

The Mountain Divide

stood at the counter listening to the colloquy between the Eastern boy and the plainsman—for neither of the two were more than boys. Dancing saluted the new-comers. "It's Colonel Stanley and Bob Scott," he exclaimed.

Bucks walked forward. Stanley handed him a message. "You are the night operator? Here is a despatch for General Park. Get it out for me right away, will you?"

Dancing came forward to the railing. "How are you, Bill?" said Stanley, greeting the line-man as Bucks read the long message. "I am going up into the mountains next week, and I am just asking General Park for a cavalry detail."

"Going to need me, Colonel?"

"Better hold yourself ready. Can you read that, young man?" he asked, speaking to Bucks.

"Yes, sir."

"Lose no time in getting it off."

With the words he turned on his heel and leaving the office went up stairs to the despatcher's rooms. During the interval that the message was being sent, Dancing worked at the express mat-