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§ CHAPTER XXIV §

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Patsy, coming from the station, joined the two dead-heads, and Moran, glancing at his watch, asked the cause of delay.

"Waiting for a party of English tourists," said Patsy; "they're coming over the Grand Trunk, and the storm has delayed them."

"And that same storm will delay you to-night, my boy, if I'm any guesser," observed the old engineer. "I'd go over and ride with Guerin, but I'm afraid he would n't take it well. That engine is as quick as chain-lightning, and with a greasy rail like this she'll slip going down hill, and the more throttle he gives her the slower she'll go. And what's more, she'll do it so smoothly, that, blinded by the storm, he'll never know she's slipping till she tears her fire all out and comes to a dead stall."

The old engineer knew just how to prevent all that, but he was afraid that to offer any suggestion might wound the pride of the young man, whom he did not know very well. True, he had asked the master-mechanic to put