THE SKY-SCRAPER.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN. We stood one Sunday morning in a group watching for her to speed around the Narrows. Many locomotives as I have seen and ridden, a new one is always a wonder to me; chokes me up, aren it means so much. I hear men it means so much. I hear men rave over horses, and marvel at it when of the iron horse. I hear them chatter of distance, and my mind turns to the annihilator. I hear them brag of ships, and I think of the ship that the mountains and rivers and And when they talk of speed

what can I think of but her? the new engine rolled into the yards my heart beat quicker. Her lines were too imposing to call strong; they were massive, yet so simple you could draw them, like the needle snout of a collie, to a very point.

Every bearing looked precise, every

joint looked supple, as she swept mag-nificently up and checked herself, pant-

g, in front of us.
Foley was in the cab. He had been east on a lay-off, and so happened to bring in the new monster, wild, from

the river shops.

She was built in Pennsylvania, but the fellows on the Missouri end of our line though nothing could ever safely be put into our hands until they had stopped it en route and looked it over.
"How does she run, Foley?" asked
Neighbor, gloating, silently over the

"Cool as an ice-box," said Foley, swinging down. "She's a regular summer resort. Little stiff on the hills

"We'll take that out of her," mused Neighbor, climbing into the cab to look "Boys, this is up in a balher over. Bys, the cable on," he added, pusning his big head through the cab-window and peering down at the ninety-inch drivers under

him. "I grew dizzy once or twice looking for the ponies," declared Foley, biting off a piece of tobacco as he hitched at declared Foley, biting his overalls. "She looms like a sky-scraper. Say, Neighbor, I'm to get her myself, ain't I?" asked Foley, with his

"When McNeal gets through with her, yes," returned Neighbor, gruffly, giving her a thimble of steam and try-

'What!" cried Foley, affecting sur-'You going to give her to the I am," returned the master-me

chanic unfeelingly, and he kept his Georgie McNeal, just reporting for work after the session in his cab with the loose end of a connecting-rod, was invited to take out the Sky-Scraper-

Class H-as she was listed, and Dad Hamilton of course took the scoop to fire her. 'They get everything good that's

going," grumbled Foley.
"They are good people," retorted
Neighbor. He also assigned a helper
to the old fireman. It was a new thing with us then, a fellow with a slice-bar to tickle the grate, and Dad, of course, kicked. He always kicked. If they had raised his salary he would have kicked. Neighbor wasted no words. He simply sent the helper back to wiping until the old fireman should cry

Very likely you know that a new enmust be regularly broken, as a horse is broken, before it is ready for steady hard work. And as Georgie McNeal was not very strong yet, he was appointed to do the breaking.

For two months it was a pienic. Light runs and easy lay-overs. smash at the Narrows, Hamilton had sort of taken the kid engineer under his wing; and it was pretty generally understood that any one elbowed Georgie McNeal must reckon with his doughty old fireman. So the two used to march up and down street young engineer and a very old fireman possibly could be. They talked together, walked together, and ate together. Follow was a very lains. Foley was as jealous as a cat ton, because he had brought of Hamilton, Georgie out West, and felt a sort of guardian interest in that quarter himself. Really, anybody would love Georgie McNeal; Old Dad Hamilton was proof enough of that.

One evening, just after pay-day, I saw the pair in the post-office lobby getting their checks cashed. Presenttwo stepped over to the money order window; a moment later each came away with a money-order.
"Is that where you leave you

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up to speak to me.
"Part of it goes there every month,
Mr. Reed," he smiled. "Checks are running light, too, now,—eh, Dad?" "A young fellow like you you ought to be putting money away in the bank," said I.
"Well, you see I have a bank back

in Pennsylvania-a bank that is now sixty years old, and getting grayheaded. I haven't sent her much since I've been on the relief, so I'm trying to make up a little now for my old mammie."

"Where does yours go, Dad?" I

Me ?" answered the old man, evasively, "I've got a boy back East; getting to be a big one, too. He's in school. When are you going to give us a passenger run with the Sky-Scraper Neighbor?" asked Hamilton, turning

to the master-mechanic.
"Soon as we get this wheat, up on
the high line, out of the way," replied
Neighbor. "We haven't half engines Neighbor. "We haven't half engines enough to move it, and I get a wire about every six hours to move it faster. about every six hours to move it laster.
Every siding's blocked, clear to Belgrade. How many of those sixty-thousand-pound cars can you take over Beverly Hill with your Sky-Scraper?'

He was asking both men. The engineer legled at his glow.

gineer looked at his chum.
"I reckon maybe thirty-five or forty," said McNeal. "Eh, Dad?" forty," said McNeal. "Eh, Dad?"
"Maybe, son," growled Hamilton;
"and break my back doing it?"

kicked him off the tender," retorted junction"—which was two miles east—in the junction which was two miles east—in the junction and junction an "I gave you a helper once and you cked him off the tender," retorted

things that wheat scramble gave rise to, affecting Georgie McNeal and old man Hamilton and a lot of other fel-lows away out on a railroad division on the Western plains; but this was the

way of it:

A man sitting in a little office on La
Salle Street wrote a few words on a
very ordinary-looking sheet of paper, and touched a button. That brought a colored boy, and he took the paper out out to a young man who sat at the east-ern end of a private wire. The next thing we knew, orders

began to come in hot from the president's office—the president of the road, if you please-to get that wheat on high line into Chicago, and to get it there quickly, Train - men, elevator - men, superin-

tendents of motive power, were spurred with special orders and special bulle-tins. Farmers, startled by the great prices offering, hauled night and day. Every old tub we had in the shops and on the scrap was overhauled and hustled into the service. The division danced with excitement. Every bushel of wheat on it must be in Chicago by the morning of May 31st. For two weeks we worked everything

to the limit; the Sky-Scraper led any two engines on the line. Even Dad two engines on the Hamilton was glad to cry enough, and take a helper. We doubled them every day, and the way the wheat flew over line towards the lower end of Lake Michigan was appaling to spectators. It was a battle between two commercial giants—and a battle to the death. It shook not alone the country, it shook the world; but that was nothing to us; our orders were simply to move the wheat. And the wheat moved. The last week found us pretty well

cleaned up; but the high price brought grain out of cellars and wells, the buyers said—at least, it brought all the grain out hoarded wheat, and much of the seed wheat, and the 28th day of the month found fifty cars of wheat still in the Zanesville yards. I was at Harvard working on a time-card when the word nd behind it a special from the general manager, stating there was a \$1,000 premium in it for the company, esides tariff, if we got that wheat into

Chicago by Saturday morning.

The train end of it didn't bother me any; it was the motive power that kept us studying. However, we figured that by running McNeal with the Sky-Seraper back wild we could put all the wheat behind her in one train. As it happened, Neighbor was at Harvard,

"Can they ever get over Beverly with fifty, Neighbor?" I asked, doubt-

fully. "We'll never know till they try it," growled Neighbor. 'There's a thousand for the company if they do, that's all. How'll you run them? Give them plenty of sea-room; they'll have to gallop to make it.'

Cool and reckless planning, taking

the daring chances, straining the flesh and blood, driving the steel loaded to the snapping-point; that was what it meant. But the company wanted results; wanted the prestige, and the premium, too. To gain them we were expected to stretch our little resources the uttermost.

I studied a minute, then turned to the dispatcher.

" Tell Norman to send them out as second 4; that gives the right of way over every wheel against them. If they can't make it on that kind of schedule, it isn't in the track."

It was extraordinary business, rather, sending a train of wheat through on a passenger schedule, practically as the second section of our east-bound but we took hair-lifting chances on the

It was noon when the orders were flashed. At three o'clock No. 4 was due to leave Zanesville. For three Neighbor answered him never a word; hours I kept the wires busy warning all operators and trainmen, even switch-engines and yard-masters, of the wheat

special—second 4.

The Flyer, the first section and regular passenger-train, was checked regular passenger-train, was checked out of Zanesville on time. Second 4, which meant Georgie MeNeal, Dad, the Sky-Scraper, and fifty loads of wheat, reported out at 3.10. While we worked reported out at 3.10. on our time-card, Neighbor, in the dis "Is that where you leave your wealth, Georgie?" I asked, as he came wealth, Georgie?" I asked, as he came out that the wheat-train would enrich

out that the wheat-train would enrich the company just eleven thousand dollars, tolls and premium. "If it doesn't break in two on Beverly Hill," growled Neighbor, with a qualm.

On the dispatcher's sheet, which is a sort of panorama, I watched the big train whirl past station after station, drawing steadily nearer to us, and doing it, the marvel, on full passenger time. It was a great feat, and Georgie It was a great feat, and Georgie MeNeal, whose nerve and brain were guiding the tremendous load, was break-

guiding the tremendous load, was breaking records with every mile-stone.

They were due in Harvard at nine o'clock. The first 4, our Flyer, pulled in and out on time, meeting 55, the west-bound overland freight at the second station east of Harvard. second station east of Harvard -Red-

Neighbor and I sat with the dispatchers, up in their office, smoking. The wheat-train was now due from the west, and, looking at my watch, I stepped to the western window. Almost immediately I heard the long peculiarly hollow blast of the Sky-Scraper whistling for the upper yard. e upper yard.
'She's coming,'' I exclaimed.
The boys crowded to the window

but Neighbor happened to glance to the

east. "What's that coming in from the junction, Bailey?' he exclaimed, turning to the local dispatcher. We looked

and saw a head-light in the east.
"That's 55."
"Where do they meet?" " 55 takes the long siding in from the

face went sick and scared,

and his face went sick and scatter,
"they've forgotten second 4."
"They'll think of her a long time
dead," roared the master-mechanic,
savagely, jumping to the west window.
"Throw your red lights! There's the Sky-Scraper now!"
Her head shot that instant around

the coal chutes, less than a mile away, and 55 going dead against her. I stood like one palsied, my eyes glued on the burning eye of the big engine. As she whipped past a street are-light I caught a glimpse of Georgie Mc Neal's head out of the cab window. He always rode bare-headed if the night was warm, and I knew it was he; but suddenly, like a his head went in. I knew why as well as if my eyes were his eyes and my thoughts his thoughts. He had seen red signals where he had every right to me at Dad's bedside.

look for white. pull her flat on her haunches like a bronco? Shake a weather flag at a

brains or pluck count for now with 55 dancing along like a school-girl right into the teeth of it? I don't know how the other men felt.

As for me, my breath choked in my throat, my knees shook, and a deadly nausea seized me. Unable to avert the horrible blunder, I saw its hideous re-

Darkness hid the worst of the sight; it was the sound that appalled. Children asleep in sod shanties miles where the two engines reared in awful shock their cribs at that crash. 55's little engine barely checked the Sky-Scraper. She split it like a ban-ana. She bucked like a frantic horse, and leaped fearfully ahead. There was a blinding explosion, a sudden awful burst of steam; the windows crashed about our core and provided the steam. about our ears, and we were dashed to the wall and floor like lead-pencils. A baggage truck, whipped up from the platform below, came through the heavy sash and down on the dispatcher's table like a brickbat, and as we scrambled to our feet a shower of wheat suffocated us. The floor heaved; freight-cars slid into the depot like battering-rams. In the height of the confusion an oil-tank in the yard took fire and threw a yellow

glare on the ghastly scene. I saw men get get up and fall again o their knees: I was shivering, and wet with sweat. The stairway was crushed into kindling-wood. I climbed out a back window, down on the roof of the freight platform, and so to the ground. There was a running to and useless and aimless; men were ro, useiess and aimiess; men were be side themselves. They plunged through wheat up to their knees at every step. All at once, above the frantic hissing of the buried Sky Scraper and the wild calling of the car tinks, I heard the stentorian tones of Neighbor, mounted on a twisted truck, organizing the men at hand into a wrecking-gang Soon people began running up the yard to where the Sky-Scraper lay, like another Samson, prostrate in the midst of the destruction it had wrought. Fore-most among the excited men, covered with dirt and blood, staggered Dad

Hamilton. "Where's McNeal?" cried Neigh-

Hamilton pointed to the wreck. 'Why didn't he jump?" yelled

Neighbor. Hamilton pointed at the twisted signal-tower; the red light still burned

in it.
"You changed the signals on cried cayagely. "What de he cried, savagely. "What does it mean? We had rights against every-thing. What does it mean?" he thing.

he only put his hand on Dad's shoulder. "Find him first! Find him!" he repeated, with a strain in his voice I never heard till then; and the two giants hurried away together. When I reached the Sky-Scraper, buried in the thick of the smash, roaring like a volcano, the pair were already into the jam like a brace of ferrets, hunting for the engine crews. It seemed an hour, though it was much less, before they found any one; then they brought out 55's fireman. Neighbor found him. But his back was broken. Back again they wormed through twisted trucks, under splintered beams—in and around and over-choked with heat, blinded steam, shouting as they groped,

listening for word or cry or grasp. Soon we heard Dad's voice in a different cry-one that meant everything; and the wreckers, turning like beavers through a dozen blind trails, gathered through a dozen timed traits, gathered all close to the big fireman. He was under a great piece of the cab where none could follow, and he was crying for a bar. They passed him a bar; other men, careless of life and limb, tried to grow under and in to him had. tried to crawl under and in to him, but he warned them back. Who but a man baked twenty years in an engine cab could stand the steam that poured on him where he lay?

Neighbor, just outside, flashing a light, heard the labored strain of his breathing, saw him getting half up, bend to the bar, and saw the iron give lead in his hands as he pried mightily.

Neighbor heard, and told me long afterwards, how the old man flung the bar away with an imprecation, and cried for one to help him; for a minute meant a life now—the boy lying pinned under the shattered cab was roasting in a jet of live steam. The mastermechanic crept in.

By signs Dad told him what to do, and

then, getting on his knees, crawled straight into the dash of the white jet crawled into it, and got the cab on his

for me—not while I'm drawing full time," Dad frowned.

But the upshot of it was that we put the Sky-Scraper at hauling wheat, and within a week she was doing the work of a double-header.

It was May, and a thousand miles east of us, in Chicago, there was trouble in the wheat-pit on the Board of Trade. You would hardly suspect what queer things that wheat scramble gave rise

In muscles of his back set in a tremend-ous [effort. The wreckage snapped and groaned, the knotted legs slowly and painfully straightened, the cab for a passing instant rose in the air, and in that instant Neighbor dragged Georgie McNeal from out the vise of death, and passed him, like a pinch-bar, to the men waiting next behind. Then Neighbor pulled Dad back, blind now and senseless. When they got the old fire-

out he made a pitiful struggle to himself together. He tried to stand up, but the sweat broke and he sank in a heap at Neighbor's That was the saving of Georgie Me-Neal, and out there they will still tell you about that lift of Dad Hamilton's.

We put him on the cot at the hospital next to his engineer. Georgie, dreadnext to his engineer. Georgic, dread-fully bruised and scalded, came on fast in spite of his hurts. But the doctor said Dad had wrenched a tendon in that frightful effort, and he lay there a very sick and very old man long after the young engineer was up and around telling of his experience.

"When we cleared the chutes I saw white signals, I thought," he said to me at Dad's bedside. "I knew we had the right of way over everything. But red signals now—to stop her—to was a hustle, anyway, on that schedule, Mr. Reed; you know that; an awful hustle, with our load. I never choked her a notch to run the yards; didn't drivers; I know they were churning in the sand; I knew he had twenty air cars behind him sliding. What of it?

Two thousand tons were sweeping forward like an avalanche. What did brains or pluck count for now with 55 choked her. I throw the single laws of the same of th mean to do it with the Junction grade the gravel. Heavens! she never felt it! I couldn't figure how we were

wrong, but there was the red light. I yelled, 'Jump, Dad!' and he yelled, 'Jump, son!' Didn't you, Dad?' "He jumped; but I wasn't ever going to jump and my engine going full

against a red lamp. Not much.
"I kind of dodged down behind the
head; when she struck it was biff, and jumped about twenty feet up ight. She didn't? Well, it seemed straight. She didn't? Well, it seemed like it. Then it was biff, biff, biff, one after another. With that train behind her she'd have gone through Beverly Hill. Did you ever buck snow with rotary, Mr. Reed? Well, that was about it, even to the rolling and heav-Dad, want to lie down? Le'me get another pillow behind you. Isn't that better? Poor Musgrave!" he added, speaking of the engineer of 55, who was instantly killed. "He and the fireman both. Hard lines; but I'd rather have it that way, I guess, if I was wrong. Eh, Dad?"

Even after Georgie went to work get another pillow behind you. Isn't

was wrong. Eh, Dad?

Even after Georgie went to work, Dad lay in the hospital. We knew he would never shovel coal again. It cost him his good back to lift Georgie loose, so the surgeon told us; and I could be-lieve it, for when they got the jacks under the cab next morning, and Neighbor told the wrecking-gang that Hamilton alone had lifted it six inches the night before, on his back, the wreck-ing-boss fairly snorted at the state-ment; but Hamilton did, just the

"Son," muttered Dad, one night to Georgie, sitting with him, "I want you to write a letter for me."

"Sure."
"I've been sending money to my boy back East," explained Dad, feebly. "I told you he's in school."
"I know, Dad." Sure.

"I know, Dad."
"I haven't been able to send any since I've been by, but I'm going to send some when I get my relief. Not so much as I used to send. I want you to kind of explain why."
"What's his first name, Dad, and where does he live?"
"It's a lawyer that looks after him—a

nan that 'tends to my business back

"Well, what's his name?" "Scaylor—Ephraim Scaylor."
"Scaylor?" echoed Georgie, in

amazement.
"Yes. Why, do you know him?"
"Why, that's the man mother and I
had so much trouble with. I wouldn't

write to that man. He's a rascal, Sold by all Dad. "What did he ever do to you and

your mother!"
"I'll tell you Dad; though it's a
matter I don't talk about much. My father had trouble back there fifteen or sixteen years ago. He was running an engine, and had a wreck; there were some passengers killed. The dispatcher managed to throw the blame on father, and they indicted him for manslaughter. He pretty near went crazy, and all of a sudden he disappeared, and we never heard of him from that day to this. But this man Scaylor, mother stuck to

But this man Scaylor, mother stuck to it, knew something about where father was; only he always denied it."

Trembling like a leaf, Dad raised up on his elbow. "What's your mother's name, son? What's your name?"

Georgie looked confused. "I'll tell Georgie looked confused. you, Dad; there's nothing to be ashamed of. I was foolish enough, I in a diferything;
beavers
gathered
He was
my full name is George McNeal Sinelold you once, to go out on a strike
engineers down there. I was
only a kid, and we were all blacklisted.
So I used my middle name, McNeal;
my full name is George McNeal Sin-

clair."
The old fireman made a painful effort The old fireman made a pantit enort to sit up, to speak, but he choked. His face contracted, and Georgie rose frightened. With a herculean effort the old man raised himself up and grasped Georgie's hands.
"Son," he gasped to the astonished

boy, "don't you know me?"
"Of course I know you, Dad,
What's the matter with you? Lie

what's the matter was down."

"Boy, I'm your own father. My name is David Hamilton Sinclair. I had the trouble—Georgie." He choked up like a child, and Georgie McNeal went white and scared; then he grasped the gray-haired man in his When I dropped in an hour later they

When I dropped in an hour later they were talking hysterically. Dad was explaining how he had been sending money to Scaylor every month, and Geergie was contending that neither he nor his mother had ever seen a cent of it. But one great fact overshadowed all the villainy that night; father and son were united and happy, and a mesthoulders.

Crouching an instant, the giant sage had already gone back to the old

home from Georgie to his mother, tell-

"And that indictment was wiped out long ago against father," said Georgie to me; "but that rascal Scaylor kept writing him for money to fight it with writing him for money to fight it with and to pay for my schooling—and this was the kind of schooling I was getting all the time. Wouldn't that kill you?" I couldn't sleep till I had hunted up Neighbor and told him about it; and next morning we wired transportation back for Mrs. Sinclair to come out on.

Less than a week afterwards a gentle little old woman stepped off the Flyer at Zanesville, and into the arms of Georgie Sinclair. A smart rig was in waiting, to which her son hurried her, and were driven rapidly to the hospi-When they entered the old fire-

man's room together the nurse softly closed the door behind them. But when they sent for Neighbor and me, I suppose we were the two biggest fools in the hospital, trying to look un-

fools in the hospital, trying to look un-conscious of all we saw in the faces of the group at Dad's bed.

He never got his old strength back, yet Neighbor fixed him out, for all that.
The Sky-Scraper, once our pride, was so badly stove that we gave up hope of yestoring her for a passanger run. So restoring her for a passenger run. So Neighbor built her over into a sort of a dub engine for short runs, stubs, and so on; and though Dad had vowed long ago, when unjustly condemned, that he would never more touch a throttle, we got him to take the Sky-Scraper and the

Acton run. And when Georgie, who takes the Flyer every other day, is off duty, he climbs into Dad's cab, shoves the old gentleman aside, and shoots around the

yard in the rejuvenated Sky-Scraper at a hair-raising rate of speed.

After a while the old engine got so full of alkali that Georgie gave her a Sal-and it new name—Soda-Water nangs to her yet. We thought the best of her had gone in the Harvard wreck; but there came a time when Dad and Soda-Water Sal showed us we were very

much mistaken.

The next story of this series will appear in our issue of June 21.

WORDS OF HOPE.

To All Who Suffer From a Run Down System.

MRS. HARRIET A. FARR, FENWICK, ONT., TELLS HOW SHE OBTAINED A CURE AFTER SUFFERING FOR TWO YEARS.

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