

8 THE CASTLE OF DAWN

song to the tune of "Bill Bailey," accompanied by bass drum and guitar. He crossed over to Dearborn and turned south toward the station. The clock in the tower showed its yellow light through the smoke and haze, but above the tower the moon was hanging, clear and clean-looking.

"What a contrast between the work of God and man!" he muttered.

The stuffy little station was crowded, and to add to the general confusion and uncleanness of the picture a train from the East had just rolled into the sheds, and its coaches were belching forth some scores of Norwegian immigrants, who, led by the land agent, formed in column and marched through the waiting-room and out to Dearborn Street, and then plodded across the city to where another train waited to bear them away to Western homes. It was not an uncommon sight, but one to which the Tennessean could never grow hardened, and so there came a tinge of pity into his heart as he watched the heavy-eyed procession pass out into the glare, the roar, and the heedlessness of this great city, each heart in that plodding column filled with wonderment, dismay, homesickness. And still they trudged onward,