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****************** OUR SHORT STORY

"The Blacklisted Man."

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plaster and ne leg in a sustaining jacket, he lay propped up on a cot of the company's hospital, waiting impatiently for his hurts to heal.

Burling was a Yale man. He had the college football team, and, what was perhaps of smaller account in the memories of his fellows, had won a sprig or two of laurel in the great school's debates. His success in orascory had not lessened his love of action, Mr. Anderson?" he queried.

"No. I have never yet asked any man for a thing of that sort," said Anderson. He looked into Burling's face with steady, level gaze. ed purpose of following the law as a life work. So, then Purvis Hume, superintendent of the Coast Range Division, and long-time friend of Bur-ling's father, sent for him to come out and employ his experience as a "rush' in hunting up lost freight, and his eloquence in composing irritated makers of claims against the A. and

L. S., he accepted with promptness. That his energies had not missed the mark seemed obvious from the favor with which our higher officials viewed him. We operators in the dispatcher's office, in sheer helplessness, acknowledged him first in the line of promotion; yet we all liked him and stating that Mr. Anderson's name was wished him success, save, I think, that not listed. I secretely wished that he might not win Sally Hume, the superintendent's daughter. That, however, looked quite as probable as the rest-at least, until Jack Anderson came and began being the Sixty-eight, and mingling reluctently in the narrow social life of our little mountain town,

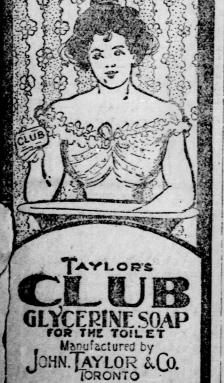
That a fireman should be of any moment in the matter of Miss Sally's choice of men seemed rather out of reason, yet with the first glance I celt that Burling had a rival in the Norseman. Anderson, though American born, was clearly of old Berserker stock; a quiet, blue-eved young giant, with a certain completeness and nobility of body and face that I find no word for. He was kind, but sad and indifferent, not at all like a fighting Berserker-but we did not know the

I chanced to be very near when Miss Hume first saw him. She was humming a tune and had a bunch of roses in her hand, though the pink blossoms were more common than grass in that balmy coast country, and, with a smile, she threw me one of the flowers. Clumsily, I let it fall to the floor. At the same instant Anderson sprang down from the engine with a long-necked oil-can in his hand, and as I stooped to pick up the rose his big foot inadvertently crushed it flat. When he saw the girl—herself like a rose—his face flushed, and he prompty proffered us both an apology strode around to the opposite side of the engine. I saw the girl's lips open addly, and the pupils of her eyes expand and change as she looked at him. Then, as he disappeared, she laughingly selected another rose and pinned it to my coat, commenting pertinently on the awkwardness of big men, and then went her way, but—without the tune.

Now, three months afterward, as I eat by Burling's cot such phases of the affair as were within my knowledge ran by me waveringly like pictures seen in water. I remembered how Anderson had plainly tried with all his might to keep from showing Miss Hume attention, and how, at times, he had palpably failed. Clearly he did not think it fitting that one holding his position should aspire to the favor of a girl so much above him in social rank, and as clearly his attitude disquieted her. Perhaps on that account she had been the more favorable to Burling, and, at times, had seemed open even to my timid attentions.

Burling had been with the company two years, and was, I think, twentysix; yet, as I glanced at his strong face, I now saw many gray hairs about his temples. He was not himself aware that these were there, for he had not faced a mirror for two weeks -not since the Sixty'-eight went down with the seventh Los Streamos bridge and put silver among his hair in an hour as terrible as perhaps any man ever lived through.

Some weeks previous to Anderson's advent to the division station, Burling had been called in by Hume and made time-keeper. One of our men in the dispatcher's office wanted the position, but Hume explained that he desired Burling to handle the department for a time, simply that he might get insight into it; that later he would probably have something better for Mr. Burling. It looked dishearteningly as ultimate "something better" might be the position of son-in-law to



Burling told me his part of the Then Anderson came. I happened story, as, with both arms in casts of to be in Burling's department when the young Norseman entered, bearing a note from the master mechanic, the implication of which was that should it transpire that the bearer's record was clear the motive department could probably use the applicant. Burling looked the kingly young fellow over and I saw instant admiration reflected

face with steady, level gaze.
"What road did you last work for?" "The T. T. and G."
"Oh! They have recently had strike down there, I believe?"

"And the road whipped the men into line?

"Not all of them." "Yourself, for instance?" "Yes."

Burling opened a drawer in his desk and drew a thin, black book from it. The book was filled with columns or names. His eye dropped down the columns; he mused a moment, then wrote a note to the master mechanic That night Anderson went out on

the Sixty-eight as fireman. Four weeks later Burling received from the T. T. and G. a new sheet to be pasted in the fatal black book. Anderson's name was among the others. Burling sat looking at it a long time. The evening before he had noted something that had set a queer ferment in his blood, an irritant with which he was unfamiliar. Burling had remarked the eyes of the superintendent's daughter turing often in the young Norseman's direction, and once when talking to Burling she had said: "That's the man who crushed my rose. I don't like him very well, do you?" She had shrugged her beautiful shoulders and turned her back, but Burling noticed that her eyes soon furitively sought Anderson's face again.

And Anderson was a blacklisted man? How easy to get him dismissed and out of the way; besides, it was Burling's duty to the road. "If it were not for her I could do it," he thought. "If the case were reversed if he were reversed, if he were in my place, I don't believe he would do it.' He sat struggling. At last he threw the black book in its place and banged the drawer shut. "I can't; I banged the drawer shut. "I can't; I won't!" he exclaimed, and got up and

But he did. No man really knows himself. Given pressure enough, the straightest beam will bend and finally snap. Burling thought a very great deal of Miss Hume; she iay in the line of his promotion, the fairest acquisition among all the profits that he hoped for. From the chestnut ripples above her white brow to the tips of her dainty shoe she vas sweet. Who could be blamed for fighting for her?

She was immeasurably worth while. It took nearly two months of time and events to bring Burling to the breaking point; then he told Hume.

"You say Anderson is on the blacklist?" the superintendent demanded.
"Yes," said Burling reluctantly. "For what cause?"

"Leading the strike on the T. T. and Hume's big eyes gleamed angrily. "How does it come that he has worked here so long?" Did you know this?" "Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you report it?" "I-I-Poole said he was first-class.

I've been told that he was one of the crack engineers on the T. T. It seem-

Hume looked at him steadily for several seconds. "Well, you've been a mighty long time making up your mind," he blurted. "When he comes in for his run send him to me." Burling went out feeling unhappy and mean. "I've done my duty, any-

way," he reflected gloomily. When he went to see Sally Hume that evening he felt small and villainous, yet he proposed to her, while Anderson was still in the field. He couldn't be entirely a coward.

The girl heard him blushingly and

with visible emotion. She looked at the flood for a moment, then lifted her eyes. "I'll give you my answer Sunday evening when—when you call," she said. "Will that do?" Burling assented and went away,

restless, prickling with expectancy, a man who had tossed for life's greatest stake and was waiting the fall and Anderson came into the superintendent's office in the morning and stood looking the official in the face. Even Hume, than even no man seemed usually more decisive, fidgeted a little before commencing.

"Mr. Anderson, your name is on the blacklist, I believe?" ite began.
"I am not surprised," said the fireman quietly.
"You expected it?"

"I thought it probable."

"It must have been justified, then?" 'I couldn't be honest and admit

"What have you to offer in explanation? Had you a personal grievance?" "No. The firemen of the road were unjustly treated; 'twas they who

You were an engineer?"

"Yes.
"And you led the engineers to quit
in support of the firemen?"
"I did what I could."

Hume ruminated, turning his watch-fob between his fingers and looking at it. When he looked up Anderson's eyes were fixed on his face.

"Well, Mr. Anderson you will have to quit. Saturday night you will be given your time." said Hume. "Good-

even, quiet voice. He turned to go, then hesitated. "Mr. Hume, to whom am I indebted for having been permitted to work here through these three months? May I know?" asked the young man.

"You may be grateful to Burling, if you wish."

was on a Friday. The following morning the Sixty-eight was ordered out and up the Los Streamos branch, preceding a special bearing the superin-tendent, a hundred or more prominent daughters. The excursion was planned by Hume, and the plan was to meet the citizens of West Plumas, the ter-minal of the branch, in a neighborly banquet arranged in honor of the for-mal opening of the division. The building of the line of sixty miles of canon had been an engineering feat.

At nine o'clock I gave the Sixtyeight an order to run wild to West Plumas thirty minutes ahead of the By Hume's instruction, the engine was to precede the excursion train as a sort of track-walker, taking three cars of coal to the terminal for engine use. Anderson fired the Sixty-eight. It was to be his last trip. The station platform was gay with excursionists when the Sixty-eight pulled

Thirty minutes later the excursion rolled out with flags and bunting fluttering, voices cheering, a band playing, and a clamor of laughter and happy cries. Then the two trains were rushing toward the tragedy at the seventh Los Streamos bridge.

Now, after two weeks had gone, Burling lay looking at me from one of the company's cots, a cast of retrospection in his even.

spection in his eyes. At the other end of the long room, nearly a hundred feet away, I could see the still outline of Anderson's form under a white counterpane. His cot was near a window, and he was apparently watching the summer clouds drift along the lifted mountain tops, shredding their lace skirts on the green spires of pine.

I saw the light dying in the waves of his hair as in little yellow cups.

A kind of dim smile crept around Burling's mouth. "It's been over two weeks now since I asked her, and she hasn't given me her answer yet," he said. "I think I know what it will be. I went down on the engine, you know, that I should not seem to press my suit by dangling after her. I wonder if she'll come up here one of these days? I wish now that I had quit my position and let someone else report Ander-son's case. It would have looked more honorable.'

I assented. I couldn't help it. "What is your idea of the cause of the wreck, Burling?" I asked, changing the sub-

"I've been thinking about it," he replied, "and I've made up my mind that it was caused by one of those little earthquake waves that occasionally flow down the coast. I felt it, I think, in a peculiar surge that the engine gave just before we reached number seven bridge. I fancy that the heave of the canon walls crushed the bridge forward and cut off some of the bolts at the west end."

"That seems possible. If Poole were alive he could probably throw some light on the matter. Poor Poole! Hume has asked me to prepare a careful report on the disaster; it is to go to the president. I should like your account of it, Burling, especially your personal experience. You haven't told me that, you know."

"I've been trying to forget it, but I never shall until my eyes close for the last time. And if there is a life after this I fancy I shall remember it then." He rolled his head back and forth on the pillow in a pathetic way. "We went up the canon at a good

pace," he resumed presently. "You know the day was lovely. I sat up on the right-hand side by Poole, watching the walls of rock rush by, noting how sturdily the pines set their revices, how dark and glistening were the pools down at the canon's bottom, and how like striking a mighty drum was the hol-low roar of the bridges when the engine leaped upon them. I was thinking of Miss Sally and—and of Anderson. Say, Al, what a center-rush he would have been! He'd have gone through all, wouldn't he?"

"Judging from what he did up at the bridge, I fancy he would," I said, smiling.
"Sure." He lay gazing mistily at

the white counterpane for a moment. "Well, whatever happens, he's all right. I'll stand by him. He can have my heart itself if he needs it. I don't remember that I looked at him that day as we were going up the canon. I couldn't; you know what I'd done! He said nothing to me. I suppose he was busy keeping her hot. Well, we'd gone about forty miles, thundering along and waking echoes that filled the gorge, when the Sixty-eight gave a peculiar heave over a billow. We must have been within about one hundred feet of bridge number seven.

"Poole's face flashed an odd hue, and he instantly threw her over and plugged her. The next instant the en-gine roared on the bridge, there was a terrible crash, and we were rushing downward through the air. The sudden lurch threw me on my back in the forward part of the tender, and as we rushed through the air my face was turned upward, and I saw two of the cars of coal shoot out into space above us. I distinctly remember seeing the wheels of those cars still running as they descended.

"The next instant we struck. The thing was indescribable. There was a thundering boom and crash as the firebox and boiler drove into the water and mud. Poole was in his seat, and fancy was clinging to the trottle lever. Involuntarily an engineer holds to that, you know. He was thrown through the cab window and under the engine as she turned over. The canted the other way, and struck on its left-hand edge, ripping forward into the engine. I bounced like a ball when we struck, and just as helplessly. Somehow, I doubled up against the bottom of one of the coal cars as they swept over us, and then I fell like a rag into the water beside the tender. A lot of stuff poured down upon me-coal, and iron things. I felt both my arms snap and one of my legs break, and then I lay pinioned and

"Anderson struck face downward six or eight feet back of me. He had leaped over the side of the tender as we were faling. Both his legs were brok-en just below the knees. He came down across an iron stringer of the bridge. Do you know, Al, the first thing that fellow did was to crawl over and try to get me loose! He couldn't do it. He dug at the coal about me like a mole, but it was no use; the iron rods had me nipped hard and solid. And what do you think he said? 'My heavens, what will she say if I let him die?' That was it. Queer and pitiful, wasn't it? I'll never forget the look in his face as it hung above me with blood dripping from the point of his chin. I tell you, he can

have anything I've got! "Well, we lay in one of these still pools. It was about fifty feet long and the water was maybe a foot deep. The first car of coal had leaped square on top of the engine, tearing the top of it to pieces as a tiger might the back of a rabbit. The second car rammed into the boiler head and fell upon the "Good-morning," said Anderson, in even, quiet voice. He turned to go, then hesitated. "Mr. Hume, to whom am I indebted for having been permitted to work here through these three months? May I know?" asked the young man.

"You may be grateful to Burling, if you wish."

Anderson bowed and went out. That into the boiler head and fell upon the tender, spilling a lot of its coal down upon me. Poor Poole, as you know, was killed instantly. But the third car of coal. Old man, I never expect to look upon anything more terrible than that. It hung over the broken end of the bridge, seventy feet above us, ready to fall, apparently at the lightest touch! Every bolt in the bottom of that car seemed riveted to my

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"I was in no particular pain, only sort of sleephy numb, but my brain was frightfully awake. I was conscious that I was sinking slowly, and presently the water was close about my lips and nostrils. If I sank another half inch I should drown! But I seemed to have reached bottom. I "All above me was a chaos of stone,

minutes, though, when he began drag-ging himself forward and upward by his hands. He went half way up the side of the canon without stopping, then, I think he fainted, for his face dropped among some stones again and he lay motionless. After a few minutes he began to move, pushing his face along through the rocks, as if the impulse to gat to the tracks, impulse to get to the top actuated his body while he was still unconscious. Then he lifted his head and began to struggle upward. I have never seen nor even conceived of human effort that in the least approached it. In spite of my terrible situation it fas-cinated me. You see, he was going to keep the special from leaping down upon me and to save her! And I got him discharged!

"He stopped many times as he crawled back and forth and upward. It would have been a hard climb for a man without broken legs. Something had torn his shirt down the back, and I could see his white muscles working, and a red rill between his shoulderblades. He only looked toward me once. He only looked toward me once. He face was like paper, and his lips moved, but I couldn't hear what he said. I blew the water from about my mouth and shouted, "God bless you, Anderson!" but I don't know if he heard me or not. I thought he would die before he reached the top. He went slower and slower, now stopping, and again crawling forward, his breast heaving and his arms and shoulders quivering like a man's when he draws himself up to put his chin over a bar for the hundredth time. When he got to the top I thought he would never get over the edge. He would never get over the edge. He tried it a number of times, poor fellow, only to sink back. It was a hard over the edge he sank forward on his he should never stir again. After what seemed a long time he slowly dragged himself out of sight, and I lay alone in the canon, pinioned in the mud, with the water trying to creep in at my lips.

twenty-five minutes getting to the top of the canon wall. You'd ordered the special to run thirty minutes behind us, but I hoped it would be forty. As soon as Anderson was out of sight I began to expect with every moment to see the engine and coaches of the excursion shoot out into space above me and come down with that car of coal upon me. Maybe I didn't try to get loose! But it was no use. My arm sockets burned like fire, and one of my legs seemed ready to burst. I kept my eyes on that car hanging away up there above me. It seemed to waver and stir, but I guess the trouble was in my head. I got to be a coward then. I confess that I didn't think about her safety or the lives of the others on the train. It was being ground up there in the mud by the falling train that appalled me. He offered his life willingly for love of her. I guess I couldn't have done it. Anyway, I know I broke down and making faces at me, and shouted for Poole-poor Poole, under the enginewhen the ripples about my mouth and nostrils got to seem billows running

mountains high. "Well, the train didn't come. I suppose Hume has told you the condition was in when they found me and pried the stuff off me?" I nodded my head. He lay a moment in silence. "No; the train didn't reach the bridge. You know why?" Yes, I knew. Adams, the engineer of the special, and others had told me. Anderson had dragged himself nearly three hundred feet down the track, and having no signal of any sort, fixed himself between the tails, to be run over if necessary in order to save the

on either side, lurching forward, in-sensible. Adams saw him as they sill. It would not be easy to tell just blacklisted man sitting there, apparently dead, clutching the rails. One thing he did—he went by him on up to the bridge and looked down, then

As for Miss Sally, she had come up to the hospital with me, and all the time that Burling had been talking I knew she was down in the reception-room. I was jotting down some notes when I saw her come, almost in silence, into the great room. She looked timidly about, and seeing Burling and me, gave us a smile. She hesitated a moment, then seeing Anderson's face turn toward her from his distant cot, she went lightly and quickly toward him. I don't know what occurred. I turned in my chair and tried to write. After a little I heard ker soft footfall by Burling's cot and looked up. She was very sweet. I cannot describe how gently she did it, but it was not "Yes." When she went away she left a bunch of roses lying against his cheek. There were gray lines of pain about his mouth, and he turned his face and kissed the flowers. "She will be happy with him," he said. "All the while she really cared

for no one else, I have known it. It's right. Neither she nor I would be living now but for him. I hope I am brave enough to give her to him like a man. God bless them both!

brain. I believe I hall see it as long

I seemed to have reached bottom. I lay there with my breath rippling the fluid about my nostrils, watching the car hanging above me in the air, and horrified with the thought that if anything should make the water a little it. thing should raise the water a little it would flow into my lungs and strangle

seams, shelves and blocks, shattered by the blasting, and towering toward the track from which we had plunged.
"When I looked again at Anderson he was lying with his face among the stones, perfectly still. He was horribly hurt. He remained still but a few minutes though when he began drag-

When finally he drew himself

"I think Anderson was twenty or amed when the coal car got to

They found him sitting in the middle of the track, grasping the rails came around the bend, and reversed. The pilot of the train almost touched Anderson when they came to a standwhat happened when Hume saw the looked back at Anderson and burst in-

"Amen!" I said, and rose, a choking ache in my throat. As the reader may believe, Ander-son's name came off the list, and he

went up the ladder of promotion. He was weighed in more than one balance and not found wanting. Doubtless his blood was of a stream more ancient and heroic than that which ran in the viens of any of us. Burling did not lag behind. At thirty-five he is a division superintendent, and not so very long ago was married. He has a little son, and with true grit and loyalty has named him Anderson.—Saturday

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THE DIAMOND CENTER

How the Kaffirs Are Watched.

"Kimberley proper is built around a hole big enough to hold the entire white population of South Africa," writes Allen Sangree in Ainslee's for January. "This is the excavation above the Kimberley mine, made when diamonds were mined from the surface. Nowadays shafts are sunk and levels formed, whence the blue ground is blasted out and hauled to the surface in elevators. The diamond is different from other precious stones, in that it is found in soft clay, while the amethyst, ruby and emeraid are embedded in quartz. This makes the diamond easy to conceal in the mouth, nose, and by swallowing, and every year the De Beers Company gets from the workmen \$2,000,000 worth of stolen goods. The inclination to pilfer these precious stones is so intense that the crime is severely punished. In South Africa the first commandment is Thou shalt not steal diamonds.' What rape is to Georgia, I. D. B. (illicit diabrigand) is to South Africa. For murder a man may get ten years; for having a diamond found on his person that is not registered, twenty years. At Cape Town is a great convict station called the 'Breakwater,' sons of prominent American families and English aristocrats join in lockstep with Lascars and Kaffirs. They have all violated the First Command-

muzzles of Martini rifles. They are kept in a separate place. The other black boys live in a five-acre inclosure known as the 'Compound.' The De Beers Company controls the diamond market of the world. Of the five mines, Kimberley, De Beers, Du Torts, Pan, Bullfontein and Premier, the first two are situated in Kimberley and are the only ones worked now. The diamonds produced in other parts of the world would not supply the city of Philadelphia. The value of the South African product thus far has been \$600,-000,000. The supply seems inexhaust-

ment. In Kimberley 1,000 negro con-

victs sort the diamonds under the

"Two other localities are rich in diamonds—Jaegersfontein and Koffyson-tein—both in Orange Free State. At the former the famous Jaegersfontein Excelsior, weighing 900 carats, was found in May, 1893, and the output of that field last January was 15,189 car-ats, valued at \$150,000. The corresponding output at Koffyfontein was \$11,000 worth. The proportion of diamonds to earth extracted is greater at Jaegers-fontein than at Kimberley."

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