

not, as had been unofficially suggested, run through Grants-town. Within forty-eight hours of the announcement, the Grants-town immigrants, betrayed and helpless, were pouring south again, and the men who had sold a month earlier at break-up prices now bought on a soaring market every yard of land which the railroad corporation would offer.

A year later, when his city was rebuilt, Lancing was a rich man, by any standard; but his riches were only beginning to accumulate. The rebuilding forced him into new fields of enterprise, and he found himself automatically buying lumber and steel for the rising city. As the railroad laid its tracks further and further west, Lancing became ever richer; when the New Mexico and Montana line was in contemplation, his was the largest single subscription of capital, and the same automatic development compelled him to buy a fleet of lake steamers to operate in conjunction with the new railroad. From transportation it was a short step to acquire an interest in the things transported, and Lancing's freight cars began to carry Lancing's grain over Lancing's system.

"They say of you," he was told by a Boston girl whom he met in the summer of '86 at Atlantic City and was to marry the following year, "that folk can't get in or out of America or travel around or take an apartment or buy a little bit of lighting or heat without A. L.'s leave."

"Well, I guess that's pretty well so," Lancing answered. "And without paying something into A. L.'s pocket. I wouldn't just like to say how it's all come about, but it has. One thing leads to another, you see."

"But what d'you make out to do with it all?" the girl pursued.

Lancing considered her deliberately.

"If I could get away, I'd like to take a run around London for a piece to shew them that I'd measured up," he answered.

"And then?"

"Then I guess I sort of got to get back here."

"To make more money?"