

The Mountain Diviōe

"You can't hurry Bill Dancing, Bob," pleaded Bucks. "You know that. Faster, Bill, faster," he telegraphed urgently.

"You will get it faster," returned the distant lineman far out in the mountains under the stars, as he talked calmly with the despatcher, "if you will go slower."

Bucks strangled his impatience. Dancing resumed, and the despatcher again translated for Scott.

"They cooked the jack-rabbit for supper——"

Scott flung his book violently across the room. "It tasted good," continued Dancing exasperatingly. "But the night was awfully cold, so they built a big camp-fire near the curve. The freight engineer saw the fire and thought it was a locomotive head-light. Then he remembered he had run past his meeting point. He stopped his train to find out what the fire was. When he told Bill what had happened they grabbed up the burning logs, carried them down the track, and built a signal fire for No. 2. And it came along inside five minutes——"