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KATY DID!

By Florence Lillian Henderson
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"Katy did! Katy did! Katy did!"

Katy blushed. She hurried her steps, actually embarrassed. What Katy did, she alone and Bruce Danvers knew, yet she fluttered when she recalled it all, and just now because she was passing the very spot where a week previous young Danvers had told her he loved her and asked her to return his kiss—and Katy did.

And now from the trees came the reminding, hilarious chorus of the merry insects, as they they had seen it all and were proclaiming it to the world.

"Father says that Bruce is not our kind," soliloquized Katy Branson. "That is true, for his father is president of the road. But Bruce—Mr. Danvers—said that even the best father in the world should not stand between him and the girl he loved best. Oh, I hope he meant it—I must believe that or it would break my heart!"

Then Katy tripped home to her duties. They were humble ones, yet she graced them. Old Mr. Branson and his wife and daughter lived in a rather unusual environment. They had a little home surrounded by a few acres about half way up Clover Cut. The cut was four miles long and until the year previous had been a part of the railroad. The the company had decided to have a mile of crooked windings along the valley and abandoned the cut single track. They tore out the connections at either end and left the worn rails to neglect, weeds and rust.

Mr. Branson had formerly been a section superintendent, but had grown too old to work except around the little home plat. He had put in crops of early vegetables, for which there was a good cash demand at Brocton, a mile down the line beyond

the north end of the cut. A battered up light handcar had been dumped in the ditch and left there when the old line was abandoned. He had got it righted, and with Katy's help, too. He had patched it up and, lo and behold! a new order of traffic, for Katy learned to man it. Every day she loaded it with the baskets of kitchen produce and ran it the three miles to the end of the rails. There were always half a dozen Brocton boys on



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hand at the terminus, ready and willing to carry the baskets to the town stores where Katy disposed of their contents.

Then, one afternoon her faithful—or faithless—cohorts, as the case might be, disappointed her, enticed away by a ball game. That mile down the hot graveled roadbed of the main line looked an arduous adven-