despite the innate absurdity of a situation in which an engineer who takes his locomotive out into a blizzard with no fireman and then freezes to death beside a roaring furnace, there are people living who still regard "Binley and 46" as one of Bret Harte's masterpieces.

By SAM DAVIS.

UPON Wasatch's peaks of snow
Night holds illimitable sway,
Where but a single hour ago
The crags and chasms, high and low,
Resplendent shone with day.

From out the sky no star ray shines
Upon the awful solitude;
While moaning through the tossing pines,
Like some unquiet spirit's brood,
The winds sweep to and fro,
Breathing in saddened mood
Their whisperings of wo.

At first they only sighed,
But now they moan and sob;
And since the eventide
Their maddened pulses throb
In quicker, wilder flow,
Such as the Storm Kings know.

'Twas eleven o'clock near Bridger's Gap,
In a station that swayed in the tempest's sweep,
Where a lightning-jerker enjoyed his nap,
When a call from the Canyon broke his sleep.
And he caught the words from the subtle clicks,
"Send Binley down here with 46."

Soon Binley had mounted his iron steed,
And the fires of his furnace glowed again,
As the ponderous monster devoured his feed,
And rolled from the side-track onto the main.
Out in the night where the snowflakes fell,
Out where the blasts of the tempests roar,
Binley shouted his friend farewell
As he opened the throttle-valve one notch more.

Then over the winding track he sped,
While the pathway with chasms and crags was lined;
The glare of his great light streamed ahead,
While the snow like a bride's veil streamed behind.
And soon the sound of the clanking steel
Was drowned in the echoes from hill to hill;
He felt the engine sway and reel,
But the throttle went one notch farther still.

Then down the grade like a courser fleet,
Plunging through mountains of drifted snow,
The engine plows through the crusts of sleet,
And hurls a thousand feet below
The gathering masses that block its way,
Throws them far to the left and right,
Into the black, oblivious night,
To reach the Canyon by break of day.

Now old Binley feels the thrill
That the soldier knows when he meets the foe;
He opens the throttle-valve wider still,

And his furnace burns with a fiercer glow,
As the piston flashes in faster stroke;
But firm as a rock stands the engineer,
For in that honest old heart of oak
There beats not the faintest pulse of fear.

But now the engine is running slower,
Though its pathway lies on a level grade;
And soon a tremor comes stealing o'er
Binley's hand on the throttle laid.
There's a slacking up of the driving-wheel
While the engine struggles with human will,
Then slowly ceases the clank of steel,
And the panting monster is standing still.

Thicker and faster the drifting snow
Throws round its victim its winding sheet
And quenches the glare of the headlight's glow
As Binley mutters "I give up beat."

Next morning a snow-plow forced its way
To the spot where the buried engine lay;
They hewed a path through the frozen crust,
And then was the ghastly story told;
There sat Binley beside his trust
While his hand on the throttle was stiff and cold.

A Ride With "Big Arthur."

BY BURKE JENKINS.

Night Run With the Best-Known Engineer in the Country - A Man Too Busy With His Engine to See the Romance of His Daily Work.

A RAILROAD is as good as the men who run its trains. No matter how fine the rolling-stock may be, how smooth the road-bed, how powerful the engines, or even how active and able the officers of the road, it is the men in jumpers and overalls who make the road's reputation - or mar it. The engineer with his hand on the throttle, the fireman standing on the swaying "deck" of the engine, the brakeman balancing along the tops of bounding freight-cars, the men who throw the switches or watch the crossing gates, are the men who really " run " the road.

They are the men who have the real stories of railroading stored away in their memories - and happy is the man who can unlock that storehouse. Taciturn, serious, unimaginative, they make their regular runs as quietly as they eat their dinners, and it is quite as much a matter of course with them. To Big Arthur and his comrades a dash through the night in the cab of a hundred-ton locomotive whirling two hundred human beings behind them at a mile a minute is merely a matter of a certain number of miles to run in a certain number of hours and minutes. The only difference between a good and a bad trip is found in the difference between the schedule and the actual time.

Daily pursuing the most romantic calling among the occupations of landsmen they are sedate, quiet, deliberate. If they were otherwise, they might be more picturesque, better subjects for the artist and the novelist, but far less trustworthy custodians of the lives committed to their care.

THE taciturnity of the locomotive engineer is proverbial. In fact there seems to be a quality in the calling which creates this trait. Engineers are a silent lot. Grant your old salt an attentive ear and an often replenished glass and it is you who must stop the flow of reminiscence. But happy is he who can induce these men of the track to "open up."

Warned of the difficulty, but fired with the purpose, I struck out one hot day for the round-house of the New York Central Railroad at Mott Haven. There, in the little office of S. J. Delaney, master mechanic, I met Engineer Davis and Engineer Arthur Allen, "Big Arthur," the veteran of over thirty-five years' service.

Cigars were produced and conversation promptly languished. I wheedled for stories with bait-covered inquiries. Result *nil*.

"Never saw anything worth speaking about out of the ordinary run, have you, Arthur?" This from Davis.

"No, nothing much," agreed Big Arthur between puffs.

"Never been in an accident?" I queried. Both eyed me attentively a moment; then agreed upon a negative

"Never reach out nobly from the cow-catcher to save the oblivious little tot?" I attempted facetiously, for it

was to test the verity of just such yarns that I was there. Both men caught the note.

No Hero Business About It.

One thing you can lay down for certain," said Big Arthur most emphatically "there's none of this here hero thing about engineering. It's all just a matter of business; understand?"

I understood, and longed all the more heartily for some of those yarns which Davis, in an aside, assured me fairly oozed from the pores of this Big Arthur who so strenuously denied the accusation of heroism.

"Why, that old Arthur over there he's been to the bottom of Spuyten Duyvil Creek; after that bell, you know," he prompted.

Big Arthur glinted an eye of remonstrance at Davis, but could not repress a grin at the recollection.

No, I didn't exclaim, "Oh, tell us about it!" I waited. Arthur eyed me suspiciously.

"Oh, that thing was when I was a youngster, but it was kind of a joke."

"Yes?"

"Um; but, of course, what I'm tellin' you ain't worth print, you know."

"All right, let's have it any way." I lied.

"Well, it was a right long time ago. We were fixing the draw up at Spuyten Duyvil. Now, the bell on my engine was a beauty. Everybody knew that bell; had just as clear a tone, sweet as you like. Somehow, while the repair gang was puttering around, a chain caught up against the yoke of that there bell and, whang, off she flew clear off the bridge and down into Spuyten Duyvil Creek.

"Well, that bell was worth something. Besides, we set some store by it, it being so sweet-toned; so the boss and the rest of them, they get poles and probe around a-plenty, but no go; they couldn't locate it and gave it up.

"Now, I'd noticed about where she struck the water and I calculated on the tide which was running strong at the time taking it down at a slant, so I said to the boss, Billy Smith, you know, father of C. F. Smith, now general superintendent, I said:

"'What'll you give me if I get that bell?'

"'You can't do it,' says he.

"'But if I can?' says I.

"'What d'you want?'

"'Give me ten days off?' I asked.

"'All right,' says he, 'but I guess you'll work them ten days,' and he grinned and went away.

Down in Spuyten Duyvil.

"Then I got me a pair of rubber-boots, for the bottom of the creek was full of clam shells, mighty hard on the feet, and made one end of the bell-cord fast to the bridge (you remember, Davis) and dived into the water with the other end.

"Well, sir, the very first time I dived I struck that bell with my head. It kind of stunned me like, and I come up for another try, but, sir, I had to dive twenty times before I caught it again. But I got her at last and made the cord fast and pulled her out.

"It was kind of late then, so I went home. Next day I come up to the boss and I says to Billy Smith:

"'Remember what you promised me if I got that bell?'

"'Sure,' he says, 'ten days. But you'll never get it.'

"'I've got it,' I says.

"'Hell you have!' says he.

"And then I showed it to him. He looked at it a minute. Then he starts for the stock-room to see if any of the bells were missing. Then back he comes and, tying a line to the bell, he hangs her up on a pole. He strikes that old jangler soft like.

"'Chang!' says the bell in that sweet, old tone of hers.

"I got them ten days," chuckled the grizzled narrator, "and full pay."

He puffed awhile.

Nothing in that little trick. you see. Just a joke. Nothing out of the ordinary. I tell you there's nothing but routine to the business."

"That's all," agreed Davis.

"Yes, but the nerve-tension, the strain and exhaustion of the terrific speed?" I queried.

To See the Real Thing

Davis grimaced in disgust. "All fake magazine stories. A feller gets used to it, same as anything else. Now maybe if you yourself was to make a run, at night say, why you might think something of it; the speed, that is, say rounding curves or the like, but - by the way, I tell you what I think you'd better do to catch the spirit of the thing."

"What?" I asked.

"Ever ridden in the cab of an engine?"

"Never," I answered.

"Then you get permission to make a run, a night run's best. and maybe you'll get what you're after."

Big Arthur grunted agreement. I saw the interview was over, thanked Davis for the suggestion, shook hands, and left. Over my shoulder I caught what I took to be a grin.

The next day I applied to General Superintendent C. F. Smith, son of the man who gave Big Arthur his holiday for bringing up the engine-bell from the bottom of Spuyten Duyvil Creek. After signing a most formidable-looking legal document in the shape of a release from all claims for damages to life, person. property, and character. I secured my permit. It read:

July 6.

ENGINEMAN, TRAIN 50:

Permit Mr. Burke Jenkins to ride with you on the engine on July 6, from Albany to New York, on presentation of proper fare and in consideration of his having signed necessary release.

C. F. SMITH.

Armed with this paper and attired in my worst I approached Big Arthur at the siding in Albany, where his engine. No. 3857, panted with a rising head of steam, waiting to pick up the fast Empire State Express during its three-minute stop at the capital.

Busy at a driving-wheel, he nodded a recognition, refused a hand-shake on account of grease, and told me to hop in the cab and give him the permit in New York.

Up to the cab I clambered and there confronted the fireman, Andrew Carolan, as I afterward learned.

It was ten minutes to seven and "Andy" was giving the locomotive a final furbishing, a housewifely finishing touch or two, before the trip.

"Pass me that can, Jack," he said and, proud of the familiarity of the "Jack," I handed him the can with "Big Arthur" lettered on its side, the gift of some admirer.

All Aboard at Albany.

The the train came in. Arthur swung to a hand-rail while Andy backed her to the coupling. This was fireman's work. The chief had not assumed command yet. Not until all the connections were made did he mount to his post. Then he took off his cap, tossed it into his locker, fitted a generous quid well back in his mouth, and took his seat.

In that moment before the signal to start, I could see his eye taking in every detail of the maze of working parts before him. He tried a cock, scalded his fingers with steam to an extent which would have sent me for the arnica bottle, flicked his hand, consulted steam and water gages, and, finally assured of the well-being of all, he looked out and back of the cab window.

At the signal he pulled out the throttle, notch by notch, and the engine, as though merely feeling herself and limbering up, puffed her way across the bridge to the east bank of the Hudson.

During this slow progress Big Arthur called to me above the reverberations from the slanting bridge girders:

"Who brought you up?"

I told him I had come to Albany by boat the night before. He grunted out:

"We'll pass her at Peekskill," and then added: " We'll give you a nice little ride."

Opening Out for the Run.

The straightaway now opened up before us, and from that very moment I became lost in that cab as far as Big Arthur was concerned. As he opened her out for the start of the real run, he glanced at Andy:

"She's begun," he said.

"She's begun," echoed Andy.

It was, apparently, a custom of theirs, one of the things which made it a treat to see these two men work together. Commands from Arthur were but a sign, an indication; Andy jumped in obedience.

For nearly the whole of the first hour everything was lost to me except the almost mad exhilaration of the headlong speed. I did not think of the power, the rumble and jolt, the tense strain that I had read of. I simply sat there and grinned my delight.

Andy came close and bellowed: "You like going fast?"

I bowed emphatically.

"You get used to it," he replied. Rather take a walk on a side street after a while."

I nodded, but doubted. Then I did get a little more used to my surroundings and began to look about me, not always ahead. Across the cab sat Big Arthur. I had read of engineers on just such runs as this, braced for the nerve-racking ordeal. Big Arthur sat at his post in the easiest manner possible. There was no straining of braced legs. They hung freely, swaying, and he bobbed in easy give to the motion of the none too springy cab.

For the most part he rested his left wrist on the throttle, his all-seeing eye fastened on the track ahead.

A Bismarck of the Cab.

Big Arthur is big. As he sat there one instinctively likened him to the Iron Chancellor. The resemblance is by no means slight. A good breadth of forehead, with a deep-set eye, and eyebrows of a shaggy growth, top strong features. One feels, particularly when he is at his post, that this man has been so long connected with an engine that he is a part of it. There is a dignity about him, a dignity exactly of the type inspired by the locomotive itself when one steps from the cars and passes the iron horse that has pulled him to his destination.

As Big Arthur sat in his seat, a twitching of the fingers of the right hand was the only trick that betrayed a nerve.

"You know that old fellow over there?" asked Andy.

I nodded. He grinned and made a motion as though it was enough. I had met the real article.

From time to time on curves, Andy would peer ahead to catch the signals that showed first on our side.

"All right!" he would yell.

"All right!" Big Arthur would answer.

"All right all the way!"

And a grunt would be the response. Once we caught a green "precautionary" signal.

"Hoa!" yelled Arthur, checking the speed. Andy jumped for a valve near my leg and opened it. When a clear white light showed ahead of us I asked the significance of that valve.

"Oh, that's the blower. If I didn't attend to that when he slows down the fire would back and burn your legs off."

When everything was running smoothly again I climbed down to the floor of the cab for a look at the fires. Incidentally 1 resolved to be a better man.

Every few minutes Andy had to turn the hose on that very floor on which I was standing to cool it off. In the intervals he had to feed the fire-box. To see Andy fire was a treat in itself, it looked so easy. A swing of a door-chain, a sway of a shovelful - a shovel *full*- and the trick was accomplished. Then he'd jump like a cat for the window, look ahead, and we would come to the water-tanks.

Just a little the speed would slacken and, looking back at the tender, I could see the flying spray as we caught up the water from the trough between the rails.

"All full!" would be the cry, and back we would swing to the old speed. From Albany to New York there was not a stop. After we had passed Poughkeepsie Andy said:

"We're making about sixty-eight miles now. Try the air."

I put my palm out of the window and could scarcely hold it there for the pressure.

"Ever have any trouble with signals in fog?" I asked, as we rushed past a semaphore.

Yes," he said simply, but he breathed a world into the monosyllable.

"You see," he went on, "these signals are the most important things about it. If you read one wrong that'll be all. You'll never have a chance to read another right."

We thundered through Tarrytown. Big Arthur gave a little gratuitous toot to the whistle, for that is where he lives, and on we sped south. This is about the best run in the country, isn't it?" I shouted in the fireman's ear.

"Oh, well, it's pretty good." Then, as though this modesty was a little overdrawn, he added:

"There aren't any better. Clear track for us, you know. Duck!"

I ducked to a passing express, while hot cinders flew.

On Time to the Second.

In less than three hours from Albany and on time to the second, as Big Arthur thumbed his watch in his jumper pocket, we were rumbling through the blackness of the tunnel to the Grand Central Station.

Through the yard in time to clicking switches, our course swerved according to the man in the tower until we brought up under the shed, outside the gates of which we heard the cry: "Keb, sir, keb, want a keb?"

Big Arthur looked at Andy. "Here we are!" he said.

"Here we are!" again echoed Andy, true to their habit.

I followed the old fellow to the ground where he led the way to the cow-catcher to avoid an incoming train on the other track.

"Enjoy it?" he asked.

I hope I made him understand how much. I looked him over. Here before me was the "nerve-racked engineer of the fastest run" I had read of.

He caught my expression. "Going to write it up?"

I told him I would try.

"Get Andy's name?"

"Yes."

"Well, you just put it in as Andy Carolan, otherwise known as the Yellow Kid."

And so I left him, chuckling at his joke on the fireman.

"WORKING" HIS WAY.

The Newspaper Man Who Defeated an Editor's Shrewd Play for a Pass and Won One for Himself.

NOT the least of the general passenger agent's troubles is the man who thinks the road owes him a free ride. At least that was the case before the Hepburn bill put the quietus on the free-pass game. An illustration of the working of the system in the old days is given in a story told to a reporter of the Denver *Post* by Colonel Raymond L. Eaton. a western newspaper man.

"You all know E. L. Lomax, general passenger agent of the Union Pacific, of course," the colonel began. "Well, when I was working in Omaha a few years ago I dropped into Mr. Lomax's office, and, placing my hat on his desk, sat down in his big easy-chair. A minute or two after I had taken my seat a breezy fellow entered the room, and, approaching me, stuck out his hand.

"'How do you do, Mr. Lomax?' he said to me. 'I'm Mr. So-and-So, publisher of such-and-such a weekly paper in western Nebraska. I want to get passes for my wife and myself to Salt Lake City.'

"I replied, 'Well, Mr. So-and-So, I'd like to accommodate you the best in the world, but your town isn't on our line. But just to help you I'll make you half rate.'

"The editor was delighted. 'All right, Mr. 'Lomax,' he said. 'I'm mighty much obliged to you.'

"After he had gone the real Mr. Lomax said: "'Eaton, you're all right. You're better at it than I am. I'm afraid I'd have given him his passes. It's hard for me to turn newspaper men down.'

"'I'm blamed glad of that,' I said, 'because I want to go to Denver.' I got the pass."

HE WAS ON THE JOB TO STAY.

The Supply Man Who Refused to Be Beaten When the Railroad Manager Told Him That the Contract Was Let and There Was No Chance for Him.

THIS is a true story, but for various good and sufficient reasons the persons concerned must remain nameless. The central figure was the salesman for a railway supply company dealing in draft bars, steel platforms, and improved couplings. Word had come of a large contract to be let by a great railroad company, and the president of the supply company sent the salesman down from New York to get in on it.

"Stay till you get it" said the president. "It may be a day and it may be a week, but get it The only message that I want from you is: 'Contract signed,' Then you can come home; but I don't want to see you till then."

It was the salesman's first big chance, and he went at it bravely but with fear in his heart.

The Closed Door.

The beginning was not auspicious. The clerk who guarded the railroad manager's office took in his card and returned with the curt message:

"Contracts all closed yesterday. Appropriation covered. Too busy to see any more salesmen."

What was to be done? The answer seemed to be final, but the salesman came of patient stock. He sat himself down to besiege the manager. For three days he called daily at the office, and each day he was told that there was "nothing doing." Meanwhile, he ingratiated himself with the clerks in the outer office. His pockets were always filled with good cigars that found their way into the pockets of the men who did the manager's bidding.

On the fourth day the salesman's chance came. The chief clerk, who had been his special confidant, led him to one side and spoke in a low tone and to the point.

"The old man goes out to lunch at one o'clock, and usually stays an hour. Come in at half-past one and bring your samples. I'll let you into his office and you can wait for him there. The rest of it you'll have to do yourself, but I wish you luck."

When the manager returned there sat the salesman with his samples displayed temptingly on a convenient table. The railroad man smiled dryly.

"Don't you think this is rather rubbing it in?" he asked. "I'm willing to give a man his chance, but I'm busy, and you've given me about your share of bother."

"Give me just five minutes," answered the salesman. "I know you're busy, but so am I. I'm not hanging around here because I enjoy it. I have to make my living this way, and if I went back and told our president that I couldn't even get in to see you my chance of holding my job wouldn't be worth thinking about. All I want is to be able to say that I saw you and talked with you. If I can't sell you something in five minutes I can at least say that you know we're doing business, and the next time I come down I won't have to tell you who I am."

The manager looked at his watch. "I'll give you ten minutes. It's a waste of time, but such a persistent beggar deserves something."

It was the chance that the salesman was looking for, and he went at the manager as though his life depended on selling him a hundred-thousand-dollar order. When he said that all he wanted was a chance to show his goods he had told only a little more than half the truth. Not only did he want to be able to assure the home office that he had at least seen the great man, but in the back of his mind there lurked the idea that perhaps a small sale might result from the manager's grudging concession.

The ten minutes dragged out to an hour and a half. At the end of the time the manager turned to the salesman.

"Well, you win. I haven't any business to do it, and when I told you that the appropriation was exhausted I meant it. We've ordered all we meant to take, but I like you and I like your goods. Give me a contract, and I'll sign it and stretch the appropriation on my own responsibility. But in the future, for heaven's sake, get here before we've spent all our money so I can do business with you without putting my own head in danger."

That night the salesman wired back to the home office, "Contract signed," and went on his way in peace to sell more goods.

THE HOUSE OF SUSPICION.

BY EDGAR FRANKLIN.

**In Which It Is Proved That Mystery,
Backed by the Hope of Gain,
is the Strongest Influence in the World.**

PROLOGUE.

The Very Last Request.

IN the doorway appeared the white cap and the imperturbable face of the nurse. Her eyebrows lifted a little, as she saw that Maltby was still with the patient, and the eyes themselves took on an expression of rather annoyed concern as she looked at the weak, old figure, wasted now by long illness, propped temporarily on a mound of pillows. Doctors' orders are strict, and what this particular doctor had said about John Denham, an hour earlier, left absolutely no doubt of the utter unwisdom of long interviews.

"Well - er -" begun the lady of authority.

Maltby arose with some alacrity.

"Yes, we're quite through," he smiled. "I'm leaving now."

"Eh?" Old Mr. Denham turned, with something of a grunt. "Not quite, Henry - not quite."

"But - " began Maltby.

"Mr. Denham, Dr. Parsons said -" put in the nurse.

"My dear - young woman, I don't care a continental what Dr. Parsons said or what any one else said!" came feebly, but positively from the bed. "I have not finished my business with Mr. Maltby!"

"I know, Mr. Denham, but if you become overtired -"

"I'll die, eh? Well, I've been told that often enough," the invalid responded acidly. "Will you please go?"

"Dr. Parsons may be in again within the hour, and -"

"Then let him come!" rasped Denham. "Miss Forbes, get out!"

With something more nearly resembling a slam than is usually heard in the sick-room the door closed. Maltby and the sick man were alone once more.

"But, my dear John," the former began, "we've covered everything. Your will has been made and witnessed, and all the other matters have been carefully attended to."

"All but one," said the weak voice. "All but one, and you know it as well as I do!"

Maltby cast a glance half of impatience, half of despair, toward the closed door, and - sat down. He stroked his short beard for a while and considered the thin, dogged face of the man on the pillows.

"I thought you - you had forgotten that insane idea," he muttered.

"Well, I hadn't, you see, and it's not insane."

"But you can't seriously mean to carry out - to ask me to carry out - such a wild and senseless and perhaps even dangerous scheme, for absolutely no reason, John?"

"See here, Henry," Denham shifted with effort, the better to watch his friend. "You've consented to be my executor and all that, and I'm heartily obliged to you for shouldering the responsibility. But when a man is standing just on the incline and looking straight down into the valley, when a man knows that he's going to land in that same valley within a matter of hours or days, isn't he to be allowed his last request?"

"My dear John!" Maltby protested.

Denham settled back, with a tired sigh.

"It may seem a bit grotesque to you, but as a matter of fact, it isn't. It is a thing which will justify my old contention - and if I want confirmation after death rather than before, whose business is it?"

Maltby, frankly without an answer, contented himself with a non-committal shrug of the shoulders.

"Mystery - the love of mystery - the attraction of mystery!" Denham pursued. "Is there any stronger attraction on earth than that?"

"I'm sure I don't know John."

"I do! There is not. Argue a man into taking a direction, and he won't go. Put a mysterious bait at the end of his journey, and he'll travel through fire and water to grasp it!"

"Possibly." Maltby, who had heard the same thing several times before, just succeeded in cutting short a yawn as Denham's head turned toward him.

"And then couple that pull of mystery with the certainty of gain, and what have you? Why, you've a combination that heats anything conceivable!"

His weary eyes began to glitter with enthusiasm, and Maltby frowned rather impatiently. Even apart from the inadvisability of exciting a man on his very last legs, the whole proposition was too absurd.

"You know the outline of the scheme," Denham proceeded. "Now for the details. Oh, I've worked it all out, down to the very last little move! Will you give me your most complete attention, Henry?"

"I'll try."

Go over there, then - to the desk. Here is the key. Yes, that locked drawer on the right." A weak hand waved toward it. "That is it."

Maltby opened the drawer and looked into the little space.

"Well?"

Take out all three envelopes and bring them over here."

The prospective executor obeyed silently. There were three, one rather flat, two rather bulky. Denham

smiled, broadly and triumphantly.

"They've been lying there these two years!" he exclaimed. "I did even the typewriting myself, and not a soul in the world knows about it. And you'll find how nicely she's planned, too! The flat one's for you. Read what's inside!"

Without comment, Maltby tore open the envelope and read. Minute followed minute as he went slowly through the close typewriting; they grew to quarter hours as one sheet after another was discarded. When he dropped the last, Maltby looked up at the waiting invalid with an under jaw that had almost fallen.

"Well - if you'll pardon the strength -" he said uncertainly, "I'll be damned!"

"Well worked out?" Denham asked eagerly.

"Well? Why, you must have spent weeks planning the crazy thing, John! You -"

"All in all, I worked over it at odd times for two months. Do you fully understand your part?"

"Certainly, but -"

"Then open that manila envelope and look over the contents!"

Maltby ripped the brown paper. A kaleidoscopic collection dropped into his lap. There was a red envelope and a white one, a yellow envelope and a blue one, a dark-brown envelope and a brilliant green one! He stared at them; finally, he bunched them together and said:

"Well, what in the name of all the insanities!"

"I used different colors the better to distinguish between them, of course!" Denham replied testily. They're numbered, too, one, two, three, four, five, six, but I wanted to make it absolutely certain that there would be no confusion on your part. You understand that part of the game?"

"Of course." Maltby scratched his head and smiled dubiously. "And this last thick envelope?"

"You leave as it is." He watched his friend for a little. "Well, what do you think of it all?"

"Think? Why, confound it! What would any one think of such a scheme? I think, to say the very least, that it is utter absurdity!"

Denham groaned a little and sank farther hack upon his pillows. Maltby looked at the curious pile on his knees, and seemed to gather strength for his purpose.

"In the very first place," he said firmly, "you are throwing away a really very large sum of money."

"It is mine to throw away, as you call it, if I wish, isn't it? Heaven knows I'm leaving hundreds of thousands enough to people I've hardly seen, for the simple reason that I have no near relatives! If it pleases me, why shouldn't I do it?"

"Well - I give it up, John." Maltby threw up his hands in despair. "But that's only one consideration. For another, you could never find six men, fools enough to go through with it!"

"And I say that you could! That's what you're going to demonstrate, Henry. It may take a little picking, but out of any hundred you'll be able to draw the six. And you'll find that mystery and money, running ahead, hand-in-hand and beckoning, will make it a success with every man-jack of them!"

"Particularly if they chance to be married and have families," Maltby said dryly. "Their wives and children,

you know -"

"Take unmarried men, of course! Pick out bachelors, as nearly unattached as you can find them."

"Oh - um." Maltby rose and walked to the window and stared out, hands in pockets, for a considerable time. When he turned, his expression was as dubious as ever. "And have you considered," he said, "that there is a pleasant possibility of my landing in jail, should I undertake the thing?"

"You're lawyer enough to get yourself out, aren't you?"

"Doubtless, but have you also considered the risks you are putting on this unhappy sextette who are, or are not, going to justify your wretched theory?"

"I hardly think -"

"Well, can't you see that murder is very far from an impossibility, before the thing is ended?" cried Maltby excitedly. "Under the unearthly circumstances, I am very much mistaken if there wouldn't be some lively shooting, to say the least, before your nightmare drama had been played to the last curtain!"

"You don't believe -" Denham's words trailed away. For a time, he stared at the ceiling; then he seemed again to feel sure of himself and his purpose. "No, that's not so, Henry," he said. "That wouldn't happen."

"Wouldn't it, though?" Maltby sniffed slightly, and shrugged his shoulders.

"No, I'm positive that it would not I've thought over the whole thing altogether too carefully for that to occur."

"And when it was all over, what would be the use of it?"

"Those six men would find some use," Denham retorted crisply.

"Doubtless, but what would people think of you?"

"Nothing, for it would never come out; that's one of the conditions you've forgotten already. And what would it matter what people thought of me, Henry?"

"Well -"

"By that time," said the sick man sadly, "I shall have been a full year under ground. Save by a very few, the fact of my existence will have been forgotten. Have you any more objections to offer, Henry?"

Maltby faced him helplessly and in some subdued anger.

"No." he said simply.

"Then you will undertake the task?"

"No! I'll be hanged if I do!" he said suddenly.

"You're going to throw it over?"

"Yes, sir, I am! I'll not be connected with that crazy mess, John. It's too absurd a thing for you to ask."

In an instant he had repented of his words, for the thin old face was following him reproachfully. "Henry, I could not have believed it. We have known each other for years - ever since you were a young business man and I a middle-aged one. I've done what I could for you, at every turn -"

"Indeed you have, John. I -"

"I've done what I could everywhere and on every occasion, yet when, on my very deathbed, I ask one favor of you, you refuse flatly! And you refuse solely because you've never heard of any thing of the sort before and can't understand it! I know what I'm talking about and I'm not insane. I want to justify my own beliefs as to the powers of sheer mystery, and it's the only hobby I ever had. Yet you pile up objections and end by refusing my very last request on earth!"

Maltby bit his mustache. Then his hand went out. "John, I'll do it!"

"You will?"

"Senseless or not, whether it puts me behind the bars or not, whether the whole six kill or are killed or not, I'll do it!"

"Good!" The thin fingers clasped his own. "Good! Put the things in your pocket, then. That's right, all of them. Store them away somewhere for the year. Then come back to the city here, stop in a section where you're not known, if, indeed, you're well known anywhere hereabouts, and go to work!"

"I will."

"Careful of that blue envelope!" Denham added solicitously, "she very nearly slipped. And do up that larger one so that it won't yellow. It'll be better to have it look as fresh as possible. There! I have your word?"

"You have my word that, whatever the outcome, I'll use every effort to put through your scheme, John."

"Then - hush! Some one's coming."

Maltby stood erect and tucked away his mass of enveloped matter. He folded the typewritten sheets which he had read and placed them carefully in another pocket. He whistled softly for a minute and wondered what on earth he had undertaken, and why.

Then the door opened again and Miss Forbes entered, behind her the big figure of the doctor.

He went to the bed and chatted in low tones for a little with Denham. Then he rose and taking Maltby's arm firmly led him out of the room. In the corridor they paused.

"Going to drop in here this evening, Mr. Maltby?"

"I may. Why?"

"Do so - and early. It will be your farewell visit."

"Yes, sir, not a doubt of it." They were in the lower hall now and the doctor, assisted by the aged butler, was puffing into his overcoat. "Not a doubt of it, sir. I'll stake my professional reputation that the poor old chap's at the end of his rope. Denham can't possibly last till dawn! Good afternoon, sir."

Chapter I.

A Chat at the Wanderers.

ONE of the chronic beauties of the Wanderers Club is the possession of a comfortable treasury. This

treasury existed before the new club-house was designed and erected, and as a consequence the Wanderers owns half a dozen cozy little smoking-rooms, each fitted in its own style, rather than one big one.

It was into the blue room then that Fayles strolled, arm in arm with Penrose, fresh from dinner farther uptown. It was into the blue room, from the restaurant side, that Dunfrey and Carr and Weldon sauntered, and the five were no more than seated when the gathering was further augmented by the leisurely arrival of one John Sellers. A general laugh went up.

"This place seems to be turning into a sort of sub-club of itself," Weldon grunted cheerfully, as he leaned toward the matches; "this evening must be the fourth in succession that the six of us have gathered here."

"And there's still one missing," said Sellers. "Where's the other man, the chap that Griggsby introduced here last week?"

"Maltby?"

"Of course. He's been hanging out here pretty regularly lately."

"And he's hanging out here still," said a light voice from the doorway. "I'm here for the evening; it's too comfortable to forsake. You'll find that I'm a hard proposition to shake!"

"Well, I don't know," said Carr lazily, "that any one is particularly anxious to shake you, Maltby, at least while your flow of genial and enlightening conversation holds out."

"Thanks!" The newcomer settled himself comfortably, found his cigar-case, and yawned. "I'll let you do the talking to-night."

"I guess not! Last night you were just opening a discussion, I believe, when Weldon and Dunfrey suddenly had to leave for some other engagement and Sellers began to yawn."

"A discussion, eh?" Weldon suddenly emerged from a delayed day-dream and gave attention. "What was it about?"

"Spooks, I think," said Carr.

"Hardly," smiled Maltby. "I don't believe in them."

"It was mystery or something of the sort," observed Sellers. "Maltby began a peroration, and when Weldon and Dunfrey cleared out he decided to quit."

"It wasn't altogether that, you know." Maltby blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling and smiled again. "Perhaps that mention of mystery was a slip of the tongue."

"Why?"

"Oh, it's a subject that has always interested me a good deal, and sometimes, without any particular reason, I begin to spout about it."

"And I suppose you have views?" Sellers put in, with his cynical smile.

Maltby's eyes contained just the hint of a frown at the implied sneer, and Sellers, in the interest of peace and comfort, hastened to smile broadly.

"Perhaps I have," said the former.

"Hand them out, then," Weldon commanded.

"Well, they're not extremely definite or interesting and I'm not at all sure that they are not borrowed, but I believe, most strongly, that mystery, or the attraction of mystery, will pull a man more strongly than the love of money even."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning that a man will go to greater lengths to gratify curiosity, if the mystery be deep enough, than he would for any other reason."

"Oh, fudge!" Sellers put in wearily.

"I don't believe there's any 'fudge' about it!" Weldon remarked, with a good deal of animation. "I believe Maltby's right. The love of mystery does exist and exist mighty strongly in nine-tenths of the human race! It may be latent and it may take circumstances to develop, but it's there!"

"Not so's you'd notice it, though, Weldon."

"Yes, so that you'd notice it pretty clearly, given the right conditions."

"And just what are they?"

Weldon, having dropped thoughtlessly into the argument, stared at the ceiling for some time. Maltby came to his rescue.

"Well, the right conditions would simply be a degree of mystery sufficient to rouse the insatiable curiosity that lies somewhere in the human make-up. Some men might go wild over a ten-cent puzzle, until they'd solved it. Others might not quicken unless they were confronted with the mysterious disappearance of at least a billion dollars in gold It's all a question of degree."

"And novelty," Weldon put in hastily.

"Eh?" Sellers looked quizzically through his gold glasses.

"The novelty of the mystery would certainly count for a great deal," mused Maltby. "That's true enough, too. Even an unsolved mystery would naturally rather lose its attraction in time."

"Witness the pyramids," advanced Dunfrey amiably. "Nobody, so far, can show just how they were whacked together, yet even Maltby isn't lying awake nights over it."

"No, I can't say that he is," smiled that gentleman. "Still, even that mystery keeps a few people perennially stirred up, old as it is. Oh, novelty, of course, is a big factor. Still, I don't know."

"Don't know what?" Fayles inquired.

"Well, there are a good many minor mysteries which seem to have what the advertising men call pulling power, despite the fact that they have been doing business for some time."

"And you have one of them in mind?"

Maltby laughed outright.

"I must say, Mr. Fayles, that in that case I did have a specific case to cite, in event of one of the skeptics cornering me!"

"And that is?"

"Oh, a tale of tommyrot, pure and simple, I suppose." Maltby settled farther back, and yawned with what appeared to be genuine sleepiness.

There was a little pause. Weldon picked up a paper and dropped it again and looked inquiringly at Maltby. Carr and Fayles chatted for a minute, and then their gaze returned to Maltby's comfortable comer. Sellers, smiling doubtfully, waited in silence, and Penrose and Dunfrey followed suit.

But the other's mind seemed to have passed altogether from the subject. He studied the frescoes on the ceiling with absent eyes, and after a long wait remarked: "Now, if the fellow who painted those cupids in the farther corner had -"

"Hang the cupids!" said Carr. "Give us the story!"

"Eh?"

"The story of the mystery that wouldn't wear off, you know."

"Oh ..." Maltby hitched himself a little farther toward the upright and considered his cigar. "That's - that's hardly worth going into, you know."

"Having heard several of your yarns, I'll gamble that it is," Carr persisted. "Go on, there's no dodging it."

"This isn't altogether a yarn, Mr. Carr."

"No? So much the better. Lies enough are spun in this club every evening. Let's have facts for once."

"Oh, pshaw!" Maltby smiled deprecatingly. "Why, probably every one of you gentlemen knows about the matter."

"Well, what is the matter? " Weldon cried, in some exasperation. "Come Maltby! Let's have it!"

A little clamor arose. Maltby held up a hand in mock terror, and the company quieted. "The thrilling tale," he said dryly, "is simply that of the House of Suspicion!"

"Good name!" Dunfrey nodded approval. "That sounds like a good beginning. What is the House of Suspicion?"

"Well, from what I've seen of it, it's a remarkably fine piece of semi-suburban property that has been utterly queered by a number of weird tales."

"Located around here?"

"Just outside the populous section uptown just in sight of green fields on one hand and elevated railroads on the other."

"Surrounded by weeping willows in which the ghosts play spook-tag and disembodied leap-frog every night at twelve? " Sellers suggested.

"That's not impossible, if all the stories connected with it are true," laughed Maltby. "However, the place hasn't become a resort for ghost-catchers as yet, I think."

He drew a long puff of smoke and exhaled it before continuing.

"Now, that place might better be cited as an example of the baneful effects of mystery," he pursued. "It's a beautiful dwelling, to judge from the outside at any rate. It stands away back in big grounds which are wholly surrounded by a twelve-foot wall of granite blocks!"

"Formerly, they say, it was occupied by an elderly and unattached person named - well, I'm blest if I recall his name! However, he did live there, and alone, and a year or so back, at the end of a long illness, he died."

"Ha! That's where the ghost comes in!"

"Dry up, Sellers!" Weldon suggested impatiently.

"According to the neighbors," Maltby went on, "the place was closed and the few servants dismissed immediately after the funeral. The only person on the place, they say, is an old chap, who lives in the little lodge down by the main, and indeed the only, gate. He's there all the time, I've heard."

"And nobody is about to lay claim to the place?"

"Oh, I believe that the property is in the hands of a real-estate firm in the neighborhood, and that nominally it's for rent. Prospective takers seem to be few, however."

"Why?" Weldon was leaning forward rather intently.

"For one thing, the rent they are asking is twenty thousand dollars annually, Mr. Weldon!"

"What!" cried three voices at once.

"What on earth is it?" asked Dunfrey. "A palace?"

"No, only a good, comfortable, twenty-room stone house."

"Then why the fancy price?"

"Well, that constitutes mystery number one," said Maltby. "I don't mind confessing that that very fact roused my own curiosity sufficiently to send me to the real-estate agent on the pretext of renting the property."

"And the report was true?"

"Perfectly. The agent, Benderson I think his name was, treated me in the nicest way and stated simply that the rental was twenty thousand and that nothing less could be considered. I asked him why, and he smiled and said that those were the orders of the executor and that he had no power to deviate from them in the slightest degree!"

"All of which solves mystery the first," laughed Dunfrey. The executor is in line for the lunatic asylum."

"I don't know," Maltby stroked his short beard. "It may be that, it may be too, that for some other reason they do not desire to have the place occupied, you know. At all events, I wanted to go deeper into the subject. I asked him to let me see the place, and he said that, owing to the peculiar and perhaps unfortunate orders under which he was obliged to work, it would be impossible. It was not even to be shown to any one who had not leased it and paid the first month's rent.

"Pish!" murmured Sellers. "Is that to be taken as a fact?"

"The man is still doing business up there," said Maltby mildly. " On Calford Street, I believe. He's easily found; you might ask him, Mr. Sellers. Well, I was more and more puzzled, and I began to ask him about some of the weird tales I'd heard about the house; I told him that the neighbors called it the House of Suspicion, which is the fact. He froze in an instant; then he turned red-hot and offered, if I would produce the originator of one of those stories, to pay a thousand dollars for his conviction in a lawsuit."

"And the tales, what are they?" Weldon asked.

"Oh, there is no end to them," Maltby answered. They're like the sands of the sea in that part of the suburbs. Very likely, I haven't heard half of them, I haven't made a life-study of the matter, you know. One deals with counterfeiters. They say that early certain mornings any one high enough to look over the wall can see lights come and go in the upper stories. Some of the more imaginative ones, I suppose, have added the details of smoke rising in great white volumes and spurts of flame coming from the big chimneys."

"And the stories haven't been investigated?"

"I presume that they have, but I don't know, as a matter of fact. Certainly no criminals have been caught there, or we should have heard of it in the papers before now."

"Are there more rumors?"

"Dozens. There's the conventional ghost-story, of course; no neighborhood could dispense with that. They tell about shadowy white figures which flit along the top of the wall and groan in the approved fashion. They even tell about the ghost of the past owner which strides through the solid oak gate after midnight, walks up and down in the grounds, and then flits away again. That, though, would be almost a necessity with any unoccupied house, walled in as that is."

"Any more?" Sellers smiled over his glasses.

That smile seemed to irritate the not altogether willing narrator. He was silent for a moment; he seemed to be overcoming a little hesitation.

"Well, I'd be the last man, under ordinary circumstances, to say a word that would hurt the value of property," he smiled, " but there is one story that almost seems to have some foundation. It is, if anything, a little more weird and improbable than the rest, yet three people whose names I am not at liberty to mention, have assured me that, to their positive knowledge, people have entered that main gateway without knocking. And they've never returned!"

"What?" The doubter laughed outright. "Oh, that's worse and more of it!"

"It certainly seems be, doesn't it? Nevertheless, each of these men, seen by chance at separate times, assured me that some person known to him had entered there, for what reason I don't know, and that not one of them had emerged from the gate!"

"And do you take any stock in that, Maltby?" Weldon asked.

"I? I'm not prepared to say that I do or don't. Indeed, at the risk of arousing Mr. Sellers, I must confess that one rather curious thing occurred to me before those very gates."

Weldon took the next chair to him. The others, as if by common consent, moved closer, and Maltby faced a circle of rather eager faces.

"It's nothing of such tremendous portent," he laughed. "I had considerable business in that neighborhood a month ago, which explains why I took the interest in the house. One evening, after hearing the third story about the pedestrian who went in and never came out, sheer curiosity took me along past the House of Suspicion a little after ten. It was an extremely dark evening, and the gates were not any too well illuminated by a street-lamp, a good three hundred feet away, shining faintly through the trees which line the walk. Well, I reached the gates and stood there for a little and thought what an infernal fool I'd been to walk six long blocks for such a purpose. Then just as I was about to turn away, there was a soft creak. One of the gates opened and opened wide. Inside, there wasn't a thing to be seen but the hint of a broad driveway leading up to the dark house!"

Maltby drew a long breath. "And no one in sight to open the gate?" came from Weldon.

"Not a soul!"

"What did you do?" Weldon asked.

"To be perfectly candid and truthful," said Maltby, " I ran like all possessed. I simply gathered up my skirts and went down that street like a streak of well lubricated lightning! Pretty soon I reached the corner and pulled up. An acquaintance of mine was passing, by the merest chance, and I asked him to walk back with me. We stopped at the gate and it never opened, nor was there a sound. Indeed, we waited there for a full five minutes and even knocked.

"At the farther corner we parted, and my friend walked back. I met him next morning. He said that when he paused alone before the gate the infernal thing had opened! And that substantiated the other rumor!"

"Which is?"

"That the mysterious gate will open only to a single person!" Maltby crossed his legs and dreamed a little over his cigar. The others wore varied expressions, incredulity, speculation, slight amusement, but in every face keen interest was plain.

"Is that the end of the story?" Dunfrey asked finally.

"So far as I am concerned, yes. I haven't been back since."

Sellers stretched his arms and chuckled. "Maltby, when Ananias and the late Baron Munchausen get track of you, they'll make you honorary president of their own particular club. That tale's rich!"

"Don't believe it, eh?"

"My dear fellow, I'm frank to say that I don't believe the House of Suspicion exists!"

Maltby faced him with a somewhat annoyed frown.

"All right. Then go and see it! Ask the neighbors! Try to rent the place!"

"Address, please?" Sellers remarked mockingly.

"The house, to the best of my recollection, is on Shoreley Avenue between Holly and Calford Streets! You couldn't miss it to save your life."

"That calls you, all right!" Carr laughed. "Going up, Sellers?"

"No, siree!"

A chorus of laughter arose at the doubter's emphasis. The clock struck ten.

Chapter II.

At the Gates of the House.

THE sound of the cathedral gong died away. Maltby, dropping his cigar, yawned energetically. The little group shifted and began to move about. Weldon, Carr, and Penrose were chatting about the peculiar recital

with more or less animation. Fayles, away from the subject for a moment, was looking over some notes he had taken from his pocket. Sellers and Dunfrey, recalling a previous intention, strolled away toward the billiard-room.

Maltby arose. "Well, gentlemen, I believe I'll make for home."

"So early?"

" Yes, I've done a big day's work to-day."

"You'll be on hand to-morrow night?"

"Very likely. I may be called out of town, though."

"We can't allow it!" laughed Weldon. "We want further particulars about your House of Suspicion!"

"I don't know that there are any further particulars," Maltby smiled. That is the whole tale."

"And you really believe it yourself?" Carr inquired earnestly.

Maltby, hands in pockets, stared thoughtfully at the floor.

"I don't know, quite. As I said, mystery has always had a very strong attraction for me, as I believe it has for most men. Of course, there is the likelihood that much that has been said about the place is poppycock. That can be assumed readily enough. Still -"

He broke off and pursed his lips.

"Still, some of the circumstances are peculiar, you'll admit. There is that crazy rental for one thing. I can't get it out of my head that that is significant of something. Frankly, if I had the time and the energy, I believe I'd go to work and try to fathom that mystery."

"But that certainly isn't a marker to your own adventure at the gate," Weldon advanced. "Maltby!" he said suddenly, "was that an actual fact? You didn't work it up to bother our cynical friend, Sellers?"

"I certainly did not," said the visitor seriously. It's the truth, absolutely. As I stood there in the darkness, or the semi-darkness, the confounded old oaken affair simply swung inward and I was free to walk up the drive if I chose."

"But you didn't choose?"

"Having understood, on pretty reliable authority, that three persons had walked in and dropped off the earth thereafter, I didn't choose," said Maltby dryly. "That House of Suspicion, at the most, occupies a small block. The rest of the world is outside, and I've always managed to dig a reasonable amount of fun out of it!"

"All the same," said Weldon thoughtfully, "I believe I should have walked in! There's something in that theory of yours about the attraction of mystery!"

"I hardly think you'd have walked in," Maltby muttered. "Here, in this nice warm club, you might think you would. Up there, particularly at this time of year with the trees bare and a cool, suburban wind blowing, well, it might take on a different aspect."

"I'd have walked in!" Weldon persisted doggedly.

"Possibly," Maltby yawned again. "Well, I'm off. Good night."

He nodded and sauntered off toward the corridor. After a little hesitation, Weldon went after him. "Hold on, Maltby!" he said softly.

"Eh?"

"What was the address of that place?"

"Why, it's up on Shoreley Avenue, a couple of blocks from the cars," the visitor said. "Why? You're not going up?"

"No. I -" two or three men came between them. "Well, good night, Maltby!"

Weldon returned slowly and thoughtfully to the smoking-room. Carr was alone there now, glancing through one of the evening papers. He looked up with a smile as Weldon appeared.

"Entertaining sort of cuss - that Maltby, isn't he?"

"Very much so," smiled Weldon. "Going to stay here?"

"There is no particular reason why I should."

"Come along with me then."

"You're going home?"

"Yes." The word came after a little pause.

Carr rose lazily and the two men found their hats and overcoats and went slowly into the street. "Going to walk?" Carr asked.

"Not this time. We'll ride."

They went on, chatting aimlessly, to the corner. A car approached and passed with Weldon still standing absently on the curb. Carr looked at him curiously. Wasn't that yours?"

"Well -" Weldon regarded him oddly. "I guess we'll cross and take one going the other way."

"What for?"

"I've got a little business uptown. You don't mind coming along?"

"Not at all, but -"

There's ours, then!"

Weldon hurried across in front of the approaching car and his companion came after. Together they stepped aboard, and finding seats Carr looked at him inquiringly. "Where the dickens are we going on this line, Weldon?"

"Uptown."

"Doubtless, but where?"

Weldon tapped the floor with his cane for a little, then he turned to the other with something of a grin. "About to Shoreley Avenue, I fancy."

"Eh?"

"My dear boy, I'm going to take you into that confounded House of Suspicion that Maltby was telling about!"

"What!" Carr laughed shortly. "You don't take stock enough in that tale to make such a tremendous journey?"

"If I must confess it, I do!" replied Weldon. "That yarn has made me so infernally curious that - that -"

"That you're going to work to justify Maltby's theory of the attraction of mystery!"

"Well, perhaps I am."

"But what's the sense of it? Here it is getting on to eleven o'clock at night; each of us has a business day ahead to-morrow and plenty demand for all the freshness and energy we can bring to it, and yet you're set on taking a three-quarter-hour ride for - well, for what?"

"Just to see if those remarkable gates will open!" said Weldon, with some defiance.

"Which they won't!"

"If they don't, the joke's on me, that's all. There isn't any real necessity of your coming, anyway, if you're disinclined."

"Well, I - I -" Carr broke off and laughed outright. "There! I may as well own up. I suppose I'm as curious as you are, if it comes to that, but it seems so devilish absurd to be taking the trip at this hour, and - and all that!"

"It'll be the ideal hour for spooks and mystery, if there are any doing business," chuckled Weldon.

Conversation lagged after that. Each man was, in a way, absorbed with the tale and the prospect ahead, Weldon probably more than his companion. To the latter the whole thing seemed rather foolish and unnecessary, and more than once he regretted that he had not alighted farther down-town and allowed Weldon to proceed alone. Still, if there was anything in Maltby's weird tale - Weldon might get into difficulties where a companion would be of assistance. If it were the incredible fact that people entered the gates never to return, there was indubitable evidence of crooked work; if there was crooked work about it, it were better not to approach the house alone.

Almost before either realized it the car whizzed past Shoreley Avenue. They arose hurriedly and stepped off, half a block beyond their destination. As Maltby had said, the neighborhood was dark and lonely. Typically suburban, the houses stood well apart, some with really spacious grounds around them. The curbs were lined with fairly well grown trees, The roads were little more than dirt, and the street-lamps appeared only at long intervals, bespeaking a commendable economy on the part of the lighting authorities but making progress afoot more or less guesswork. The short space back to Shoreley Avenue showed only silent houses, with a lighted window here and there in the upper stories. Turning into the broader thoroughfare, the vista was repeated, except that the dwellings were perhaps rather larger and more pretentious.

"Well, the streets aren't crowded, at any rate!" Weldon observed dryly.

"They hardly seem to be, do they? Carr picked his way gingerly along. "I wonder where our particular spot is located?"

"A block or two ahead, I imagine. Holly Street lies this way, unless I'm a good deal mistaken."

Carr plodded on behind him. The first square was behind and the second being traversed, when Weldon brought up suddenly.

"Well, if that's not the county jail, it's the place we're looking for!" he cried.

Just across the street a high wall met their eyes. It was no mere garden wall the structure was one of heavy granite work, high and solid beyond all reason. They paused for a minute and surveyed it, and finally Weldon laughed a little.

"Well, the chap who erected that meant business, didn't he!" he remarked softly. "I suppose it would take a heavy field battery to make an impression on it!"

"Not only that, but the outside stone's smooth, too. Nothing short of a twelve or fourteen foot ladder would ever take a man over it."

"So much for Maltby's yarn, then," laughed Weldon. "He's vindicated. Now for the trick gate!"

They crossed to the wall, built straight up at the stoop line, and looked at it again. Carr's eyes, traveling along its length, settled finally upon the gate.

"So that's where people do their vanishing act!" he chuckled. "Come on, Weldon. Let's vanish or go home!"

Briskly and not without a little suppressed excitement, they walked down the deserted thoroughfare. They came to the gate and looked curiously at it in the very poor light. High as the wall itself, built evidently more for strength than for ornamentation, the entrance was constructed of heavy, solid oak, secured with thin bars of iron. A private residence might lie beyond it, but the thing indicated more nearly the approach to a jail.

"Solid and substantial!" chuckled Carr.

"Decidedly, but why doesn't it open?" Weldon inquired. "According to Maltby's tale, the thing ought to emit a low and ghastly creak and swing back for us."

"That was only for one person, you know."

"And can you tell how the spirit of the place can peep through and know that more than one is here?"

"Perhaps he's listening to the conversation," Carr suggested facetiously. "Any spook capable of moving that thing must be wise enough for that."

"Well, I guess he is, then." Weldon waited expectantly for another minute or two, "Things certainly seem rather slow in the ghastly creaking line, don't they?"

They waited again and they waited in vain. Grim and silent, the gate remained closed. Weldon stepped forward at last. "Here goes for a bold bid!" he laughed. "I'm going to shake up that knocker and see what happens."

His hand seized the heavy bronze affair and pounded forcefully against the bronze plate set in the panels. Nothing whatever occurred. One minute passed and then another, until five were gone. No sound issued from within the gates. Weldon went closer and pressed his ear against the oak, and Carr joined him presently. Save for the gentle rustle of trees overhead and the low, distant humming of a late trolley-car, the place was as silent as the Desert of Sahara.

The more enthusiastic of the investigators straightened up with a disgusted grunt. "Fake!" he said tersely.

Carr's chuckle came, softly but distinctly through the hush. "I'm inclined to think myself that we're the victims of a little too much credulity, Weldon. About this time, it is not impossible that Mr. Maltby may be laughing himself into slumber."

"Well -" Weldon snapped his fingers. "Come home, then."

As his enthusiasm had been greater than Carr's, so was his annoyance at the utter fiasco. The latter trudged after him, half amused, half exasperated at the flat termination of the adventure.

As far as the corner they went in silence, and there Weldon paused, undecided. "Carr," he said, "do you know that I can't altogether make up my mind that Maltby was - well, simply stringing us."

"Haven't had evidence enough yet, eh?"

"I suppose I should have, but - look here! I'm going back to that gate alone!"

"Bosh!"

"I suppose it is, but I'm going to do it. Having journeyed to this outlandish spot at this hour, I'm going to dig out the adventure, if there's any to be had."

"You won't get in."

"I suppose not, but I'm going to do it for my own personal satisfaction, and if something lively doesn't turn up this time, Heaven help Maltby when I get hold of him!"

Carr drew out his watch and glanced at it. "Get busy, then!" he said briefly. "It's near midnight."

"I'm going." Weldon hesitated for a moment. "Er - I say."

"Well?"

"There's just a chance in a thousand, I presume, that I may gain admittance there."

"Less than that."

"If I do - well, go on home if you like, or wait about an hour or so for me. Or, better still, come in after me."

"Certainly," laughed Carr.

"And if anything - anything should turn up to keep me in there - it won't, of course, but if it should, just keep your own counsel, Carr. Say nothing at all about it and come after me to-morrow night, if you haven't heard from me. Will you promise that?"

"Yes, yes, yes, with the greatest pleasure in the world." Carr fumbled for his cigar-case and yawned. "Now, hustle! I'll wait here. And remember," he added, "that we both need sleep to-night. Get this spook notion off your mind and hurry back."

With more than a little impatience he hurriedly wrung Weldon's hand, thrust forth just then, and searched for his match-box. Weldon turned back, walking quickly. The distance to the gate, hardly more than two hundred feet, was covered in a few seconds. As he found his matches, Carr could see, by the light at the other end of the block, the silhouette of his companion standing before the gate. He grunted and lighted his cigar.

Then, the little flame dying away, he listened.

Vaguely, uncertainly, it seemed to him that he heard a dull thud. It must be, of course, imagination, but somehow the sound suggested the closing of a heavy gate. With the glare of the match before his eyes, he could hardly determine Weldon's exact location. Slowly, he strolled down toward the gate. Weldon, at any rate, must have decided by now that admission to the House of Suspicion was not for him.

But as he neared the spot the impression grew stronger and stronger that Weldon was nowhere about. He could see clearly the whole stretch of the block. Save for himself, it was utterly deserted, unless Weldon had gone mad and elected to hide behind trees. It was all utter rot, of course, and still - Carr had halted before the silent gate. A little fall of snow had whitened the ground during the evening. Carr, suddenly interested, studied it. Before the left half of the gate he saw clearly his own footprints and Weldon's. To the right, as he recalled now, they had not marred the soft surface.

But now - why, a straight line of footprints were pointing toward that right half, and, more significant than all else, one-half of the last mark was concealed by the gate! Carr seized the knocker and pounded hard. He listened. All was as silent as before. He raised his voice and called Weldon's name. There was no answer. He shouted and pounded simultaneously - and without response. Weldon, beyond question, had entered the gates of the House of Suspicion, and had grown suddenly deaf to the pounding and the shouting and all else!"

Chapter III.

The House of Suspicion.

WALKING again down the block, having turned his back upon Carr, a rather lively collection of thoughts ran through Weldon's head. Primarily, he felt something very nearly akin to anger. He suspected that he might have made a fool of himself. In all probability, despite his expressed disbelief, Maltby might have been merely amusing himself and the others with the weird tale of the House of Suspicion and its uncanny gateway, big enough to accommodate a truck, yet opening only to one person at a time.

And if that should happen to be the case, well, he was thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Carr! For not less than one month that gentleman would divert himself and the rest of the Wanderers Club with a gaily embroidered account of the advance upon the House of Suspicion, painting Weldon as the indomitable investigator, pounding fearlessly upon the heavy gate! Passing, too, to more immediate considerations, it was cold and late and they were a long way from home. At best, neither could roll into bed now before one o'clock, and if the suburban cars maintained their usual midnight schedule, two would be more probable.

However, he had started the adventure; now he might as well carry it through to whatever conclusion. Later on, he would take his medicine like a man and wait patiently for a chance to return the compliment to Mr. Maltby! Thinking thus, he reached the gate.

He stared at it almost reproachfully. Certainly, a piece of work like that looked fit for any sort of mysterious doings. Why, the thing was heavy enough to have been brought from a feudal castle. Had it been a little lighter in construction, Weldon, in his present mood, would have been almost inclined to try kicking it in or climbing over it! Perhaps ten seconds of consideration, and he was still wavering between knocking once more or admitting the defeat of his foolish project. He decided, however, upon a final try. His hand reached up, his fingers were upon the knocker - and Weldon started back with a little gasp. Not that side of the gate but the other was moving! For an instant, it seemed to stick; then with a little creak it swung slowly inward!

Before him, shrouded in shadow, lay a broad driveway, apparently of asphalt. At the end, against the sky, he made out the massive outlines of the house itself. A faint light shone here and there in the windows; except for that the place was only a huge, pitch-black mass. But he was not allowed great time for analysis.

Out of the darkness came a thin, old voice:

"Enter!"

"Er - who -"

"Will you enter?"

The gate began to swing back, gradually, into place. It was too much for the man without. What little fear he had felt at the first startling opening of the way was now more than overbalanced by a gnawing curiosity.

"By George! Yes," he cried softly.

Two strides and he had passed through. The gate returned to its original position. Quite alone, Mr. Weldon had penetrated the House of Suspicion! A sudden sense of solitude, of helplessness, came over him. He wished most heartily that Carr was at his side. He felt an indefinite but rather keen regret that he had ever undertaken the absurd feat.

But as he turned to find the owner of the voice he knew some relief. Surely the danger was slight from the custodian of the mysterious gates, a bent, aged man, small of frame and somewhat feeble of aspect. Weldon gathered his senses for speech. His thoughts were interrupted by an abrupt command:

"This way, sir!"

"But where -"

"To the house, sir. Come quickly."

Weldon found himself being led rapidly up the path, a thin hand upon his arm. Almost at a run, so swiftly went the tottering footsteps of his guide, he was approaching the broad entrance of the house itself. His curiosity arose once more, overwhelming all other considerations. What manner of place was it? What sort of insanity had given birth to this situation. A solitary man had approached the gates, they had opened, now the man was being led, evidently with definite purpose, toward the empty, mysterious dwelling.

"I say -" he began again.

"Silence, sir, please."

Weldon shrugged his shoulders. From the street behind the knocker set up a sudden clatter. He stopped short. Carr's voice followed, after a brief pause. Then came the clamor of the bronze and the shout together.

"Look here, old gentleman!" Weldon said abruptly. There is a friend of mine out there who -"

"But one may enter here, sir."

"That's all right, but how the deuce do I know -"

"You are at perfect liberty to return now, if you wish. You can never come here thereafter."

Weldon stared at him in the faint light. The old man's face was expressionless as marble. He faced Weldon apparently without the slightest emotion. Whatever his role in the odd play, it could never be read in his countenance. The visitor was fairly staggered. There seemed to be no desire to detain him against his will, yet, if he left, he was assured that he would not return. He hesitated for an instant only. Then:

"Lead on, Macduff!" he said, with a faint attempt at joviality. I don't know where the devil you're leading,

but lead on, anyway!"

The old man bowed and started again toward the house, and Weldon kept at his side with an eagerness he made no attempt to deny or to conceal.

Nor did they pause at the foot of the wide half-dozen steps that lay before the main doorway. Upward went the hobbling steps of the old man and after came the investigator.

Contrary perhaps to his expectations, the door did not fly open of itself. The keeper of the gates laid a hand upon the knob and swung the portal back. Weldon walked in and looked around eagerly. There was absolutely nothing unusual, at least on a superficial examination. He stood within a broad, well-furnished corridor, lighted dimly here and there by an incandescent lamp. To his right he saw a comfortable-looking reception-room, finished beautifully in some dark wood and hung with pictures which even his inexperienced eye perceived to be splendid art. To the left a perfect drawing-room lay, a surpassing creation in white and gold and lighter tones. Instinctively, he stepped to the doorway for a closer inspection; the hand rested again on his arm and the old voice said, this time with a touch of impatience:

"Not there, sir."

Weldon followed him briskly as he led the way into the reception-room. Unhesitatingly, the man walked to the table in the center. Its top was quite bare, save for a single square of white in the center. Coming closer, Weldon perceived it to be an envelope, and at the same time the thing was indicated by the thin, shaking finger of his guide.

"This!"

He turned abruptly and shuffled toward the door. Weldon, staring with amazement, called after: "Say! Hold on! Where are you going?"

"I must leave you alone, sir."

"But -"

The old hand went up again, as if commanding silence and stifling argument. The figure of the guide disappeared down the corridor and an instant later Weldon heard the big outer door close softly.

To the best of his knowledge, he was quite alone in the reception-room of the House of Suspicion! He looked around curiously.

"Well, of all the crazy freaks - and existing right at the borders of one of the biggest cities in the world - phew!" he murmured disjointedly.

Then his gaze settled upon the envelope. He bent over the thick thing and squinted at it. '"The outer envelope to be opened; the inner to be left intact!'" he read. '"The outer -' well, what the dickens does that mean?"

After a minute, though, he raised the thing and weighted it in his hand. It was extremely thick and rather heavy. His forehead contracted as be regarded it. Was there some deep motive for all this? Was it a game of some sort? Or was it only the madness of the old man who had left it here? What was it, anyway? However, if there was anything to be learned, it must he learned by opening the envelope.

Hastily, Weldon tore the paper and dumped the contents upon the table. He saw merely another envelope, slightly smaller and hearing a similar inscription, and beside it lay a sheet of paper. The latter he picked up eagerly, and for two or three minutes pored over the half-dozen typewritten lines.

"Humph! More enigmas, eh?" His hand dropped to his side, and Weldon stared somewhat absently at the table. "'The Satsuma vase, in the southeast corner of the drawing-room!'" He shoved the paper into his pocket and laughed shortly. "All right! The Lord hates a quitter! We'll interview the Satsuma!"

He stepped across the corridor and into the elegance of the drawing-room. For a moment he took his bearings, then having located mentally the southeast corner, nodded briskly and crossed the room. It was a marvelously fine piece of work which met his eyes. He studied it with involuntary admiration for a while, then tilted it and looked into the broad mouth.

"And, by thunder! It's there!" he cried aloud.

One eager arm dove down and felt around for a second or two. Then the hand came forth again and in it was clutched a green envelope. On one corner the number "one" greeted him, boldly inscribed in black. Otherwise there was no mark upon the thing.

"Well, of all the eternal blamed nonsense -" Weldon began, as he stared at it. However - here goes -"

He perched upon a gilt chair and ran a finger under the pasted flap. His fingers closed upon a folded sheet of paper and something else and drew them out. The something else puzzled him for a moment. It was folded within the letter-page and made a little ridge there. He shook it out quickly, and upon his knees dropped a crisp, fresh one-hundred-dollar gold certificate!

"Hey!" he cried amazedly. "That - that -"

He straightened it out. A soft whistle ended his inspection.

"Well, it's genuine! " he announced to the empty room. "It's as good as the gold it represents, or my three years in the bank were wasted. By Jimmy!"

He burst out laughing and the laugh echoed queerly in the stillness of the deserted house. "I'm glad I dropped in here!"

Without further ado, he placed the bill carefully within his wallet and nodded again with much satisfaction. "Now this is taking on a tinge of real human interest!" he chuckled, as he opened the sheet.

It was typewritten, and the lines were very close together. Evidently, the writer had had much to say; evidently, too, he had had some time in which to say it, whoever he was, and wherever he might have written the letter, for the first few lines showed most excellent grammar and a construction of the clearest and most simple sort. Reading now, Weldon's frown returned. He was, at first, distinctly puzzled. A little later, an observer might have seen the expression change to wonder as he bent eagerly to read more carefully.

Then as he laid it aside and stared blankly at the opposite wall, a look of sheer bewilderment came over his face. "Well - what - what in the name of common sense does it mean! " he gasped.

Seconds grew into minutes. Weldon stroked his beard and muttered incoherently for a time. Finally, though, he arose with an impatient snap of the fingers. "Bosh! It's - it's tommyrot! It's tommyrot, pure and simple! It's the driveling of some idiot!"

Then his face grew puzzled again. "Still, that bill's genuine, that's absolutely certain. And the letter says - um!"

He rose, walked into the corridor, looked around. The place was as blank of helpful suggestion as his own brain. He crossed once more to the reception-room. "Of all the crazy problems a man was ever sent up against, this goes the limit and a little to spare! " he confided to the table. "I've got the hundred, I've got the

option of walking out of that door with it, never to return. Or, if I choose, I may go on, into - what?"

He scowled at the floor. "That's just it - what? I know what I've got now, but I don't know what I'm going to get, if I obey this infernal puzzle's orders. Why, there's no telling that it isn't -"

He broke off again and took to walking up and down. Once only he stopped under a lamp in a corner and looked again at the one-hundred-dollar note, reposing alluringly in his wallet. The sight seemed somehow to aid him to a decision in the matter. "That's genuine!" he repeated. "Who can say that the rest of it isn't as well?"

Looking from the window into the fathomless blackness of the grounds, Weldon's struggle went on. His contracted eyes rested long and thoughtfully upon the faint rays of the street-lamps, reflected dimly upon the bare boughs, as they looked over the walls.

"Well, I wish to Heaven that I knew whether or not I wanted to walk out to those trees again or not!" he cried, almost helplessly.

Minute after minute went by. Far off a church clock tolled a single stroke, the hour of one! As if awakened by the sound, Weldon turned and faced the empty reception-room. A little uncertainly, he walked back to the table with its mysterious envelope, and there uncertainty vanished. "I'll do it!" he cried, suddenly, with an emphatic pound of his fist upon the board.

A vigorous nod accompanied the words. Weldon brought forth his card-case and took therefrom one of his own little pasteboards. Carefully, he laid it beside the envelope and grunted a little.

"Well, the die is cast!" he cried. "Now - what was it? Ah, yes! The little door to the rear of the corridor."

It stood before him. He approached without hesitation and turned the knob. The door opened and disclosed a faintly lighted corridor. Weldon turned and took a last look at the place he was leaving. Then the door closed with a little slam - behind him!

Entering just then, one might reasonably have considered the House of Suspicion quite as deserted as it had been an hour before, when Weldon accomplished his desired entry!

(To be continued.)

Word Pictures of Progress.

Tributes Paid the Railroads of the Country by Senators and Representatives in the Debate on the Hepburn Rate Bill.

NOT for years has the country followed any debate in Congress so closely as that centering around the Hepburn rate bill, which was passed by the last session. The intellectual giants of the House and Senate rallied to the defense or attack, and before the bill had become a law new and higher standards had been set in Congressional debate.

Naturally, much of the discussion was controversial or technical in its character, but frequently at the beginning of a speech or at its close the orator would turn aside from the war of arguments to draw a word-picture of the railroad as a great civilizing and developing influence in American growth. Many of these are worth preserving for the sake of the testimony that they bear to the greatness and importance of American railroads and as a proof that oratory is not yet a lost art in the American Congress. The few we quote here are merely examples of the eulogies now buried in the pages of the Congressional Record) and are worth offering as a leaven of composure in the literature of exposure.

LIVE STATISTICS.

Representative William Sulzer, New York.

IN 1894 the railroads carried six hundred and thirty-eight million tons of freight. In 1904 the figures more than doubled and reached the enormous total of one billion three hundred and nine million tons, with aggregate traffic earnings amounting to the enormous total of one billion nine hundred and seventy-seven million six hundred and thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and thirteen dollars. Last year they did a largely increased business, and the figures for 1906 will greatly exceed those of last year.

In 1905 the records show that five hundred and twenty-seven million four hundred and twenty-one thousand passengers were carried: in 1904 the figures increased to seven hundred and fifteen million four hundred and nineteen thousand, and when the reports for last year are at hand a much larger increase will be evident. The figures are bewildering and the facts as startling as they are astonishing; and the end is not yet.

To transport this vast number of passengers and gigantic amount of freight, including all varieties of foodstuffs, there were utilized forty-seven thousand engines, forty thousand passenger-cars, and one million seven hundred and sixty thousand freight-cars. In the operation of this great network of railways more than one million two hundred and fifty thousand men are directly employed, of which fifty-two thousand are engine-drivers, fifty-five thousand firemen, forty thousand conductors, and one hundred and six thousand trainmen.

Of course, I know figures are usually uninteresting; but these figures are alive with human interest and full of flesh and blood activity, because they have to do not only with men and measures, but also with our national commercial life and our fundamental political and industrial institutions, which should safeguard the interests of all the people - but more often do not - and the home life, and the very existence of every man who works for a livelihood and earns his bread in the sweat of his face.

The rapid growth of our interstate common-carrier systems during the past quarter of a century has been

simply marvelous, and the tremendous power they wield to-day in the intimate political and social and economic life of the country is truly inconceivable.

The average man who rides on a railroad train in comfort and in luxury to a distant point has little conception of how the railway affects even the most intimate details of his existence.

STORY OF A CENTURY.

Senator Henry C. Lodge, Massachusetts.

IN no country in the world do railroads occupy the same place which they have occupied in America. Steam and electricity have produced throughout the world a revolution - social, political, and economic - which cannot be paralleled in its effect upon the human race except by that wrought in the condition of mankind through such discoveries as those of the control and application of fire, or the invention of the wheel, the origin of which is lost in the mists of time.

In the earliest civilizations, in those of Egypt, Chaldea, and Assyria, which modern archeology is laying bare before our wondering gaze, we find men already possessed of all the means of transportation which were practically known to the world less than a hundred years ago. Land transportation was carried on by men or animals and water transportation by sail or oar. Power was supplied in the one case by the muscles of men or animals, in the other by muscular force or by the winds of heaven.

So deeply was this fact impressed upon the human mind that we still reckon the motive power of steam and electricity in terms of the horse. Seas, rivers, and canals, in the earliest times of which we have historic record, furnished the waterways, and rude trails trodden out first by the feet of men or horses, and developed gradually into constructed roads and paved streets, supplied the land routes.

From the dawn of history to the beginning of the nineteenth century there was no change in these methods of transportation. There was a slow improvement in sea-going vessels, but it seems probable, if not certain, that the roads of the Roman Empire furnished a better and more complete system of transportation and communication than was to be found in Europe in the Middle Ages or even as late as the eighteenth century.

In means and modes of communication and transportation, which not only influence profoundly human society, but upon which that society largely rests, the men who fought at Waterloo were nearer to those who fought at Thermopylae than they were to those who engaged in battle at Gettysburg, at Sedan, or at Mukden.

THEY MADE THE COUNTRY.

Representative Fred C. Stevens, Minnesota.

The railroad interests have been the chief factors in the wonderful development of our country. In the enormous progress in every line of material endeavor the railroad managers have done more than their full share, so that at the present time the prosperity of our country is mingled inextricably with that of the great transportation interests of the land.

It is by the boldness and genius of our railway managers that our vast wildernesses have been traversed, our mountains have been pierced, and the uttermost parts of a common country inspired by a common patriotic sympathy.

By the construction of great railway systems the old frontiers have been eliminated and the markets of the world brought to the bold pioneers of our fertile prairies.

This development has become so interlinked with the universal interests that the prosperity of the railways and people are mutual. Any injury to one is certain to react upon the other. Both must prosper or fall together.

We have by far the largest internal commerce of any nation in the world, amounting to more than twenty-two lion dollars annually, of which more than thirteen billions is of manufactures, six billion four hundred millions of agriculture, one billion six hundred millions of mineral products, and seven hundred millions of forest, fisheries, and miscellaneous.

And a very large part of this most splendid production and development depends f9r its chief value upon the facility and cheapness to reach profitable markets. This is provided by the railway systems of the country. So that a very large part of our population has become dependent upon the progressive excellence of our railroads, which have developed into the most efficient in the world, with the least expense on the average to the patrons.

SEVENTY YEARS' GROWTH.

Representative Burton L. French, Idaho.

THE development of the railroad industry in the United States has been phenomenal. Five times a Presidential election occurred prior to the application of steam to the navigation of boats upon our waterways. Eleven elections of Presidents had passed by before the first railroad had been built. Since then scarcely more than three-quarters of a century have passed away, and yet our railway systems are essential to our nation's welfare.

They have become the highways of commerce, tile great thoroughfares of trade. The canvas-covered wagon belongs to history, and the stage-coach is making its last run. Our railroads are extending their ramifications throughout all sections. They bind the East to the West, the North to the South. They make us all neighbors.

You step upon the cars at Golden Gate and in a few hours more than half a week have crossed a continent and look out upon the waters lighted by the Statue of Liberty. The annual receipts for the business that they do approximate two billion dollars.

They have done more than any other industrial force for the enlightening of our people and the harmonious development of our land. Not only this, but the railroads of the United States in equipment and in management are the wonder and the admiration of the world.

SAVED BY THE RAILROADS.

Representative S. W. McCall, Mass.

THE striking feature in the American railroad system has been the remarkable development of the low long-distance rate, which has made of the country a common market and has stimulated trade between its most remote parts.

The enormous expansion following the Civil War was succeeded by the severe financial crisis of 1873, and for a half-dozen years the country was in the gloom of a profound depression. There were armies of

unemployed in the factory cities of the East, vast numbers of immigrants seeking employment who had poured into the country during the years of its apparent prosperity.

Our industrial collapse would have been even more serious and profound had it not been for the policy of our roads. New lines have been opened up through rich areas; inhabited only by the buffalo and the wolf. But in spite of tile fact that the price of wheat had fallen thirty per cent, the railroads established such low rates to the seaboard that the lands were quickly put under the plow, and a great portion of the surplus population of the East was transferred to the farms of the West.

Nearly the entire wheat crop of some of the States beyond the Mississippi found market on the other side of the Atlantic.

BROTHERHOOD OF LABOR.

Representative W. B. Cockran, N.Y.

A FEW years ago, while on a journey to Scotland, I woke up at day-break in the limits of Carlisle - that "merrie Carlisle" so often sung in border balladry - Carlisle, whither captives in border warfare were brought in triumph to be hung on the gallows-tree while all the countryside made festival and holiday - and as I looked from the window of my compartment, the train having stopped for a moment, I saw a man who embodied to me the whole march of progress for eighteen centuries. He could not be called an imposing figure, according to the canons of literary description; his face was grimy, his hands were black, and he stood at a switch, his eyes fastened on the train and the rails before him. He was but a switchman, a common laborer whose clothes were shabby.

Yet was he a sublime figure, for I knew that he was not an enemy dogging my footsteps, to rob me, beat me, capture me, or kill me, but he was a brother serving me faithfully, watching vigilantly over my safety while I slept, and he typified the difference between the Carlisle of three centuries ago and the Carlisle of to-day - the difference between the civilization which we enjoy and that lower civilization from which humanity has risen through the wider operation of Christian influences.

THE LIFE OF COMMERCE.

Representative Eaton J. Bowers, Mississippi.

THE transportation question is the greatest industrial problem confronting the people of America or any other country. Transportation is the life of commerce, and the utilities by which it is carried out are the arteries through which the life-blood of traffic and business flows.

Just in the same proportion that transportation is developed, facilities multiplied, and highways bettered and increased, the general business and prosperity of the whole country advances. The existence of safe, convenient, and economical means of carriage will rapidly develop any section or industry.

A COWBOY KNIGHT ERRANT.

BY LEO CRANE

McConnell Tells Why He Never Can Work More Than Four or Five Months Without Needing a Change.

Who hath known the Quest! ... the Call, the thing
At the beckon of which men go wandering.
Fleece of the Fables, the Holiest Grail,
The maddest adventure that e'er raised a sail
Or tempted a covetous crew
Are to it but a voyage and the length of a day
This is the Quest that men follow alway;
The Quest that draws me and you.
Oh! this was the thought when the first man sighed;
Happy the Questant, satisfied.

- *The Song Of Everyman.*

IT happened on one of the red-letter nights when O'Flynn rode over from Carson's with the pay. O'Flynn accomplished this little trick once a month and the night was a red-letter one, for it completed, with reward, a whole month's labor and solitude and eternal cussedness - if such things can be measured in coin. Then gambling debts were paid, and the boys were square, and the world was begun over again. Life for these men of the ranches was a chain of monthly links, each of which dropped away into oblivion with the coming of O'Flynn from Carson's. That which they had done they had done, and they put the month aside without regret.

This happening coincidently with the advent of O'Flynn and the pay was not an innovation. It had occurred at regular intervals, perhaps quarterly, for years. It concerned McConnell. They regarded it in the same fatalistic fashion as they looked on the monthly drunk of Pattison, who would ride over to' Carson's heavily laden with his wage and would ride hack somehow, equally heavily laden with "Prescott's Beacon Light XXX." But while it may not have surprised the men, this happening concerning McConnell, in strict truth it always caused a slight rustle of comment.

They were sitting in front of the quarters, Duffy, Johnson, Ed' Lewis, and the rest, when McConnell tapped out the tobacco from his pipe and said reflectively:

"Well, boys, I've got my stake."

This was addressed to them as a body. Only Duffy felt the necessity of responding; "What's that, Mac?" he sharply called out, getting up from his unusually graceful position in the doorway.

"Guess I've got to call, Duff," said McConnell. He said this as if he almost regretted it, as if there was some faint desire of his heart not to be forced to say it. In the short silence following, Duffy's cigarette-smoke seemed almost to mark the time.

"Gosh, Mac!" he broke out finally. "There ain't no use in your goin' off, an' - an' spendin' all that coin. How

much? - four months, ain't it?"

"Four months, right yeh are, Duff," answered McConnell slowly. "Three hundred, but for that tidy lump I paid Johnson in two hours' poker -"

"Well, we've all got our little ways," commented Johnson, who felt constrained to say something.

"Yes," said McConnell.

"But, hang me, if I don't think you'd be gettin' tired by now, Mac," went on Duffy from the doorway. "Let me see, you an' me have been ropin' together nigh onto five year, ain't it? And you've had a little hunch that way nearly every four or five months in that time. An' you always come back broke, an - say, what's into you, Mac? What fun do you get out of it, anyway?"

McConnell sighed. He plucked somewhat nervously at a shirt-button. "I don't know as there's any fun in it, Duff," he said, seeming to take the question under consideration. "Guess it's the call - somethin' - never could understand it myself, but somehow it comes round reg'lar-like. I'll tell yeh what happened to me onct, though."

There was a little stir of expectation now. McConnell was known to be a quiet, secretive sort of man. Never before had he offered anything in the line of a yarn. Martin came up just then with some remark about "them cattle in the Ryos bottom," but Johnson fiercely censured him for the interruption, and a general chorus warned him to hold his peace or go into obscurity with a broken head.

It was growing all gray about the little cattle quarters. The half-gilded dun haze which had so long brooded over the undulating stretches was now giving way to a dimly advancing curtain of purplish shadow which seemed to be flung up in puffs like smoke from behind hillocks now deeply shaded. Far off, the ridge-pole of the range had grown hard with the rust-red tinges of iron in the last glances of a drowsy sun. The hood of the, Monk's Head was still crimson, but the robe of it trailed in the night. About the quarters was an atmosphere of thin lavender, touched here and there with the red-gold halo of pipe and cigarette as they offered incense to the weaver of tales. A long line of corral fence merged off into the dusk vaguely as a snake, and the breeze bad risen for a night frolic in the dust-garbed grasses.

"Used to be just like this at Hardin's place, didn't it, Duff? " said McConnell, as a sort of prelude, shying a match away from him.

"Why, yes, it does make me think of Hardin's onct in a while, but -"

"That's where I first seen you, Duff."

"Yeh didn't say much in them days, Mac."

"No - yeh see, it was like this. In days I bad it just as bad as I got it now, only different. Used to work for Hardin' like a dog for a stretch an' then I'd get a piece of coin together an' shy off to the nearest town, or what answered for a town in that country, an' the next few days would be a gilded buzz. That was me, McConnell. Hardin didn't like it, but I always came back an' acted proper - till next time."

"But you left Hardin," ventured Duffy.

"That's what I'm telling yeh about - 'bout when I left Hardin, and why I left Hardin... Sure."

Martin came back at this point and sat himself down at the edge of the group. The lavender mist was changing into heavy drifting purples and the corral fence was a mystery of line and shadow.

"It was just after you came to Hardin's, Duff. I got some easy five hundred that time an' I makes off. Went

up toward Lone Hill. Say, that was a rucktious place. On the way I lingered a few days in Red Dog, and the Red Dogites relieved me of a cool two hundred by means of a game they had there which I didn't know, and I was some sore, you bet. I had a few dishes of Red Dog brandy just previous to leavin', and they gave me plenty of room, so I heads for Lone Hill. I knew the nature of the place, but I hadn't no fear. I put up with Smith. You remember Smith, Long John, with the whiskers, of course. So I took a couple o' days to look around the town, gettin' acquainted meanwhile with all the wet goods that Long John had on hand, an' it was a Tuesday night, if I remember correct, that this matter began.

"I happened into that long yellow place on the main street where a fellow could go the limit if he liked an' nothin' said. I had two hundred left, an' the game suited me but somehow, there wasn't anything to it. I saw my pile getting thinner an' thinner and I could see Hardin's getting plainer and plainer for me. Says I. 'Soon I'll be back rammin' and jammin' them cattle again - for three long months I'll be at it. Oh, Lord!' says I. An' then I'd bet another ten, and that green-eyed rascal across the hoard would rake it in, an' I'd be just ten dollars nearer Hardin's and the cattle. I know I got right down to the last ten in gold, an' som'thin' took a grip on me right there, which the same said I'd need that ten to get out and away. Som'thin' told me that I'd have to eat on my way back to Hardin's, so I pockets the stuff right shrewd and walks out.

"'Got enough?' called out the fellow after me.

"'Too much,' says I back, trying to be genial.

"'Come again,' he says.

"'Maybe,' I says.

"And then, when I had got outside the door and had just turned down toward Long John's place, then I met her."

McConnell went into his pocket for another match, and busied himself relighting his pipe as if it was a very serious matter.

They made no demands on him for the rest of the story. The new character demanded silence. It was all dark now around the quarters. The corral fence had snaked away, the Monk's hood had disappeared, and only a handful of moist stars looked out from a doubtful sky. The flame of the match painted the man's earnest face for a moment.

"She was a pretty sort, brown hair, brown eyes, an' her face wasn't hard, like Smith's wife. No, she was in Lone Hill, but yeh forgot Lone Hill when yeh looked at her. She had quite a figure, too, I remember, and her arms they were plump. She was dressed a bit neater than most wimmen you'd meet in that town, whether they was men's wives or not, which the most of them were not; but I met her just under the light outside that long yellow place, an' - an' somebody was playin' the pianny inside, an' she looked awful pretty an' good to me. She says to me without any hesitation, says she: 'Is Bill in there?'

"'Who's Bill?' I asks her.

"'Why, he's - Bill's that fellow with the brown mustache and the white hat. I think he was playin' at the middle table awhile ago. He's my - my husband, is Bill.'

"'Sure enough,' says I to her, remembering the fellow. 'I think your Bill was cleaned out half an hour ago, like most every one else that goes up against that green-eyed dealer.'

"That seemed to get her. 'Oh!' she says to me, 'I'm afraid of that man. He's always tryin' to get Bill to play, an' Bill always loses, an' then Bill goes off - an' it's terrible times till he gets his stake back again. Get Bill to come away from there, won't you?' she asks that of me.

"Well, I was always a soft cuss, anyway, so I told her to keep away from the door an' to wait a bit. I goes back into the place, all' there, just as I comes in from one side, up comes this fellow Bill from the other. I had thought he was cleaned out, but I see he has money in his hand. We both reached the tables about together.

"'Hello!' calls out the green-eyed chap, grinning a little. 'Are you two fellows back again? Thought you'd stopped for to-night, sure.

"'Yes, I'm back,' says Bill. An' I could see that Bill had been collectin' more than money where he'd been outside, for his eyes were looking nasty and wide an' he seemed nervous.

"'See here, Bill,' says I, cautious.

"'I don't know you, pardner,' he says to me.

"'No, but I want a word with you.'

"'You can wait a minute, can't yeh?' he growls back. An' I could see there was som'thin' on his mind, serious.

"'Oh, of course, no hurry,' I said, trying to appear easy, which I wasn't by no means. Bill puts twenty dollars on the queen. A minute afterward he calls out at the dealer, with a curse: 'I thought so,' says he, vicious, reaching for his money with one hand and whipping the other behind him, 'I thought so, you damned sneak, you're crooked!'

"An' with that there was a scuffle and a shot. I got confused-like, as a man will who ain't expecting trouble. Bill went staggering backward across the room, catchin' at chair-backs with one hand while he pulled at his throat with the other, an' then he fell across a table, an' lay there like a log. I could see that he was done for, an' I thought of the little woman out in the street, waitin'. There stood that green-eyed devil at his table with a gun in his hand, an' the men crowding up, an' the chairs turning over in the rush, an' the whole place in a hell of a row. It made me mad and sick to see it, an' the lights went round in little greasy yellow circles, an' my eyes hurt, an' my mouth got so dry I choked, an' then I saw somethin' at the doorway. It was the brown-haired woman. She didn't scream out nor say anything, but just stood there, leanin' up against the jamb with her two hands clasped at her breast, an' the look on her face.

"All this time some one was talkin', talkin', loud and fast. It got into my ears like a rumble. Then I began to hear words. I guess it was all in a second, but to me it seemed longer.

"'He tried to shoot me!' yells the green-eyed fellow, explaining to the other men, an they were an angry lot. 'He said I dealt a crooked game!'

"By that time I had got the sickness out of my eyes an' I could see the woman go across the room to look into the dead man's face as he lay backward across the table, but she didn't touch him, only shrank away as if she was afraid, an' put up her hands to her face. Then all the mad in me came out. In a second I had pushed into the table an' stood right across from that protestin' pair of green eyes. The fellow was scared, 'cause he could see that his story wasn't getting much sympathy, an' I yells at him:

"You do deal a crooked game, you greasy gambler!" for I had been watching him some close on that last affair.

"'What!' he screamed, his eyes getting wild.

"'You - you - you deal a crooked game, an' you killed this man, an' you're going to swing for it!'

"Then he began to swear vengeance. 'I'll kill you, too!' he cried, vicious, an' he flung himself at me,

forgetting he had a gun in his hand even, but two of the men caught his arm and tried to take it away from him. They mastered him all right, like a wild beast he was, an' they got him by the throat. I had been waitin' for him to get loose, just. I wouldn't have been idle with that blue-skinned toy I carried in them days, an' there'd have been a dealer less in that town sooner But there. I'm running ahead of the rest of it.

"They took him off to pen him up, cause, while Lone Hill was bad, it didn't stand for such free shooting as that without some comment. The chairs were pushed back, an' the place got quiet. Then once again I turned down the street toward Long John's, and once again there stood that woman, weepin'. Somehow, I knew she was lonely an' miserable.

"'Why don't yeh go home?' I asked her.

"'They've taken Bill there,' she said.

"'Are you afraid? Can't yeh get some woman to stay with you?'

"'No,' she says, crying. 'The right kind won't come, an' -'

"'Oh!' says I. 'I see, the good'uns are too good an' the bad'uns ain't good enough. Well, what's the matter with me? I'm all right. Here, I'll go with yeh,' and we went off together to Bill's house.

"It was a little board shack of two rooms. They had put Bill in the rear one, which was a bedroom, and she went in there to sit by him. It got late. I stayed in the kitchen an' I could hear her cryin', cryin'. Then I must have dropped off in a doze, for it got very late all of a sudden. She was still cryin', an' I went to the room door, and said:

"'Come, come, don't cry so.' Her eyes were as red as blood and her pretty brown hair was all rumpled. 'The man's dead,' says I, kind as I could 'An' you'll only make yourself sick, you will sure.'

"'He was good to me,' she said.

"'Of course, an' I know you loved him, but -'

"She shook her head quickly. 'No,' she said earnestly, 'I didn't love Bill, but he was Bill, an' he had been good and square with me, an' I ought to be dead for not loving him, an' I didn't ever want Bill to die while he lived -'

"'You didn't want -' I was sure puzzled at that, but the answer came from the outside. There was a tap at the door. I could hear the pawin' of a horse - two horses. A man demanded to be let inside. I looked at the woman and she was afraid.

"'It's him,' she whispered, shrinking.

"I stepped back into the room where Bill lay an' I said to her, stern-like: 'Go open that door, woman.'

"She looked at me an' then she slipped to the door as if it was the mouth of hell - but she opened it. The green-eyed fellow came inside quickly an' shut the door and stood there with his back to it. He was gray-white in the face an' his eyes were gleamin' like a snake's when it means dirty business.

"'I've got away from 'em,' he said, breathing hard an' grinnin' a little. 'There was a loose board down in the back wall an' I pried it away. Got my two horses out there an' I've come for you.'

"She got away from him to the wall, just as a woman would if a real snake was in the room, till she couldn't get no farther. The man came out into the center now, looking at her as if he'd eat her. An' I wasn't growin'

none too easy in my mind. I didn't know whether to kill him right then or to act fair and give him a chance.

"'Oh! that business won't go with me, he said, watching her. 'I've always wanted yeh, long before that man Bill came, an' I told him I'd kill him because of you, an' I did, by God! I did, an' you're coming with me to-night, or I'll put yeh alongside o' Bill, d'ye mind that!' he said, an' he gets out his trusty little gun.

"But I caught a glimpse o' the woman. Her eyes were staring right into mine from across the room an' she was beggin' me to help her. I motioned for her to move to the right, which she was sharp an' did, always watching him as if he was that snake I mentioned, an' that brought the scoundrel back to me. I could have dropped him proper from behind, but I wanted to feel his neck in my two hands. He heard me coming and tried to turn, but I got him with a tight grip an' I made him blue in the face with a double twist. He tried to bring the gun up, but the strength dripped out o' him an' he went down like a rag. Hand and foot I tied him. He wasn't goin' to get loose from that piece of rope, an' I tied him by his neck and his knees to the post of the bed where Bill lay. Then I came out and shut the door.

"'We'll take his horses,' I said to the woman."

McConnell had talked so long that he was tired and dry. He asked Duffy to reach him a dipper of water and drank as if the throat of him was of lime.

"We got away from Lone Hill that night, leavin' that cuss tied neck and knees, an' we rode out over the flats. It was all quiet when we crossed the Little Windy at the ford an' came down toward Carson's. 'Bout a million stars were out, all bright and cold, and it was so still an' the world seemed an awful big, lonely place for a woman to be. All the way I was thinking how helpless she was, an' how pretty she was, an' how she had looked when I had first seen her under the lamp just outside that yellow gambling hell in Lone Hill. Then we rode by that old church the padres built for the Indians and I said to her:

"'Are yeh sure there was nobody but Bill - an' him?' I said.

"'Only Bill,' she says to me.

"'And I didn't say anything more for a little time.

"'Well,' says I at last, after thinking it over. 'Bill's dead, poor chap, an' they'll string that other devil up in the morning as sure - as sure - so why not come with me? We can go over to the mission an' fix it all right with the padre.'

"We went on half a mile before she answered. Then she said: 'Are you sure you know - you understand - 'bout Bill?'

"An' I had thought it over some, too; an' I had thought of Hardin's and that damned cattle country, an' the loneliness, an' the whole uselessness of it - working like a dog for three months, then a week's drunk, then three months' misery some more, an' so I says to her:

"'Well, I ain't much of a fellow, but I'll stick to the rules and say nothin' if you will. I'll play the game square if you will.'

"'I didn't love Bill,' she said.

"'But will you love me - as I love you?' I asked her.

"And then I kissed her."

McConnell sighed and stood up.

"Well?" asked Duffy, as if he thought there should be a sequel.

"She was as white as the best woman that ever lived," said McConnell, his voice getting very deep and gentle. "She knew how to play the game straight. She got prettier and prettier until she was a queen. We lived down at Turrajas for a year, almost. An' not once in that year did I go drinking, or wandering, or wanting to. There was always some one waiting for me, yeh see, some one that took the whole bitter edge off this life out here. And then - then I came back to work for Hardin, you remember, Duffy. I left her down there at Turrajas. There's a place near the old mission where they put 'em when they go off sudden like she did. But she was white, she was, while she lasted, an' I got a fellow to put som'thin' like that, only better worded, on a big piece o' granite. It's down there near the mission. An' - an' - then I came back to work for Hardin - you know -"

McConnell went to the house-wall and took down his bridle. He came back to the silent group and stood for a moment as if thinking. " Guess I'll go over Brinkerman's way, Duff, if the old man wants to know. Tell him I've got my stake again - that I guess I'll be back some time, all right - an' that's all, I guess."

Duffy said nothing. McConnell swung off toward the stables. A little later they heard a horse's hoofs patter in the dusty grass. It grew fainter and fainter as the distance claimed it, and so silent were the men and the night that Mac's horse could be heard until the hoof-beats became as fine as sound will shred. The knight errant had once again gone forth in quest of happiness.

BEFORE THE LOCOMOTIVE CAME.

Anybody Who Chose Could Drive on the Railroad, and There Were No Time Tables and Few Sidings for Cars to Pass.

BEFORE any but a few enthusiasts realized the revolution that the steam locomotive was to make the usefulness of railroads had become apparent. The name, however, is the chief resemblance between our giant systems and such lines as the Stockton and Burlington Railway, on which the first passenger-car was run.

Built by Stephenson especially for the occasion, the car began its service on the day in September, 1825, when Stephenson ran a locomotive for the first time over the twelve miles of track that constituted the railroad, but thereafter it was pulled back and forth by horse-power, like any other wagon.

This forerunner of palace-cars and dining-coaches was an uncouth affair. Externally much like a magnified bath-house on wheels, it had a long row of seats along each side of the interior and a long table in the center. The door was at the back and in front was an elevated perch for the driver. As at the time of its construction it was the only vehicle in existence - built for this particular purpose, it was christened the Experiment.

The Experiment was a success from the beginning. Though it took the single horse which pulled the heavy wagon two hours to do the twelve miles between Stockton and Burlington, the new way of traveling became popular at once.

The company itself did not operate this pioneer passenger service. Instead it rented out its car to contractors, charging for the use of the road as well. There was money to be made out of the service, however, and more carriages were built, hotel-keepers especially entering into the business with enthusiasm.

But there was not much done for the comfort of the passengers. That there was any light at all in the old Experiment after dark was due entirely to the generosity of the old driver, Dixon, who bought with his own money each night a penny candle. When he was belated, a not infrequent occurrence, he stuck this upon the table in the middle of the car, and with this feeble light to cheer them the passengers rumbled on their way.

At this time railroads were regarded as public highways over which any one who chose had a right to drive on paying the tolls fixed by law. Private individuals and companies went into the business of hauling freight as well as passengers, driving their own vehicles over the road at their own pleasure.

As there was only a single track, with occasional sidings, the lack of any schedule led to confusion and strife. The long argument which invariably followed two carriages meeting each other frequently ended in a battle in which the passengers joined. The beaten party, of course, backed off to the nearest siding.

The Sunny Side of the Track.

Little Rifts in the Cloud of Locomotive and Shop Smoke Through Which the Bright Sun of Humor Shines Free for All.

A RAILROAD WRECK IN RHYME.

ONE of the features of the Fourth of July celebration at Brighton Beach, on the outskirts of the only Coney, was a prearranged collision between two shop-worn locomotives. The staff poet of the New York American was so overcome by the sight that when he sat down at his rough-and-ready typewriter he found himself perpetrating the following rhymed reproduction of the wreck:

- On July 4, at Brighton Beach,
  with clanging bell and horrific screech,
  two railroad engines - count 'em, two
  - both bent on victory, to die or do,
  to give a crowd a holiday,
  for which, of course, they had to pay,
  with throttles open and steam a-hiss,
  started on a single track ...

LIKE THIS siht ekil

- Like armored knights in tournament,
  the engines at each other went.
  The thousands watching held their breath;
  plainly it was a fight to death.
  Increasing speed at ev'ry turn,
  wheels seem'd the very rails to spurn.
  Of course they could not go amiss,
  and locked in death-embrace ...

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L I s K i E h T t H e I k S i l

- When the crowd had gone its way,
  At the close of that sad day,
  the junk-man came and brought his cart,
  and tried to pry the dead apart,
  but, despite all efforts, they stayed locked fast,
  and the foreman called for giant blast,
  and if he had gotten his,
  he would have blown them up ...

IS s
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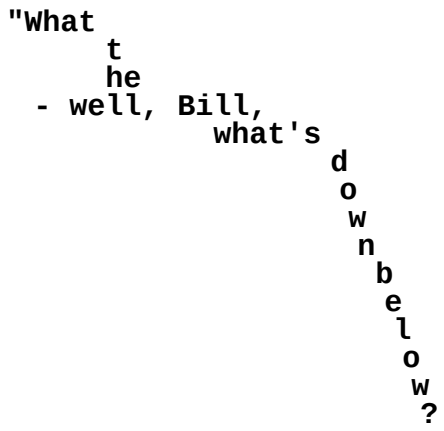
- "I'll be blasted if you do,"
  the junk-man said, and he said true.
  "The races are coming soon, you say,
  and these engines stand in the way;
  we'll bury them here, just where they fell,
  but -



DEFINITIONS.

(Not shown in Book of Rules.)

PUNCH - A nickel-plated instrument of torture designed for inflicting holes in harmless pasteboards.

BADGE - A resplendent ornament which serves the double purpose of decorating the conductor's cap and enabling the passenger to jot down some figures.

TICKET - That which entitles the holder to four seats and a hat-rack, but no meals.

CLAIM - A statement of facts or fancies which, like a snow-ball, gathers as it rolls.

CONDUCTOR - The man who, like the policeman, must hear the troubles of all and have none of his own. Sometimes rises to the position of railroad commissioner.

CARPET - A floor covering much used in superintendents' offices.

PAY-CAR - A vehicle which carries joy, but not enough of it.

- G.E.V. Osborne, in Railroad Men.

A RAILROAD PRAYER.

Every trade has its own peculiar vernacular. It is told of a railroad man's recent conversion that when the pastor of his church called on him for a public prayer, he prayed as follows:

"Now that I have flagged Thee, lift up my feet from the road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety-lamp of prudence, make all couplings with the link of love, let my hand-lamp be the Bible, and keep all switches closed that lead off the main line into the sidings with blind ends. Have every semaphore white along the line of hope, that I may make the run of life without stopping. Give me the Ten Commandments as a working-card, and when I have finished the run on

schedule-time and pulled into the terminal, may Thou, superintendent of the universe, say, Well done, good and faithful servant; come into the general office to sign the pay-roll and receive your check for happiness.'"

- Topeka State Journal.

IF IT WERE ONLY TRUE.

The old farmer went to one end of the swaying coach to wash his hands. He could find only a few remnants of soap. "Boy," he drawled, 'there don't seem to be much soap here?"

"No, sah," chuckled the porter; 'you know dis is de limited. Ebrything abohd am limited."

Then the old man tried to fill a glass from the water-cooler. He could force out only a few drops.

"Where's the water, boy?"

"Not much water, sah. Dat am limited, too."

"Presently the porter brushed the old farmer down, and the latter handed him nine coppers.

"Why, boss," protested the porter, "yo' gib de porter on de udder train a quarter."

"I know that," chuckled the old farmer, "but you know this is the limited, and everything should be limited."

- Chicago News.

SLOWEST TRAIN ON RECORD.

"I saw a man run down by a locomotive once," said a melancholy stranger. I was on the road from Carbondale to Seigel. At Richland one man decided to get off the train and walk. He had proceeded about fifteen miles when the train overtook him. He was knocked down, and the train, in a leisurely sort of fashion, proceeded to run over him. The man spoke a few words and expressed the wish that the five thousand dollars accident insurance that he carried be given to his sweetheart. But the poor girl never got the money. Before the engine got up to the man's knees, rheumatism set in, and the poor fellow died a natural death. It being an accident policy, the girl couldn't collect the money."

- The Maverick.

A FUSSY ENGINEER.

"Such railroading," said President Baer of the Reading line, apropos of reckless running, "reminds me of an Irish brakeman. This brakeman, who was employed on a railway in the neighborhood of Cook, was annoyed one morning to find the train stopping in a desolate place miles away from any station. He ran to the cab and shouted to the engineer: 'Hi, ye omadhoun, what are ye stoppin' here fur?'

"The engineer retorted angrily: 'Don't ye see the signal's a'gin' us, ye gossoon?'

"'Musha,' said the brakeman, 'how mighty particular ye're gettin'.'"

- Minneapolis Journal.

FALL WORTH ONE DOLLAR A FOOT.

In the early forties there was an accident on the Fitchburg Railroad near Prison Point, and the engine and one coach went overboard. Among the injured was Timothy Batts, of Charlestown, the commodore's runner on the receiving ship Columbus.

The officials of the road wanted to settle with him, and asked him what he wanted. He asked how far he fell, and was told it was twenty feet. Then he said he thought it was worth one dollar a foot.

- Mrs. A.A. Barker, in Boston Herald.

ON THEIR HONEYMOON.

Bridegroom (to conductor, whom he has just tipped) - The country we're passing through is so deadly dull that my wife and I wish to take a nap. When it becomes more interesting, wake us.

Bride (half an hour later, to conductor, who has just roused them) - The neighborhood is still uninteresting: why did you wake us?

Conductor (apologetically) - Pardon, lady, I only wanted to say that we are approaching a beautiful tunnel two miles long.

- Fliegenda Blätter.

Live Wires.

BY F. M. McCLINTIC.
Former World's Champion Telegrapher
and Winner of the Carnegie Medal.

COURTESY PAYS.

The Man Who Found it "No Trouble to Answer Questions" Now at the Head of the Passenger Department.

DOWN in Texas they have a railroad with a motto. The Texas and Pacific, which covers the Lone Star State from end to end and adds a few hundred miles of Louisiana for good measure, believes that it is "No trouble to answer questions." Many years ago, before the "Tee-Pee" had gained fame with the public and favor with the Goulds as one of their best assets, the president of the road happened to stop off one day at a little Louisiana town to send a telegram. Railroad presidents in those days were not troubled with private secretaries, so the president strode into the little telegraph-ticket office to write his own telegram. On asking for a blank he was agreeably surprised at the courtesy accorded him, although it was his first visit and he had reason to believe that the young man behind the ticket window had never seen him before and did not know who he was.

It was not a day to bring cheerfulness, for the weather was as muggy and sticky as only Louisiana weather can get. The operator radiated sunshine, however, and the president liked it. Over the ticket window he noticed a sign that read, "No Trouble to Answer Questions." A series of interrogations developed that the motto was not an empty one, and the president noted with pleasure that the sunshine on the telegrapher's face never faded. He also learned that the motto was original with the youthful dispenser of good cheer and tickets.

Soon there was a place a little higher up for the boy. Step by step, under the eye of the appreciative president, he forged ahead and year by year the policy, "No trouble to answer questions," permeated the big railroad system. For many years E. P. Turner, the one-time cheerful operator at the Louisiana way station, has been general passenger and ticket agent of the Texas and Pacific, and the policy is in evidence at every station between El Paso and New Orleans. There is perhaps no railroad in the United States where simple courtesy and plenty of it has worked greater wonders. So famous is the watchword that a letter mailed in New York addressed to "No Trouble to Answer Questions, Texas," would reach Mr. Turner's office in Dallas and receive a courteous reply without so much as an hour's delay.

Texas has another ex-telegrapher general passenger agent in Cyrus W. Strain of the 'Frisco at Fort Worth. Like Mr. Turner, Mr. Strain began his career in a little telegraph office. Following the same policy and giving off the same sunny radiation, Mr. Strain advanced, division by division, until his recent appointment at the top rung of the 'Frisco passenger ladder in Texas.

HAWTHORNE'S BEAT.

All Other Press Matter Sidetracked While a Country Telegrapher Struggles With His Microscopic Copy.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S "copy" is the terror of rural telegraphers as much as it is the delight of the printer. The difference is that the telegrapher gets the raw "copy" as the author has written it, and has to get rid of it in a hurry, while the printer gets his in type-written form. Mr. Hawthorne writes slowly and carefully and "grinds exceeding small." On a country assignment in New Jersey recently he "scooped " his competitors innocently but nevertheless thoroughly by filing his story of a tragedy a moment in advance of them. it was a lonely telegraph station where the operator had not sent a hundred words of "press " in tbe twenty years that the office had been established.

Hawthorne filed three thousand words for his paper, and made an everlasting friend of the operator by laying down a dozen "high-bred" smokes. The operator was paralyzed at the outlook, but he struck out. In a very short time five or six New York reporters interrupted him with ten times the "copy" that Hawthorne had filed. He took it in, but stuck manfully at Hawthorne's story. It was going into New York with the speed of molasses in the dead of winter, and the other reporters glared through the window or fretted and pranced up and down the depot platform for three long hours. The operator was still struggling with Hawthorne's copy. Then they demanded a return of their stories and sought the long-distance telephone.

Hawthorne's story was printed in full next day, but the remainder of the New York papers had only a sparse account of one of the most mystifying tragedies of the year.

BEATEN BY MUSIC.

A New York Operator Confused by "Dixie" While His Southern Opponent Clicks His Way to Victory.

JOSEPH P. GALLAGHER is one of a galaxy of " star" telegraphers employed in the New York office of the Postal Telegraph Company. Gallagher is such a good receiver of telegraphic messages that he was sent to Philadelphia by his admiring friends in 1903 and returned triumphant with the "Message Championship of the World" dangling at his belt. In the following year he lost his honors unexpectedly, and he is wondering yet how it occurred. The man who beat him was equally surprised. It all came about through the Madison Square Garden band striking up "Dixie" just as the contest for the championship began and keeping at the stirring air until Gallagher had lost his bearings, while his opponent, a Southerner, had taken the bit in his teeth and was working as no other inspiration could have forced him to work.

Some telegraphers are so affected by music that they cannot work while its strains reach their ears. Gallagher, although he did not know his failing - and his victorious opponent knew less - seems to have been beaten because he could not collect his thoughts and find the proper keys on his typewriter, through the strange effect of the music on his system. He went into the contest confident of victory because the man from the South did not possess a reputation in that particular line of work and had been beaten by Gallagher at the same game in Philadelphia. He came out whipped and dejected - all through the accidental rendering of the Southern popular air, which stirred the Southerner's blood to an extraordinary pitch.

Telegraphers are usually high-strung nervous fellows on whom a discordant sound exerts an instant effect. This is caused, no doubt, by the musical rhythm which comes naturally to those of them who attain high proficiency in the making and taking of Morse characters - determining to a nicety just what length to make their dots and dashes and how to properly space their words.

A story in the *Telegraph Age* of a press operator in Virginia who could work under any conditions excepting while some one whistled illustrates the truth of the above. The operator was working mechanically, receiving market reports and the news of the day, when one of a group of chatting reporters in the reportorial room, which was also the telegraph room, started to whistle "Always in the Way." The operator fidgeted in his chair, and, finally, leaning over to the key, opened it and stopped proceedings. "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to stop whistling," he said gently to the offending reporter. "You know it's awfully hard to take this stuff from the wire so long as there is any whistling going on." The reporters wondered, and when there was a "let-up" on the wire shortly afterward, the operator explained:

"It's a strange thing about telegraphy," he said, "but an operator with an ear for music cannot receive as long as any music strikes his ears. It drives the meaning of the dots and dashes entirely away, and they become a meaningless jumble of sounds. Cannon may be roaring beneath the window, and he will not mind it in the least, so long as he can hear the instrument clicking. Talking may go on as much as you please, and so long as it is not addressed to me it will not bother me in the least. There might be a big political parade under my window. Thousands of voices might be raised in shouts of applause for a favorite candidate. I would hardly hear it. Then let a small boy in the next room start to whistle and it's all off. The political parade may continue on its way undisturbed, but the small boy who whistles is demoralizing.

"I was working in St. Louis once," the operator continued, as his wire was still idle, "when our office was situated right in the midst of a convention at which a band was playing about two-thirds of the time. We had to move our office. The men couldn't stand it. The music was played by one of the best bands in the country, but that only made it all the worse. If the music had been bad, it would have approached more nearly ordinary noise and would not have bothered us so much. But the better the music the greater the distraction." The instrument started just then, and at the same time a band opened up in the street below. The operator, with an appealing glance at the group of reporters, threw up his hands in mock despair and hastily closed all the windows in the room. It's the only thing I can do," he said, resignedly. He couldn't stop the band.

TELEPHONE A TOY.

American Rights of the Telephone Offered for a Petty Five Thousand Dollars a Year and Declined.

AT the time when Alexander Graham Bell made his first demonstration with the telephone an operator in the New York office of the Western Union Telegraph Company received a paper from his father, a minister in Brantford, Canada, stating that a man named Bell had transmitted speech by wire between Brantford and a neighboring town. It seemed incredible, but the telegrapher called attention to the fact that his father was a godly man. and had said in an accompanying letter that he had heard the thing done with his own ears. The newspaper announcement made no impression on the public, however, and a year or more afterward when Professor Bell came to New York to demonstrate that he could telephone from that city to Brooklyn, not more than a dozen out of a hundred invited guests appeared at the St. Denis Hotel to witness the experiment.

One of the dozen, who was himself afterward a great inventor, was unanimous with his fellow witnesses, when the experiment had been concluded, that the telephone was a toy, if not an absolute humbug. Professor Bell met with many discouragements, but obstinately pursued his experiments and made sufficient improvements in his apparatus to have a proposition for the adoption of his invention by the American District Company seriously considered. He wanted about five thousand dollars per annum for the exclusive use of his American rights. This was soberly considered and declined by the board of directors.

THE PATIENT WIZARD.

What Thomas Edison Thinks of the "Rot" That is Printed about the "Wizard of Menlo Park."

THOMAS EDISON is having some fun poked at him by jocular newspaper writers these days over his failure to perfect the storage battery in a given time. In 1876 Edison was crossing the Jersey City ferry with Walter Phillips, when he turned to the latter and asked him if he had read a recent paragraph in the *Commercial Advertiser* to the effect that the Brooklyn Bridge would be in working order about the time that Edison succeeded in subdividing the electric current, which at that particular time was considered equivalent to an indefinite period.

Phillips replied that he had not, when Edison continued: "That is one of the smart things that these fellows write, and I think Amos Cummings in the *Sun* and Ned Fox in the *Herald* are responsible for it. They have been printing a lot of rot about the wizard of Menlo Park, and people are stimulated by that sort of thing to expect everything in a minute. One of them - Fox I think - says I am a genius; but you know well enough I am nothing of the sort, unless," he added, thoughtfully, "we accept D'Israeli's theory that genius is prolonged patience. I am patient enough, for sure. As for the electric light, I've been neglecting it for a lot of other things - my telephone, the phonograph, and so forth, but," he added confidently, "I'll subdivide the electric current when I get around to it, never fear. You wait and see." The world waited, and it saw the fulfilment of the Wizard's prediction. Perhaps history will repeat itself with the storage battery.

CAUGHT NAPPING.

Tip McCloskey Guesses at a Message and Makes a Relative of Henry Clay Daniel Webster's Nephew.

VARIOUS wonderful deeds of "copying behind" have been attributed to Thomas Edison, dubbed by Andrew Carnegie, who is himself an old-time telegrapher, as the "King of Telegraphers; to "Old Bogardus," "Tip McCloskey" and other lights of the "olden days," until even the incredulous ones have begun to wonder if they really did perform such feats. John Oakum tells how McCloskey, on a wager in Atlanta, Georgia, once walked from his instrument to the door of his office where he met a boy from a neighboring restaurant with a gin sour on a waiter, drank the "medicine," and returned to his key without interrupting the wire. However, the Atlanta paper had an editorial paragraph two days later which said: "Our article of yesterday on the indiscretions of J. C. Lamont would have been characterized by less spirit had we known him to be a relative of the late Henry Clay. The Associated Press despatch, on which our article was based, stated distinctly that Lamont was a nephew of old Dan Webster of Massachusetts." The other operators along the line had it "Henry Clay" but McCloskey was "copying behind" and filled in "Daniel Webster" with a nonchalant air that made his admiring audience believe that he was delivering the real article.

McCloskey is credited with having worked a wire in New York during 1863 that was so hot it sizzled, yet he was a sleepy fellow through an inordinate appetite for dramatic performances at the Bowery Theater and a thirst that was second to none. So, whenever there should happen to be a moment's let-up during his night's work, McCloskey would lay his head on the table for a nap. The office-boys, who looked upon him as a sort of demigod, manifested their interest in his welfare by always being on the alert for calls. They became proficient enough to recognize "NY" when the Pittsburgh office called, and would then arouse the slumbering operator. He would open the key, stare about sleepily for a moment and then lazily request his friend at Pittsburgh to "let 'em come, and hustle up a bit." Then, to the admiration of all about, he would sit and copy message after message in a flowing chirography, often carrying on a lively conversation with his companions at the same time.

"But there were bigoted citizens in New York who conspired against him," remarks Mr. Oskum. "A Dr. Janvier received a message from his wife stating that 'Mr. Sage has caved and is satisfied!'" Mr. Oakum maintains that under the circumstances Mr. Sage at least should have been satisfied. Not so with Dr. Janvier. He demanded a repetition, and the corrected copy which was taken by McCloskey, who was now attending closely to business, told Dr. Janvier:

"Message received and is satisfactory."

The occasion of the memorable Army of the Republic celebration in Boston In 1868 found McCloskey a night operator at Titusville, Pennsylvania. It was on that night that he demonstrated to a coterie of friends the feasibility of reciting "Casablanca" and receiving "press" simultaneously. The next morning a Boston paper announced in its telegraphic columns that "Post No. 1 was commanded by an Irishman from New Bedford." The New Bedford *Standard* hastened, a day or two later, to copy the despatch and explain that Post No. 1 was really commanded by A. N. Cushman from New Bedford. It added, moreover, that Mr. Cushman was less a Milesian than was the telegraph.

WIRES NEED HOLIDAYS.

Old Operators Dread Saturday Nights in Busy Offices Because Wires are Tired and Need Their Sunday Rest.

IT was 2:30 A.M., and the wire running into the New York *American* office had been humming without a let-up since six o'clock on the preceding evening with details of the explosion on the United States steamer Bennington in San Francisco Harbor; with baseball scores, market reports, and general news of the day.

"She 'pulled' mighty hard on that last half hour," remarked the old telegrapher to the night editor, who was putting away his shears and the blue pencil.

"What do you mean by 'pulled?' inquired the editor, who was a newcomer serving his first night in the position.

"I mean that the wire was tired and it was hard work to send that last 3,000 words."

The editor laughed superciliously. "Guess it's in your arm," said he. "Must be losing your grip."

The telegrapher smiled back, rather commiseratingly. "I've been in the business twenty years," said he, "and I have been observing. I can tell a tired wire the moment I put my hand on the key, and many a night I have asked for a new wire when the telegraph sleuths could not detect a sign of trouble. You feel it pull your wrist as if it were bound with a rope having a tug of war on the other end. Monday morning, after the wires have had a few hours' rest over Sunday, they respond quickly and are easy to work. On Saturday nights I always dread the last hour because the wire is practically dying."

The young editor inquired if the telegrapher did not think it was the operator that needed the rest not the wire.

"Not a bit of it. Put a rested sender down to this wire right now and he would not be able to do much business, no matter how great his ability. It would work him half to death within an hour. Give him a rested wire and the story would be entirely different." As the news was all in and the paper gone to press the editor gave permission to flash the good night signal "30" and the tired wire and the tired telegrapher took their Sunday rest.

It is well known that locomotives get tired, that typewriters work easier after a rest, and that clocks get too

run down to tick. It is even said that guns get too tired to shoot straight, but that telegraph wires grow weary at the close of a busy day will be news even to many operators.

LINCOLN'S ENVY.

Tells an Operator That He Would Have Given a Thousand Dollars if He Had Learned Telegraphy.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN once stated to Jesse H. Eunuch, who was then military telegrapher to General George B. McClellan in Washington, that he would give a thousand dollars had he learned telegraphy when a boy. Mr. Lincoln used to talk to young Bunnell on matters of state, as will be seen by an excerpt from a letter written by a member of the military corps stationed at Washington to another in New York during the war, dated Washington, District of Columbia, December 14, 1861, and addressed "Dear Jack." The letter follows:

"Washington is a sight. I don't wonder Mr. Lincoln said one could not throw a stone down Pennsylvania Avenue without hitting a brigadier-general. The town is full of them and the Army of the Potomac is stalled at Alexandria. McClellan is here and does business by telegraph. He has for an operator one of the handsomest young men I ever saw - Jesse Bunnell. He and Mr. Lincoln are very chummy. Jesse is considerably under twenty years of age, but the President talks to him in a way that is very funny. Jesse says he should feel complimented, but he realizes that the President is simply thinking aloud.

"It is one of the best possible tributes to the telegraph that it interests the very best minds. Up in Amherst some of the ginger-pop professors used to sniff a little at my enthusiasm about telegraphy. They regard it as a trade, and not just the thing for a college man. Now comes Abraham Lincoln, the foremost of all living men to-day, throws his long leg across the table where Bunnell is receiving despatches, stays around until long after midnight, looks over Jesse's shoulder and says: 'Young man, I would give a thousand dollars if I had learned to do that when I was young. The ability to read those signals is a never-ending mystery to me.

"Continuing his inmost thoughts, the President would say: 'And, Jesse, McClellan says he needs more men. What do you think? He has quite a few down there at Alexandria, and he seems inclined to keep them there until spring. Secretary Cameron is growing weary of running a war, and we are going to accept his resignation and put in a more active fellow. I have my eyes on one now. But, Jesse, he may be too active. The happy medium is a mighty hard thing to strike. Don't you find it that way in your own business ? Some of the boys send too fast and some too slow, and some just right eh ? Well, that is just what is needed in the War Department, a man who can send just right; take a gait and keep it.

"It is with men as with horses; some of them are great at a spurt, but not many are all wool and a yard wide at a pull. The new Secretary of War must be as good at a pull as he is at a spurt, or this war will hang along until everybody will be worn out. Well, Jesse, we are going to do something pretty soon - along in February we will begin moving. I guess McClellan doesn't need any more men to hold Alexandria with - no, indeed.'"

EDISON AND GOULD.

Wizard of Finance Thinks Three Minutes and Buys Quadruplex Patent From the Wizard of Electricity.

PRESIDENT ORTON, who was at the head of the Western Union Telegraph Company when Edison invented the quadruplex, was slow in reaching a decision about purchasing the patent. A few blocks down

the street from the Western Union office was the office of an unobtrusive-looking person who in his lifetime used to stray up and down Broadway without one in a thousand recognizing him or dreaming who he was. He was Jay Gould, then largely interested in the Atlantic & Pacific Telegraph Company. Gould had heard considerable about the practical value of Edison's invention from his managers, and possessed a keen eye of his own. He had made up his mind to buy the quadruplex. One day when Edison needed money and was urging the Western Union Company without making any progress, he met Gould on the street and the latter said:

"Tom, those fellows will never do any business with you. Why not sell the quadruplex to me ? I'll buy it, subject to all litigation."

"What'll you pay for it?"

"Well," said the financier, fumbling in his vest pocket "I have here a check that was given me an hour ago by Jarrett & Palmer, to whom I have sold the steamer Plymouth Rock. It is for thirty thousand dollars. I'll give you that."

The offer was promptly accepted and the pair dropped into the nearest place where pen and ink were available and Gould endorsed the check to Edison. Only the amalgamation of the telegraph companies put an end to the litigation which ensued.

MORSE THE "CRANK."

Senate Gets Rid of the Inventor of the Telegraph by Giving Him What He Wants.

PROFESSOR S. F. B. MORSE is said to have been the first man to whom the appellation "crank" was applied. The professor was in Washington before Congress with his paraphernalia, asking an appropriation of seventeen thousand dollars with which to build an experimental line from the capital city to Baltimore. He ran wires in and about the capitol and established a "generator" which was operated by a crank. Senators and Congressmen became so absorbed in the invention that they neglected their other duties to such an extent as to arouse the ire of Senator Benton. After a vain attempt to obtain a quorum, the latter arose in the Senate and said:

"Mr. President, it is quite evident to my mind that we cannot proceed with business until this crank man and his bill are disposed of, and, with the object of making him fold up his crank and get away so we may have the attention of Senators, I move that the bill to construct a line between this city and Baltimore be passed." The bill was passed, but from that day the inventor was called "Morse, the crank."

ENGLISH AS IT IS WIRED.

Cable Tells of Dynamite Found in a "Gladstone" Bag and Colonial Editor Attacks the "Grand Old Man."

TELEGRAPH brevity traps have caused many gray hairs to sprout in the heads of editors. Usually it is some telegraphic combination of letters or words that causes the trouble, but not infrequently it is due to bad guessing.

A provincial English journal received a despatch stating that "The Zulus have taken umbrage." Forthwith a card was printed and placed in front of the office announcing the "Capture of Umbrage by the Zulus."

H. Savage Lander, the explorer, re turned to London a few years ago after wandering about in Tibet in an endeavor to reach Lhassa. An account of his experiences was telegraphed to the colonial journals, but none of them had ever heard of Mr. Lander, and the result was that the following announcement was printed: "A savage lander has attempted to get to Lhassa, the result being that the beast was horribly mutilated."

A telegram was sent from London to the papers in New Zealand about the time of the dynamite scares, which read as follows: "Dynamite found in Gladstone bag, Ludgate Hill Station." One of the sub-editors who received this message had no doubt about its meaning, and consequently the next morning the following announcement appeared in the paper: A quantity of dynamite was found yesterday in Mr. Gladstone's bag at the Ludgate Hill Station." Furthermore, the editor wrote a leading article on the occurrence, in which he said: "While we have, as our readers know, no kind of sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's politics, we cannot too strongly condemn the authors of this dastardly outrage upon a deservedly respected public servant."

One would have imagined that this version exhausted the possible misinterpretations which it was possible to put upon the simple statement that some dynamite had been found in a stray bag or portmanteau, but an opposition paper contained the following observations on the same morning:

"We direct the attention of our readers to the sensational cablegram we publish from London. The complicity of Mr. Gladstone with the Irish dynamiters, of which we were always convinced, has now been proved beyond all doubt. We await, with an impatience which we are sure is shared by all our readers, further information of the affair from London. Thank Heaven, we say, that the efforts of this unscrupulous statesman to dismember the British Empire have brought him to a felon's cell."

FIRST AT THE WIRE.

Clever Trick by Which Chris. Fitzgerald Scored a Beat in Reporting the Sullivan- Kurain Fight at New Orleans.

CHRIS. J. FITZGERALD, general manager of the Brighton Beach Racing Association and one of the best known turf officials in the country, was a reporter on the New York *Sun*, when John L. Sullivan whipped Jake Kurain at Richburg, Mississippi, years ago. There were perhaps a hundred reporters sent South to "do" the fight, among them Fitzgerald.

One of the New York newspapers had sent as their leading representative an old telegrapher in charge of five reporters and five miles of wire which was intended for stringing from the railroad to the ring-side when the battle-ground should be located. The old telegrapher arranged with Frank Stevenson, a newspaper man long since dead, to give him early information as to the location, and hung determinedly at his heels awaiting the word.

Arriving at New Orleans, Fitzgerald, who had overheard the negotiations with Stevenson, which, although they were perfectly fair, would give the man with the five miles of wire a decided advantage, approached the Western Union management and suggested that, as a matter of fairness to all, no despatches about the fight should be accepted at any point save at the main office in New Orleans. This shut out the man with five miles of wire, and put all the reporters on an even basis.

Fitzgerald then hustled about and found the late Robert Garrett, who was in direct charge of the Southern Railway at New Orleans at that time, and offered him a thousand dollars for a special engine and car to take him to the scene of the battle. The offer was refused. Fitzgerald then arranged with one of his assistants to have a horse and wagon stationed at a point of the "Crescent" for which New Orleans is named, and wait there until the fight should be over and the trains returning to the city.

The railroad describes a wide circle from the point of the Crescent before reaching the New Orleans station, and it is possible for a fleet horse to get across the city considerably ahead of a train. After Sullivan had won, the reporters boarded the train, all impatient to reach the telegraph office in New Orleans, meawhile writing their stories.

Fitzgerald had his story all complete except for a short lead before reaching the "Crescent," and nobody noticed him drop off as the train slowed down at the foot of Elysian Fields Street, answering a jerk of the bell-cord. Rushing to the waiting conveyance, Fitzgerald drove like mad to the central office of the Western Union in New Orleans, where he arrived fifteen minutes in advance of all his competitors and flashed the winner to New York.

He then filed about twenty thousand words descriptive of the fight, which of course took precedence over the stories of the reporters arriving by train later on. Many of these correspondents did not get a word to their papers, owing to the crush, and the enterprising New York paper which had sent the five miles of wire and made such elaborate preparations to learn in advance the location of the battle-ground, was among the disappointed.

"Bat" Masterson, now of New York, was a time-keeper at the Sullivan-Kilrain fight and assisted Fitzgerald in preparing his story in time to drop off at Elysian Fields Street.

A MAD RUN WITH A MANIAC.

Fireman Fights for His Life With Crazy Engineer While Train is Speeding Sixty Miles an Hour.

A WRITER in the Chicago Inter Ocean tells an exciting story as it was told to him by an old railroad engineer. The situation can be best described in the engineer's own words:

"Speaking of experiences of an exciting nature, perhaps in many particulars the narrowest and at the same time the most thrilling escape from a frightful accident happened to me about nineteen or twenty years ago, when I was firing an engine instead of taking charge of one. This adventure occurred on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago, between Fort Wayne and Chicago. My superior, Charles Knotts, was a strong, wiry man, and considerably larger than myself. I had been running with him for about four months, when one day we left Fort Wayne in charge of the locomotive attached to the fast mail for Chicago.

"Suddenly my superior, who had not spoken since we started, jumped from his seat, and, throwing open the furnace-door, stood still for a moment, glaring into the fire, and then, turning savagely upon me, he exclaimed: 'Oh, that's the way, eh?'

"'I guess so,' I replied.

"'It is, eh? I thought so - I thought so. Make up that fire, quick! Heat it up! Heat it up! ' And he commenced to throw shovelful after shovelful of fuel upon the mass of red-hot coals beneath the boiler. Almost immediately the steam-gage indicated an increase of pressure, which was noted complacently by Knotts, who resumed his seat at the lever. Presently he turned, and, glancing at me, said: 'What in the dickens is the matter with you? Didn't I tell you to heat her up? Man, she is freezing to death, can't you see? Heat her up, man, heat her up - heat her up high, man, or, by the living God, I'll throw you in there!

"I threw in a shovelful of coal and attempted to shut the door to the furnace; but he divined my purpose, and, fiercely springing from his seat, he grasped the shovel from my hands and threw in two or three bushels of fuel. My worst fears were realized - the man was a raving maniac. A crazy man at the throttle, and over a hundred lives on the train depending on him to take them safely to their destination.

A few miles ahead was a freight train, and toward that, with lightning speed - for he had turned the throttle wide open - rushed the fast mail. Suddenly the thought of the preceding train came upon me with an appalling rush, and I reached out involuntarily to blow the whistle; but my crazed superior struck down my hand. Our conductor saw that something was wrong, and rang the bell violently. My superior laughed.

"'I see! I see! ' he cried. 'Warm her up-warm her up! I see what is robbing her of heat, but I'll fix that all right - all right! You bet, I'll fix that all right - I'll fix that bell! ' and he dashed from the cab.

"How he ever reached the bell-cord I can't tell. However, he did it, notwithstanding the fact that the engine was swaying so that a man could scarcely retain his footing in the cab. The next instant he tore the cord down and threw it away. Terrified as I was, I possessed enough presence of mind to avail myself of the opportunity thus presented to blow the whistle for brakes. I had scarcely done so when the maniac rushed into the cab and sprang upon me. I grasped a wrench and struck him on the head. The blow only served to heighten his fury, and he made another rush. This time, however, the heavy wrench descended on the maniac's head with a sickening thud, and he fell back into the coal-box insensible. Springing forward, I turned on the air-brakes and reversed the lever.

"The engine was just turning a sharp curve when I caught sight of the freight train again, which seemed

within touching distance. I turned to jump from the cab, but before I had reached the door I had swooned. The pilot of the engine, as I ascertained later, was but three inches from the caboose of the freight train when it stopped, and on examination I was found lying on the floor of the cab in an unconscious condition.

"The engineer's body could not be found in the coal-box, and a search was instituted, which resulted in his being found lying beside the track about half a mile from where the engine stopped. He seemed to be as rational as anybody but could not remember a single incident of that fearful night."

ANDY THE PEACEMAKER.

BY FREDERICK WALWORTH BROWN.

What Happened to a Small Boy Who Was Abandoned by His Vagabond Father to His Two Quarrelsome Uncles.

WEST PETERS had just dodged a skilfully hurled stick of fire-wood, the initial impulse of which had been supplied by the hand of his brother North. The chunk of hickory crashed into the door of the kitchen and West seized it with an oath almost before it touched the door.

"You will, will you?" he sputtered, fairly strangled by his anger. He turned, with club upraised, only to confront North Peters armed with the heavy iron poker. North sneered in his face.

"Drop it, you hound dog," he growled. "Drop it, or I'll brain you."

Instead of obeying, West opened the door and retreated outside. A contemptuous laugh followed him and he shook his fist at the house as he made for the barn, hurling the stick of hickory at the wood-pile as he passed.

They were a singular pair, these two brothers. It was well known that they quarreled and fought like wildcats, though no outsider had ever caught them actually engaged. The Peters' pride took care of that. Old man Peters had never displayed his eccentricity to better advantage than when he named his four boys Northrup, Easton, Southey, and Westlake. East and South died young, and North and West inherited the farm on the old man's death, North being some ten years the older.

There had been a daughter, too, the youngest of all, but she had run away to marry a circus acrobat, and the old man had promptly shut her out of his memory and cut her off in his will.

North Peters, now approaching forty, was a sour, black, heavy-browed hulk of a man. Almost incredible stories were told in the township of his stupendous strength, and his appearance went far to hear them out. Over six feet tall, thick-necked as a bull, with lumbering shoulders and a mighty chest, he looked the Hercules he was reputed to be. West, the youngest of the original four, as North was the oldest, was cast in much the same mold as his elder, being, however, not quite so tall and a little better looking, with gray eyes for his brother's black. They bated one another with cordiality and intensity.

The trouble grew originally out of their inheritance. The farm was large enough for two, but they could never agree upon a division because each wanted the home orchard. The breach widened through North's contemptuous condescension toward the younger man and West's reciprocal disregard of the elder's judgment.

One other thing they inherited in common from the old man besides the farm: this was the stiff-necked Peters' pride. Though their eyes might speak murder outright, no outsider had ever heard either publicly malign the other. It was well known that they occupied separate wings of the house, ate their meals at different hours, and worked opposite halves of the farm without reciprocity or consultation.

Conditions were such that no woman would stay with them and each man, therefore, did his own cooking. Each had outside help for his plowing or harvesting as he felt the need, quite as though the farm were

actually legally divided, but between them, at once a bond of union and a cause of discord, lay the home orchard, an acre or so of gnarled old pear and apple trees cursed with each recurring season by the coddling moth till the fruit was hardly worth the gathering.

The acute unpleasantness this particular evening arose out of the fact that North was late at his supper and West had invaded the kitchen before the elder brother had made an end. Followed speedily the fire-wood and poker and West's ignominious retreat to the barn.

Here, sitting on the feed-box, he wasted some breath in hearty curses on his brother. Cold and hungry, it seemed to him that the limit of endurance had been reached. Hurling aside the restraining hand of the Peters' pride, he resolved that the law should be invoked to decide between them. He would start partition proceedings to-morrow.

This decision reached, he returned to the house. The kitchen was now dark, showing that the coast was clear, and he entered and prepared his own meal. He had finished eating and was in the act of lighting his pipe when there came a rap at the door, a sturdy, solid rap.

"Come in," cried West, without moving from his chair.

The door opened and a small boy appeared. He entered and closed the door behind him; then standing solidly on his two feet he looked around the room with a pair of sharp, black eyes which came finally to rest on the face of West Peters.

"Is this the Peters' farm?" he asked.

"Yes," said West. "What do you want?" The tone was not as forbidding as the words would imply.

"I - I've come to see you," said the boy, swallowing painfully. Something, recollection or present circumstances, seemed to overwhelm him and tears began to well into his eyes. He fought them manfully, winking and swallowing in the effort to control himself. West Peters rose and pulled a chair up to the stove.

"Sit down, son," he said kindly, and the boy came forward and took the proffered seat. "Cold, ain't you?" asked West. "Kind o' raw outside."

"You're Uncle West, aren't you?" said the boy.

West's eyes opened wide and he searched the lad's face.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"Andrew Peters Boyd," answered the lad promptly.

There was a sharp contracting of the man's eyes and a tightening about the lips. He forgave no more readily than his father before him.

"You're Eliza's boy, eh?" he said. "Where's your mother?" The tone was uncompromisingly hard.

Again the tears showed in the boy's eyes and were sturdily fought down.

"Mother's dead," he said. "She told me to come here."

It was not a Peters' trait to show emotion and West's start of surprise at the news was the only evidence that he heard it. But his next question disclosed some concern.

"What was the trouble?" he asked. "What did your mother die of?"

"I don't know, sir," said the boy. "Father went away and didn't come back, and then mother got sick."

West loosed an oath under his breath. "Deserted her after all," he said to himself.

"How did you get here?" he asked the boy.

"I walked from Trenton," answered the youngster.

"The devil you did!" said West. "Why, that's thirty miles. Had any supper?"

"No, sir."

"Like bread and milk?"

"Yes sir."

The boy ate ravenously while West Peters sat by the stove and watched him, wondering what under the stars he was going to do with him.

"This here is no place for him," he said to himself with entire conviction, with North throwin' cordwood around and cussin'." While he thus catalogued the motes in his brother's eye he was not unmindful of the beams in his own.

On the other hand, this was Eliza's boy. There was no doubt of that. He looked like her around the eyes and mouth, and the Peters' pride made West glad the lad was more Peters than Boyd.

"Can't send him to the poorhouse," thought the uncle; "he's Eliza's boy."

His thoughts ended in no further decision than to give the boy a bed overnight, and when Andrew had finished his second large bowl of bread and milk and pronounced himself satisfied, West took him to his own room and told him to go to bed.

He himself returned to the kitchen, where he again lit his pipe and, with his feet on the stove, considered this remarkable evening. Thus employed, he was presently interrupted by the appearance of his brother North, who took his own seat opposite, lit his pipe, put his feet on the stove, and lapsed into immobility. It was their invariable custom in cold weather, this glowering stiff contiguity in the kitchen in the evening, without companionship save such as each could draw from his pipe.

For half an hour they smoked in a blank silence, broken only by the gurgle of the pipes and the occasional shifting of West in his chair. Then he leaned forward, knocked out his pipe into the coal-scuttle, cleared his throat heavily, and spoke:

"Eliza's dead, North," he said.

The elder brother moved not a muscle at the news. He continued to smoke quite as though he were alone in the kitchen. West waited a time.

"Her boy came this evening - walked from Trenton. He says the damned scoundrel deserted her and she took sick and died."

The elder brother's black brows drew down a bit, his eyes contracting to mere slits, but he did not speak. West waited some moments.

"We'll have to keep him, I suppose," he said then.

"We!" said North.

"We can't send him to the poor-house," said West.

"We!" again said North.

"You're as much interested as I am," returned West. "It ain't my kid."

"I've got nothing to do with it," said North firmly. "Is he here now?"

"In my bed," answered West. "Nice little chap, too. Looks like Eliza."

North Peters replaced the pipe in his mouth and began smoking with elaborate unconcern. West stood it for some time.

"Well," he burst out finally, "haven't you got anything to say?"

"Me?" said North. "It's none of my affairs. You took him in. I'm not worryin' about what you're to do with him," and again he returned to his pipe.

West flushed angrily and his mouth opened for an explosion. Then, with a glance toward the door of his bedroom, he checked himself. "See here, North," he said in a quiet, reasoning tone. "He's Eliza's kid. He's your nephew as much as mine. Eliza's dead and his father's deserted him, and dead, too, I hope. We've got to take him in."

He stopped at the sneering smile on North's face.

"We've got to, eh?" said the elder brother. "I tell you it's none of my funeral. If you want to take the brat in you can do it, I suppose. But count me out."

West rose and looked his brother over from head to foot and back again. "By the Lord, North," he said, "you are a skunk," and he turned his back and entered his own room.

West and Andrew had breakfast together next morning, and when they sat down the small boy ducked his head above his oatmeal and waited expectantly. West's first impulse was to laugh. His second was a frantic desire to escape. Then he bent his own head and with a blazing face said a very halting grace. That over the boy pitched into his food with voracious zest and neither spoke till the first pangs were blunted.

"Doesn't Uncle North live here?" asked the boy presently. "Mother said -"

"Yes," said West, "but he eats his breakfast early."

"Do you have a horse here?" was the next question.

"Yes, four of them," and the man smiled at the wonder in the boy's face.

"And cows?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And pigs and chickens?"

"Yes."

After that the boy could hardly finish his meal for keen desire to be up and seeing. West lingered to clean and put away the dishes, and Andrew hastened into the yard on exploration bent.

The chickens clucked about the door-yard, but these were small game to him now, and he hurried on toward the barn. It was a crisp November morning with a white frost on roofs and fences. In the barn-yard the boy saw a huge black-bearded man leading a horse to the watering trough. Andrew eyed the proceeding from a little distance, then, as the horse dipped his nose in the cold water and began sucking in long draughts, curiosity overcame him and he drew near.

"Are you Uncle North?" he asked suddenly, almost from between the big man's boots.

North Peters started so violently that the horse was frightened and threw up his head with a toss that spattered water over man and boy alike. The youngster stood his ground manfully, merely putting up his fists to ward off attack. Instead of cursing, as he started to do, North Peters suddenly laughed.

"Well, I'll be - blessed," he said. "He won't hurt you, sonny." The tone was pleasant. It seemed as though, taken thus off his guard, the man had forgotten his pose, and acted on a natural impulse. But he recollected himself immediately and his face grew sternly forbidding.

"Are you Uncle North?" repeated the boy.

"I suppose I be," said North.

"Can I ride the horse, Uncle North?" asked the boy with childish irrelevance.

The man seemed unable to adjust his assumed attitude to this novel set of circumstances. There was something singularly appealing about the sturdy little chap and his utter confidence disarmed the man, long accustomed to sour looks from all he met.

"Can you stick on?" he asked.

"Yes," cried the youngster eagerly, and North swung him up to the broad back of old Tom, where his legs stuck out almost straight and he had to lean forward to grasp the horse's mane. That was how West found them, Andy yelling like an Indian from sheer delight, North chuckling good-naturedly, and old Tom evidently scandalized. West watched the cavalcade disappear through the barn-door and then followed to attend to his own horses. If any question had existed in his mind as to what was to he done with the boy, the events of the morning had dissipated it. He had feared the outcome of North's meeting the lad and had held himself in readiness to interpose in the boy's behalf, but it was evidently unnecessary. North, it seemed, had surrendered at discretion.

Indeed, he was so astonished at the turn events had taken that he forgot the quarrel of the preceding evening and his intention to begin suit for partition. But if North had succumbed to the attraction of the small boy, he was far from extending the olive-branch to his brother. They came face to face in the barn and North glowered upon West with all his accustomed ugliness.

Andrew watched the brothers at work, asked incessant questions first of one, then of the other, fell out of the loft and got up grinning though he struck hard, insisted on riding each horse as it was led to water, and avowed he was not scared when Billy, the colt, kicked up his heels in the fresh, brisk air and nearly unseated him. West took notice that the oaths which ordinarily slipped unheeded from North's lips were bitten in two in the middle or suppressed entirely. That night, as they sat by the fire smoking their pipes, they came nearer to a friendly conversation than they had come for more than a year. It was West who began it. "Are we going to keep him?" he asked out of a dense cloud of smoke.

There was no answer for a moment. Then North's big, rough voice came out of a similar cloud on his side of the stove. "He's Eliza's boy," he said. "I suppose we'll have to."

That was all, but it signified much. West made no more than a mental comment on the "we" in his brother's speech and they smoked out their pipes and went to bed in a stiff silence, which none the less seemed to

lack that quality of sullen hostility which had characterized their evenings hitherto.

The boy never showed the slightest preference for either of his uncles. He seemed to take his reception by both as a matter of course. His mother had told him to come and naturally he had been taken in and made to feel at home. That it might have been otherwise fortunately he never dreamed. It is not beyond suspicion, however, that a certain jealousy grew up between the two men as the winter passed, each a bit fearful lest the other should supplant him in the boy's regard, yet each shamefacedly unwilling to admit the fact even to himself. Certainly Andrew never received a nickel from one uncle without being able to collect a dime from the other by a mere display of the first gift.

Christmas approached, and one evening the brothers held a consultation.

"He says he wants a tree," announced West. "Says his mother always had one for him."

North stared a moment, half inclined to sneer, half to acquiesce. "We'll look pretty, fixing up a Christmas-tree," he said finally.

"Yes," agreed West, "but the kid wants it and it ain't anybody's business but our own. If you'll cut the tree, I'll go to town and get the fixings."

"All right," agreed North. "If he wants it he might as well have it."

They trimmed the tree together Christmas eve after Andrew was in bed, these two gruff men. It was not an artistic performance. Neither of them had so much as seen a Christmas-tree for close on thirty years, but your small boy is not over critical and the two men felt amply repaid next morning when Andrew spied it. There was a sled from North and a pair of skates from West, besides candy, pop-corn, and nuts enough to satisfy even a small boy.

But the main result of the Christmas celebration was the bringing together of the two brothers. Men cannot cooperate for such a purpose without first laying aside their mutual antagonisms. Not since Andrew's arrival had the home orchard been mentioned between them, and from the very first there had been a tacit understanding that in the boy's presence there should he no renewal of the feud. So quite insensibly there had come a better feeling between the two men. Their evenings together became less and less periods of sullen silence, and as the winter passed it found them discussing the business of the farm very much as two brothers should.

When spring came it happened, neither knew exactly how, that they went about their work on the farm not as separate owners of conflicting inheritances, but as joint tenants. There was no open settlement of the breach, no "making up," but the understanding grew that by-gones should be by-gones and until further provocation they would live in peace.

It was in April that the boy failed one day to appear after school. West, at work near the house, noticed the fact, but took it for granted that he had arrived unseen and slipped across to the lower field where North was plowing. North came in toward evening without the boy, and an immediate search of the place, in which both brothers joined, revealed no trace of him. West came from the barn as North left the house.

"No sign of him here," said the elder brother.

"I'll go down, I guess, and find out where he went after school, said West, putting a light air on his evident anxiety.

At the gate a passing neighbor pulled up his team and accosted him. "Jim Boyd's back, I see," he called.

West halted in his tracks and big North came hurrying up. "Where'd you see him?" he demanded.

"Saw him makin' for the hobo camp about an hour ago. Had the boy in tow. I suppose if he wanted him you had to let him take him."

North turned to his brother and their eyes met. Without a word they turned and made for the barn. Five minutes later they rode out of the yard together, North on old Tom, West on Billy, the colt. These two were silent men at best, and this was no time for talk. They rode with hardly a word, while the grim solidity of their jaws and the straight look in their eyes spelled trouble for any one who tried to balk them.

Their way led south through the town and on over the plank bridge which marked the borough limits. Two miles beyond lay a strip of scrub pine, cut by gullies and ravines which afforded shelter from the wind. Year after year this place was used as a rendezvous by tramps in their passage north or south. In the spring and again in the fall there were frequently as many as thirty of these Ishmaelites harboring in the pines for a few days before continuing their travels. From time to time they were cleared out by officers of the law, compelled to move hurriedly on or jailed for a few days under the vagrancy act. But for some reason known only to the under world the spot remained attractive and the year after such a raid invariably found it quite as populous as ever.

The two brothers tethered their horses at the nearest point on the road and, making their way through the low pines, strode into the assembly while supper was in process of preparation. There were perhaps twenty hoboes in the place and at sight of the two big men here and there a tramp rose quickly and slipped into the brush, deeming discretion to be the safest policy in case of doubt.

Most of them, however, stuck to their places, merely eying the intruders with sidelong glances. The two brothers advanced till they could make out the faces of the tramps by the light of the fires, then halting, with North a trifle in the lead, they scanned the assembly, searching for the man they sought. Up the gully, farthest of all from the two, was a fire about which sat five men. When his eye lighted on this group, North started forward.

"There he is, the drunken dog," he growled, and made straight for the group. A black-headed man rose as they approached and stepping forward held out his hand.

"How are you, North?" he said.

The big man ignored the extended hand and stepped up till he towered above the other. "Where's the boy?" he demanded, and the tone was ugly.

"Andy?" said Boyd. "I don't know, North. I supposed you were taking care of him. I ain't seen him."

North dropped a hand on the man's shoulder that rocked him on his feet. "Where is he?" he demanded.

Boyd let out an oath: "Take your hands off me," he blustered. "If I wanted the boy I'd come and get him, and you couldn't stop me. I'm his daddy, I guess."

North kept his hand where it was. There ain't a court in the United States would let you take him, you drunken hobo," he said. "Where is he?"

"Take your hands off me," cried Boyd again, and aimed a blow at the big man's face. North met it with a swing which nearly broke the fellow's arm.

Meanwhile two of the other tramps had risen and were edging round behind. West wheeled in time to avoid a blow from a club and, yelling to his brother, sprang at his assailant, smashing right and left with fists that looked and must have felt like veritable sledges. Then the fight became general.

It was only two to one, however, for the fifth member of the group fled at the first sign of battle, and the sons of rest squatting about the other fires made no motion to interfere. It was not their battle, and the

cardinal motto of the tramp is to expend no energy except under compulsion. They viewed the conflict with the same intense interest they would have devoted to a dog-fight or a cock-main, but lent no active support to either side. The two brothers, who had fought each other so often, fought now back to back with a silent fury that meant nothing short of manslaughter if victory demanded it. West's first straight shoulder lunge caught one of the tramps fair in the face and sent him reeling backward till he tumbled in a heap.

North, busied with Boyd, who had all the agility of the professional acrobat, was attacked from the flank by a burly Irishman who swore mightily in a thick brogue from the beginning of the conflict to its very end. The two brothers uttered not a sound. North clinched with the Irishman and, wrapping his mighty arms about him, put forth all his strength. The breath went out of the tramp in choking gasps, his ribs buckled under the strain, and his curses changed to howls for mercy. North flung him from him and turned to meet Boyd, who had picked up a club and was rushing to the attack. Dodging the descending club, the giant leaped in and seized his man by the throat with one huge hand while he sequestered the club with the other.

West, meantime, had pummeled his two foes into utter submission. One, struck by a smashing swing on the left side of his head, in falling had struck the right side against a tree-bole, and between the two immediately lost all interest in mundane affairs. As West started for his other antagonist the fellow turned and fled into the woods. West swung about to find the Irishman struggling to his feet, a string of oaths pouring from his lips, and stark murder in his eye. The younger brother interposed between him and North, who was choking Boyd into submission, and as the Irishman got his feet and came boring blindly in, West swung right and left to the jaw, smashing through the fellow's careless guard, and dropped him in his tracks.

That ended it. 0f the original five, two had fled, two were senseless, and North stood, holding Boyd at arm's --length, alternately choking him till his tongue stuck out and shaking him till his teeth rattled, while with monotonous insistence he inquired, "Where is he? Where's the boy?"

This was big medicine with a vengeance and Boyd very quickly capitulated. North relaxed his grip enough to let the man articulate, and Boyd pointed up the gully.

"He's up there," he said sullenly.

"Lead the way," said North, his iron fingers emphasizing the command. West hooked his right hand in the fellow's collar, North loosened his grip, and they went up the gully perhaps twenty yards to a point where a narrow ravine cut through at right angles. There they found the boy. He was tied hand and foot and nearly choked by a gag in his mouth. North gathered him up and led the way back to the fire, while West followed, dragging the reluctant Boyd. There were traces of tears on Andy's cheeks, but he grinned gamely when North removed the gag.

"I knew you'd come, Uncle North," he said. "I don't want to go with him."

"Don't you worry," West reassured him, "you're not going with him."

North said not a word as he cut the cords on the lad's wrists and ankles, but the look in his face as he turned on the boy's father made the latter shrink before him. The big man took a step forward, his hands clenching and opening at his sides. "Get out of here before I hurt you," he said suddenly, and as West loosed him Boyd turned and fled into the cover of the pines. West swung the boy to his shoulder and the two brothers strode through the crowd of tramps and made their way out of the gully to their horses.

"They were going to make you pay to get me back," said Andy, perched in front of West on Billy the colt. "I heard them talking about it."

North chuckled deep in his throat. "I guess they won't bother you any more," he said grimly.

The boy was in bed, and as usual the two brothers sat smoking in the kitchen that evening. After a long period of silence West spoke. "North," he said, "suppose we adopt him?"

"It'll be safer," admitted North, and another long silence followed.

"And, North," said West again, "we better quit thinking about dividing the place. It makes a better farm as it is."

"Yes," said North, "it's better as it is."

Followed another silence, broken only by the sputtering of their pipes. West finally blew out a vast cloud of vapor, and veiled behind it, spoke again. "Suppose we call it quits, North," he said, "and - and bury the hatchet," he added with an embarrassed laugh.

"All right, West," said the elder brother, and the Peters' feud was over.

WHO TOOK RUSSIA'S LOST CARS?

What Became of the Fifteen Hundred That Disappeared From the Siberian Railroad During the War With Japan?

THE Russians have just discovered that during the war with Japan one thousand five hundred cars completely disappeared from the Siberian Railroad. During the same time so many other things were lost, including two fleets and a fortress, that no attention was paid to the missing cars. Now no trace of them can be found.

The investigators are also searching for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars belonging to the government, which vanished from one station, besides smaller sums which were stolen all along the line. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the war seems to have been profitable to somebody in Russia, after all.

Meanwhile, Japan, despite her recent triumphs, is showing herself still willing to learn. Ten Japanese army officers are to be put to work on the Southern Pacific, in order to learn something of American operating and accounting methods.

WORK THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Lucius Tuttle Sees Nothing Remarkable in His Steady Rise From Ticket-Seller on an Obscure Railroad to President of the Boston and Maine Railroad.

TWO years ago the Boston Herald asked a number of railroad men to tell the secret of success in railroading. The laconic reply of Lucius Tuttle, president of the Boston and Maine, was "Work."

However true that explanation may be for the majority of men, it certainly applies to Mr. Tuttle. At twenty years of age he was a ticket-seller in the office of the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad, in Hartford, Connecticut. He was without influence or acquaintance, his father being a farmer near Hartford, but within a year the boy was made general ticket-agent of the road.

That was in 1867. In 1878 Mr. Tuttle was called in by the president of the Eastern Railroad to take the general passenger agency and pull the road out of the slough in which it had been thrust by a terrible disaster in which many passengers had lost their lives. In the five years that he was at the bead of the passenger department the Eastern recovered its prestige, resumed dividends that were unthought of in 1878.

His next step was to the head of the general passenger department of the Boston and Lowell, where he stayed two years. Then he became general passenger traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific, with headquarters at Montreal.

Here his most conspicuous service was in laying the foundation for the Canadian Pacific's splendid system of long distance passenger traffic, inducing travel and urging on the settling up of the Canadian Northwest with booklets, folders, and illustrated advertising matter, now such a prominent part of that -road's activity.

The opening of the year 1889 found him commissioner of passenger traffic of the newly organized Trunk Line Commission, where he remained a year. His next berth was the general managership of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, with headquarters at New Haven.

In the twenty-five years of his railroad service he had completed a circle geographically, and worked his way out of the passenger department. Henceforth he was to be counted as one of those on the staff of the commander-in-chief. Two years later he was made vice-president of the New Haven.

But while he had been swinging around the circle through New England into Canada and back a great railroad system had been growing out of the separate lines which Mr. Tuttle had served in his earlier years. The Boston and Maine, built out of the struggling lines which fought for their lives in Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, had come to be the recognized railroad power in those States, and when it was left without a head by the death of Jones and Furber Mr. Tuttle was unanimously elected president in 1893.

The crowning achievement of Mr. Tuttle's career was the purchase of the great Hoosac Tunnel in 1900 as a part of the lease of the Fitchburg Railroad.

His loyalty to the calling in which he has won renown can be judged from his declaration that "No other agency has accomplished so much for humanity's amelioration as the railroad." Not only does he love his work; he knows it from top to bottom.

As a friend said of him, "He can dissect a locomotive; he understands thoroughly the electro-pneumatic

signal; he is well versed in all railroad laws and decisions."

COAL ENOUGH FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.

A GERMAN technical journal estimates the coal deposits of North America at six hundred and eighty-one billion tons, and of Europe at about the same amount. This alone would be sufficient to last the world for several hundred years, but it is probable that there are also vast stores in Asia, and more especially in Siberia, which have not been touched at all. Altogether in this instance the researches of the scientists are more reassuring than is frequently the case with the ponderous opinions of learned men.

Railroad Skirmishes.

BY W. G. SEAVER.

Stealing a Pass in the Hills -
Building a Bridge in Record Time -
Laying Track on Straw Ballast -
Foiling the Man with the Shotgun -
Other Incidents in the Fight Between the D., M. & A. and the Santa Fe in Kansas.

A RACE AGAINST TIME.

While the Law Takes a Vacation the Railroad Borrows Ties and Rails for the New Line.

IN 1885, when the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic Railway was under construction through southern Kansas, the track had been laid up to and inside the city limits of Winfield, Kansas. From the east it had been laid to the foot of Loomis Street, up which the line had been located to Sixth Avenue. The depot had been located on Sixth Avenue, near Main Street, and the building had been about half completed. The work of track-laying had been temporarily stopped for lack of ties and rails. An ordinance had been passed by the city council giving the railway company the right of way along Loomis Street and Sixth Avenue, despite a protest from property-owners, who, while not opposed to the construction of the road, yet desired that the railway company should be required to pay damages to abutting property-owners before the ordinance was granted.

After the passage of the ordinance granting the right of way there was considerable grumbling on the part of the owners of property, more particularly by those holding along Loomis Street, more than half a mile of the street being occupied by the road, while along Sixth Avenue only a few blocks were taken. The company had bought two corner-lots at the intersection of Loomis Street and Sixth Avenue in fee simple, in order to accommodate the curve into Sixth Avenue. The ordinance provided that the railway should grade and macadamize the street to the level of the rails, so that it would offer the least possible obstruction to the passage of vehicles.

One Saturday morning it became known that the material for the track was en route and that immediately upon its arrival the track-laying gangs would be set to work. There had been rumors that an application would be made to District Judge Torrance, in chambers, for an injunction restraining the railway from laying tracks along Loomis Street or Sixth Avenue until the property-owners had been satisfied.

Judges Conveniently Called Away.

The assistant secretary of the company heard of the rumors, and at once sought the judge to advise him of the contemplated action. It was in the fall of the year, and the judge stated that he was sorry, but he had arranged to leave that afternoon for the Indian Territory on a hunting trip of several weeks' duration in order that he might be fully rested by the opening of the next term of court. The assistant secretary then sought Judge Gans, the judge of the probate court, to whom he gave the same information and also advised him of what he had been told by the district judge. Judge Gans said he regretted that Judge Torrance intended to leave, but as he had made arrangements to visit some friends in Sumner County for a few days be feared that the property-owners would not be ready to act in time, and his arrangements were such that

he could not well wait over.

One hundred thousand dollars in county bonds had been voted in aid of the road, and a condition of the aid was that the track should be laid and cars running thereon, and a depot built within one-quarter of a mile of the intersection of Sixth Avenue and Main Street, by a certain time. There was no clause in the petition calling the election at which the bonds were voted that provided for an extension of the time limit by reason of delay on account of injunctions or other legal proceedings against the company. The property-owners sought the district judge only to find that he had left for the Territory. A search for the probate judge resulted in the discovery that that official also was out of the city. In the absence of the two judges there was no officer in the county competent to issue an injunction.

In the meantime, Chief Engineer Thayer had got busy, and strings of teams were hard at work dumping ties along the line in the streets. Only three cars of iron had been received, and this, in addition to the stock already on hand, was not sufficient to lay the entire track. No grading bad been done on the streets, as the ground was level, but it had been the intention of the company to excavate to a depth sufficient to bed the ties below the street-level. The iron gangs got their cars out, and the work of track-laying began at sunset. All night long the work was pushed, and the rails were down to the Sixth Avenue curve when daylight appeared on Sunday morning.

A Freight Train Plays Providence.

But here the company was at a standstill. Their supply of rails was exhausted, the ties were nearly all used up, and there were still several blocks to he laid before the track could reach the depot - and the bonds he earned. The property-owners were jubilant. True the track was in on Loomis Street, but there was still hope that on the return of the probate judge on Monday morning an injunction could be obtained tying up the line on Sixth Avenue.

During the afternoon a freight train pulled in on the Southern Kansas Railroad from the east with two carloads of ties and three of rails for delivery to the Kansas City Southwestern at Winfield. As soon as these cars were side-tracked Chief Engineer Thayer had his men alongside, and before the agent of the Southern Kansas knew what was happening the ties had been snaked off the cars on to wagons, and heavy trucks were bearing away the rails. The men were driven remorselessly. Hot coffee and sandwiches were served on the work, and the ties were thrown down without regard to spacing; the rails were dumped and spiked at ends and centers, and at midnight the track reached Main Street.

The track was in, the bonds were earned and duly delivered later, and all chances for a suit in injunction were ended. On the following Tuesday the delayed material arrived.

STEALING A PASS.

The Santa Fe Takes Advantage of Kansas Law to Wrest the Prize Route from Its Rival.

THE engineers of the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic were locating the line from Coffeyville to Sedan, and had proceeded with the located line to within three miles of the town of Peru. There is a chain of hills between Peru and Sedan, the county-seat of Chautauqua Comity. The Santa Fe was rushing its line from Independence to Sedan, and was endeavoring to beat the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic into that place. The Denver road's preliminary survey ran through the only pass in the hills. Under the law of Kansas, a map of a located survey of a railroad through a pass or elsewhere holds the right of way. The Santa Fe's located line was a considerable distance farther from Sedan than that of its rival.

Orders were sent out from the office of A. A. Robinson, chief engineer of the Santa Fe at Topeka, to send a

party of engineers to that pass and locate the line. This was done, and the map of the location filed with the county clerk. Their located line was not within five miles of the pass on either side, hut when the Denver engineers ran their location up to the pass they found the location stakes of the other fellow. An investigation at the county clerk's office showed that the Santa Fe ~d stolen a march on them, and nothing remained but to locate their line along the valley, which cost them an additional five miles of track and was provocative of no inconsiderable amount of strong language when the fact reached the ears of the general manager.

QUICK BRIDGE WORK.

Mike the Irish Foreman Builds a New One While the Chief Engineer Is Drafting the Plans.

IN the spring of 1885 a sudden freshet in the Ninnescah River, near Belle Plain, Sumner County, Kansas, took out the bridge of the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic. The work had been delayed by a severe winter and heavy rains, and the time was getting very short in which the work could he completed in order to earn the bonds voted in aid of the road, which were to be delivered when the track had reached the western boundary of the county.

General Manager Hansen came down the line on a special just as the bridge went out. He called for a division engineer and told him he wanted that bridge in by six o'clock the following evening. The engineer said that it could not be done, as he would first have to get his draftsman and prepare plans. The general manager told him that he didn't want plans, but he did want a bridge. The engineer persisted in his statement that the bridge could not be replaced inside of three weeks.

Well, you had better go back to Belle Plain and turn in your time," said the general manager.

The Man for the Job.

Then he turned to the foreman of the bridge gang. "Mike," said he, "I want a bridge across that stream by six o'clock to-morrow evening. Can you do it?"

"I can, sor," was the answer.

"Well, get to work at it."

Mike gathered his gang of men, ran the pile-driver down to the bridge, and set to work driving piles. Luckily the piling at the west end had not been taken out by the flood. He drove piles all night and at daylight was about half through the work, and had only a few short piles on hand. These he drove down, and then taking an engine went to Belle Plain. Here on the Santa Fe side-track were several carloads of bridge and heavy timbers for structural work. Without inquiring as to ownership, he threw the switch, backed his engine in on the siding, hooked on to those cars of timber, and set out for the Ninnescah as fast as he could turn a wheel. When he arrived there it was noon. All the short piles had been driven, and their tops barely cleared the level of the water.

Mike put a gang at work sawing off the first bent of piles on the west side to correspond in height with the short on the east side, and along the tops he laid a stringer of heavy timber. Upon these stringers he built up a crib, about twenty feet long and fifteen wide, with the bridge timbers he had stolen at Belle Plain. Across this he laid stringers, and on these stringers laid his ties and track.

At six o'clock the general manager's car crossed the break and went on to the front. That crib bridge stood for some three months, when it was replaced by a Howe truss.

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT.

Breaking Ground for a Crossing Over the Other Line While the Enemy Sleeps on His Arms.

THE grading gangs had come to within half a mile of the point where the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic was to cross the Santa Fe track in entering Lamed, Kansas. At this point the Santa Fe was built on a fill some six or eight feet high, while the borrow pit on either side was about three feet deep. The Santa Fe laid sidings in each borrow pit, and ran some box-cars down and left them standing there. The location map of the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic showed that the crossing was at grade and that there were two side-tracks on either side of the main line at a level some eight or ten feet lower.

The Denver, Memphis and Atlantic appealed to the court to have an order issued compelling the Santa Fe to take up those side-tracks, but was met by the allegation on the part of the Santa Fe that they were necessary for its business and could not be removed without great inconvenience and considerable detriment to its traffic.

The assistant secretary of the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic returned to a point just inside the Kingman County line, where the grading forces were approaching a farm owned by a man who was a strong friend of the Denver line, and with whom the assistant secretary had already settled as to the amount of damages and compensation he should receive for the right of way. The line merely clipped a corner of his property, and took less than two acres in crossing it. The cross-section stakes showed that there was a slight fill across this piece, some three feet in height, which could be thrown up inside of two or three days. The assistant secretary found the farmer in the field, and told him that he wanted him to get into his buggy and go with him to Kingman, and there swear out an injunction, returnable in sixty days, forbidding the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic from entering upon his land until he had received the amount of damages he had demanded. The farmer demurred to this on the ground that he had been one of the strongest advocates of the new line, and that such a procedure would tend to antagonize the officers of the railway company.

Power of Strategy.

After some argument, during which the assistant secretary used all his powers of persuasion and thoroughly explained the reason for his request, the farmer consented, the injunction was asked for, and, meeting with no opposition from the railway's attorneys, was granted. Armed with a certified copy of this document, the assistant secretary returned to Lamed, presented the fact of the injunction, filed in Kingman County, to the court, and demanded an extension of time for the completion of the line into Lamed on the ground of superior force preventing the company from completing the work within the time stipulated. The petition calling for the election to vote bonds in aid of the road in Pawnee County contained the saving clause "unless prevented by legal proceedings or superior force beyond the control of the company." The extension was granted without demur, which extended the time for the completion of the line into Lamed - about three and a half months beyond the original date.

In the meantime, work had, to all appearances, ceased on the construction of the line in and about Lamed. One dark night, when the last train had passed and there were no more due on the Santa El for several hours, a gang of men appeared on the Santa Fe track about a quarter of a mile west of the original Denver crossing, lifted two lengths of rail, and laid and spiked the crossing. The borrow pits were crossed by stringers and on these the track was laid on either side of the crossing to a point outside the limits of the Santa Fe right of way. When the Santa Fe people found out in the morning what had occurred during the night they waxed exceeding wroth, and sought the aid of the courts to have the crossing removed on the ground that it was not according to location, but they found on file an amended map of the Denver location

showing the crossing.

The Denver people had taken the hint from the Santa Fe's clever trick in stealing the pass in the hills between Sedan and Peru, and the defeated road was compelled to submit. The track-laying was pushed from the Lamed end into Kingman County, as well as from the east end, and when the date set for the hearing of the injunction obtained by the farmer arrived it was dissolved and the tracks joined within two days.

LAYING TRACK ON STRAW.

An Unsteady Ballast, but It Served the Denver, Memphis, and Atlantic in a Serious Emergency.

THE Denver, Memphis and Atlantic had been delayed with its grading by an unusually wet spring. Heavy rains had interfered with the work, and the time for the completion of the line into Kingman in order to secure the county bonds voted in aid of the road had only three days to run. The assistant secretary came out along the line and found that the end of the grade was a mile and a half out of town, and a heavy rain was falling, rendering it impossible for the grading gangs to work. He sized up the situation, and, getting into his buggy, drove to all the farms within a radius of several miles and bought up every straw and hay stack that could be purchased. This he ordered delivered to the foreman on the work, and drove back to the line, arriving there almost simultaneously with the first load of straw, to find the foreman much puzzled as to what the stuff was for.

He was instructed to receive all the straw and hay that was brought, but not to have it unloaded until he had been told where to put it. The assistant secretary then took him into the buggy, and they drove out along the uncompleted line. The country was comparatively level, but was cut up with low swales or hollows. The contour of the land was such that a track could be laid on the ground and a train run over it, with the exception of some of these swales, where the sag would be too sharp. Into these swabs the assistant secretary ordered the straw and hay dumped to fill them up and ease up the sag in the track so that an engine could crawl over it.

The track gang was ordered out and instructed to lay ties without regard to spacing, spiking the rails only at ends and centers. The work was pushed rapidly, the construction train following close on the iron gang, and at eleven o'clock at night on the last day of the allotted time the construction train rolled into Kingman, and a long blast of the whistle announced to the world that the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic had reached Kingman.

The petition upon which the bonds had been voted stipulated that track should be laid and cars running thereon to a certain point in the city of Kingman on or before a certain date. Technically it was a compliance with the law, and the bonds were delivered without demur, though it was not until sixty days afterward that the road was really completed and opened for traffic.

RIGHT-OF-WAY ARGUMENT.

Winning the Good-Will of an Obdurate Farmer with Good Cheer for the Inner Man.

County, the located line I of the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic struck the northwest corner of a forty-acre tract used by the owner as a pasture and feeding-place for cattle, and, following a draw, went out at the southeast corner, thus cutting the land into two flatirons. The farmer was very angry, and swore by all the

gods that he would shoot the first railway or construction employee who should dare to set foot on his land, and it was well known that as he had said so would he do. The graders were working on each side of his place.

In looking over the profile of the located line, the right-of-way agent saw that an opening was provided for a trestle which would leave a clearance of about ten feet under the track. He at once got into his buggy, first taking the precaution to place a dozen bottles of Anheuser-Busch beer in a bucket packed with ice, and wrapped with heavy blankets well saturated with water, under the apron in the rear of his buggy. Then he set out for the residence of the farmer, timing himself so as to arrive there about noon.

He reached the house just as the farmer came in from the field for dinner. Driving direct to the barn, the right-of-way man met him and received rather a crusty reception.

"Mr. Herrick," he said, "I have ventured to stop here to see if I could get a bite to eat and a little fodder for my broncos?"

"Certainly," he answered. "Get down and unhitch and put your team in the barn."

Sowing the Seed.

The horses put up and fed, the two entered the house and took seats, conversing on various topics until dinner was announced, but neither of them mentioned the road. When Mrs. Herrick announced that dinner was waiting, the right-of-way man said: "By the way, Mr. Herrick, I trust that you will not take it amiss, but I have some beer on ice in my buggy, and if you do not object we may as well drink it with our dinner."

"I will certainly not object," he said, "for I have not tasted beer for a year."

Now Kansas was a prohibition State, and it was a hot day in July, so the prospects of a glass of cool beer proved too much for the farmer's hostility. The beer was brought and duly enjoyed, Mrs. Herrick having provided an ample dinner.

After dinner the right-of-way man produced some good cigars, and when they were well-lighted, casually remarked: "By the way, Mr. Herrick, now that I am here, I would like to look over that pasture of yours and see just how the line cuts it."

Immediately Mr. Herrick waxed violent and proceeded to express his views of railways in general, and the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic in particular, in no uncertain terms. However, the two wended their way out to the tract in question, and after looking the situation over carefully the right-of-way man said:

There is no question, Mr. Herrick, hut that the line when built will practically ruin this field for pasture purposes. I see that your water is in the south boundary, and as the line is located it will cut all the northern part of your land off from water."

That is just what I am sore about. I want the road as bad as any one, but you can see for yourself that it practically ruins my farm, for it cuts the whole one hundred and sixty acres off from water."

An Early Harvest.

"But suppose that the railway company would agree to fence the line with a barbed-wire fence on each side all the way through your property, and will put in a trestle that will he large enough to give free access to the water for your stock, running this barbed-wire fence down under the trestle and across the face of the dump on each side, so that you will have an unobstructed passage and at the same time have your stock prevented from getting on the track. How would that suit you?" And the right-of-way man drew a diagram in the sand of what he had suggested could be done.

If the company will enter into writings with me to put in that trestle and fence the road in, so that my stock can have free passage at all times to the water, I will give you a deed for the right of way for the cost of the papers."

"All right, Mr. Herrick, I will write out the agreement right now, and if you and your wife can get into my buggy and drive into Sedan with me this afternoon, we will find Ben Henderson, the company's attorney, and fix it up."

To this Herrick readily agreed. The required agreement was made and executed and delivered to Mr. Herrick, who in his turn executed and delivered a deed for the right of way to the railway company. Great was the surprise of the railway officials when they received a wire stating that a deed had been secured and that the graders would begin work the next morning on the forbidden ground. The trestle was erected, the fence was built exactly as agreed, and the track had been laid through the property before the general manager knew the terms upon which the deed had been secured.

FLANKING THE ENEMY.

Cutting the Farmer's Corn Behind His Back While He Quarrels with the Engineer in Charge.

THE engineers engaged in running the preliminary surveys of the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic were, in some places, considerably annoyed by farmers who objected to the party crossing their fields of growing grain. During the summer, when the corn had grown to be breast-high, it was not so bad, but a little later, when the corn had begun to tassel, it was necessary to cut out a row in order to get a sight through.

Joe Broadus was the engineer in charge of a party on preliminary survey in Cowley County, and in running his line across the Grouse Valley he found it necessary to cut a considerable amount of corn. It never, in any case, amounted to more than one row across the field, and the amount of corn that was thus destroyed, in case it had been left to mature, would have been inconsiderable.

About a mile beyond Dexter he came up ahead of the party and was about to enter a field of corn when he was stopped by the owner, who fondled a shotgun as he informed him that he could not enter his field. In vain Joe told him that the law of eminent domain gave the railway engineers the right, and that if he was injured in any way the law provided a recourse against the railway company; that Joe was only an employee; that he had certain orders, which he proposed to obey. The farmer answered that he did not care anything about the law of eminent domain, and that the law provided that he could have damages for the right of way through his property, but the law did not say anything about who was to pay him for growing crops destroyed.

Outwitting the Man Behind the Gun.

Joe gave a sign to his transitman and took his position so that in facing him the farmer had his back to the field. The transitman set his instrument, and the axman went ahead with his corn-knife and cut out the corn. There happened to be quite a long tangent at this point, and, after the rodman had given him a sight, the transitman took up his instrument and went ahead, setting it up on the farther border of the field. The levelman came up, set his level, took his forward and rear sight, and went ahead, and it was not until the black flag came up that the farmer became aware of what had happened. While he had been arguing with the chief, supposing that all work had been stopped, the engineers had gone ahead, cut his corn, run their line, and were out into the field of his neighbor beyond.

Then Joe thanked him very elaborately for the pleasant little chat they had had, assuring him that he had enjoyed it immensely, and then went on to take his place ahead of the party, leaving the farmer to gather up

his corn for fodder or to amuse himself in any way that he thought proper.

A TRACK WAR.

The "Katy" Fires Another Road Bodily Off a Disputed Right of Way.

DURING the summer of 1881, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, then a part of the Missouri Pacific system, became involved in an altercation with a narrow-gage railway running from Cherokee, Kansas, to Parsons. The city council of Parsons had given the narrow gage the right to lay a track from its main line near the crossing of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas to its up-town depot, about half a mile away. The track was to be laid along the west side of the street, adjoining the tracks of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas.

The question as to the width of the street was in dispute between the city and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, or as it was more commonly known, the Katy, and the narrow gage occupied about ten feet of the land in dispute, which was claimed by the Katy. For some time the narrow gage and the Katy had had very, close relations, and during that time the Katy had made no protest against the narrow gage occupying the 'disputed territory with its track. One of the sudden changes in ownership, which were of common occurrence in those days among Western roads, caused the narrow gage to pass under the control of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf Railroad.

The Katy thereupon ordered the narrow-gage people to take up their track, and stated that if they did not do so it would have to move it for them. The narrow-gage people told them to go to Tophet, or some other place, whereupon the Katy got a gang of men and was about to remove the narrow gage bodily, when the narrow-gage people got out a force, and the two gangs came into collision, with the result that a lively battle took place. Neither side was able to overcome the other, however, and the forces drew off and contented themselves with watching the other fellows for some days.

The Katy Becomes Strenuous.

Finally the Katy withdrew its forces and had apparently abandoned the contest. About a week afterward a train came in on the Katy one Sunday afternoon, loaded with construction men. The train stopped at the depot, the men tumbled to the ground armed with picks and crowbars, and strung out along the narrow gage from its depot to the main line. Within fifteen minutes the narrow-gage track had been picked up bodily and carried across the street, where it was dumped upside down. The men had simply removed the bolts from the fish-plates, pried up each rail-length of track, and removed it from the right of way.

Then the city ordered the narrow-gage to remove its tracks, which were obstructing the streets. The narrow gage did so, and, putting its depot on wheels, moved it down to a point on its main-line, where it, or its successor, stands today. The road was afterward changed to a standard gage.

TOM POTTER'S START.

Won Out Because He Was Prompt to See an Opportunity and to Grasp It.

IT was told of Tom Potter, who was general manager of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and afterward, at the time of his death, general manager of the Union Pacific, that his first act in railway service which brought him to the attention of his superior officers v as while he was station agent for the Burlington at a little station in Iowa. One afternoon a farmer and his wife drove into town in a farm-wagon, and in attempting to cross the track were struck by a train. The team was killed, the farmer and his wife escaping uninjured.

Tom, who had witnessed the accident from the window of the station, at once hustled out and asked the farmer the value of his team and how much he thought he ought to have for damages. The farmer replied that it was doubtless his fault that he had lost his team, and if the railway company would pay him three hundred dollars for the horses he thought that would be fair. Tom, happening to have that amount of money on hand, paid it over to the farmer, taking in return his receipt and that of his wife as payment in full of all claims and demands against the railway company for the accident and for the killing of the team.

Then he reported the accident to the division superintendent, and in lieu of the cash sent the farmer's receipt to the auditor with his returns. It was only a short while after that Torn was called to Chicago, and from that time his rise in the service was rapid until at his death he was rated as the best general manager the Union Pacific had ever had. The same quickness of judgment and promptness to take advantage of opportunities characterized him all through his life and contributed in no small degree to the success of the lines he was called upon to direct and control.

Lady (at railway restaurant counter) - Will you please give me a Bath bun?

Waitress - Will you eat it here or in a bag?

Crises in Invention's Drama.

BY JACKSON HARVELLE RAY.

Nerve-Racking Moments When Great Men, Having Laboriously Sealed the Loftiest Heights of Human Endeavor, Find Themselves Tottering Along the Brink of the Abyss of Failure.

THE wonderful advance of science during the last half century has done much to imbue us with the nothing-new-under-the-sun spirit, and it would require nothing short of the supernatural to rouse more than a passing interest.

But there are dramatic incidents and situations in the consummation of any of the great ideas which we have come to look upon with such callous, twentieth century commercialism. The accounts of these situations read like Arabian Nights' tales, and afford food for reflecting whether, after all, fact is not stranger than fiction.

Few incidents in the history of invention have been more dramatic than those which have had to do with the first voyage of the world's first steamboat.

First Voyage of the Clermont.

It was a fine day, late ill the summer of 1807, and everything was in readiness for the Clermont, Robert Fulton's crude and ugly little boat, to begin her trial trip up the Hudson. Crowds of jeering and incredulous people were on the wharf to laugh at Fulton's Folly." Sure failure was inevitable. Had not this foolish crack-brained enthusiast sailed confidently up the Seine, only to go down in mid-stream?

Even the friends who were to accompany the inventor were almost ashamed that they had consented to go. Then, too, it was dangerous, and the thought of approaching death does not tend to enliven a crowd at any time.

With considerable puffing and blowing of whistles the vessel started out boldly, the wheels churning the blue waves into foam. A moment of silence; then a rousing cheer.

Suddenly the boat stopped. The cheer died away, and the passengers thought the Clermont would never go any farther. It was as they had anticipated. Impatience gave way to open reproach and ridicule.

Fulton begged for a short delay, and in thirty minutes, amid the roaring hurrahs of the spectators, "Fulton's Folly" rode proudly up the Hudson.

The impossible had been accomplished.

Along the banks of the river the country people stared in open-mouthed wonder at the strange-looking machine; others ran screaming into the woods. The shrill whistle startled the fishermen at night, and when

they saw the boat plunging toward them, with side-lights gleaming and a column of fire arising from the smokestack, they thought some monster of the deep had come to devour them, or, worse still, it was the forerunner of the day of doom. Their cries and prayers echoed through the darkness, contrasting strangely with the peacefulness of a few hours before.

All on hoard, however, was gaiety and happiness. Chancellor Livingston who, with several friends, was on the vessel, had just announced the betrothal of Fulton and his own beautiful niece, Harriet Livingston. Success had been achieved and our hero came hack from New York after having made the trip of 150 miles in thirty hours, to find himself not merely the owner of " Fulton's Folly," but the most famous man in America.

Now, going back a little farther, we see how the idea arose of making the hitherto terrifying lightning useful. There were many theories evolved by savants regarding electrical phenomena, none very practical, however, as superstition and fear prevented any experiments with the weapons of the Almighty. And it remained for an American to dare the first experiment and bring it into subjection.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, the scientific world was astounded by a theory very clearly expounded in a series of observations, made by one Franklin from a little place called Philadelphia, on the similarity of electricity and lightning and the possibility of protecting houses by means of iron rods and wires. The idea was preposterous, it was said. Scientific noses were lifted high in the air.

Franklin Chains the Lightning.

Franklin, however, was not in the least disconcerted. His theory was not a chance one, but a legitimate deduction from patiently accumulated facts. He himself would make the experiment, so on June 15, 1752, he decided to fly the immortal kite. Accompanied only by his son he went out to test this theory.

The kite was made of a large silk handkerchief and was fitted with a piece of sharpened wire. Part of the string was of hemp and part of silk. The sky was dark and lowering, illuminated by frequent flashes of lightning.

The kite was raised. Up it went, but when it reached the first thunder-laden clouds there was no sign of electricity from Franklin's key. Just as he was beginning to think that the world was right and that, after all, he was only a fool, there was a loud peal of thunder, a flash of lightning and the hempen string began to tighten. Approaching his hand to the key he felt a decided shock. Drawing in his rain-soaked kite, he returned to the little Quaker village, like another Prometheus having stolen the precious fire from the gods and brought eternal good to humanity.

How the Cotton-Gin Was Made.

Among the world's benefactors to whom we owe debts of gratitude, probably the greatest, from a utilitarian viewpoint, is the inventor of the cotton-gin. Cotton was grown in the Southern States to some extent, but the almost insurmountable difficulty prevented its growth as a large industry. All the work now done by machinery was then done by hand. It was an unending task, taking one man seven days to pick four pounds of cotton from the seed. It was seen that until some swifter method could be devised, cotton-culture must remain a pet theory rather than a reality, and it was quite a coincidence that it should be the lot of one not born in the South - a New Englander - to devise that method and create the nucleus of those colossal fortunes of the ante-bellum South.

When Eli Whitney was stopping at the home of the widow of General Nathaniel Greene, near Savannah,

Georgia, he was asked one day, by some planters, to try his hand at an invention to separate the seeds from the cotton. They were only half in earnest, for it seemed to them a project too wonderful to be practical. Put Mrs. Greene had said young Whitney could do anything, and here was a chance for him to prove himself.

Whitney was doubtful of his ability to supply what was wanted. Besides, he was reading law and did not care to spare the time from his studies. Then too, he had never seen a cotton-seed.

The more he thought of it, however, the more interested in it he became. So, obtaining some cotton, he shut himself up to work.

For weeks he toiled away, making his own machinery. Finally he saw that he must have teeth for his cylinders. He could get no steel or tin-plates in Savannah.

Saved by a Baby.

While he sat, worried and tired, in rushed his hostess's little daughter with a bundle of wire.

"Do make me a bird cage," she coaxed, holding out the wire with a bright smile.

Good! A bright idea!

The cage was made, and soon he had a wooden cylinder armed with rings of wire teeth. All now was ready for a trial. Would it work? The cotton was put into the hopper and he began to turn the crank, while, with bated breath, he watched the wire teeth carry through the opening of the plate a pile of snowy cotton.

This indeed was a moment of victory, but there was more to be done. The lint clogged the teeth of the cylinder. This he explained to his hostess, and she laughingly picked up a hearth-brush, telling him to sweep it out with that.

"Thank you, I will," he said, and acting upon the hint, he made another cylinder with rows of little brushes. The invention was complete. The neighboring planters were called in and the gin put to work. Imagine their surprise and admiration when they saw done in a few moments what had hitherto required several days' labor. It was certainly a great event for the South, and Eli Whitney was the hero of it.

The Triumph of Professor Morse.

The era of electrical wonders was ushered in by Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, a painter of some distinction, with his telegraph. He was not the first painter to desert art and turn inventor, for Robert Fulton was also a well-known artist.

The United States Government issued to Mr. Morse a patent on his telegraph in 1840, three years after he had applied for it, and it was three years more before he could secure the passage of a bill recommending an appropriation for testing it. The bill was ridiculed, and many jokes were made about the telegraph and its visionary inventor. People were never more skeptical.

Immediately after the appropriation was made Mr. Morse went to work to construct the first telegraph line. It was to extend from Baltimore to Washington. At first the wires were put in tubes and then into the earth. This did not work well, so the idea of putting them on poles was hit upon. This proved cheap, and far more satisfactory.

On May 4, 1844, the line was finished. Mr. Morse was at Washington and a Mr. Vail represented him at Baltimore. Everything was in readiness for the great test.

Miss Ellsworth, a young friend of the inventor, had been promised the honor of sending the first message. She had selected a passage from the Bible.

In an instant the words, "What God bath wrought" were flashed along the line, and read at Washington, "baptizing," as Mr. Morse said, the telegraph with the name of its author," and indeed it did seem too wonderful to be the work of man.

The Telephone and Phonograph.

After the invention of the telegraph there were many improvements on the original, and many new inventions of a similar kind, so it is not at all strange that several men should lay claim to the honor of inventing the telephone, which was first given to the world by Professor Alexander Graham Bell.

In 1876 while Professor Bell was teaching in the Monroe School of Oratory, in Boston, he one day took several of his pupils into his room on the fourth floor. He showed them a cigar-box affair on the table, and told them to sit down and to place a queer can-looking construction to their ears. A sound of a voice singing a popular song was plainly heard.

With an old cigar-box, two hundred feet of wire and two magnets from a toy fish-pond, the first Bell telephone had come into existence.

After Bell comes Thomas A. Edison, the Wizard of Menlo Park," with his many wonders.

Edison was once absent-mindedly singing in front of the mouthpiece of a telephone, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the vibrations of his own voice which sent a fine steel point into his finger. That set him to thinking.

If lie could control the action of the point and send it over the same surface afterward, what would be the result? He tried the experiment on a strip of telegraph paper and found that the point made an alphabet.

"Hello, hello!" he shouted into the 'phone, running the paper over the steel point.

"Hello, hello!" sounded faintly in return.

He tried it again. This time the answer was more distinct; but perhaps it was only an accident.

"Hello, Hello, this is Edison."

The sentence was repeated plainly. He no longer had any misgivings, but determined to make a machine that would work accurately and in a short time the world was listening in wonder to the phonograph.

The First Wireless Message.

And now we come to the grand finale - wireless telegraphy.

The idea of utilizing the limi4ess and mysterious ether as a means of communication for some time had absorbed the attention of the brilliant young Italian, Guglielmo Marconi. Of course he was laughed at.

Marconi believed in his theory. So did a number of other scientists. He worked on, making experiment after experiment. Again, our old boyhood friend, the kite, was to play an important part.

Marconi had established his colleagues at Poldhu, in Cornwall, England, while he was shivering (for it was

a cold December day in 1901) at Hospital Point on the coast of Newfoundland. There, with a kite attached to a delicate wire, a tube and a telephone ear-piece, he waited. Then over the invisible waves came the three short dot signals of the Morse Code which signified the letter "S."

This was the first oversea wireless message, and the world was astonished.

SEEING THINGS AT NIGHT.

Engineer's Vision of His Wife on the Track Before the Locomotive, and Why He Saw Her.

LOCOMOTIVE engineers are not subject, as a rule, to ocular delusions. When they are, their usefulness as engineers soon ceases. The Wichita (Kansas) Eagle however, tells an amusing story of one engineer who had such a delusion and presumably is still on his run. This is the story as the engineer told it:

"The first part of the incident I don't remember much about. I will tell you just how I felt about it, which was this way: I felt my body swaying from side to side and a terrifying forward and back motion. There was something wrong. I had a fleeting vision of a face. It was the face of a woman and the most beautiful woman I ever saw. It was my wife. There she was, right on the rails.

"When the train began to slow down, the fireman peered into my face, and said: 'My God; Hodgead, what is the matter?' I could not answer, and only murmured something that I could not catch myself. The fireman jumped to the ground and looked over the wheels and engine. I finally asked him if there was much blood. 'Blood!' he replied. 'What are you talking about?'

"I came to my senses with a start. Jumping from the cab, I ran back along the track to the spot where I first saw the face of my wife, and looked for the body. What bothered me was how on earth she came to be in the eastern part of the State when we lived in Wichita. The conductor came out and asked me what was the matter. I responded with the request for his help to find her. 'Her!' he said. 'What her?' This made me mad. I grew furious. Running back to the engine, I reached up in the cab for a lantern, and as I stepped out in front to look for blood on the cow-catcher I happened to glance up at the cab and saw something that let me down about two inches in my shoes. It was my wife's face in the window.

"'Get on!' I bawled out to the train-crew. I have found it.' They did, and I jumped to the cab all trembling with emotion. I got busy right away and found that the picture of my wife that had always hung from the ceiling of the cab had become loosened by the rough track and was flopping about by one small string. The face I saw in the window was a reflection, and the smoky glass helped to fool me. I can tell you I felt better."

Roll-Call of Veterans.

Old-Timers Who Twisted Hand-Brake Wheels, Threw Oregon Pine Into Wood Burners, and Risked Life and Limb in Coupling When George Westinghouse Was a Schoolboy.

HONOR FOR A CONDUCTOR

Edgar E. Clark Began as a Brakeman Thirty-four Years Ago and Is Now a Federal Official.

FROM brake-wheel to the Interstate Commerce Commission is the record of Edgar E. Clark, recently appointed to the reorganized and enlarged commission by President Roosevelt. Mr. Clark began his railroad career as a brakeman on a Western road in 1872, at the age of sixteen. For fourteen years he served in that capacity, becoming a conductor on the Denver and Rio Grande in 1886; Two years later he was elected grand chief secretary of the conductors' organization, and two years after that became its chief. He was a member of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, which settled the great strike of 1903. Mr. Clark's salary in his new position is ten thousand dollars a year.

BEGAN WITH CARNEGIE.

And Served the Pennsylvania Railroad Faithfully for More Than Half a Century - Now a Pensioner.

FIFTY-TWO years and three months' service, without an absence of a day from the pay-roll, came to an end when Herman S. Delo was placed on the pension list of the Pennsylvania, June 30, at the age of seventy. He entered the employ of the road as a clerk in the Altoona yard the same year that saw the beginning of the service of Andrew Carnegie and Robert Pitcairn. In 1858 he became live-stock agent in Pittsburgh, where he handled thousands of dollars for the company without bond or loss. Six years later he was made assistant motive-power clerk in Altoona, and in 1882 he was transferred to a similar position for the lines east of Pittsburgh and Erie, a position which he held at the time of his retirement.

RIDDEN A MILLION MILES.

Joe Speck's Record on a Passenger Engine Without Counting the Thousands of Miles on Freight Runs.

JOE SPECK, a Missouri Pacific passenger engineer, figures he has ridden more than a million miles on passenger locomotives in his thirty years' service with the Missouri Pacific. In this count he does not figure the many thousands of miles of travel on freight locomotives before he was promoted to a passenger engine.

His run is now between Kansas City and Falls City, a distance of one hundred and one miles, and if he bad traveled the total distance over this route it would have been equivalent to more than five thousand round

trips. It would equal nearly seventeen hundred round trips between Kansas City and Saint Louis. The distance traveled exceeds that of a round trip over every mile of railroad in the world. - Kansas City Journal.

THE OLDEST ENGINEER.

Asher Smith, of Kansas, Who Ran an Engine in Maryland in 1849 - Three Generations On the Road.

ASHER SMITH, now living on a farm near Melvern, Kansas, is the oldest locomotive engineer in the United States. His experience dates back to 1849, when he began running on the Mount Savage and Cumberland Railroad, in Maryland. After two years there he turned his face westward and ran for a few months on a road just opened between Chicago and Elgin, Illinois. His next berth was with the Milwaukee and Mississippi, now a part of the Northwestern. It was the day of the old wood-burners, and the rails were hewn scantling with an iron strip nailed on top.

Mr. Smith gave up railroading in 1859 and settled on the farm where he now lives, passing through much of the border and guerrilla warfare which distracted the State before and during the Civil War. He was in Lawrence when Quantrell's band sacked and burned the town, but escaped unharmed. After the war he lived the peaceful life of a Kansas farmer until the call of the railroad became too strong for him, and he entered the service of the Santa Fe in 1878 and remained there until his final retirement in 189~~. He is now eighty-one years old. At the time of his service on the Santa Fe there were three generations of his family in the employ of the road. Asher Smith was running out of Emporia, his son, B. E. Smith, out of Topeka, and his grandson, B. F. Smith, now a full-fledged engineer, was firing out of Topeka.

MARKED FOR MISFORTUNE.

An Engineer Who Rubs Elbows With Death Again and Again, and Finally Dies of Heart Disease.

MATHEW DE COURCY, the veteran engineer who dropped dead of heart disease while sitting on the stone abutment of the Northern Central bridge across Frozen Run Creek, in Pennsylvania, recently, had a unique record for daredevil runs and narrow escapes. In his first year as brakeman on the Northern Central he had two accidents, the first of which cost him two fingers and the second three toes. His next mishap was years later, when he was running an engine on the Union Pacific. Lightning struck the locomotive, and De Courcy was taken out of the cab apparently dead. For weeks he lay in the hospital more dead than alive.

After his recovery he tried his luck on an Eastern road running into Washington. Here misfortune attended him ill the shape of a live wire which dropped down on the engine as it stood in the yards and became entangled about the cab. When he caught it to throw it out of the way he received the full force of a heavy current of electricity, and was unconscious for forty-eight hours. The accident which finally retired him from active service came a few months later, when his right foot was ground off at the ankle by his own engine. Then he turned his attention to more peaceful pursuits, and wrote and published "Sons of the Red Rose: a Story of the Rail." One paragraph in this hook is evidently written from the depths of De Courcy's own experience of hospital wards. In a tribute to the boys of the switch-shanties he says:

"A cheery 'The boys send you this' casts a living ray of Christ's sunshine through the black hell of crutches and bandages. There has never been another lot of men in the world welded together like the boys of the switch-shanties. For danger to life and limb, nothing in the world compares with it. The soldier who rides a hopeless charge, the sailor flattened on a lofty yard, swinging in the blackness of an Atlantic night out over

white-maned hungry waves, the quiet-eyed scout riding alone through the perils of an Indian country, the fireman on his mission of mercy, high on an icy ladder against a tottering tenement, have all, through the magic of the brush or pencil, a deathless life on the walls of Valhalla, but the bright young lives crushed into eternal dust beneath the wheels of modern commerce leave only a haunting memory ever present in the hearts of their comrades."

"FAITHFUL MIKE" GRIFFIN.

Gate-Tender at One Crossing for Twenty-eight Years and Never a Complaint of Neglect of Duty.

WITH the retirement on half pay, August 1, of "Faithful Mike" Griffin, gate-tender for the Boston and Maine in West Medford, Massachusetts, forty-one years of faithful service came to an end. Griffin began his work for this road as section-hand on the old Boston and Lowell, now the southern division of the Boston and Maine. For twenty-eight years, however, he has been gate-tender on the High Street crossing. During that time he has not had a single accident on his crossing, nor has he ever been called up "on the carpet" for neglect of duty.

DOC'S BEAU.

BY CAROLINE LOCKHART.

Shows How a Young Woman, Though a Doctor, May Have Affections of the Heart as Well as Her Weaker Sisters.

"HANG it, Slivers, what did you have to go and break your leg for to-day?" Doc Landon set her black medicine-case on a chair and glared at the lusty cowboy who lay in his bunk in the ranch-house.

"Great Scott, Doc, I didn't do it on purpose." His tone was resentful.

"Probably not, but you came in town and got drunk on purpose. I saw you riding into Dill's saloon. Can't you ever come to town without raising Cain? " Doc was deftly at work as she grumbled.

"No," replied Slivers meekly.

"I suppose you thought there wasn't a horse in the Judith Basin could get you off, drunk or sober?" The sarcasm of Doc's voice was not in keeping with the gentleness of her touch.

"I wouldn't say that, ma'am," replied Slivers in mock humility, "but I didn't believe that that onery buckskin could do it. If you won't think me fresh, ma'am, I'd kind of like to know why you object to my breaking my leg to-day any more than any other day. If you say so, I'll set Sunday apart for the breaking of my bones."

"Simpleton!" said Doc, but the corners of her mouth twitched, and the dimple in her chin showed plainly.

"Come, tell me, Doc," he went on coaxingly. "You are hurting me like the mischief, and you ought to do something to make me forget it. You ought to be agreeable in the sick-room. You've got me suffering physically and mentally. I'm all riled up with curiosity."

"My beau's coming in on the train to-night and I wanted to stay home and fix up a little. Does that relieve your mind any?" She spoke jestingly, but the color rushed into her face.

"Is that straight, Doc?"

"Straight," nodded Doc. "He knew me back home. Didn't see much of him after I went away to study medicine and haven't seen him at all in the six years I've been practising in Montana. But we've always written to each other, and -"

"And the rest is understood," added the cowboy, soberly, as she hesitated.

Doc's face grew rosy again and she nodded.

"I reckon he's one of these lily-handed, mustached fellows in a hard-boiled hat?"

"He has fine principles," Doc replied proudly. "And I suppose he does wear nice clothes and take good care of his hands."

"Doc, I don't see what a girl like you wants to marry one of those Willie-boys for, when you can tie your cayuse to my haystack any time you want to, or Bill Thompson's haystack, or -"

"He isn't a Willie-boy!" Doc's hazel eyes were flashing angrily. "He hasn't a cigarette in his mouth all day, and the marshal doesn't take his gun away from him every time he comes to town, and he doesn't howl so people can't sleep, and -"

"Let up, Doc. Am I as bad as that?"

"Worse," said Doc, out of breath.

"Worse?" His tone was one of pained surprise.

"Worse," reiterated Doc, with cold emphasis.

If I'd get my dad to stake me to a good ranch and go into the cattle business in earnest, wouldn't you consider my application?"

"No," replied Doc decisively. "You're too wild; and, besides, you're not my style, Slivers, though you really are a good sort."

"But, listen," he went on earnestly, I could get used to hard-boiled hats. I'll practise wearing them while I'm laid up here, fifteen minutes the first day, half an hour the second day, and so on. I'll begin in earnest and work up to a ranch of my own. I'll give my gun away and use brass knuckles. Honest, Doc, I'll do anything I can to make myself your style."

"Don't excite yourself like that," replied Doc crossly. "You must keep perfectly quiet and give the bone a chance to knit. If Walter comes to-night, we will drive out and see how you are to-morrow."

"Walter! Is that his name? I suppose you call him 'Wattie' when you are alone," sneered Slivers. " If you bring Wattie here, I'll take off the splint and stump out in the sage-brush on the bone. I am an invalid and I must be humored. I won't see Wattie."

The dimple in Doc's chin showed again and Sliver's eyes were wistful as they rested on her face. Sliver's real name was a famous one "back East," but he had been so long in Montana that he attached no importance to that fact. The vital, out-door life of the West appealed to him intensely, and to the disgust and anger of his family he would not leave it. He made forty dollars a month and then spent it all in one history-making visit to town. Slivers undoubtedly was a black sheep.

Walter Stotesbury, carrying a neat fall overcoat on his arm and with a new suit-case in his hand, was stepping gingerly over the rocks which threatened to destroy the shine on his neat shoes, when a shocking sight bearing down upon him brought him up short. A woman riding astride - in gaily checked divided skirts that snapped in the breezes - was coming at a breakneck pace down the street. Her hat was on the back of her head and a long silk necktie fluttered in the wind.

"A woman who unsexes herself in that fashion," the young man muttered, his fascinated but disapproving eyes glued upon her cowboy boots, " forfeits all claim to consideration or respect."

The horsewoman suddenly drew rein and the cavorting bay all but sat down in front of the startled Mr. Stotesbury.

"Upon my word, if it isn't you at last! " Doc Landon thrust out a gauntleted hand impulsively. Mr. Stotesbury's emotions were a jumble. Mingled with the real pleasure of seeing the girl of his youthful dreams was an embarrassment over talking publicly to a young woman whose elaborately stitched boot-tops were more or less visible.

"I've looked forward to this moment for a long time, Agnes," replied Mr. Stotesbury, exerting all his will-power to ignore the unconventionality of Doc's dress and manner. No picture of his imagination had in the

least resembled this meeting. "I shall call upon you at the earliest opportunity," he continued; "in other words as soon as my luggage arrives."

"Do!" replied Doc heartily. "Come around to supper at six. I have a Chiny cook who isn't so bad. I've got to go down and set a man's shoulder - he fell off a scaffold - but I'll be back as soon as I can. I'm tickled to death to see you, don't forget that, Walter." And, digging in the spurs, Doc was off, still wearing her hat on the back of her head.

As Doc struggled with Jim Barnes' shoulder, Stotesbury's thin, untanned face was constantly before her. He looked as high-minded as ever, but, somehow his fluttering nostrils, which she had once admired as indicative of a sensitive, high-strung nature, distinctly annoyed her. She would get him out in the sun and tan him up before Slivers was well enough to see him, but his dilating nostrils - Pshaw! What did she care what Slivers thought. She sniffed scornfully in Jim Barnes' face, to the great surprise of that suffering gentleman.

The lukewarm religious interest of the town proved to be a source of pain to Mr. Stotesbury, who found only four persons and the parson's dog at the Sabbath evening service, held in the Opera House over the hardware store. After the services he introduced himself to the clergyman and suggested that together they rent a room and decorate it with mottoes and cheap but refined pictures, and introduce dominoes, checkers, and pinochle; with these wholesome amusements they would be able to entice young men from contaminating plague-spots like Dill's saloon and Mrs. Hill's dance-hall at the end of the street. Similar club-rooms had been opened with great success in the East, he said.

The parson did not greet the proposition enthusiastically. He was a stout person who lived comfortably at the hotel and let his sermons go over from Sunday to Sunday when his congregation fell below four persons. He said that when the Smiley irrigating ditch was completed and the Iowa home-seekers were established upon their claims, some such idea could undoubtedly be carried to a successful consummation; but just at present, ahem, with a certain reckless Western element predominating, he was very sure that the plan would not at all meet the approval of the ruling faction; and indeed, ahem, he was not positive that they would not consider it a reflection upon themselves and demand a satisfaction which it would be painful to give.

Burning with indignation, both at the attitude of the town and the pitiable lack of courage and zeal in the parson, Mr. Stotesbury called upon Doc. That person, with her legs crossed and arms folded, a manly attitude he particularly abhorred, listened to him with flattering attention. She continued to look at him after he had lapsed into a panting silence.

"Don't be a fool, Walter," she said finally, with painful distinctness. "If the boys want to come in town once in six weeks or so and rip up the sod it doesn't hurt you or me or anybody else. They are straight as strings otherwise. They pay their bills and they don't talk scandal about women. They are good enough men for anybody. Say, when are you going to shake those store clothes and look like other folks?"

"Agnes, your language -"

"Never mind my language. Are you going to buy that roan mare of Bill Thompson's and learn to ride off a walk?"

"Agnes, dear, I want to please you. You know I love you in spite of the fact that you have changed greatly and have not developed at all along the lines which I had hoped and expected. I brought with me the wardrobe which I deemed suitable for a gentleman, but if you prefer that I should dress like a ruffian, I will do so. I will also learn to ride at a canter."

"'Lope," corrected Doc.

"At a 'lope," repeated Mr. Stotesbury, taking her hand in both his nervously moist ones.

When Doc finally saw Mr. Stotesbury dressed according to her taste she realized that she had considerably overestimated the power of clothes. She had a vague idea that he would look like Slivers, instead of which he looked like a caricature of Slivers. His garb merely accentuated his physical shortcomings. The blue flannel shirt, which displayed Slivers' broad shoulders to such advantage, showed to the jeering populace a pair of shoulders with a slope like a toboggan slide. Slivers' neck was brown and strong and masculine; Mr. Stotesbury's neck rose from the low collar like a joint of stove-pipe. His thin face, with its narrow, white forehead, was the face of a high-minded gentleman, but it did not look well under a sombrero.

The extraordinary thing about it all was that the rakish apparel seemed to intoxicate Mr. Stotesbury. It went to his head like a glass of wine and transformed him. All his life he had eschewed red neckties as something essentially base; now he purchased a brilliant handkerchief and draped it about his neck. He wore the biggest spurs in the Judith Basin and the supposition was that he slept in the angora "chaps" which encased his slender extremities. His six-shooter and heavy cartridge-belt nearly pulled him in two at the waist line, but at night he cheerfully rubbed his aching back with liniment and developed kodak pictures of himself to send back East.

But the chief shock to Doc's ideals came when, craning her neck one night to look over the frosted half of the window as she passed the hotel bar-room, she saw Mr. Stotesbury engaged in a game of freeze-out for the drinks. Doc had not the slightest objection to freeze-out. Every man she knew sat frequently in the game which was going on from ten in the morning until almost morning again. It was only that Walter and freeze-out were incongruous, like Walter and "chaps" and a six-shooter. Mr. Stotesbury's eyes gleamed, his brow contracted, his mouth was set, as the possibility of losing one dollar and forty-five cents all at once became a probability. Doc remembered that she had seen Slivers lose a small monument of bank-notes and silver without the quiver of an eyelid, but that was Slivers way.

Yet Doc was loyal to the man she had told herself for years she loved because it was her nature to be loyal. She would have considered it a weakness of character to have admitted, even to herself, that his peculiarities could influence her. Nevertheless, she could not but realize that her ideals had changed; she felt it more each time that she paid her professional visit to Slivers.

"I'm coming in town to take you to the Thanksgiving ball, Wattie or no Wattie," said Slivers when he could no longer decently demand her services.

"I can't go with you, Slivers, honest, I can't. Walter will expect to take me, and it would cut him up no end if I should go with anybody else. But I will give you the first two-step."

"And I'll sit out the first waltz looking at you and Wattie," said Slivers bitterly. " I know he must be a winner," he continued, "and I realize that I am a poor worm without a ghost of a show, but even a worm can't give up without a squirm. I am surely coming to that dance."

Doc's face was white when, some two hours after the hall had started, she appeared in the wide doorway, alone. Among the half dozen who started to their feet at her entrance was Slivers - Slivers transformed. In evening clothes absolutely correct, he was the well-poised; self-contained New York man of position. His brown face was all that remained of the cowboy whose visits, heretofore, had filled the town marshal with apprehension. He laughed at the astonishment in her expressive face.

"I sent home for them," he explained. "I told you I was coming, you know. Where's my hated rival?"

"Walter could not come," she answered, avoiding his eyes. " He was detained - on business."

Slivers looked at her keenly.

"Perhaps, then, you will waltz with me?"

There was something peculiarly gentle and deferential in his manner which was balm to her sore heart, and she could not but feel flattered that all the attention of the most desirable man in the room was entirely for herself.

With the change from cowboy clothes to evening dress his face appeared to have taken on another expression. He seemed to have gathered himself together, and there was a certain reserve mingled with his easy manners which bespoke him as a man from the world outside. Doc wondered that she had never before noticed the high-bred look in his face and the real strength which lay in the lines that had seemed to her to be merely those of merry mockery. Whoever or whatever Slivers was, he was much more capable of wearing the apparel she had assigned exclusively to Walter than Walter was of wearing either his own or Slivers'. She was thinking these things as they swung about the floor in time to the violin and mandolin which constituted the orchestra.

As the music ceased Collins, the marshal, beckoned her from the doorway.

"Fight down at Hill's," he said briefly. "Come quick and bring your tools."

Slivers followed Doc from the ballroom and threw her cloak about her shoulders. " I'm going with you," he said decisively, as he stepped forward and took the black case without which she never moved, even on festal occasions.

The wide doors of Mrs. Hill's dance-hall were open and the light from the kerosene lamps screwed to the wall showed a group gathered about a limp form, laid out on a row of chairs. Mrs. Hill's husband, a rosy-checked young man with bushy blond hair, was mopping the blood which oozed from several scratches on his fair face.

"The son-of-a-gun!" he kept repeating over and over with varying degrees of emphasis. "He scratched me! He scratched me like a cat!"

The crowd parted and watched Doc's face in curious silence. She blanched to the lips as she saw the unconscious and gory object stretched on the chairs. Then the blood came back in a crimson flood and her mouth hardened.

"Put a slicker on the billiard-table." she said curtly. "That's right, now lay him on it."

"Who is our unfortunate friend?" inquired Slivers in languid curiosity.

"Doc's beau," whispered a bystander.

"I'll carry him," said Slivers in a different voice, and he picked Mr. Stotesbury up as though he were undetermined whether to batter his brains out against the wall or merely to throw him down and jump on him. He held the basin while Doc sponged the blood from the jagged cut in Stotesbury's head and cheek - a bottle in the experienced hand of Mr. Hill had proved a nasty weapon. After a few preliminary gasps and twitches, Mr. Stotesbury opened his eyes.

"I'm hurt?" he asked in a frightened voice.

Doc nodded.

The recollection of the episode just passed returned to him and his round, innocent eyes lighted with excitement; there was also that in Doc's face which made him stammer in his eagerness to justify himself.

They were cheating me - practising a great deception upon me. They tried to charge me a dollar for beer which I am sure could be purchased anywhere in Indiana for thirty-five cents. I told them I -"

"The most I had hoped for was that you were hurt in some decent, natural row over something worth while, but beer!" Doc's scorn was withering.

"Agnes dear," he said pleadingly.

"Doctor Landon, if you please."

"What shall I do with him? " inquired Mr. Hill.

"It is quite immaterial to me," replied Doc, as she fastened a strip of adhesive plaster whose principal purpose seemed to be the holding of one of Mr. Stotesbury's swollen eyes in the socket.

"Adios - Wattie!" said Slivers. "Come out and see us some time when you grow together again. Eight miles from town, first house on the right."

And as he folded Doc's cloak about her once more, Edward Van Roden, alias Slivers, gave Mr. Stotesbury a look which made that person rise up and wring his thin hands in anger and despair.

Swan Song of a Telegrapher.

COLONEL DAVID HOMER BATES, of New York, who was one of the first four members of the Military Telegraph Corps during the Civil War, in giving his reminiscences of the stormy days of '61, includes a pathetic little story of the death of David Strouse, first superintendent of the Military Corps. Strouse took up his labors in poor health, and the heavy and continuous work soon wrecked his system.

He worked on for five months, however, before he was finally forced to retire to his home at Mexico, Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Juniata River, where he died. Colonel Bates attended the funeral, and while at the Strouse home the mother of the dead superintendent showed him the original of the following stanzas, in Strouse's own handwriting, which were found in his portfolio:

MY BELOVED JUNIATA

Gentle river, ever flowing,
Where my early days were passed,
Like your waters I am going
Sadly to the sea at last.

To that ocean, dark and dreary,
Whence no traveler comes again;
Where the spirit, worn and weary,
Finds repose from grief and pain.

O'er the world I long have wandered;
Now a stranger I return -
Hope, and health, and manhood squandered -
Life's last lesson here to learn.

Calmly on thy bank reposing,
I am waiting for the day
Whose soft twilight, gently closing,
Bears my trembling soul away.

HOODOOS THAT TRAINMEN DREAD.

No Trial Trips on Friday or the Thirteenth of the Month, if the Engineers Can Help It, and Number Thirteen Locomotives Shunned Like a Pestilence.

TRAINMEN have few superstitions, but the few they have they cling to closely. Thirteen, of course, is a number to be avoided. Few engineers can be found who will willingly take out a new engine for her trial trip on the thirteenth of the month, and Friday is equally unpopular as a day for beginning a locomotive's career.

Another fixed belief of the trainmen is in the existence of "hoodoo" engines.

There was a famous instance some years ago on the South Florida Railway. A locomotive killed so many people that she gained the name of "The Hearse," and no fewer than three engine-drivers actually left the employ of the company rather than continue driving her. The odd thing was that she never seemed to injure herself. Eventually her owners were forced to break her up.

Another "hoodoo" is described by E. K. Carnes, now superintendent of the Missouri Pacific terminals in Kansas City. In 1876 Carnes was conductor of a train on the Ohio and Mississippi, of which Number 13 was one of the engines.

Henry Fowler was the engineer, a very religious man. Elijah Morris was the fireman, and about as profane a railroader as ever shoveled coal into a fire-box.

"Morris hated that '13' as bad as he hated short pay," Mr. Carnes said. "'Why, she's nothing hut an old thrasher, and some day she'll pile us all in the ditch,' Morris used to complain. On the other hand, Fowler, the engineer, was proud of her, and gave his '13' as much care as he gave his wife.

"Day by day, Morris's hatred of '13' grew. We used to accuse him of being afraid, but he denied it. One day, after an unusually tough lot of work, we pulled into Vincennes, Indiana, and ran the engine to the road-house. Fowler got off and looked his '13' over with care. He rubbed a little grease off here, a little dirt there.

"Morris stood at one side and watched. He got hold of a bottle of whisky, too, and took several drinks. Then he went hack to the engine, slipped into the cab, and yelled to Fowler:

"'Lookout, Henry! Here goes the last of "13."'

"He pulled the throttle wide open and leaped from the engine. The machine gave a backward bound, and landed upside down in the pit, at the rear of the turn-table. Her smoke-stack was crushed, her cab torn loose, one side-rod was broken, and she was truly wrecked. Morris's hatred had got the better of him."

It is a curious belief of many trainmen that it brings good luck to carry a lantern belonging to another road, and they will frequently trade a brand-new, shining lantern for a greasy, battered wreck, if the latter belongs to a foreign line.

NEW YORK TO CUBA BY RAIL.

WITHIN a year or so the "Havana Limited" will leave New York as regularly as the Chicago express or the Boston flyer. To Cuba by rail and without change of cars is a dream of Henry M. Flagler's which is now about to come true. As the island is two hundred miles from the mainland of Florida, an absolutely all-rail route is, of course, out of the question, but Flagler has found a way to cut the ocean trip almost in half, and one will actually be able to travel from New York to Havana, Cienfuegos, or Santiago without stirring from his chair in the palace car.

From Cape Sable, the end of the mainland, to Key West, Flagler has carried his railroad from key to key by a series of remarkable arches. So small are the island stepping-stones of this line that from the car-window they will hardly be visible, and the traveler will apparently be rushing seventy-five miles out to sea.

From Key West an ocean ferry will carry the cars to Havana, much as freight is now taken around New York City.

Nickels of the Trolley.

BY J. J. ALMONTE.

Enough Five Cent Pieces Paid the Street Car Companies of Greater New York in a Year to Reach Half-way Around the Earth if Laid in a Line at the Equator.

THE population of the five boroughs composing Greater New York is, according to the last State census, 4,014,304. To the managers of the three great transportation companies operating within the city limits, however, the population must seem infinitely greater than a paltry four million.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, the Interborough Company, the New York City Railway Company, and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company carried in the boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx, and Brooklyn alone 987,015,895 passengers, not including, of course, the millions of transfers. This means that an average of 2,704,153 persons, or nearly three-quarters of the whole city's population, used the street cars, the elevated railroads, or the subway daily.

This year it is estimated that 350,000,000 people have used the lines of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company alone, and when the reports of the two other companies have been made up for the last twelve months the grand total will be far beyond the billion mark.

Americans are accustomed to talk with contemptuous familiarity of millions, but few of us realize just what a billion five-cent fares mean. Paid in nickels and placed in a line, these fares would stretch 12,800 miles, or more than half way around the equator. Swung to the east from New York this line would be long enough to reach Calcutta or Cape Town, passing first through London; swung to the west it would reach Hong-kong, Melbourne, or Synedy.

The 350,000,000 fares collected last year by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company would form a line that would cross Brooklyn Bridge - where most of the fares are collected - 3,126 times and would cover the entire structure with a double carpet of nickels, with enough left over to provide a third layer for half the structure. In a straight line these nickels would reach from New York fourteen miles into the Pacific Ocean beyond the ruins of San Francisco and in the opposite direction they would fall only a few miles short of Glasgow.

The man who tried to steal the receipts of these three traction companies would find his booty hard to carry off. A billion nickels weigh 10,416,667 pounds, or about 5,280 tons - more than a third of the permanent weight borne by the cables of Brooklyn Bridge. One hundred and seventy-six freight cars would be filled to overflowing with the nickel load and the procession of tracks necessary to transport the treasure through the streets of the city would resemble the baggage-train of a large army.

Americans Have the Street-Car Habit.

Americans use their city railroads more, probably, than any other people. According to the most recent figures available the tramways of Liverpool, for example, carry in a year about 110,000,000 passengers, the city and its suburbs having a population of 763,000. This means that the average resident of Liverpool

rides on street-cars, in the course of a year, only 144 times.

The average Brooklynite rides 265 times, nearly twice as often, and as many people cross the Brooklyn Bridge annually as travel in all the Liverpool cars put together. In the "rush hours" of the morning and evening the elevated and surface cars carry over the river between 72,000 and 73,000 persons an hour. On October 19, 1905, an official count showed that 356,976 passengers were carried in twenty-four hours.

Of the persons who work on Manhattan Island, south of Fourteenth Street - the business heart of the whole city - twenty-five per cent, it is estimated, live in Brooklyn. These people have to pay two fares a day, of course, to go to and from their work, but a large proportion have to pay still more if they object to a long walk from the bridge to their offices. In spite of the political consolidation of the five boroughs into the second city of the world, from a transportation standpoint Brooklyn and Manhattan are still as distant as they ever were. Two bridges and a number of obsolescent ferries join the two cities, but the connection is very imperfect.

In order to avoid the extra fare, most of the army returning to Brooklyn in the evening makes its way on foot to the Park Row entrance of Brooklyn Bridge, choking the narrow channel and causing congestion which has long been one of the greatest problems of New York. Something like 270,000,000 persons have to cross the East River somehow in the course of the year, and of these the great majority prefer to go by the Brooklyn Bridge.

The ferries still carry about 60,000,000, but they are slow and hard to reach, and cost a few cents extra. Williamsburg Bridge, also difficult of access from the most important parts of Manhattan, takes about 35,000,000 more. The rest of the huge host passes over Brooklyn Bridge.

Rushing the Bridge Traffic.

With such numbers to handle, traffic moves briskly on the bridge. As many as 327 cars an hour have been sent across the structure, and the railroad officials expect to operate, during the busiest times, 300. Three hundred cars an hour means a car every twelve seconds, which is short enough headway under the most favorable circumstances and is especially so on the bridge, where vehicles are likely to block the track at any moment, and where, on account of the danger of overloading the structure, the cars must always be kept a certain distance apart.

Remarkable as this record is, railroad men say that if the roadway of the Williamsburg Bridge was combined with the terminal loops of the older structure it would be possible to operate 400 surface cars an hour, or one every five seconds. As it is, for a short time in the busiest period of the day the surface cars take across the bridge 36,000 persons an hour.

Thirty-six thousand more are carried by the bridge cable road and transferred at the eastern terminal of the elevated railroad. Sixty of these cable-trains, of four cars each, are operated an hour, making a grand total of 540 cars, cable and surface, crossing the bridge every hour.

"Take a Trolley to Coney."

The bridge business, heavy as it is, is dwarfed by the holiday travel to Coney Island and other well-known seaside resorts within the limits of the borough of Brooklyn. On one Sunday early last summer 300,000 persons were carried down to Coney Island and back by the various elevated and surface lines, making a total of 600,000 passengers. As two fares are charged for the trip, the Coney Island business alone that day brought in 1,200,000 nickels, 500,000 more than the average daily receipts from all the surface lines and about 240,000 more than the average receipts from the entire system.

Fortunately, the army of pleasure-seekers has more routes at its disposal and more time in which to move than the army of workers who cross and recross Brooklyn Bridge. Nevertheless the problem of transporting

this host to and from the seashore is one to tax the best railroad skill.

In fact, the evil that afflicts transportation everywhere in New York City - the concentration of traffic within a few hours and in the same direction - assumes its most exaggerated form in Brooklyn. The result is not only discomfort to the public but expense to the company, for the cars that move in one direction filled to overflowing return empty in the other.

The river of nickels that flows from the traveling public of New York into the pockets of the transportation companies is matched by another stream which flows from them into the public treasury. The taxes and imposts of one kind or another levied on these corporations for the public good present almost as imposing a total as the billion nickels they collect.

The Return Tide of Nickels.

In direct taxes alone on real estate earnings, capital stock, and other possessions, the Interborough last year paid $1,203,734, the New York City Railway $1,003,538, excluding a considerable sum which is still the subject of litigation, and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit about $900,000, also excluding some sums in litigation. This makes a total in direct taxes of $3,107,272, or 62,145,440 nickels.

Sixty-two million nickels is no small quantity, however. Weighing about 323 tons, it would require more than a hundred freight-cars to carry the taxes to the treasury, if they were to be paid in the same form as that in which the public usually pays its fare. Placed side by side these taxes would make a line 641 miles long, reaching farther than from New York to Columbus, Ohio, and nearly three times as long as the distance between New York and Washington. From the Battery to the northern limit of the great city forty-one lines of nickels could be made from the direct taxes.

If the value of the indirect taxes levied in the form of services rendered to the community by the transportation companies be included in the estimate the total is enormously increased. Just what the value of these services amounts to in the whole city is hard to ascertain, but last year, it has been calculated, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company alone spent about $600,000 in this way.

Of this money, by far the greater part, more than $500,000 in fact, was expended in paving and repaving the streets through which the surface company's cars ran. In other words, although the population of the borough of Brooklyn is only about 1,300,000, the receipts from over a million passengers were devoted to improving the streets of the borough.

One statistician has calculated that, all told, the contributions of the company to the public benefit account amount to $1.09 annually for each person living within the limits of Brooklyn. In Glasgow the thrifty Scots get only $0.44 apiece from their street railways.

But in New York City everything connected with transportation is on a large scale. The building of the Subway, at a cost for construction of $40,000,000, aroused the interest of the whole country as a great engineering feat, while almost unnoticed, on the other side of the East River, more than half as much was being expended on the prosaic task of improving and increasing the equipment and roadbed of the existing lines. Since July 1, 1902, more than $22,500,000 has been spent in this work, the revenue from 45,000,000 passengers.

Nearly $10,000,000 has gone to improve the rolling-stock, new and larger cars having been put in operation on the Subway, and every car on the Elevated Railroad having been brought up to standard. The latter task was a more serious one than it might seem, for in many cases the cars had to be practically rebuilt, which involved the erection of adequate shops in which to do the work.

Human Flood Still Rising.

More than 200,000,000 persons now cross the East River annually, and this number would be indefinitely increased were it possible to crowd any more upon the bridges and ferryboats. The tunnel that is to carry the Manhattan subway into Brooklyn will have a capacity of 45,000,000 annually. The Manhattan Bridge, now building, will accommodate 220,000,000; with proper terminal facilities 165,000,000 will be able to use the Williamsburg Bridge instead of the 35,000,000 who cross it now.

In five years or so there will be means for 600,000,000 persons to cross the East River in the course of a year. That these new facilities will exceed the demand is not believed by any of the many experts who have been trying for years to solve New York's greatest transportation problem.

LONDON TO NEW YORK OVERLAND.

The Only Serious Obstacles are the English Channel and Bering Strait, Which it is Proposed by Competent Engineers to Tunnel.

OVER thirty years ago the possibility of an all-rail route from London to New York was seriously discussed, and as long ago as 1886 the United States Geological Survey made a report to the Senate on the feasibility of the plan to cross the Bering Straits. Recently the agitation has been renewed, and M. de Lobel, a French engineer, announces that he has secured ample backing for the construction of a tunnel between Siberia and Alaska.

From East Cape, Siberia, to Prince of Wales Cape, Alaska, is thirty-eight miles, and there are numerous small islands in the way, so that the tunneling would not be entirely submarine. The original plan as contemplated in the report of Mr. Powell for the Geological Survey was the building of a bridge, advantage being taken of these islands as resting-places for piers.

The Bering tunnel would be longer than that under the English Channel by eight miles. In the case of the latter, more than a mile of boring has already been done by a company which received a concession from the French government several years ago. The work was stopped because of the unfriendliness of the English to the project Now that the English and French are on better terms, there is an excellent prospect that the work will be begun again.

According to M. Albert Artiaux, general manager of the Northern Railway of France, there are no special difficulties connected with the digging of a Franco-English tunnel save those which result from its great length. Otherwise, he says, it would in reality be a simpler task than was the construction of the great Simplon bore, because there would be little infiltration or high temperatures.

The English Channel is underlaid with a formation impermeable to water and a hundred and forty feet thick. In a circular tunnel of fifteen or twenty feet in diameter in this stratum it is probable that the seepage of water would be no more than in an ordinary coal-mine. The time required for the construction is estimated at from five to eight years, and the cost variously from two hundred to three hundred million dollars.

Considered by itself and without reference to the Bering project, a tunnel under the channel would be immensely profitable in a short time. Anything that would rob the passage from England to France of the horrors of the trip on the Dover-Calais boat could not but be appreciated by the public of both countries.

At present the annual passenger traffic between England and the Continent amounts to not more than a million two hundred thousand - by all routes. With cheaper and quicker communication the number should climb to five or six millions in a few years. In the same way freight traffic should double and treble rapidly until the full capacity of the tunnel is reached.

As to the Bering Strait tunnel, the matter is not so simple. The cost alone, estimated conservatively at two hundred and fifty million dollars, is by no means an inducement for the investment of capital; but, coupled with the distance from civilization, the climate, and other difficulties associated with the location, the prospect is not an alluring one. According to the plans, the tunnel at its deepest point would have one hundred and ninety-two feet of water above it. Yet it is thought that the work could be done in four years.

Another difficulty connected with the Bering tunnel is the necessity of constructing long connecting links of railroad on each side. In Siberia the Trans-Siberian is thirty-eight hundred miles away, and the intervening gap is in the most barren and forbidding part of northern Asia. It is the country in which whole

tribes of natives committed suicide last year in order to avoid death by starvation. On the American side twenty-three hundred miles must be covered with railroad before the Alaskan end is connected with Vancouver.

By this proposed new route the distance between New York and London would he fourteen thousand three hundred and seventeen miles, and at an average speed of fifty miles an hour - a liberal estimate - the trip would require almost exactly twelve days. London lies only six days across the Atlantic from New York now, but the victims of sea-sickness might welcome the longer way round as the shortest way home.

Knights of the Key.

A TELEGRAPH TRAMP.

"Old Bogy," the Friend of Every Operator in the Country, and the Greatest Traveler in the Profession.

HENRY A. BOGARDUS- or "Old Bogy," as he was known to practically every telegraph operator in America - who died in Chicago a few years ago, had a nomadic career that has never been equaled by any other member of his profession. He had crossed the American continent twenty-eight times, twice walking the entire distance from Omaha to San Francisco. He had visited every city of any importance in the United States, and had paid short visits to Mexico, Canada, and Cuba. It was said of him that he had not accepted a regular position since the death of his wife and two children at Rochester, New York, in 1869. At that time, being left alone in the world, he began the wanderings which gave him the reputation of the greatest American telegraph tramp. "Old Bogy" was an expert telegrapher, and was at one time superintendent of the Dominion Telegraph Company at Toronto. He had also, before the death of his family, held various telegraph managerships, and during the Civil War was an operator in General Fremont's headquarters and later With General Halleck. He was transferred to General McClellan's command in time to take part in the seven days' retreat. He had been in railroad accidents without number, always managing to escape without injury. In the Ashtabula railroad disaster he was pulled through a car-window after it had fallen from the bridge over one hundred feet into the creek, covered with ice and snow. He had accompanied aeronauts in over one hundred voyages to the clouds, and had many times gone down in diving armor, exploring the depths of the sea.

Without Money and Without Price.

"Old Bogy" scorned railroad transportation as he scorned a regular job. He knew trainmen on every railroad in the United States, and he generally traveled in a passenger coach Should the passenger conductor not prove accommo- dating, and "Old Bogy" be reduced to the necessity of riding on a freight train, lie generally succeeded in getting over a division without trouble and then resuming his journey as a first-class passenger. When hunger drove him, lie stopped at the nearest telegraph office, and, calling the operator aside, informed him ever so confidentially that "Old Bogy" was financially embarrassed and would appreciate a short-time loan with which to purchase a hot meal or a bed. Nine times out of ten he would get the necessary amount. After he had been "staked" to the price he had requested he would talk ably on any subject but one - his family. Being a great traveler, he had met with varied experiences and many people, and he would regale the interested telegrapher with anecdotes until that gentleman felt that he had been well repaid for the expenditure of fifty cents or a dollar that he had given the aged globe-trotter. But when it came to his wife and babies, who were buried in the same year, his attitude would change. He became instantly uncommunicative. It was the one memory that was sacred to the old fellow.

When "Old Bogy" began a tour of the continent, say at Jersey City, he would first call on one of the operators there for a chat and a small loan. During this operation he. would inform the operator as to his

intended route. The operator would flash the news to Washington, Baltimore,. Pittsburgh, Chicago, and other places *en route* that "Old Bogy" was to be expected. Although he might always be expected to call for a little "margin," telegraphers welcomed his appearance for the stories he could tell, and no budding youth entered the profession who did not feel that an acquaintance or a sight of "Old Bogy" was a part of the experience that would make him a first-class man. When he died the news was flashed to every telegraph office in the country, and there was mourning among telegraphers who knew him for his better qualities and were content to remember him for the good there was in him.

OFFICE-BOY TO CABINET.

Or Robert J. Wynne's Rules for Frequent Resigning as an Aid to Success in Life.

ROBERT J. WYNNE, office-boy at five dollars per week for a Philadelphia telegraph company, paid three dollars of his stipend for board, one dollar for laundering necessary linen, twenty-five cents for candy, twenty-five cents for the peanut-gallery every Saturday night, and fifty cents for odds and ends; studied in his spare moments and learned telegraphy, finally became Postmaster-General of the United States, and is now United States consul at London.

Mr. Wynne was born in New York City, and received a public-school education. He was thrown into the battle for existence suddenly and with no preparation, by the death of his mother and consequent breaking up of his family, in 1865. Necessity begat thoughtfulness on the part of the lad, and he began to study and practise telegraphy soon after his coming into the position of office-boy. His first position as an operator paid thirty dollars per month, but he fell among good companions, who placed him in the way of books on travel and biography and the works of classic authors. Excepting that Saturday night in the peanut-gallery, young Wynne studied assiduously.

Finding employment with opposition companies at gradually rising salaries, he moved about until he became chief operator of the Pacific & Atlantic Telegraph Company in Philadelphia at the age of nineteen. Eight years of this tired Wynne of Philadelphia, and he moved over to Washington, where he thought to find a broader field, and he did. His skill and speed as an operator were acknowledged, and when General Henry B. Boynton, the well-known newspaper correspondent, wanted a man for his Cincinnati leased wire, Wynne was selected. The assignment brought heavy work, for he frequently transmitted a night's press report and then put in the following day doing routine newspaper details. General Boynton kept the boy under his eye, however, and lost no opportunity to assist him. Soon Wynne was given newspaper work exclusively, and became an expert whose services were sought by many papers.

Shaking Up the Post-Office Department.

In 1891 he accepted the position of private secretary to Charles Foster, of Ohio, who was Secretary of the Treasury under President Harrison. Wynne's knowledge of Ohio and acquaintance with the politicians of that State gained him the position, which he filled successfully. After the Harrison administration had passed into history Wynne returned for a time to newspaper work. In 1902 he was given the post of First Assistant Postmaster-General, and his vigorous work in unearthing post-office frauds was still causing cold chills to permeate the department when Postmaster-General Henry C. Payne died. Mr. Wynne was at once promoted to the head of the Post-Office Department. He is the third telegrapher who has seen service in the Cabinet - Marshall Jewell having been Postmaster-General in President Ulysses S. Grant's administration, and Colonel Daniel Lamont Secretary of War under President Cleveland.

One of Wynne's recipes for getting up in the world is a set of rules that he used during his term as Postmaster-General.

"Going to resign, are you?" he asked an indignant person who had been pouring grief into his ear by the cubic yard. "Can't stand it another minute, eh? Put up with it as long as you could, and now you're going to throw up your job and tell your chief what you think of him? Yes, I know. Last straw, and all that sort of thing. Uh-huh! Did you ever see my set of rules for resigning? I framed them up years ago, when I was in the newspaper business, and I have used them ever since. I have resigned often since then, always in the way prescribed in these rules. Perhaps they will be of service to you. Here they are:

"Rule 1. After receiving the last straw, don't do anything for two hours. Above all, don't write anything.

"Rule 2. At the expiration of two hours, write your resignation, and make it as hot as you can. Relieve your feelings, and say everything you have been penning up in your breast. Scorch the scoundrel.

"Rule 3. Then go home.

"Rule 4. The next morning, immediately upon arising, read over your resignation and tear it up.

" Rule 5. Go to work at the usual hour.

"Take a copy of them," concluded Mr. Wynne, "and you will find that they are absolutely essential to any man who expects to resign frequently and still continue to rise in the world."

OUR NATIONAL DETECTIVE.

John E. Wilkie's Progress from Reporting Crime to Discovering It for the Government.

JOHN E. WILKIE, chief of the United States Secret Service since 1898, spent his early youth around newspaper offices, and gained his present position through the "nose for news" that a newspaper training gave him. His newspaper and telegraph experience developed his executive ability and endowed him with a knowledge of the world's sharp turns that have made him the successful head of the quietest but most far-reaching department in the government service. to 1877 he became a reporter on the Chicago *Times*. Three years later he was sent to London on the staff of the same paper. In 1881 he returned to Chicago for the *Tribune*, and was put to "doing the police" on a night assignment.

During the long hours of the "dog watch" he picked up a knowledge of telegraphy from two old operators who were then in the fire-alarm service of Chicago. That knowledge permitted him to make a "scoop" during the great car-works fire at Blue Island in 1883 that made his rivals wish that they too had learned the mystery of dots and dashes. It was one o'clock in the morning when the fire started, and Wilkie broke open a fire-alarm box, called James Fitzpatrick at headquarters (one of the men who had taught him telegraphy), and flashed the news over the fire-alarm-telegraph wire. Fitzpatrick rushed the copy to the Tribune office by messenger, and it caught the first edition.

Many times since then Mr. Wilkie has found telegraphy a valuable aid in his work, especially when on assignments that take him to out-of-the-way railroad stations. A thousand-word telegram is apt to paralyze the average rural telegrapher, and it is here that Mr. Wilkie is able to take up the thread and push his story to the distributing point ahead of his competitors. Since assuming charge of the secret service he has installed a private line between his office and home, and carries on telegraphic business after hours with great facility.

Appointment a Pleasant Surprise.

Wilkie was covering special Sunday assignments in Chicago when Lyman J. Gage, then Secretary of the

Treasury, without solicitation or application, selected him for chief of the secret service, where he has since remained. There are branches of the secret service connected with other departments of the government. The Post-Office Department has its own, so has the Department of Justice, and the Department of the Interior; but none of them compare in numbers, magnitude of work, or extensive ramifications with the Secret Service of the Treasury, which is considered the main body. In this department there is no room for stage-thunder, spectacular plays, or newspaper notoriety. The work is done silently and well.

While the secret service of the government sometimes strikes quickly and sharply, the case of a Pennsylvania cigar manufacturer, who attempted to defraud the government through bogus internal revenue stamps and was finally landed behind the bars, shows that it is also patient and can go slowly when necessary. Chief Wilkie and his men were pitted against a citizen of high business standing at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who possessed brains and money. He commenced his career of crime by floating great quantities of internal revenue stamps, the plates for which were made for him by two exceedingly skilful engravers in Philadelphia. So skilfully was their work performed that for a time the counterfeit was not detected.

Emboldened by this the conspirators began turning out notes of the denominations of one hundred dollars, fifty dollars, and twenty dollars, which did not arouse suspicion at the banks or even in the United States Treasury. Then they planned to go further. Their lines were all laid to float ten million dollars in counterfeit notes simultaneously in the leading cities of the country, when the watchfulness of the secret service nipped the scheme.

But the suspicious conspirators became alarmed before the net could be drawn in, and the plates were spirited away and buried. For fourteen months the sleuths trailed their quarry, watching them day and night, and patiently awaiting the moment when they could clap their hands down on the conspirators and evidence simultaneously. Finally, lulled to a sense of security through the apparent inactivity of the secret service, the criminals began operations again. Then the government sleuths, under Wilkie, swooped down upon them and landed the last one of them - including a former United States district attorney of Philadelphia - behind prison bars.

A PLOWBOY WHO CLIMBED.

Triumphant Course of Walter P. Phillips the Inventor of the Time and Labor Saving Code.

WALTER P. PHILLIPS, a Massachusetts plowboy on his father's farm, resolved, at the age of thirteen, that there were things to do out in the wide world that were more congenial and remunerative than following a plow. On one of the family's very infrequent visits to the village of Grafton young Walter had heard the click of a telegraph instrument. It mystified him, charmed him, and interested him. Then and there he resolved to become a telegrapher. He did it, and did it so thoroughly that he ranked with the best in his profession. Being of a progressive turn, he did not stop there.

Like many other telegraphers, he turned to journalism as offering greater scope for his abilities. He succeeded there as he had in telegraphy. Starting in a subordinate position and becoming managing editor of the Providence *Morning Herald*, he made his way up, inch by inch, until he became general manager of the greatest press organization of the day, rubbing elbows with Presidents, cabinet officers, senators, politicians, and editors from all parts of the United States and Europe, and finally bringing about a consolidation of the leading press associations under what is to-day the Associated Press of New York.

Through his wide acquaintance with newspaper people, proprietors and operatives, and his earlier training in the advertising field, he was selected, after his retirement from the management of the consolidated press companies, as the general advertising manager of a great phonograph company. This position requires a

shrewd mind and a wide knowledge of advertising to properly carry out the ends of that organization and obtain the proper position for its multitude of advertisements.

To telegraphers throughout the country Mr. Phillips is known as the writer of many terse and interesting telegraph tales under the pen name of "John Oakum," and as an inventor of the first rank. In 1879 it occurred to him that the system of spelling out every word that went over a telegraph wire was absurd. He set about compiling the "Phillips Code," in which are over four thousand abbreviations and combinations of words that make the telegrapher's life easier and permit the telegraph companies to almost double the capacity of their wires. The "Phillips Code" is in use to-day exclusively, all over the United States on press circuits and in message work, in railroad offices or in brokerage establishments - in fact, wherever the telegraph reaches. It is also used successfully for court reporting, the combinations covering, in some instances, five and six words very commonly used, of which "Potus," for "President of the United States," 'Scotus," for "Supreme Court of the United States," "Sow," for "Secretary of War" are fair samples.

The "Weiny-Phillips" repeater is a product of Mr. Phillips' inventive genius, aided by that of Roderick Weiny, and that instrument is considered almost indispensable by the big telegraph companies. What is perhaps his most important invention, however, is the Phillips Automatic System of Telegraphy, which was used successfully during the existence of the United Press, and which is now being perfected for use by one of the large commercial companies. By the Phillips Automatic more than two hundred words a minute may he transmitted over a single wire, whereas at present the most expert hand-sender is incapable of maintaining an average above fifty words.

Breaking the World's Record.

During his earlier telegraph experience Mr. Phillips performed a telegraph feat which stands to this day as a marvelous record. Before the advent of typewriters or "code" in telegraphy he had the reputation of being one of the best "receivers" of Morse in New England. To test his ability, it was arranged one night to have the swiftest "sender" in Boston man the wire on which Phillips was copying the telegraph news report at Providence. The Boston swift opened up as if his life depended on getting off the copy" in large lumps. After an hour's work the "sender" was fagged out, but not a sound had been heard from Providence. Every word had been accurately recorded, and a new world's record had been established without a "break" in the proceedings. There were two thousand seven hundred and thirty-one words in the hour's work, and even with the present era of speed marvels, aided by the typewriter and codification, that figure would stand as a fair average. Professor S. F. B. Morse recognized the achievement by presenting the young expert with a beautiful gold pencil and penholder, suitably inscribed.

In the organization and development of the system of handling press telegrams Mr. Phillips was given the distinction, as assistant general manager of the Associated Press in 1878, of introducing the idea of leasing wires from telegraph companies for the handling of news, under the control of the press organization. The wisdom and value of the experiment became instantly apparent, and from a small beginning - a wire from New York to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington - the leased wire system rapidly expanded, until now the press service requires connection, day and night, with every city and almost every hamlet in the United States. Old-timers look back to the time of the United Press under Mr. Phillips' management as the "good old days of the U. P.," when many of them had their first experience with a man of their own profession who had not developed an abnormal cranium through climbing up in the world and who could be depended on as a friend in need.

DEAN OF THE OPERATORS.

Orrin S. Wood, a Pupil of Samuel F. B. Morse and the Oldest Living Telegrapher.

ORRIN S. WOOD, the world's oldest telegrapher, whose entrance into the profession antedates by almost a year that of any other living operator, is still a hearty citizen of New York. Mr. Wood began his telegraph career at Washington, District of Columbia, in July, 1844. He was the first student of telegraphy on the first telegraph line ever erected. He remained with Professor Morse in the Washington office until March, 1845, when he came with the telegraph exhibit to New York. The next year he spent in building and operating telegraph lines in New York, opening the first telegraph offices at Syracuse, Auburn, Rochester, Buffalo, and Utica. The New York section of the New York, Albany and Buffalo Telegraph Company was not completed until the fall of 1846, when he went to New York and opened the first office there. This office was located in the Post Building, which was then on Exchange Place. He was identified with the telegraph throughout the century until 1866, when he settled at, Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island. Mr. Wood was a stockholder in Cyrus W. Field's first Atlantic Telegraph-Cable Company.

Professor Morse, in writing from Poughkeepsie, New York, to a brother of Mr. Wood, said:

"Your brother, Orrin S. Wood, was my first telegraph pupil after the first (the experimental) line was established between Washington and Baltimore. He will undoubtedly recollect my predictions at that time for him that, having accepted the enterprise at its very commencement and made himself thus early master of all that pertained to it, he would have an experience possessed by no other, which would enable him to command any position he might choose."

YERKES' RIGHT-HAND MAN.

Early Beginning of De Lancey H. Louderback, Builder of the London Tube for Yerkes.

DE LANCEY H. LOUDERBACK, son of a New York State Episcopal clergyman, ran errands and saved his pennies, nickels, and dimes until he had a capital of five dollars with which to go forth into a strange world. At odd times he had learned telegraphy at the little railroad office of the village where he was born, and at the age of fourteen made application to the superintendent of the New York Central Railroad for a position as operator. He was so diminutive that the old superintendent looked at him disapprovingly over his spectacles, and remarked severely: "Young boy, you should be at home with your mother."

"But I want to get out into the world and be a man, "replied the youthful applicant, and his earnest persistence won the heart of the gruff old superintendent, who gave him his first position as a telegraph operator at Batavia, New York, with the admonition: "And now remember, you must not sleep on duty; if you do, two trains will surely crash together, and you will be hung."

The emphasis on the "hung" gave young Louderback a chilling sensation along the backbone, but it impressed him with the necessity of being wide awake, and with thirty dollars a month as a stipend he bought books on electricity and whiled away the long hours of the night studying electrical problems the solving of which were to make him one of the most famous of railroad builders in later years.

Getting Into the Game.

Soon he had attained such proficiency that he was promoted to the place of train despatcher at Buffalo, and there he began laying plans for a wider field. Shortly afterward an opportunity was presented for the opening of independent telegraph offices in Philadelphia and Chicago on a commission basis. The enterprise was a pronounced success, and Louderback became a factor on the telegraphic checkerboard, which was just then being played to the limit. His ability to unerringly judge enterprises, and his unusually good memory and persistence, won the admiration of General Anson Stager, then general superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company. He was placed at the head of the Western Electric Company's sales department in 1876, and thence promoted to control of the Western Union factory in New York,

where he met H. McK. Twombly (a son-in-law of Mr. Vanderbilt), who was the leading spirit of the Western Union Telegraph Company and the telephone business in opposition to the Bell Company of Boston.

Through Louderback's diplomacy the warring officials of the two companies were brought together and their differences settled. As a reward, Louderback was presented with stock and franchises in various telephone enterprises, which netted him several hundred thousand dollars. Later he became identified with Charles T. Yerkes, after having built or reorganized several Western railroad lines. The Chicago Union Elevated loop was a feat of engineering which no one cared to attempt. It had, in addition to being a difficult hit of engineering, the opposition of many of Chicago's leading citizens. Yerkes and Louderback looked over the ground and decided they could build the loop, and they did. It was considered one of the best pieces of railroad work ever accomplished. During the building of the loop a watchman who had been discharged for inattention to duty and drunkenness approached Louderback's office with the avowed intention of killing him. The railroad builder's private secretary headed off the irate watchman and was expostulating with him when Louderback, who is a small man, appeared and asked the cause of the disturbance. Being informed as to the object of the watchman, who was a burly fellow, Louderback invited him into his private office and calmed him into perfect submission with a few words.

Mr. Louderback's latest enterprise was the building of the London tube, in conjunction with Charles T. Yerkes.

HOW MANY MAKE A TRAIN FULL?

Average of Nearly Two Hundred Passengers Per Train in India and Only Fifty in the United States.

THE average number of passengers in each railroad train in this country in 1904 was 50.25. This is a great increase since 1898, when the average was only thirty-nine, but it is still small in comparison with other countries. In Germany, for instance, in 1898 the average was seventy-one and in India it was one hundred and eighty-nine. Most American communities want as many and as fast trains as they can get, and make life miserable for the railroad officials if their demands are not complied with. But in Massachusetts, according to tile Boston *Herald,* folks rather resent changes in the time-tables. It is said that one town even objected to the railroad's proposal to put on more trains, on the ground that it would be too difficult to remember them all. The result is that there are trains running in and out of Boston at the same times and making the same stops that they did sixty years ago.

We Want and Will Pay For True Stories.

RAILROADING in all its phases is dramatic. It is full of thrilling and absorbing stories that compel interest; stories of the sort that everybody likes to read because they are true. There is hardly a railroad man in the United States, from the general manager to the humblest section-hand, who cannot unfold a story in which he himself has played a part; a story of danger and daring; a story of courage; a story of mystery, romance, or wonder.

It is these that the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE wants in its pages, and for which it is willing to pay. They need not be long, but they must be true and they must be interesting; from 1,000 to 3,000 words in length and containing names, dates, and places.

If you know any stories of this sort write them and send them to the editor of the "True Stories Series," RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, Flatiron Building, New York, enclosing stamps. If the stories are unavailable, it goes without saying that they will be returned; if available a check will be mailed to you immediately upon acceptance. Each story will he printed over the writer's signature.

You may never before have written for publication. No matter! Send your manuscripts, anyway; a true story writes itself.

HIS FRIEND THE OUTLAW.

BY JARED L. FULLER.

Lance Peckham Makes Friends With the Powers of Evil at Welch's Spur and Doesn't Forget It Afterward.

HALFWAY up the barren hillside, like an excrescence on the face of a giant, perched the sheet-iron shack, with a half-obliterated sign, "Welch's Spur," forever creaking from an arm above the narrow door. When Lance Peckham realized that there was no other human habitation for miles around, he was tempted to jump the next freight east.

He supposed Superintendent Murchison had done his best for him; at least so he had declared. But telegraph berths on this division of the N. and P. were not going begging and Peckham needed the work; he couldn't imagine anything ever happening at this God-forsaken place, however.

Passenger trains never stopped here; it was scarcely a "whistling station." Some of the through day freights took advantage of the siding to dodge faster trains, on the schedule of which they had trespassed, and then the operator might visit with his kind. Aside from these trainmen, a wandering sheep-herder, or a band of boisterous cowboys riding in from the range, were about all of humanity he foregathered with for the first two months of his stay at Welch's Spur. A track-inspector passed twice a day, but hailed him with the Grand Sign of the Weather and sped on; his was only a shouting acquaintance with the operator as he rode by on his hand-cycle.

Then one day a party of cow-punchers returning from a frolic at Little Cross, thirty miles away, showed that they had not ridden off the effects of the red liquor, by trying to pitch the station on end. Finding that they could not easily do this, and as the frightened tenderfoot inside the shack threatened them with a gun which he dared not use, they backed off to the distance of thirty yards and used the station as a target.

Had the telegrapher noticed in his fright, he would have seen that the half-drunken fellows fired high. He was really in no danger as long as he did not stand up, even if a bullet pierced the sheathing at some weak point. But of a sudden there was a fusillade from the hillside above, and two pinto ponies and one befuddled cow-puncher dropped to the red earth. This was earnest.

Peckham threw open the door of the shack and ran out as the cowboys turned tail. Approaching the station on the down trail was a man riding a big gray horse. He tipped a smoking gun into its scabbard as he saw Peckham. "That'll be about all, sonny," he said cheerfully. "Got 'em on the run, didn't I? Don't happen to have a pipeful of 'backy handy, do ye? Somehow, these dern cigarettes don't fit my mouth."

This was Lance Peckham's first meeting with Groggins, out-herder of the Bar Z ranch. The Bar Z boys and the crowd Groggins had scattered were not on friendly terms, he explained trouble over water privileges. Groggins often came that way and grew quite friendly with the telegrapher at Welch's Spur. In those days Peckham would have struck up an acquaintance with a Digger Indian, so lonely was he. From the cowboy Groggins had "creased" he learned later that the Bar Z man was new to that range and had been brought there by the owner because he was a "fighter." Groggins was a notable shot and altogether a bad man to tackle, but the telegrapher saw only the lamb-like side of his character. The only difference between him and the other herders seemed to be that he preferred a pipe to cigarettes.

The man had an ingratiating way with him which drew, in time, many confidences from the young

Easterner, although Lance often wondered why the herder was so uncommunicative himself. Groggins seemed to be interested in railroad matters, and the operator at Welch's Spur had all the enthusiasm of a newcomer for his business and was always ready to talk about the N. and P. system, and this division in particular. He had scratched up an acquaintance with several of the other operators along the line and knew pretty well what was going on.

Murchison was Peckham's beau-ideal of a railroad man; he was loud in his praises, despite the fact that the superintendent had planted him out on this side-hill and appeared to have forgotten him. Nevertheless, when a special with Murchison's Private car at its tail steamed into the siding at Welch's Spur early one evening to await the passing of the fast mail, Peckham determined to storm the citadel of the superintendent's car and ask for a transfer. It seemed a good chance to remind the super that he was alive! There was nothing likely to call him to his instrument at that hour and the train-crew were gathered in or about the engine-cab talking over some matter of general interest. Even the black porter who attended on Mr. Murchison was out of the way.

Peckham mounted boldly into the car, found the door to the main saloon open, and knocked lightly. The lamps had not been lit throughout the car, but there was one glowing globe hung above the superintendent's desk. Murchison looked over his shoulder impatiently.

"Well, what's wanted?" he asked.

"I - I beg your pardon, sir," stammered the young fellow. "Would you have a minute to spare before your train pulls out?"

"Who are you?" grunted Murchison, peering into the shadow.

"I'm the operator here at Welch's Spur."

"Ugh! Sit down there and wait a minute. I'll speak to you when I'm done with these."

The papers rustled again in the super's hands and he turned his back upon the diffident telegrapher. Peckham found a chair out of the way in the deeper shadow and sat down in silence. Several minutes passed. No sound came from the expected mail-train, and only the faint "breathing" of the engine's exhaust and the rustling of the papers broke the spell of the evening. Finally the superintendent threw down the documents and half-turned from his desk. He drew forth his watch impatiently - a big, nickel affair such as workmen carry, and still deep in thought began to twirl the crown of the stem-winder toward himself. It sounded like the clicking of a ratchet-bit, and the operator, sitting there in the darkness, wondered why the superintendent carried such a timepiece.

Suddenly there was a quick step on the platform of the car and a man entered with the swiftness of a shadow. He passed the telegrapher without suspecting his presence and came instantly to the superintendent's side. The latter uttered a faint ejaculation. The newcomer's back was toward Peckham, and Murchison's face was hidden from the telegrapher by the other's bulk. He could only hear them whispering sharply together.

In a moment, however, above the whispering, Lance Peckham heard the watch-stem crown being twirled between Murchison's thumb and finger again. "Odd he should carry a turnip like that. And why does he click it so? By thunder! That's as plain Morse as ever was!"

He started upright in the deep chair, but silently. The stranger still bent over the superintendent, whispering fiercely, his words hissing and low. The attitude of the man increased Peckham's amazement. The clicking of the watch-crown continued. The telegrapher rose silently but swiftly, stooping with ear strained to catch the clickety-click click.

It was made plain to him in a flash. Over and over the clicks spelled the same order in Morse, and that

order he knew was addressed to him:

"Lock the door."

Peckham was light on his feet and withal quick. He slammed the door, snapped the key in the lock, and placed his back against the portal, all, it seemed, in one forward rush. A gun cracked sharply, filling the car with pungent smoke, and the bullet plowed the doorframe beside Peckham's ear. There followed a crash of broken glass. The stranger had fired once at Peckham and then, seizing a light chair, had flung it through the plate-glass window beside the superintendent's desk. The next instant he followed the chair out upon the cinder-path between the spur track and the main line.

Murchison rose up with a hoarse shout, whirled to his desk, grabbed a gun from a drawer, and leaped to the window. There his weapon popped several times, but to no purpose. The figure running across the track was out of sight in a half-minute, and then the clatter of a horse's hoofs rose above the shouts of the train crew running to the rescue.

"That's Hardress - Bill Hardress," the superintendent explained. "I saw him at his trial at Musquepaw two years ago. I'd heard he was out again. Plucky, by Jove! Think of his trying to pull off a hold-up right in this car, with you fellows so near. The rascal knew I had money with me. He'd have got it, too, if you hadn't been here, young fellow," he added, nodding to the excited operator. "Too bad we didn't capture him between us.

Say! you can read Morse all right by ear. I'll remember you, young man," added the superintendent.

Just then the expected mail-train came along and the special pulled out. Peckham had been too excited to make his request for a transfer from his lonely assignment, and the weeks went by without his hearing from divisional headquarters regarding any change. But the young fellow was loyal to Murchison, Groggins passed a sneering remark one day regarding him.

"No pluck?" repeated the operator, up in arms for his idol. "I reckon you don't know him. Tell you, he showed it the night that road-agent tried to hold him up in his car here," and he went on to relate the story.

Groggins listened with plain interest, but with a lowering brow. He seemed surprised at the part Peckham had taken in the affair. "So you were the chap who butted in, heh? " he asked.

"How'd you hear about it? " demanded Peckham.

"Pshaw! the story's all over the range. If Murchison had been worth his salt with a gun, he'd had that hold-up gent before he could go through the window."

"Do you know that fellow - that Hardress?"

"I know what kidney he is, all right," growled Groggins. "It ain't likely Mr. Murchison has seen the last of him." And that was his final word on the subject.

It was a week or two later that a sheriff's posse stopped a moment at the shack of the telegrapher to pass the time of day. There had been a hold-up on the stage-road to Little Cross, and they were out beating the ranges for the bold highwayman who accomplished it. Peckham put two and two together and figured that the man was the same one who had tried to rob Superintendent Murchison - Bill Hardress. He told Groggins about it the next time he rode down to the shack.

"And those fellows say he rode on a gray horse, some bigger than these cow-ponies," the operator said to his friend. Then he added, with a laugh: "See that you have an alibi all ready, Groggins; they'll spot that critter of yours for the same one."

The herder laughed; but after that he rode a pony and Peckham did not see the gray again. Groggins evidently thought it too conspicuous.

It was about this time that the N. and P. decided to build its branch from Hackett's to Devil's Bluff, and construction trains and box-cars of Italian shovelers, herded like cattle, passed Welch's Spur from the east every day. Hackett's was a hundred miles beyond Peckham's lonely station, but the new work helped to liven the time for the operator, for it gave him new interests.

Groggins was sitting in the shack one day when Peckham picked off the wire that the pay-car for the two thousand diggers and other workmen would go over the division the next week with Murchison's car attached, the superintendent intending hereafter to make a monthly and exhaustive inspection of the work. The special would have right of way climbing the grade past the spur, and Peckham figured down almost to the minute when it would pass his shack, he had learned the schedule of the road so well. But there was a breakdown on the line below Welch's on the day set for the super's run, and the special was held up until late in the afternoon.

It was mid-evening before the line was cleared and the trains were sent on in their order. The heavy double-ender passenger trains rumbled by the shack at the Spur, and then Peckham learned that Murchison had decided to push through with the pay-car that evening. The special was marked from the nearest telegraph station, twenty miles down the line.

Peckham had just got this fact off the wire and was about to call up his next neighbor west to pass along the information when he was startled by the "swish" of a hair-rope, and before he could rise or touch the key the loop of a lariat dropped over his head and shoulders, pinioning his arms tightly to his body. The cast had been made from behind him and through the one window of the shack. Instantly a strong pull dragged him from the stool and laid him in a helpless heap against the partition under the window, the rope having been made taut outside. Struggle and shout as he might, he was as helpless as a trussed fowl. The only clear thought he had was that it was a time of all others when he should be free and master of the telegraph key.

There was no diagram needed with this incident; it was easy to understand. This was a hold-up - one of the real strenuous kind of which he had heard and which he had once seen attempted on the superintendent himself. Murchison had given him an example of quick-witted self-possession; what could he, Lance Peckham, do to thwart this attempt upon the pay-car which, barring accident, would steam past Welch's Spur in something like forty-five minutes?

The thought of doing aught to balk the proposed crime seemed utterly futile. After his captor fastened the lariat outside the window, having pulled the loop so taut that Peckham thought he was being cut in two, he strode into the shack.

Instead of "chaps" which the cowboys and riders wore, this fellow sported a pair of military riding boots, riding breeches, a frieze jacket, and - a patch of black cloth fastened over his face through holes in which his eyes glittered.

The single lamp over the telegraph table showed the operator these features of the robber's appearance. Then the latter picked up the ax and with a single blow demolished the telegraph instrument. A bunch of lanterns in the corner next received his attention, and finally an upward swing of the ax knocked the lamp out of its bracket and smashed it. Then without a word the man departed and left Peckham to darkness and to his thoughts.

The situation for the operator was desperate and, apparently, quite hopeless. Should he be able to get free, there wasn't a lantern left with which to signal the train and he could not communicate with operators either east or west by wire.

Meanwhile, what was the robber doing? Was he single-handed? Did he intend to attempt the hold-up of the

pay-car alone? Take a man like Groggins; he would have fought off and whipped a party of a dozen, while Lance Peckham, tenderfoot, had given in to one!

Suddenly, through the silence of the night (the low wind scarcely hummed through the tangle of telegraph wires above the station), Peckham heard the ring of metal against metal. He flung himself around with an agonizing wrench and gained a view of the switch through the doorway.

The signal-light showed him a figure at work with swinging ax on the mechanism of the switch. The light was set white, and the robber did not change it; but Peckham knew, while his heart throbbed with fear, that the man was setting a trap for the on-coming special.

The road past the station and for an eighth of a mile east and west was nearly level; the train, although surmounting the ridge, would gather speed here and swing in on the spur with considerable momentum. The engineer would be quite sure to see the danger before his pilot smashed into the buffer at the far end of the side track, but the train would be obliged to stop, and the robber evidently depended upon friends to help him loot the pay-car. He was merely preparing the way for the hold-up; his companions were keeping out of sight.

Lance Peckham writhed in his bonds until the pain almost deprived him of his senses. He wept and swore in a paroxysm of terror and despair. Could he do nothing to stop this crime? Finally he managed to raise himself to his knees, still hugged close against the partition by the tautness of the rope. Something gave a little and the terrible pressure upon his arms and body was slightly relieved. But when a hair rope is pulled tight, it is not an easy matter to loosen it.

It was lacking a few minutes only of the time for the train's expected passing, and he could plainly bear the engine's exhaust, when he had one arm free. He was out of the noose in a moment after that; yet he felt all but paralyzed because of the stagnated blood in his veins. He staggered to the door and looked out into the pitch-black night to behold a narrow band of light across his path. It was the gleam from the switch-lamp. If he stepped out of the shack he could be seen if the masked robber - or any of his friends were on the watch.

The thought of stopping a lead messenger with his own carcass made Peckham cringe. He was one of those unfortunate men who suffer from physical cowardice; the thought of pain and of bloodletting now sent him staggering and gasping to his knees. The narrow window would not permit of the exit of his body, and he positively could not cross that band of light which guarded the door. If he tried it, he knew that an unerring bullet would find some vital spot in his body!

And then, if he ventured out of the safety of the shack, if he ran that great personal risk, what good could he accomplish? A man might be encouraged to perform an heroic act if he could be sure of succeeding in thwarting evil.

But this was so hopeless! The night was dark, and he hadn't a lantern or a lamp. If he leaped to the track and ran east to stop the special, how could he make the engineer see him?

For a minute or two it seemed to Peckham that any man who would do otherwise than crouch on the floor of the shack and save his own precious hide would he an unmitigated ass! Suddenly, borne to his ears on the night-wind, came the mournful "hoo-hoo-hoo!" of the engine-whistle, like a cry in the night! It was almost human, that sound, like a fellow being calling for his aid.

"Good Lord!" groaned the operator. "I've got to do something."

He fumbled around the shack on all fours, but every lantern had been smashed. He only succeeded in cutting his hand. At last he found the oil-can and the next moment was scared almost breathless by having his cot-bed, which had stood upright against the wall, fall upon him. Exultation followed fear. Corded to the cot was a mattress of straw or excelsior; he dragged out his knife and quickly ripped this sack from the

framework of the cot. Then he slashed open the sack itself and knocking out the stopper of the oil-can, turned its contents into the inflammable material with which the sack was stuffed. Then he dragged it to the doorway.

Again that bar of light balked him. How could he pass it without receiving a handful of lead pellets where they wouldn't do him a bit of good? A man is frequently first stunned by the approach of peril, and then stimulated. Peckham's mind had reached the second stage. Instantly he stood the narrow mattress up beside the doorway where its edge might be seen. It was the height of a man. As though it were himself hesitating a moment before venturing forth, the operator held the mattress poised for a second or two; then he thrust it forward.

"Pop! pop!" Two shots in quick succession; both made the mattress jump. Peckham let it fall forward across the narrow platform, and in the half light the mattress had the appearance of a falling man. Without waiting for the enemy to recover from any surprise he might feel, and for the sake of drowning his own fright in action, Peckham, still crouching close to the platform, darted through the door and across the bar of lamplight. Another shot was fired but it was a second too late and rang upon the sheet iron. Grabbing the oil-soaked mattress with one hand, the operator leaped away along the track toward the approaching train.

The headlight was not yet in view, luckily for him. The darkness was all that saved him, for shot after shot followed him as he ran. At last, when he felt the breath of a bullet parting his hair, he knew that he was on the verge of panic again. He dropped the mattress and crouched above it an instant with his back to the enemy. The sound of voices and running men came from behind, but he drew the match across the metal box he carried and dropped it into the nest of oil-saturated fuel.

Then he leaped away like lightning, but the flame shot up so quickly that one of his pursuers marked him out, and Peckham felt a burning sensation through the fleshy part of his left arm as he ran on in the darkness. But in the middle of the track the mattress burned more and more brightly, as the headlight of the special's locomotive suddenly shot into view. Somebody sprang upon the mattress and tried to stamp the fire out, but it was too late, and the robber leaped back again with a yell.

The column of flame brought the light train to a stop. Evidently the robbers were not prepared to make their raid, for they scattered in the darkness, and Peckham limped up to the group of surprised men on the platform of Murchison's car, the blood dripping from the fingers of his wounded arm. Then he told his story. The group armed themselves, warned the men in the pay-car, and sallied forward to look the spur track over. It was as Peckham believed; the switch had been set to side-track the train, although the signal was still white, and placed along the spur track were three capped dynamite bombs!

Somebody bound up Peckham's arm and he was taken along in the super's car. "As your instrument's smashed, there's nothing much you can do here till the repairs are made," Murchison said. "Besides, I'd darned near forgotten you. You seem determined to be mixed up in these hold-up jobs. I don't suppose this fellow you saw was Bill Hardress, was he?"

"Why, I didn't see him close enough before to tell what he looked like."

"That's so. And he didn't see you, of course. Otherwise, if it happened to be Bill who tried to pull off the little seance to-night, he wouldn't have bothered to tie you up. He'd have plugged you for old times' sake."

Peckham thought this very probable until, picking up the paper a week or two later while sitting before his idle key in a much pleasanter station than Welch's Spur, he saw that Bill Hardress had been arrested by the sheriff, and the progressive news-sheet had secured a picture of the bandit. " Groggins, of the Bar Z ranch, so help me Bob! " muttered Peckham.

When they came to him to go into court and identify the robber, as the man who led the hold-up gang at Welch's Spur, Peckham refused to commit himself.

"I couldn't see his face," he said, in excuse. "And, anyway, even if he did play me for a sucker, and get a lot of information out of me, he certainly was company when I'd have died of loneliness. And he held his hand when he might have been expected to knock me over; why shouldn't I hold mine?"

BALLASTED WITH GOLD.

A Railroad Whose Road-bed is Worth Nine Thousand Dollars to the Mile - Most Valuable in the World.

A GOLD-BALLASTED road-bed is the latest addition to railroad luxury. On the Belen cut-off of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, in Mexico, two hundred and seventy miles have been ballasted with gold ore which assays have shown to contain about two dollars to the ton in gold. This is not enough to make it pay to mine for the metal, but the gold is there, nevertheless, and it makes this ballast worth two million four hundred and thirty thousand dollars - the most valuable road-bed anywhere in the world.

A Few Facts in Flight.

BY GERALD WARREN.

**Do You Know What the Stripes on a Conductor's Sleeves Mean,
What Your Exact Rights Are as a Passenger,
Whether You Make Better Time Traveling West or East,
or How One Train Signals to Another? -
All This Is Explained in This Article.**

"Go ahead!" your conductor signals with his right hand, raising and lowering it vertically. "All right! " your engineer responds by blowing two short blasts on his steam or air whistle.

Now you, the passenger, are in flight; and of that flight, these are some of the facts:

"Tickets, please!" cries the conductor; if you have left your commutation-ticket at home, give your name and address and, nine times in ten, you will have no further trouble. At any rate, you will not be put off, for the rule is: "Better carry a deadhead occasionally than put him off the train by force."

Your conductor is presumed to be a man of tact. He must adjust quarrels without losing his own temper; if you are taken ill on the train he is supposed to telegraph ahead for a physician if you ask him to. He may wear four or five gold lace or cloth stripes on his sleeve, like a Spanish major-general. This means that he has been twenty or twenty-five years with the railroad company, each stripe representing five years of service. When he gets six, if he is over sixty-five years old, he may be retired with a pension from the company - he has served for thirty years or more. Meantime his average wage is three dollars and seventeen cents a day.

Your conductor wears on his coat-lapel or cap the insignia of the road - a kind of railroad heraldry. On the Pennsylvania Road, for example, the symbol is a red keystone, indicative of the nickname of the State. On the Louisville and Nashville the insignia is "L. & N.," in white letters on a red background crossed with black bars. The Western and Atlantic has the same sort of badge, and on the bars, up to a few years ago, were the first notes of the song, "Hold the Fort," - the message sent by Sherman when he was marching from Atlanta to Chattanooga.

Steel Armor for the Cars.

Are you riding in a day-coach? It cost in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars and weighs about sixty thousand pounds - though there are coaches in use that weigh no more than forty thousand. To your eye, the coach seems all wood. Hidden in that wooden shell, however, is a shell of steel three-quarters of an inch thick and reaching to the top of the car. Every car on a first-class road is thus reenforced with steel. Moreover, the angles of the corners and the doors are protected by steel strips, some of them an inch thick. Of steel, too, are the car's girders.

You are riding, then, in a fortified, half-armored vehicle. To adjust that vehicle on its "trucks" and over its springs, marvels of the steel-workers' art, called for thc nicest calculation when your car was constructed.

The cord that runs through the car over your head is attached to the locomotive whistle - not to the bell, as in the old days when passengers spoke correctly of the "bell cord." Under no circumstances may you pull

that cord. It is exclusively for the use of the conductor or trainmen in signaling the engineer.

The passenger who pulls it renders himself liable to fine and imprisonment, just as if he had experimented with the "emergency" brake, that sacred contrivance which means safety for passengers when operated by a trainman, and five hundred dollars fine and a year in prison when handled by any one else.

Strange Byways of the Law.

Your exact rights as a railroad passenger are difficult to define, for the law moves in mysterious ways when applied to railroads. If you slip on ice on the station platform, you can recover damages for your injuries. But if you walk on the track and are killed by a train, your heirs who bring suit against the road may be asked the famous question of a British judge:

"Is there anything to show that the train ran over the man, rather than that the man ran against the train?"

If, in trying to board a train when it is in motion, you are injured, or if you get off that train before it stops and are hurt, you cannot recover a penny damages. If you leave your baggage in care of a porter and then go forth to play billiards and return to find your baggage lost, the company is not liable; but if you entrust your baggage to a porter while you go to purchase your ticket, and the baggage is then lost, the company must make good.

To put your bag or parcel on a seat in a train, hoping thereby to retain that seat while you do errands in the station, does not entitle you to that seat. Any passenger may remove your bag or parcel and take the seat, because the company does not contract to give you any one particular seat, but merely a seat.

Rails and a Running Drink.

But now, as you rush along, count, watch in hand, the clicks as the train rolls from one rail onto the next. If you count 176 clicks in a minute, you are going at the rate of sixty miles an hour. For there are 176 rails in a mile, each rail being thirty feet long.

These rails are six inches high. The standard weight is 100 pounds to a yard, and they are almost invariably of steel - for of the grand total of 297,073 miles of tracks of all kinds in the country, only 11,090 have iron rails. The remainder are equipped with Bessemer steel, the metal which supplanted the steel-headed rail (steel top and wrought iron base), which was too expensive for general use.

Between the rails, especially if you travel in the East, there is probably a water-trough, or track tank, about every thirty miles, for your engine must drink while it runs. So, slowing down, it secures sufficient water by dropping into the tank a scoop, or funnel, into which the water rushes and is forced by the motion of the train into the tender tanks.

The long troughs are fed from neighboring sources by pumps. Is it winter? If so, the water is kept from freezing by jets of steam forced in under the surface from pipes along the tank's side, the steam being generated in the adjacent pump-house.

There are four or five of these tanks in each railroad division, and thus is secured the one thousand eight hundred gallons of water which are evaporated in the ordinary locomotive in each division. A division is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles long. For example, there are three between New York and Buffalo - from New York to Albany; from there to Syracuse; and from there to Buffalo.

Section Foreman Always on Duty.

Suddenly your engineer gives one long blast on his whistle-the signal that your train is approaching a station. You are at the end of a division. Here is a roundhouse into which your engine is run to be "rubbed

down" and to await the down train of the same class.

The division you have just traversed is in charge of a division superintendent. Under him are several road-masters, who in turn preside over many section foremen in charge of maintenance-of-way gangs at work on the sections of the division. These sections are of various lengths, from four or five miles where traffic is heavy to twenty or thirty or more where it is light, as on the "long hauls" of the Southern Pacific in Texas. Each foreman of a section has his home bordering on the track somewhere within his section, and is, in theory, always on duty.

Now, a new engine is automatically coupled to your train - you are again in flight. You speed over bridges and notice that the steel supports of some of them are being replaced with stone arches. It is not because the steel supports are wearing out, but because stone is safer. Floods may twist steel, but they can rarely budge solid masonry.

The Disappearing "Hot Box."

The car in which you are runs on twelve wheels. These wheels may possibly be made of paper - a few railway-coaches in this country are thus equipped. More probably, however, they have iron "cores" and steel tires, and were made by Krupp in Germany.

They may be smaller than they were a year ago. Usually, after each wheel has run some 75,000 miles, it is taken off the car, put in a lathe and its circumference reduced. This, of course, is to do away with any slight flat or rough faces caused by the wear. And how diminutive these car-wheels look in comparison with the driving-wheels of your locomotive, which are eighty inches in diameter, or a foot higher than the average man!

What the public knows as "hot boxes" used to be a frequent cause of delay in railroad travel. The brass boxes, or "journals" of the train of to-day, however, are covered on their bearing, or friction, surfaces with a coat of composition metal that is not soluble under great heat, and which, therefore, rarely expands - the cause of the friction which creates "hot boxes."

Clean Rails for Quick Time.

If you are in a Pullman, your car cost from $12,000 to $18,000 or even $20,000. And your train is vestibuled, not merely for comfort, but also to lessen resistance to head winds. A vestibule train is a solid wedge, as it were, and thus one obstacle to speed, resistance, is partly overcome.

Your train runs into a fog or mist. It slows up now necessarily, for the rails are coated with a slime that is a hindrance to very high speed. Blowing snow has the same effect. It packs in between the flange and the rail, increasing friction and retarding progress. On the other hand, run into a rain-storm and your train "makes up" time, the reason being that a hard rain washes the rails clean and is, therefore, an aid to speed.

If your train is going from west to east, it is making better time - infinitesimally better, be it said - than if it is going from east to west. For calculators in mathematics-extraordinary say that the west-to-east train has the advantage of the motion of the earth.

Signals You Can Hear.

As you fly over the rail, two explosions in quick succession are heard. Your train has struck two torpedoes, "audible signals," and the engineer slows up. If a third torpedo explodes, the engineer proceeds with extreme caution, for aside from what he reads in the "block" signals he knows that there is danger within a mile. Then the train stops, and five short blasts of the whistle send the flag-man back on the track. This is what has happened: The train in front of yours has stopped for some reason at an unusual place between

stations. A train-man hurried back over the tracks for at least three-quarters of a mile and placed a torpedo on the track. Then he continued for another mile and placed two torpedoes on the track.

These were the two that your train struck first and then, a mile farther on, the single torpedo exploded. Now, if the trainman had been signalled to return to his train before yours came along, he would have left his two torpedoes on the track, but would have picked up the one nearest his train. If your train had then struck only the two torpedoes, and not the third, your engineer would have gone on his way, knowing that all was well.

Had all this happened at night, the trainman would, in addition to the torpedoes, have lighted red fuses which burn exactly ten minutes. Then your engineer, coming upon one of these fuses, would have known that a train was ahead of him and would not have proceeded until the first light had burned out.

But now your engineer blows four long blasts on his whistle - the signal calling in the flagman who was "sent back" by your train (all this in addition to the signals of the wondrous block system), and once more you rush on your way.

The Tireless Iron Horse.

During that delay, however, you got off the train and walked forward to look at your locomotive, perchance to gossip with your engineer. This is what you learned:

It is an ordinary engine of the Mastodon type. It weighs as much as two or three day coaches - 120,000 pounds. Engines on the great flyers weigh as much as 175,000 pounds, and some freight locomotives 300,000 pounds. This engine cost about $20,000, more than a fine private car. On the passenger service it is supposed to run an average of 8,500 miles a month. It develops a capacity of over 1,000 horse-power; but there are freight engines of over 2,500 horse-power. Its length is 64 feet without the tender. It could pull this train the 400 miles from New York to Buffalo were it not for its limited coal capacity.

There is no time to re-coal, so a new engine is put on at the end of each division. That is why your train will be pulled by about twenty different locomotives in crossing the continent.

In Maine or Texas or Oregon, on a four-track trunk line or a one-track branch, most of these facts are quite the same.

FIRED FOR HAVING A GOOD IDEA.

A Suggestion That Earned a Discharge From One Manager and a Job From His Successor.

SOMETIMES it pays to make good suggestions and sometimes it doesn't. It all depends on the man to whom they are made. This is well illustrated by an anecdote in the Saturday Evening Post:

A. was a surveyor, and at twenty-two joined the force of B., who was chief engineer of the Western lines of the great X-Y Railway System. A. at first gained valuable experience in the field, then was placed in the office at headquarters as draftsman.

A branch line had been surveyed across the mountains; it was called the Selkirk extension, and A. had made the drawings. One day B. came to him and said:

"You take sufficient men, go out to Selkirk Mountain section, and verify the profiles."

A. performed the work without a hitch, but while at Mount Selkirk had made a discovery. B. was a haughty man, and A. hesitated to mention the matter. But, on making his report, he gathered his courage, and said:

"I would like to offer a suggestion concerning the grade around Mount Selkirk."

B. nodded sternly, and A. proceeded:

"The grade there is steep, and two miles of track are exposed to snowslides. Why not tunnel the mountain?"

B. glared at the young man in silence. The next day A. received an envelope and his discharge. He promptly found work with a bridge company, but could not forget Selkirk Mountain. A month later he learned that B. had been transferred to the Eastern lines.

When, the same week, the general manager of the X-Y arrived, A. went to headquarters and asked for an audience with the great man. He made two efforts and failed, the manager was busy. Then A. penned a line on his card and sent it in. The line read: "I have a plan whereby the X-Y can save a million dollars." He was admitted, and the manager said:

"Well, who are you? What is it?"

A. lost no time and produced a drawing. "I am no financier, but I am familiar with the survey on the Selkirk extension, and -"

"Are you employed by the company?"

"No, sir, but I lost my job because I proposed that a tunnel be driven through Selkirk Mountain. Here are the grades, two miles of useless track to be buried in snow all winter. Now, since Mr. B. has gone, I dared to call your attention to the proposition. I want to work for your company."

A. was put through a half-hour's strenuous cross-examination, and at its close the manager turned to his desk to write an order. When A. left the office he carried with him the desired appointment, and since has advanced to the office of chief engineer of the X-Y System.

Some of the Good Things Scheduled.

The *Railroad Man's Magazine* will set a pace in human interest that will come pretty near to being the world's record for all time. The fuel with which the boilers will be kept hot has been gathered from round the world; from across the continent; from mountain pass; from valley and river; from rolling prairie and desert sand; from the forests through which the road-builders have fought their way; from the high crests of the Rockies when the iron horse has left its imperishable trail.

The great big historical story of how the continent has been cleared is an epic too boundless for one generation to absorb; but the separate tales of individual heroism, of achievement, of adventure and unending struggle; the conflict against human and natural forces and the long war with the train robbers in which brave messengers fought hand to hand with desperados in the smoke of six-shooters in many a successful defense of the strong box and the express - all make links in the chain of events which will appear in the pages of this magazine.

There will be true stories so graphically told that fiction will become insipid in comparison. No story that of itself is worth getting hold of for the thrilling interest it contains will be left out of the columns of the *Railroad Man's Magazine*. The frontier has been ransacked; old memories have been recalled; closed lips have been unsealed, and the tales that shall be unfolded will be wonder-laden narratives to make the blood run faster and the heart beat stronger. All this and something more. - The Editor.