

dead." In most cases the conductor would make no reply, but when he handed the order up to the engineer, he would say, as the operator had said to him, "Tom Potter's dead."

"No!" the engineman would say, turning to watch the conductor, who was already taking his way sadly back to the caboose to break the news to the brakemen.

"What's that?" asks the fireman.

"Tom Potter's dead." And then the engineer would open the throttle slowly, and if she slipped, he gave her sand and humored her and he did n't swear.

The other captain, who has also made a name and a place for himself, is still with us. He is the "split-trick" in the prosperous law firm of Glead, Ware and Glead, of Topeka. He is the wholesome, happy two-hundred-pound poet of the Kansas capital whose pen-name is "Iron Quill;" and if you doubt this story it is probably because you have been reading romances and have lost confidence in the simple true tales that from time to time appear in print.