HOGAN THE HOBO.

BY GEORGE H. PERRY.

at Hogan the aign-pather for the only it on the landscape. That landscape, trash from an afteron shower-bath, threw into strong of unfavorable relief the unwashed, handsome, unshaven, unregenerate togun. He rhymed with nothing in the tree of things as did his appearance, or Hogan had just completed fively of of inforest ended with existence, or Hogan had just completed fively of of the content of the state of things as did his appearance, or Hogan had just completed fively of of the content of the state of things as did his appearance, or Hogan had just completed fively of the content of the state of the stat

It was Morey Centre, obviously per-turbed. To a telegrapher, nervousness in the handling of a key is as apparent as nervousness in handwriting to a chirographical expert.

"What's the matter with Morey?" asked the chief dispatcher, coming over to hear the message as his relief took it.

to hear the message as his relief took it.

"No. 6 passed without stopping, at seventy miles, disregarded signals, think running away. MC."

"Good God!" said the dispatcher.
"Tell Smithtown to flag, quick."

Smithtown was called and instructed. In a few moments there came a reply:
"No. 6 disregarded fag."

Thesre was a grey silence for a few moments. Then the dispatcher took off his coat again. He was very calm, but very pale.
"Inform the superintendent," said he, "Better call the wrecking gang. It's too late to get orders to No. 13. If Six passes Jenkin's siding there will be a smash."

The wires were kept hot for a few

The control of the co

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burdens.

"What's that?" said one of the men around the girl. "Someone hurt?"

"Someone dead, more like," said the girl. "Go and see, Harry."

Harry went off, obediently and curiously. He exchanged a few words with the bearers and returned, pale and perturned.

nestling close in a fond encircling arm.

Four o'clock the same afternoon; calm and peace and happiness vibrating in the red-gold light, and, for the only discord in the autumn harmonies, see Hogan; wearly seeking a handout and a hand-mow, the dust of his shuffling step making a veritable smear across the clean face of the country, and his thoughts like molten lead within him.