

SANKEY'S DOUBLE HEADER.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

The oldest man in the train service didn't pretend to say how long Sankey had worked for the company.

Pat Francis was a very old conductor; but old man Sankey was a veteran when Pat Francis began his career.

One day a war-party of Sioux clattered into town. They turned around like a storm, and threatened to scalp every thing, even to the local tickets.

Sankey, to start with, had a peculiar name. An unpronounceable, unspellable, unmanageable name.

"Hang it, don't bother me any more about that name. If you can't read it, make it Sankey, and be done with it."

They took Tom at his word. They actually did make it Sankey; and that's how our oldest conductor came to bear the name of the famous singer.

Probably every old traveller on the system knew Sankey. He was not only always ready to answer questions, but what is much more, always ready to answer the same question twice.

If you have ever gone over our line to the mountains or to the coast you may remember at McCloud, where they change engines and set the diner in or out, the pretty little green park to the east of the depot with a row of catalpa-trees along the platform line.

Sankey loved to breast the winds and the floods and the snows, and if he could get home pretty near on schedule, with everybody else late, he was happy; and in respect of that, as Sankey used to say, George Sinclair could come nearer gratifying Sankey's ambition than any runner we had.

Even the freemen used to observe that the young engineers always most looked liked nearer the days that he took out Sankey's train.

Then Neeta would know that No. 2 and her father, and naturally Mr. Sinclair, were in again, and all safe and sound.

When the railway trainmen held their division fair at McCloud, there was a lantern to be voted to the most popular conductor—a gold-plated lantern with a green curtain in the globe.

But during the last moments George Sinclair stepped up to the booth and cast a storm of votes for old man Sankey.

It goes by just that name on the West End; for never was such a winter and such a snow known on the plains and in the mountains.

None of our conductors stood the hopeless fight like Sankey. Sankey was patient, taciturn, untiring, and, in a conflict with the elements, ferocious.

Not until April did it begin to look as if we should win out. A dozen times the line was all but choked on us.

There was a long council in the round-house. The rotary was knocked out; coal was running low in the chutes.

There; by the holy poker it's snowing again! The air was dark in a minute with whirling clouds.

"You might as well unload your passengers, Sankey," said Neighbor. "You'll never get 'em through the winter."

They had taken the 596, George Sinclair's engine, for one head, and Burns' for the other.

Little Neeta, up on the hill, must have seen them as they pulled out; surely she heard the choppy, ice-bitten screech of the 596; that was never forgotten whether the service was special or regular.

Bucking snow is principally brute force; there is little coaxing. Just west of the bluffs, like code signals between a fleet of cruisers, there was a volley of sharp shouting, and in a minute the four ponderous engines, two of them in the back motion, fires white and throats bursting, steamed wildly into the canon.

Such a moment there is nothing to be done. If you go wrong eternally it is too close to consider. There comes a muffled drumming on the steam-chests—a stagger and a terrific impact—and then the recoil like the stroke of a trip-hammer.

Panting for hardly a breath, the signalling again began. Then the backing; up and up and up the line; and again the massive machines were hurled screaming into the cut.

"You're getting there, George," exclaimed Sankey, when the rolling and tumbling had stopped.

Again they went in, lifting a very avalanche over the stacks, packing the banks of the cut with hard-as-ice.

cab took up the cry—it was the wildest shout that ever crowned victory. Through they went and half-way across the bridge before they could check their monster catapult.

"The thing is done," declared Sankey. Then they got into position up the line for a final shoot to clean the eastern cut and to get the head for a dash across the bridge into the west end of the canon, where lay another mountain of snow to split.

At the same moment, by an awful misunderstanding of orders, down came the big rotary from the West End with a dozen cars of coal behind it.

Through the swirling snow which hid the bridge and swept between the rushing ploughs Sinclair saw them coming—he yelled. Sankey saw them a fraction of a second later, and while Sinclair struggled with the throttle and the air, Sankey gave the alarm through the whistle to the poor fellows in the blind pockets behind.

He could have saved himself; he chose to save George. There wasn't time to do both; he had to choose, and he chose instinctively.

Not a moment later the bridge was under a desperate strain. The bridge was under a desperate strain. The bridge was under a desperate strain.

That all things are to be referred to God as to our Last End. I have given all; I will have all returned to me again and I've strictly require thanks for all that I give.

For divine charity overcomes all, and dilates all the powers of the soul. If you are truly wise, you will rejoice in me alone, that you will hope in me alone; for none is good but God alone (Luke, xviii, 19). Who is to be praised above all and to be blessed in all.

Generally from using cathartics and purgatives containing the deadly drug, I saw a man who had been using cathartics and purgatives containing the deadly drug.

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THE VITAL DIFFERENCE between Laxatives and Purgatives cannot be too clearly understood. The former are GENTLE, the latter VIOLENT.

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