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## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOURTH

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*" Always together in sunshine and rain,  
Facing the weather atop o' the train,  
Watching the meadows move under the stars ;  
Always together atop o' the cars."*

PATSY was just singing it soft and low to himself, and not even thinking of the song, for he was not riding "atop o' the cars" now. With his arm run through the bail of his nickel-plated, white light, he was taking the numbers and initials of the cars in the Denver Limited. He was a handsome fellow, and the eight or ten years that had passed lightly over his head since he came singing himself into the office of the general manager to ask for a pass over a competing line, had rounded out his figure, and given him a becoming mustache, but they had left just a shade of sadness upon his sunny face. The little mother whom he used to visit at Council Bluffs had fallen asleep down by the dark Missouri, and he would not see her again until he reached the end