or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXII.

ELSE AND MARY .- THE SOLITARY AND HER FOSTER-CHILD.

The reader will recollect that when Kate Petersham parted with Mary Lee at the steps, the latter looked some-what alarmed at the serious tone in which her light-hearted friend begged her to remember Randall Barry that night in her prayers. She made an effort, in fact, to detain Kate for an explanation; but Kate eluded her grasp, and bounded down the steps, the oment she uttered the words, with the fleetness and agility of a fairy.

On her return to the sick room, the agitated girl found Else seated on a low stool beside the little cabin boy's bed,

knitting her stocking.
"What ails ye, dear?" said the lat ter, with a tenderness of look and tone she seldom betrayed even to her favor-ite. "What ails ye, Mary? yer so

Pale ! am I pale ?"

"Yer as pale as a ghost, dear—what's the matter?" Nothing. But come to my room I have something to ask you. We mustn't disturb our little patient, you How is he now, Else?

know. How is he no "Better." "You're sure?" "Sure as can be, dear—he's recoverin fast. He got the cool [crisis] this morning, an his pult's quieter now."

" That God," exclaimed the grateful with all the fervor of her pure ig heart. "O, I knew well the loving heart. "O, I knew well the Blessed Virgin wouldn't forget him. Her intercession has saved him. Poor little fellow, he'll see home and friends "Hope so. Won't he, Else ?'

But, Else !"

" What ?'

You have a secret for me." " A secret ?

"Yes; I saw it in Miss Petersham's face, and I see it now in yours. You needn't try to keep it from me, Else. Randall Barry's arrested."
"Randall Barry! Why, what in the

world, dear, put that in your head?"
"Else, you needn't try to deceive
me. I know well he's taken."

me. I know well he's taken."

"And what if he is, asthore?" said Else, smoothing down the dishevelled tresses of her lovely protegee with her hard, bony fingers, whilst the muscles of her own face twitched with emotion —what if he is? sure it's only for a day or two. He'll soon be free again."

"Had I only taken my dear uncle's advice, and told him never to come again, this had never happened."

And didn't ye tell him that a hun

dred times?"
"Yes; I told him often how my uncle loved me, and how it would break his heart if I leave him—and how little I knew of the world, and how poor a companion I would make for one like him. I told him all this many and many a time, Else, and begged him to return home to the south, and wait for better and happier days—but he knew my heart belied my words.'

"God love yer innocent heart," ex claimed Else, while her old eyes filled with tears; "God love ye, dear; yer too good for this world."

Had I only prayed fervently to God for strength," continued Mary, "I might have overcome my weakness. But alas! Else, I'm so selfish; I was thinking only of his love for me all the time, when I should have thought of nothing but his safety. And he's now a prisoner on my account, with shackles n his limbs, and the doom of the rebel before him. O, if I had only parted with him forever the last time he clam-

bered up these rocks to see me."
"And if ye had," said Else, "ye'd have nothin' for it. Ye were both in have nothin' for it." Ye were both in-tended for one another, and for that raison ye niver cud part him. So take heart now, and all 'll be well yit."

" O Randall Barry, Randall Barry so brave—so faithful—so true to his country and to me," cried the distressed girl. "Else, Else, could I see him free once more, were it only for ar ever, should my heartstrings break in

There was a sense of desolation in the words or the tones of Mary's voice that touched the old woman deeply. But when the former spoke of her heart breaking, the very idea seemed to call back again into life the better and holfor feelings of her nature, and unable to control any longer the emotion that agitated her soul, the old woman flurg her arms around the neck of her foster child, and wept over her like a mother

" God forbid! God forbid! asthore machree," she cried, "God forbid yer heart'd break. Darlin! darlin! why shud it ever break? for it's little this world can spare a heart like yours. O angel! ye don't know what yer heart is, or what yer pure innecint soul is worth to a sinful earth like this. It's little ye know, dear, what yer are. Modest, wee crather, yer as simple and bashful as the daizy that grows undher the green fern by the mountain strame no one sees ye, no one knows ye, no one thinks of ye down here in the black bins of Araheera-but I know ye bins of Araheera—but I know ye, asthore, I know what yer heart is; och, och, it's I that does, ivery pulse of it. And why shudn't I, Mary, darlin? wasn't it these withered, hands tore ye from yer dead mother's arms, here among the rocks; wasn't it me nursed ye on ould Nannie's milk, and rocked we in war wasle ye have in my poor. we in yer cradle up there in my poor cabin on the Cairn. I know what the valle of your heart is, alanna. An to spake of it brakin for Randall Barry, or sufferin one minute's pain - niver, niver," she exclaimed, suddenly rising, "niver, Mary, while I'm livin and able to prevent it."

The change in Else's look and tone was quick as thought. For a moment her heart had softened under the messperic touch of the augelic being she embraced. But it was only for a mo ment. Again the dark shadow came rushing back upon her soul, and again the relaxed muscles of her face re-

sumed their usual hard and stern ex pression.
"Let me pass, girl," she cried; "

have work to do."
"What work?"

"No matter—let me pass."
"Else, your countenance terrifies
me. O, I know that dark, awful tempta-

tion is upon you again."

"Away, child; take your hands off
my cloak—I must be gone."

"What's your purpose, Else?"

"Purpose! I niver had but one

"Purpose! I niver had but one purpose for thirty years, and the time is come now to execute it."

"You shan't leave me," said Mary, kneeling; "you shan't leave me, Else, till you promise to do no harm to Robert Hardwrinkle or his family."

The old woman folded her arms on her brown, half-naked breast, and looked down on the face of her foster-child.

child.
"Mary Lee," she said,—her voice husky with the passion she strove in vain to conceal, — " Mary Lee, yer vain to conceal,—" Mary Lee, yer tears balked me of my vengeanced twiste before—take care they don't a

third time, for I swear by—"
"Hush! hush! Else," interrupted her fair protegee, holding up the crucifix that hung suspended from her neck, and laying her forefinger on the lips of the figure. "Hush! these lips never spoke but to bless.

'Take it away, girl; take it away,' cried Else, averting her eyes from the image, as if she feared to look upon it lest her courage should fail; "take it away, and listen to me. I'm bound by a vow made a vow made at the siege of Maderia, by the side of my dead husban, niver to forget what Lieutenant Richard Barry did for me that day. Randall Barry is that man's grandson, and he now lies a prisoner in Tamny barracks through the threathery of Robert Hardwrinkle. The time is come to fulfill my promise, and I'll do it; I'll save Randall Barry, should I lose bedy and and in the attents."

body and soul in the attempt."
"Else, Else, this is impious," "remember there's a God above you."

"Paugh!" ejaculated the old woman "I know no God these thirty years;" and as she spoke she wrested Mary's hands from her cloak, and caught the handle of the door. "Let the villain luck to himself now," she cried—"let him and them that brought my only sister to shame and an early grave,that driv my brother from his father's hearthstone to die among the strangers, -that hunted myself like the brock through the crags iv Benraven—hah— let them luck to themselves now, for as Heaven hears me, if Randall Barry's not a free man in four and twenty hours their roof tree smokes for it.

"Else, stop for a moment."

"Away girl!"
"Else, Else," entreated Mary, again attempting to detain her. "Would you commit murder — deliberate murder.

"Murdher! is it murdher to burn nest of vipers?"
"Else, think for a moment. You

have an importal soul to be saved."
"Me! I have no soul. I lost it thirty years ago—let me pass."
"Listen to me."

"No, no, no; I listened to you too long—away!"
"Grant me but one favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask-for I fear, Else, we must soon fly from this place, and then I can never hope to see you more. Grant me but one favor."

more. Grant me but one lavor. "What's that—mercy to the Hard "No, dear Else, but mercy to your

self—to your own soul, dearer to me than the wealth of worlds. Here," she continued, throwing her resary over Else's neck, " tell these beads to-night before you sleep, and as you pray, fix your eyes on the crucifix."

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed the old woman, her face flushed with passion, while the hood of her cloak, falling back on her shoulders and revealing her gray elf locks, gave her the look of a maniac. "Stop!" she ejaculated, repulsing the pious and affectionate girl -"stop! I can't touch this blissid thing. Eh, what? God of heaven! what's this?"

"The image of Christ," responded Mary, "Whose life was one continuous act of love. Look at those arms extended to bless and forgive the whol world, and tell me, can you behold the image of that dying Saviour, and you feel so hard-hearted as to take the life

of your fellow-creature?"

"Whisht, girl, whisht," said Else, sinking back on a chair, as if her emotions had completely overpowered her:
"whisht! and tell me, whose rosary is

"Father John's—he lent it to me "Good God!" exclaimed the afflicted woman, covering her face with her hands, "this rosary was once mine."

Yours! "Ay, ay; I brought it with me from the West Indees, and give it to ould priest Gallaher of Gortnaglen, Father ohn's uncle. Augh, hoch, it lucks ould and worn now like myself;" and the unfortunate woman burst into tears.

"I wish it had grown old and worn in your own hands, Else, dear," said Mary, sitting beside her, and pushing back the gray hairs from her wrinkled forehead. "I wish it had, Else, for then yourlong life had been better and happier.

May be so."

"How consoling to reflect, in old days, you had served God faith-'It's useless to think of that now,

lanna: I'm lost. "Lost! O, God forbid. Only forgive your enemies, and God will forgive you. Think how He forgave the Jews who put Him to death: think how He forgave Magdalen and the penitent

thief. "Child," said Else, with a smile "Child," said Else, with a smile that made Mary shudder—it expressed so plainly the depth of her despair; "child, you speak only of sinners, but I'm a devil."

No, no, don't smile and speak to me No, no, don't shine and speak to he so; you are net, you are not," cried Mary, clinging to her old nurse's neek; "you never could love as you loved me, and be so wicked. O, never speak those awful words again, Else; they terrify me. No, no, you are not so wicked,

You are not lost; the friend of the poor orphan can never be lost." As Mary was yet speaking, a knock came, and Roger O'Shaughnessy pre-

sented himself at the door. He had been engaged, it would seem, burnish-ing up the old silver salver, for he held ing up the old silver salver, for he held the precious relic under his arm, and had pushed the chamois leather, with which he had been rubbing it, into the breast pocket of his old bottle-green

oat. "What now, Roger? Has Mr. Lee returned?

Not yet, plaze your ladyship," re "Not yet, plaze your ladyship," replied Roger, bowing respectfully, "O, it's only Else Curley," he added, correcting himself; "I thought you had company. No, he's not come back yet; and I wish he was, for there's strangers approachin, and not as much as a bit or a sup in the house fit to offer them. I wish to goodness they'd stay at home. I declare I don't know, what thouse I declare I don't know what they want down here, the half of them.'

down here, the half of them.

"Never mind, Roger; receive them at the door, and show them in."

"Indeed, then, I won't, plaze yer ladyship," replied Roger; "they'l ladyship," replied Roger; "they'll have to find the way themselves; and if they're any of the master's acquaintances, you know, they'll not expect anything, 'hem! if you only hint, ahem!

that the butler's not a home "Very well, Roger; do as And now," said Mary, turning t Else, "you promise to tell these beads to-night under the invocation of the

Blessed Virgin. Do you promise?"
"Ay, ay, ay, I'll say them to plaze ye," replied Else; "but it's of little valie they'll be, for I haven't bent a knee to God since afore you were

born. 'No matter. God is merciful. He has converted worse hearts than yours. Offer your prayers to night, Else, and who knows but the old rosary, once so familiar to your touch, with God's goo grace, may awaken those better and nobler feelings which so long have lain

dormant in your heart."
"God be with ye, child," said Else, tenderly kissing the forehead of the gentle girl. "God be with you, as thore. I tould ye my intintion, that ye'd know what happened me, if the worst comes to the worst."
"I have no fear of that, dear nurse;

there's still a bright spot in your soul to redeem it from the sins that cloud it, were they as numerous as the sands of Araheera. Go, and remember your promise."

"Ay, ay, I'll remember it;" and so

saying, the old solitary of Benraven wrapped her gray cloak about her shoulders and passed from the room.

After paying a visit to the little cabin boy, and finding him still asleep, but apparently much easier, Mary approached a window that looked out upon the iron bridge, and the narrow road leading to the village of Araheera. She expected to see the strangers whom Roger had announced, coming down the hill; but they had already passed the gate, and entered the light-house yard. Else Curley's tall form was the only object she could see, hurrying back to the Caira, accompanied by Nannie, who had waited for er, as usual, outside, and now bleating and trotting after her.

THE AGENT AT MISSOURI STATION.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW THE BUSINESS WAS BROUGHT TO THE BAD LANDS OF THE C. & N.

Jamie Halloran, when a young chap, was different from the rest of the young chaps at Read's Landing. He had little fondness for swinging on to the rear platforms of the outgoing passenger trains, after the manner of the agile conductors. He cared nothing for helping the jolly brakemen of the way-freights to twist brakes and make couplings. Even the pastime of setting out d switch-lamps for the agent attracted him not a whit.

But that's not saying he didn't want to be a railroad man. He did, emphatieally; only he had a different way of

Read's Landing nestles a closely knit village by the Mississippi River, on the line of the C. & N. Railway. Jamie Halloran, an orphan almost from the start, had lived there always. He worked in the general store of his uncle for his board, his clothes, and a touch of schooling.

Nights, after the store had shut its

doors, he was forever poring over railroad maps and guide-books, striving to study out why certain lines were laid between certain points, puzzling over the merits of competitors, pack ing his greedy head with route distances and time-tables. He was continually scanning the transporta-tion columns of the Chicago and St. He was Paul dailies, to which his uncle sub-scribed; pendering with gravest con-cern over the news of strikes and rate wars and alliances. It was not the dash and strain of railroading that interested Jamie Halloran, but—though he, himself, scarcely understood it-tle forces behind, the forces of commerce and migration that make possible that

great industry. Early in his nineteenth year Jamie had a heart to heart consultation with Terry Blake, the C. & N.'s agent at the Lunding, a little weazened old fellow who had ruled that depot since the first train thrilled and shook the silent shores of the Upper Mississippi.

Terry saw very quickly how things were with his visitor. "You'll have to begin at the foot," said he with a were with his visitor. "You'll have to begin at the foot," said he with a grin, "and 'twill likely take you some time to rise to a presidency. But come into the depot with me, if you want. I'll have pleasure in teaching you the

I'll have pleasure in teaching you the very great deal that I know about the foot of the ladder."

So into Terry Blake's depot Jamie went. Straightway his uncle turned him out, because, so he said, he couldn't afford to house the boy now that he had no time for the store. But that he had no time for the store. Jamie got around that. He treated the few clothes he owned with downright reverence, wearing his coats and vests only on Sundays. He earned his vests only on Sundays. He earned his meals by caring for the village doctor's horses. He slept in the baggage-room

Landing years before and never called for, though the baggage-room was not always comfortable. It was noisy with the scratching of rats and chilly of windy nights, and the limited passengers and fast freights that passed with a crash and a roar that was come and gone all in a private as a rock that gone all in a minute, at a pace that rocked the old depot to its foundation, were enough to worry the soundest

were enough to work, sleeper living.
All of every day, sometimes well into the night, Jamie drummed out Morse talk—at first on a dummy key, later on the live ones—and slowly learned to the live ones—and slowly learned to talk—at first on a dummy set, talk—at first on a dummy set, the live ones—and slowly learned to unravel sense from the dizzy blur of unravel sense from the dizzy blur of little by dots and dashes that spun through the clattering instruments. And, little by little, Terry Blake taught him of the sacred Rules, of signals and train orders, of forms and reports, of tickets way-bills-taught him all the ins and outs of an agent's drudgery.

At the end of twelve months Jamie to handle such operators as Lane, of Dabuque, Halsey, of La Crosse, Perry, of Hastings-three of the speediest senders in the country. He knew how to run a depot from day light to dark and from dark to daylight again.

Then two years dragged by with never a hint of salary or promotion; for all Jamie's ambition the time of private cars and private offices seemed afar off.

But one May day there happened a fuss over wages on the western divis-ions; a lot of the depot men out there quit. The general superintendent at Chicago issued a circular to agents inquiring for promising "students" com-petent to take positions as operators. Examination blanks to be filled in by applicants were forwarded. Ordinarily on the C. & N. "students" are called to division headquarters for examination. But this was a dire emergency; there wasn't time for any red tape.

Jamie naturally filled in a blank in his most owing hand, and Terry Blake penned a strong indorsement across one rner. After a week of waiting a long envelope came back from the gen-eral superintendent for Mr. J. Halleran. The letter inside stated that J. Halloran had been appointed, not operator, but agent at Missouri Station, South agent at Missouri Station, South Dakota, at a salary of \$45 per month. Transportation thereto was inclosed.

J. Halloran and old Terry hunted the big wall map for Missouri Station and found it easily; on the east bank of the Missouri River, the terminus of the Dakota Division; its name printed in type quite as large as that allowed Chicago and Milwaukee. Terry had in the depot only local time-tables which did not cover the western part of the system, so they were unable to get any particulars as to population and train service, but, even though the salary at starting was modest, it seemed most probable that Missouri Station was a ost worth having, located as it was at post worth having, located as it the end of an important division, on a navigable river well known as their own Mississippi.

Gleeful over his good fortune, Jamie squeezed old Terry's wrinkled hand many times that day, and left at 4 next morning on the early north-bound passenger for St. Paul, where he was to take train for his new home. He reached St. Paul at breakfast time, and changed to the conches of the Dakote. changed to the coaches of the Dakota Changed to the conches of the Daniel Division passenger—and very dingy ccaches they were, by the way. In the Union Depot he had had time to secure a general-time table, and as his train pulled out he commenced a study of the pages devoted to the Dakota Division. He discovered shortly that the train upon which he was, as well as its mate, the evening passenger, ran only as far as Bowdle, South Dakota—a point nearly fifty miles east of the division terminus Missouri Station. Between Bowdle and Missouri Station, a train dubbed by the time-table the Missouri Accommodation ran occasionally—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, to be exact. In spite of twelve trains each way every day—what sort of a station could it be that

saw but three a week? The trip west was a long one. All morning the passenger dozed across Minnesota: all afternoon and all evening it plodded into South Dakota through a prairie country that was always the same-fruitful of wondrous crops, yet tedious to look upon-flat, scantily wooded, seemingly boundless, the farms of immense acreage, the stations scrawny and far apart. Not unti tions scrawny and far apart. Not until 10 o'clock did the train reach Bowdle

and Jamie seek a hotel.

The day following, being a Thursday. was a time of rest for the Missouri Ac commodation ; Jamie was forced to stay fretting about Bowdle. After luncheon, however, he walked over behind the however, he walked over behind the roundhouse, at the west end of the yards, and inspected the track that led to Missouri Station, the "extension," the townspeople called it. Through a growth of tall, rank weeds that mantled the whole right of way, and leaned in the breeze languid as a field of grain, he can that the state of th he caught a glimpse of frayed ties, and rusted iron roails that had done duty elsewhere in the days when steel was unheard of. Jamie smiled ruefully. He was beginning to understand why the Missouri Station appointment

h d c m to him s) easily.

Friday morning at 8 the Missouri Accommolation departed with Jamie the sole passenger. It was not much of a train. There were no freight ears, no coaches; only a little wheezy engine, with a stack that flared wide at the top and a smoked-up caboose that had once been red. It swayed and rolled over the bad roadbed in a way to make a man seasick, and pounded the uneven rails with a din to deafen, although the time-table allowed four hours for the fifty-

mile run. And a scant mile beyond Bowdle the and a scant mile beyond blowlet the land rounds about, as if to follow the fashion set by its railroad, suddenly turned rough, rocky and absolutely barren. Jamie did not know that this neighborhood was scoffingly spoken of throughout the general offices of the C. & N. as the Little Bad Lands, but he felt, nevertheless, that he was ready for

He was mistaken, however. At noor the Accommodation made its first stop.
From the caboose Jamie could see But the train showed no symptom of starting on; he clambered out for a look around

A little distance ahead of the engine the track ended in a shabby wooden turnitable, from which a single short siding ran back parallel with the main line. A hundred yards west of the turn table the prairie ceased abruptly os though it had been looped away by a mighty axe, and beyond, flowing from north to south between low banks, stretched a monster river, slow-moving, mud-laden, vast, almost a mile wide. On its near shore, to the south of the railroad, were a small cottage and a barn-landmarks evidently—and beside them, propped upon the bank, was another relic of days gone by, a steam ferry-boat named the "A Lincoln," fully equipped, but dingy with disuse. Before the cottage a horse power ferry, but little bigger than a row-boat and bereft of its horses, lolled in the river. On the other side of the train, along-side the track, was an ugly wooden shanty, carelessly built, its roof pitched just high enough to clear a man's head, painted with a flaming coat of caboose red. Aside from its shanty bore no earmarks of a depot, but the telegraph wires dipped beneath its eaves and a baggage truck leaned

eaves and a baggage truck leaned against its front. Then, at last, it dawned on on Jamie Halloran. The dreary, deserted flood before him was the Missouri River that he had seen so often pictured in his school geographies as thickly populated with water craft of all sorts. This place of solitude and bleakness and de solation was Missouri Station, terminus of the Dakota Division. Station, the

Some men would have sat down and wept, some would have sworn them elves black in the face, but Jamie merely got out his grip and walked down to the depot to take poss The out-going agent, a pale, sickly fel low-Christianson was his name rendered the station with a lamely put ope that Jamie might "like it here, then bolted for the caboose without los

ing a moment.
Reversing its engine, the Accommoda tion, after a half-hour's lay over, started on its return trip. Jamie watched it shrink into a black dot on the prairie and disappear over a far-off ridge. For a while a wisp of smoke hung above the ridge, then it faded, and the new-made agent sat alone in his depot by the melancholy Missouri.

He gave several minutes to asking himself why a railroad had been built to Missouri Station, then turned his thoughts to his depot. It was a shell the wide cracks between its timbers the summer wind brushed sor rowfully. There was but one room—the office—holding a table for the instruments, a chair, a cot, an oil stove, cupboard for stationery, and another for the tinned foodstuffs upon which it was designed the agent should subsist. A few of these foodstuffs Christianson had kindly left on the shelves to carry his or along until he could arrange for a fresh supply.

Jamie passed a fairly busy afternoon outting things to rights, and retired early to his cot. But the following following morning he could find no duties what ever about the depot, so, after pinning a card on the door stating his where abouts-an act that seemed a wantor waste of ink—he set out to explore the cottage on the river-bank. To his surprise he found it occupied by an old Missouri River steam-boat captain, John Rollins. Rollins owned the ferryboat, "A. Lincoln," that rested beside his cottage. Years back before the C. & N. came, he had navigated her at that point, and had made much money ferrying a great overland travel bound wes for the newly-discovered Black Hills mines. Railroads entering the Hills by the southern route had killed this trade but Rollins had chosen to live on by his river, carrying on his smaller ferry and Fridays, to be exact. In spite of himself Jamie could not keep from was a fine, sociable old man, overflow-worrying a bit. Read's Landing saw ing with stirring yarns of the flush years of the Big Muddy.

He told Jamie, too, during the chat, the story of the Missouri extension. Back in the '70's the Dakota Territorial Legislature had agreed to grant the C. & N. Railroad Company great tracts of rich land on condition that it build a line of railroad west across the Terri-tory to the Missouri River. This railroad the company had built; but that part of the line beyond Bowdle, where the fertile country ended, into the region that some official had named the Little Bad Lands, had been constructed only to comply with the terms of the land grant, not for operation or revenue. Thus the tri-weekly train was moved to keep within, or, bluntly speaking, to evade the laws of Dakota.

All through the month of May Jamie grimly guarded Missouri Station; Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, snatching a half-hour's gossip with George Reber and Figherty, the engine of the Accommodation, and Pat Harris, the conductor; other days visiting with Captain Rollins; eating his canned meals stoically, save at such times as dined at the Captain's cottage making out, in patience, his ticket re ports which always read "No sales," his freight reports which always read "No shipments." The first week he sent these daily, according to the rules, but thereafter only weekly, the auditor having notified him, in a sarcastic note. that reports of weekly frequency would be satisfactory from that station.

The while he lived in the hope that business would pick up. But it did not. And it was a state of things hard for Jamie to bear; not having any-body to work on after his long study of railroading. True, he planned to the last detail a pleasure tour for the Captain; to New York via the Lakes, the Falls and Boston; returning via Washington and Chicago. He proposed, also, that he sell "Lincoln's" machinery to some eastern foundry, which would make quite a goodly shipment from Missouri Station. But the Captain Missouri Station. But the Captain which and and unload it?" would give ear to neither plan. As for actual traffic—one day a piece of gearactual trams—one day a piece of gear-ing for the ferry boat came in by freight, another day a travelling man and his trunks passed through, heading for the Indian reservations beyond the

and fattened in such a lazy life. Jamie wasn't that sort. He had gone into the railroad world with the idea of

rising.
"Cap'n," he declared solemnly to Rollins the morning of the first day of June, "the business won't come to Missiouri Station of itself. I must go

out and bring it in.' The Captain chuckled. He said he'd The Captain chuckled. He said he'd lived in that neighborhood going on half a ceatury, and didn't know of a single atom of business anywhere. But Jamie was hard to convince. So

Rollins hitched the team of stout reans, that he used betimes on the ferry, to a buckboard, and drove Jamie south over the Missouri River bottoms. They found, as Rollins had predicted, a country rock-bound in some places, swampy in others, totally uninhabited and unproductive. Rollins said that class of land continued south nearly to Pierre. After twenty miles of it Jamie admitted he had seen enough.

Next day was train day, but the norning after that Jamie and the Captain started on a second drive, time steering northward along Missouri. The north-country d Missouri. The north-country devo oped much the same as had the south perhaps the more barren of the two for fifteen or eighteen miles. Then changed. Driving on to a plateau well above the river's surface, Jamie and Rollins saw spread before them, on the eastern shore, a great level land whose soil gleamed black and moist, and everywhere was green-tinted with dense stubble that Jamie knew wheat. At long intervals group farm buildings rose on the proof one group lay within baff a mile.

"This is the kind of country

"This is the kind of country I'm looking for," cried Jamie exultantly, "What's the reason, Cap'n, my road can't carry this wheat crop East?"

"Nothing hard to answer there," growled Rollins. "A farmer couldn't haul a load of wheat, or anything else, a mile over that road we've just come over. This section's as much cut off from Missouri Station as though a wall

big as China's was built between."

'That's so," admitted Jamie, reluctantly, his enthusiasm dashed. Then you mean to say these farm above here haul their grain north to the O. P.'s track? Why, that must be sixty or seventy miles from these places

"Eighty," corrected the Captain.
"Anyhow," said Jamie, doggedly, after a minute's meditation, "I'd like to have a talk with one of those wheat Captain Rollins, nothing loth,

drove down into the valley to the farm house nearest. Jamie found the owner home, introduced himself, and in ha'f an hour learned a great deal about the local transportation conditions. It was as the Captain had said. All the wheat growers along the Missouri from that farm north, and for a distance of forty miles back from the river, we compelled, because of the impassable roads south through the Little Bad Lands, to team their grain across the boundary through North Dakota to the O. P. Rallroad. And worse; the rates of haul to the Minneapolis market levied by the O. P. were mercilessly high—scarcely to be borne: they had cut the profits of wheat raising to practically nothing. The farmer talked earnestly and sensibly, not at all like a man given to grumbling, and the agent at Missouri Station was thinking harder than ever before when he and the Captain turned for their homeward

trip.

For a full hour he said not a word. Then he broke his peace with an odd

query. "Cap'n," he asked, "is the 'A. Lincoln' in shape to navigate?"
"Why, yes," answered Rollins, waking out of a doze—"Why, yes, I guess

"Then," returned Jamie firmly "the wheat crop from that section of the Missouri Valley we've just left will be shipped this season by way of Missouri Station.'

"How do you make that?" demanded the Captain. "This way: Leaving out the question of these bad south roads, those farmers who are nearer to the C. & N.

than they are to the O. P. would naturally ship via the C. & N., provided rates were equal."

"But more than that. I'm not very well up on grain tariffs, but I believe it's as that farmer claimed; the O. P. rate to Minneapolis is 'way high. If I remember right, our Minneapolis rate is very much lower-perhaps than half that of the O. P. If that's so we ought to command the trade all the way up the valley to within a dozen miles of the O. P.'s track—we wouldn't want to work too near, because if the O. P. people tumble to what we were about they'd meet our rate and spoil our business. Again leaving out of the question these Bad Lands roads."

"But you can't leave them out," protested Rollins. "A man couldn't haul a load of wheat a mile, I tell

you-"
"I know, I know," interrupted
Jamie calmly. "But we're not going Jamie calmly. "But we're not to bother with these roads at all. ing harvest I'll circulate my plan and figures among the farmers interested. figures among the farmers interested Then, when shipping season comes we'll simply bring the wheat of the valley, starting a bit south of Bismarck, down the Missouri River on your Lincoln to Missouri Station, for ship ment via the C. & N. to Minneapolis For your part of the deal—the steam-boat haul—we'll add a little to the rail rate, enough to make the thing well worth your while.'

"Can't be done," snorted the Captain-" Can't be done. The river's terrible condition between my place and Bismarck—choked up with snags and sand; the channel's switched mile from where 'twas when I ran th

"You could hire some barges somewhere to increase your carrying capacity, couldn't you?" argued Jamie craftily, well remembering how such matters were managed back on the Mississippi. "Loading, unloadingfarms to go with the grain, a it at both ends of the stean That's only a fair proposit river—you've got all summer yourself."

'Yes, I know." Rollins contains the proposition of the pr object, though more mildly n I don't think it's practicable still—I don't know, either there are some idle barges up there are some idle barges at way that I could rent for nothing." He began to the white beard, his kindly old ing with excitement. "A iag with excitement. "A Billy Smith down at Pierre a crack engine man. And elever a pilot as ever grippe Their licenses must be They'd go in for the fun of if for nothing more—"
That was but the introduce That was but the introduction Rollins was conveted through the long drive he Jamie discussed the plan, ward, at the depot, far into Jamie looked into his tariffs,

himself correct in his stand the C & N's Minneapolis it was exactly half that cha O. P. from Bismatck. Thi addition of the small amou deemed fair by Captain Ro steamboat haul, allowed J upon a rate most advant attractive to the wheat shi Missouri Valley.
Next day, however, to this ground—his tariffs valetst issue—he wired Burteral Freight Agent at Confirmation. Burton reagging impatiently, wondere confirmation. Burton rea sage impatiently, wondere of an agent there was Station to be worrying rates from the Little Bad ignored the inquiry. Ji again. A chipper clerk answered that the quotation still, and probably would effect, but further advised.

the time of the freight de thoroughly taken up, and that he hereafter limit his tions to matters of importa For an hour or two Jan hot, but he soon got over it to busy himself with the co to busy himself with the campaign. From a real exherdeen he borrowed as maps, which showed triver's course, the national farmers adjacent, the location of their various holomaps he studied until he accommend with the various distributed with the various and the campaigned with the various holomaps he studied until he accommend with the various holomaps are proposed with the various proposed with the vario maps he studied that he acquainted with the va-northward as he had be village of Read's Landing Pat Harris of the Accomming him so hard at wounderstanding, used to "Some day, young fellopany'll give you a real you'll be swamped." Fagent only smiled good-

went on with his maps.

Jamie advising at ever tain Rollins rounded up steamboat friends at Pie towns. He put the "A. prime condition, and slie river. He ordered a ca for her, which arrived in the extension—the first had seen since the beg term in office. A little steamboat inspectors ran Paul and gave the old Then one morning in

tain assembled a dozen for a trial trip. To "look as posting up on the chamong steamboatmen, hade the run with the to Bismarck and return miles in all. While at leased ten barges, the once noted freight fleet. July and August pa day sun and wind and ra wheat throughout the swiftly ripened it, unti

tiny shoots of green he last to stately stalks of On the first of Septem started cutting. Then Captain's team, and d day and night after nig country north of the Lit returning to the depot Accommodation's half called him. He inte farmer along the eas Missouri from the Sta the line of the O. P. rate and plan of shipme Missouri Station, then and asked all to have sacks, and their me ling, on the river ban A.Lincoln, by sunrise S when it was estimated would be finished. An the owner listened c promised patronage on

wanted time to conside

greatly interested.
On the strength of h

wired General Freigh

ept. 13, for two hund wheat shipment. time was out on the lin tion tour; his chief porary charge of thi clerk had never seen —in fact, could not re heard its name before directly that a traffic hundred cars at one ti delayed. He passed tion and rushed it into Department. The car new man from the S time to get well acq road. He found that two hundred cars co out of the St. Paul yards, and ordered I erintendent of the with office at St. Par forward them to M Harry Kelly knew a Station, and the or but it bore the initiativice agent and, still is of the general freig hastened to push the He assembled the twelve hours, and th of his district were of borrowed, of the Ri new Brooks ten-whee the hauling. The e-teenth he sent the