

an Irish diamond in the rough, and he knows when he is honored."

They discovered the red-headed little man industriously "oiling around" for the swift glide down the western declivities.

"Michael," said the first vice-president, "Mrs. Ford thinks she would like to take the Pannikin loop in the cab of the Six-eighty-eight. Can you make room for us?"

Gallagher snatched his cap from his fiery head.

"Could we make room? 'Tis by the blessing av the saints that I'm a little man, meself, Missis Foord, and don't take up much room in the c-yab. And as f'r Johnny Shovel, he'll be riding on the coal f'r the pure playsure av ut. My duty to ye, ma'am; and 'tis a pity ut isn't a black night, whin the swate face av ye would be lighting the thrack f'r us."

Ford lifted Alicia to the gangway and made her comfortable on the fireman's box, fixing a footbrace for her, and giving her his arm for a shoulder rest when Gallagher sent the steam whistling through the cylinder-cocks for the impulse needful to start the downward rush.

"With a michnai—ghignai—" she began; but when the engine plunged over the summit and the matchless view to the westward came suddenly into being, the quotation lapsed in a long-drawn, ecstatic "O-o-oh!"