"'I'll be going back to the general manager first,' says I, 'for I need my job. But I'll be back.'

"The face of the general manager was the face of a man who had put his teeth through a cockroach concealed in a bun, when I delivered the girl's message to him.

"'Apologize, is it?' he says. 'I'll see about that,' and he buttons up his coat and tramps up to the cabin, the door of which was closed.

"'Farley!' shouts the Big Boss, from the outside.

"'Yes,' says the voice of the little red-headed man, very meek, indeed.

"'I want to come in,' says the Big Boss.

"'You can, and welcome—when you, apologize to father,' says the voice of the girl.

"'Farley, you're fired!' says the Big Boss. 'You can draw a month's pay in lieu of notice, for your resignation takes place from this very minute.'

"There was silence for a few minutes in the cabin; and then Farley's voice, as meek as a mock turtle's, says: 'Very well, sir.'

"The old man danced out there for a minute, and then stumped down to the car again, and from what he had to say in passing, I gathered his stomach was troubling him bad.

"About an hour later, the old man called me in.

"'Tell Farley I want to see him,' says he.

"So I went up to the cabin, and there was the girl standing looking far off at the mountains, as if she were seeing angels.

"'The general manager wants to see your father,' says I.

"'My father's compliments to the general manager,' says she, 'and being now out of the employ of the C., L & Y., he is very busy on his new job.' And she went into the house.

"The Big Boss said it was the fault of a generation that allowed their sons and daughters to speak back to them, and that was deluded on the subject of womankind. Then he says he is going to sleep, and is not to be disturbed.

"So I went to the cabin, and had a lavish meal, the while Farley watched his daughter with fear in his eyes, and his daughter talked about New York, of which she knew nothing at all.

"It was late that night when the old man called for me next. He was lying there in his private car, with both hands holding his stomach, and groaning something terrible.

"'I'm ill, Stearns,' says he. 'I'm terrible sick. It's the gripes or something.'

"So I went up to the cabin again, and there was a light in the window, and Miss Mary Farley was darning socks from a position where she could watch the train.

"'The general manager is sick,' says I, 'he is suffering something terrible with griping pains.'

"'The good saints tell us,' says she, 'that we should care for the sick. The general manager will