

---

---

§ CHAPTER XXIV §

---

With the exception of Patsy, Moran, and his wife, none of the passengers gave a thought to the "fellows up ahead." Before leaving Chicago Guerin had advised the youthful fireman to stretch a piece of bell-rope from the cab to the tank to prevent him from falling out through the gangway, for he intended to make up the ten minutes if it were in the machine. The storm had increased so that the rail had passed the slippery stage, for it is only a damp rail that is greasy. A very wet rail is almost as good as a dry one, and Blackwings was picking her train up beautifully. This was the engine upon which Guerin had made his maiden trip as fireman, and the thought of that dreadful night saddened him. Here was where Cowels sat when he showed him the cruel message. Here in this very window he had held him, and there was the identical arm-rest over which hung the body of the dead engineer. And this was his boy. How the years fly! He looked at