
CHAPTER XXIV

"And I don't intend you shall; just step back to the outside gate and flag Mr. and Mrs. Moran, and don't let him buy a ticket for the sleeper; I've got passes for him right through to the coast."

As the Philosopher went back to "flag," Patsy went forward to the engine. "If you hit Zero Junction on time, Guerin, I wish you'd slow down and let the agent off," said the conductor.

"And if I'm late?"

"Don't stop."

"Well," said the young driver, "we'll not be apt to stop, for it's a wild night, Patsy; a slippery rail and almost a head wind."

"Nothing short of a blizzard can check Blackwings," said Patsy, going to the rear.

The day coaches were already well filled, and the sleeping-car conductors were busy putting their people away when the Philosopher came down the platform accompanied by the veteran engineer, his pretty wife, and her bright little girl. Mrs. Moran