

## An Old Engineer's Story.

BY JOHN A. HILL.

In the summer, fall and early winter of 1883, I was losing chips into an old Hinkley inside up in New England for an engineer by the name of James Dillon. Dillon was considered as good a man as was kind on the road; careful, yet fearless; kind-hearted, yet impulsive; a man whose friends would fight for him and whose enemies hated him right royally.

Dillon took a great notion to me and I loved him as a father; the fact of the matter is he was more of a father to me than I had at home for my father refused to be comforted when I took to railroading, and I could not see him more than two or three times a year at the most—so when I wanted advice I went to Jim.

I was a young fellow then, and being without a home at either end of the run, was likely to drop into pitfalls. Dillon saw this long before I did. Before I had been with him three months he told me one day, coming in, that it was against his principles for me to teach locomotive running to a young man who was likely to turn out a drunkard or gambler and disgrace the profession, and he added that I had better pack up my duds and come up to his house and let "mother" take care of me—and I went.

I was not a guest there; I paid my room rent and board just as I should have done anywhere else, but I had all the comforts of a home, and enjoyed a thousand advantages that money could not buy. I told Mrs. Dillon all my troubles, and found kindly sympathy and advice; she encouraged me in all my ambitions, mended my shirts and went with me when I bought my clothes. Inside of a month I felt like one of the family, called Mrs. Dillon "mother" and blessed my lucky stars that I had found them.

Dillon had run a good many years and was heartily tired of it, and he seldom passed a nice farm that he did not call my attention to it, saying: "Jack, now there's comfort; you just wait a couple of years—I've got my eye on the slickest little place just on the edge of M— that I am saving up my pile to buy. I'll give you the Roger William one of these days, say good evening to grief, and me and mother will take comfort. Think of sleeping till 8 o'clock—and no poor steamers. Jack, no poor steamers! Mother would reach over and give my head a gentle duck as I tried to pitch a curve to a front corner with a knot; those Hinkleys were powerful on cold water.

In Dillon's household there was a "system" of it, that I am saving up my pile to buy. I'll give you the Roger William one of these days, say good evening to grief, and me and mother will take comfort. Think of sleeping till 8 o'clock—and no poor steamers. Jack, no poor steamers! Mother would reach over and give my head a gentle duck as I tried to pitch a curve to a front corner with a knot; those Hinkleys were powerful on cold water.

Dillon told me that they had agreed on the financial plan followed in the family before their marriage, and he used to say that for the life of him he could not see how "mother" got along so well on the allowance. When he drew a small month's pay he would say to me, as we walked home, "No cream in the coffee this month, Jack." If it were unusually large he would say: "Plum duff and fried chicken on Sunday dinner." He insisted that he could detect the rate of his pay in his food, but this was not true—it was his kind of fun. "Mother" and I were fast friends. She became my banker, and when I wanted an extra dollar, I had to ask her for it and tell what I wanted it for.

Along late in November Jim had to make an extra one night on another engine, which left me at home alone with "mother" and the baby. When he came back he was a different man; he was to be both deaf, dumb and blind, "mother" told me a secret. For ten years she had been saving money out of her allowance, until the amount now reached nearly \$2,000. She knew of Jim's life ambition to own a farm, and she had the matter in hand. If I would help her. Of course I was head over heels into the scheme at once. She wanted to buy the farm near M— and give Jim the deed for a Christmas present; and Jim mustn't even suspect.

2-Star Story.

Jim never did.

The next trip I had to buy some underclothes; would "mother" tell me how to pick out the wool? Why, bless your heart, no, she wouldn't, but she'd just put on her things and go with me. Jim smoked and read at home.

We went straight to the bank where Jim kept his money, asked for the president and let him into the whole plan. Would he take \$2,000 out of Jim's money, unknown to Jim, and pay the balance of the price of the farm over what "mother" had? No, he would not but he would advance the money for the purpose—have his deeds sent to him, and he would pay the price—that was fixed.

Then I hatched up an excuse and changed off with the fireman on the M— branch, and spent the best part of two lay-overs fixing up things with the owner of the farm and arranging to hold back the recording of the deeds until after Christmas. Every evening there was some part of the project to be talked over, and "mother" and I held many whispered conversations. Once Jim, smiling, observed that, if I hand any hair on my face, he would be jealous.

I remember that it was on December 14, 1883, that pay-day came. I banked my money with "mother," and Jim, as usual, counted out his half to that dear old father.

"Uncle Sam's better put that 'un in the hospital," observed Jim, as he came to a ragged ten-dollar bill. "Goddess of Liberty pretty near got her throat cut there; guess some reb has had hold of her," he continued, as he held up the bill. Then laying it down he took out his pocketbook and cut off a little three-cornered strip of pink cotton-blest and made repairs on the bill.

"Mother" pocketed her money greedily, and before an hour I had that very bill in my pocket to pay the recording fees in that court house at M—.

The next day Jim wanted to use

more money than he had in his pocket, and asked me to lend him a dollar. As I looked at the bill he showed me, I patched bill showed up. Jim put his finger on it, and then turning me round toward him, he said: "How came you by that?"

"I turned and I know I did—but I said, cool enough, 'Mother' gave it to me in change."

"That's a lie," he said, and turned away.

The next day we were more than two-thirds of the way home before he spoke; then, as I straightened up after a fire, he said: "John Alexander, when you get in, you go to Aleck (the foreman and get changed to some other engine."

There was a queer look in his face; it was not anger; it was not sorrow—it was more like pain. I looked at the man straight in the eye, and said: "All right, Jim; it shall be as you say—but, so help me God I don't know what it is that's wrong with me. I have done this in the wrong way, but I will not make the same mistake with the next man I fire for."

He looked away from me, reached over and started the pump, and said: "No, sir; I have not the slightest idea."

"Then you stay, and I'll change," said he, with a determined look, and leaped out of the window, and said no more all the way in.

I did not go home that day. I cleaned the "Roger William" from the top of the mountain stack of sheet-iron known as a wood-burner stack to the back castings on the tank, and tried to think what I had done wrong, or did not do at all, to incur such displeasure from Dillon. He was in bed when I went to the house that evening and I did not see him until breakfast.

He was in his usual spirits there, but long he did not speak to me. He noticed the extra cleaning and carefully avoided furnishing any of the cab fittings; but that awful quiet! I hardly bear it, and was half sick at the thought. I thought that I could not understand the cause of which I could not understand. I thought that if the patched bill had anything to do with it, Christmas morning would clear it up.

On return trip was the night express, leaving the terminus at 9:30. As usual, that night I got the engine out, switched out the cars and took the train to the station, trimmed my signals and head light and was all ready for the trip. At 9:10 I sent to the house and no Jim. At 9:15 I sent to the boarding-house. He had not been there. He did not come at leaving time—he did not come at all. At 10 o'clock the conductor sent to me to engineer the train for another engine, and I came, with orders for John Alexander to run the "Roger William" until further orders—I never fired a locomotive again.

I went over that road the saddest hearted man that ever made a maiden trip. I hoped that there would be some tidings of Jim at home—there were none. I can never forget the blow it was to "mother"; how she braced up and went to her room, and with it the daughter, and then there were two first-day of one—the boy was frantic the first day, and playing marbles the rest.

Christmas day there came a letter. It was from Jim—brief and cold enough—but it was such a comfort to "mother." It was directed to Mary J. Dillon and bore the New York postmark. I read it.

"Uncle Sam is in need of men, and those who lose with Venus will win with Mars. Inclosed papers you will know best what to do with. Be a mother to the children—you have three of them. JAMES DILLON."

He underscored the three—he was a mystery to me. Poor "mother" declared that no doubt "poor James" head was affected. The papers with the letter were a will, leaving her all, and a deed of attorney, allowing her to dispose of or use the money in the bank. Not a line of endearment or love for that faithful heart that lived on love and cared for little else.

Christmas was a day of fasting and prayer for us. Many letters were printed, but we never got a word from James Dillon, and Uncle Sam's army was too big to hunt in. We were over the family; quieter and more tender to one another's feelings, but changed.

In the fall of '84, they changed the run around and I was booked to run into M—. Ed, the boy, was firing for me. There was no reason why mother should stay in Boston, and she moved out to the little farm. That daughter, who was a second "mother" all over, used to come down to meet us at the station with the horse and I fully avoided furnishing any of the dumb.

Along in May, '85, "mother" got a package from Washington. It contained a hint of herself; a card with a hole in it (made evidently by having been forced over a button), on which was her name and the old address in town; then there was a ring and a saber, and on the blade of the saber James Dillon for bravery on the field of battle. At the bottom of the parcel was a note in a strange hand, saying simply, "Found on the body of Lieutenant Dillon after the Battle of Five Forks."

Poor "mother"! Her heart was wrung again and again the scalding tears fell. She never told her sufferings, and no one ever knew what she bore. Her face was a little whiter—that was all. I am not a bit superstitious—don't believe in signs, or presentiments or pre-nodings—but when I went to get my pay on December 14, 1885, it gave me a little glimpse of the future. I was bearing the chrono of the Goddess of Liberty with the little three-cornered piece of court-plaster that Dillon had put on her wrist. I got rid of it at once, and said nothing to "mother" about it; but I kept thinking of it and seeing it all the next day and night.

On the night of the 15th I was oiling around my Black Maria to take out a local leaving our western terminus just after dark, when a tall, slim old gentleman stepped up to me and asked if I was the engineer. I don't suppose I looked like the president. I confessed, and held up my torch, so I could see his face—a pretty tough looking face. The white mustache was one of that military kind, reinforced with whisk-

ers on the right and left flank of the mustache proper. He wore glasses, and one of the lights was crushed in, and a red scar extended across the eye and cheek; the scar looked blue around the red line because of the cold.

"I used to be an engineer before the war," said he. "Do you go to Boston?"

"No, to M—."

"M—! I thought that was on a branch."

"It is, but is now an important manufacturing point, with regular trains from there to each end of the main line."

"When can I get to Boston?"

"Not till Monday now; we run no through Sunday trains. You can go to M— with me tonight, and catch a local to Boston in the morning."

He thought a minute, and then said, "Well, yes; guess I had better. How is it for a ride?"

"Good; just tell the conductor that I told you to come on."

"Thanks; that's clever. I used to know a soldier who used to run up in this country," said the stranger, musing. "Dillon; that's it, Dillon."

"Dillon; that's it, Dillon."

"I know him well," said I. "I want to hear about him."

"Queer man," said he, and I noticed he was eying me pretty sharp.

"A good engineer."

"Perhaps," said he.

I pointed the old veteran to ride on the engine—the first coal-burner I had had. He seemed more than glad to comply. Ed was as black as a negro and swearing about coal-burners in general and this one in particular, and made so much noise with his fire-iron after we started that the old man came over and sat behind me, as to be able to talk.

The first time I looked around after getting out of the yard, I noticed his long, slim hand on the top of the reverse lever. Did you ever notice how it seems to make an ex-engineer feel better and more satisfied to get his hand on a reverse lever and feel the life throbs of the great engine under him? Why, his hand goes there by instinct—just as an ambulance surgeon will feel for the heart of the boy with a broken leg.

I asked the stranger to "give her a whirl," and noticed with what eagerness he took hold of her. I also observed with surprise that he seemed to know all about "four-mile-hill," where most new men got stuck. He caught me looking at his face, and touching the scar remarked: "A little love pat, with the compliments of Wade Hampton's men."

We talked on for some time, and got pretty well acquainted before we reached the division, but at last we seemed talked out.

"Where does Dillon's folks live now?" asked the stranger, slowly, after a time.

"M—," said I.

He nearly jumped out of the box. "M—? I thought it was Boston!"

"Moved to M—."

"What for?"

"Ow! a farm there."

"Oh, I see; married again?"

"No."

"Widow thought too much of Jim for that?"

"Yes."

"Er—what became of the young man that they—er—adopted?"

"Lives with 'em yet."

"So?"

Just then we struck the suburbs of M—, and, as we passed, the cemetery I pointed to a high shaft and said: "Dillon's monument."

"Why, how's that?"

"Killed at Five Forks. Widow put up his monument."

He shaded his eyes with his hand and peered through the moonlight for a minute.

"That's clever," was all he said.

I insisted that he go home with me. Ed took the Black Maria to the house and we took the train for M— at the end of the line and then walked. As we cleaned our feet at the door I said: "Let me see, I did not hear your name."

"James," said he, "Mr. James."

I opened the door and he came in and ushered the stranger.

"Well, boys," said "mother," slowly getting up from before the fire and hurriedly taking a few extra stitches in her knitting before laying it down to look at us, "come early."

She looked up, but not at the stranger, as he took off his slouched hat and brushed away the white hair. In another minute her arms were around his neck and she was murmuring "James" in his ear, and I, a dumb fool, wondered who told her his name.

"Well, to make a long story short, it was James Dillon himself, and the daughter came in and Ed, came, and between the three they nearly smothered the old man."

You may think it funny he didn't know me, but don't forget that I had been running for three years—that takes the fresh off a fellow; then when I had typhoid my hair laid off and was never replaced, and when I got well the whiskers—that had always refused to grow—came on with a rush and they were red. And again, I had tried to switch with an old hook-moon in the night and forget to take out the starting bar and got stuck at me, knocking out some teeth; and taking it altogether I was a changed man.

"Where's John?" he said finally.

"Here," said I.

"No," he said.

"Yes."

He took my hand and said, "John, I left all that was dear to me once because I was jealous of you. I never knew how you came to have that money or why, and don't want to. Forgive me."

"That is the first time I ever heard of that," said mother.

"I had it to buy this farm for you—a Christmas present—if you had waited."

"That is the first time I ever heard of that," said he.

"And you might have been shot," said mother, getting up close.

"I tried my damndest to be. That's why I got promoted so fast."

"Oh, James!" and her arms went around his neck again.

"And I sent that saber home myself, never intending to come back."

"Oh, James, how could you?"

"Mother, how can you forgive me?"

Mother was still for a minute, looking at the fire in the grate. "James, it is late in life to apply such tests, but love is like gold; ours will be better now—the dress has been burned away in the fire. I did what I did for love of you and you did what you did for love of me; let us all commence to live again in the old way," and those arms of hers could not keep away from his neck.

Ed went out with tears in his eyes

and I beckoned the daughter to follow me. We passed into the parlor, drew the curtain over the doorway—and there was nothing but that rag between us and heaven.

## DEAD CITIES.

Many American Towns, Once Populous, Are Now Abandoned.

(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

Not in the old world alone is to be found the "silent Amyclae" over which Virgil's two words have kept scholars puzzling for nearly 2,000 years. In this United States, which we are wont to think so new, there are scores of "dead cities." Nor are they prehistoric. Many of them were flourishing, declined and died within the memory of living men. And most of them the spade of the excavator will never dig up. They have vanished completely. In the era are published some rambling notes of a score of the forgotten cities. Naturally most of them were mining towns, and when the mines, producing a crop that cannot be renewed, were exhausted, they died. Some of them, such as Hannibal and Virginia City, in Montana, were even political capitals. Now there are fewer than fifty people in Hannibal, and fewer than 100 in Virginia City. Then there was Bodie, Cal., which less than fifteen years ago had 6,000 people, and now is a ghost town. The mines failed, the town was deserted, and a few years ago fire swept the site bare.

Some of the mines does not account for the death of all these dead towns. Springfield, Kan., was once large enough to build a \$20,000 school house, and to put in water works. At last accounts there were 200 houses and fewer than 100 people in the town, and the hydrants were hidden in the prairie grass. At Saratoga a \$30,000 theatre finds none to tread its boards save the wandering tramp. At Fargo, N. Dak., the great hotel, once bell-rings when the wind is strong, but no children come. These dead Kansas towns are the fading monuments of an error of observation as to the normal condition of the western part of the state. Ancient Rome did not die, but buried in its own rubbish. In the latter '50s it was a prosperous gold camp. The placers there were exhausted, but the good mines were not. The placer men deserted the old town and built a new one. The earth and gravel from the new placers were washed down upon the old town, and covered its buildings. Now only the gables of a large, heavy barn emerge from the soil to show where Yam Hill was. Perhaps when Macaulay's New Zealand comes to sketch the ruins of London bridge an antiquarian will dig up Yam Hill and draw all sorts of conclusions as to the civilization of prehistoric America.

Nor are the dead towns to be found in the mining and semi-arid regions only. The valley of the Savannah and Broad rivers in Georgia are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre. Yet these are physical cities. The cities of the future are now only fields of grain and grazing sheep. Yet these once stood Petersburg, a regularly laid out and prosperous town of the days before the railroads came. Now there is not a single house upon the site and the wheat grows where was the public square. The railroad unmade Petersburg, as it has unmade dozens of other towns as first making them, making them new cities.

When we speak of "dead cities" we usually think of towns overwhelmed by some convulsion of nature, such as Pompeii and St. Pierre.