

owner in Kenedy, and I'm going to travel on this road dead head."

"Oh, you are eh?" said the conductor. "Well I want your fare, or off you go right here in the swamp," and the conductor prepared for the ejection of the "dead beat."

"Look here, conductor," said the man, "I left my pocket-book at home, but I'll give you a due bill for the amount. I own lots of farms around here and you needn't be afraid you won't get paid."

He must have owned considerable property, as the train had travelled ten miles since he first told the conductor he owned lots of farms.

"Can't do it," replied the conductor. "The rules of the company are not to let anybody ride free without a pass. You'll have to walk the rest of the way."

The sponge passenger shewed no signs of moving, so the conductor stopped the train, and calling two brakemen, they hustled the unfortunate land owner off the train, and as he fell into the ditch he yelled: "I own lots of farms around here, and I'll spend every cent to prosecute that blooming road, by Judas, if it takes the last nickel I've got."

And he got up and wrung the moisture out of his clothes and wondered if he could persuade some farmer to trust him for a bed in the hayloft until he got paid for the two thousand cords of wood for which he alleged the Company owed him.