

The Manager Of the B. & A.

By VAUGHAN KESTER

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took? Do you remember exactly what was said?" asked Dan.

"The message was that a strong north wind was blowing and that the town was pretty certain to burn unless the engines and hose reached there to-night. But they have been saying that for two days, and the wind's always changed at the right moment and driven the fire back."

Dan glanced along the track and saw the relief train, consisting of an engine, tender and two flat cars, loaded with hose and fire engines, on one of the sidings. He turned on Durks with an angry scowl.

"Why haven't you tried to start that train through? It's ready."

"No one's here to go with it, Mr. Oakley. I was sort of counting on the freight crew for the job."

"Where are they?"

"He went home on the 6:10. He lives up at Carson, you know."

This was the first stop on the M. and W. east of Buckhorn.

"Why did you let him leave? Do you mean to say that he's been loafing around here all day with his hands in his pockets? He'll never pull another throttle for the Huckleberry!"

Durks did not attempt to reply to this explosion of wrath.

"Who made up the train?" demanded Dan.

"Baker did—him and his fireman. I didn't know but the freight might come up from Parker's run, and I wanted to be fixed for 'em. I couldn't do a thing with Baker. I told him his order, I were to try and reach Antioch with the relief train, but he said he didn't care who gave the order, he wasn't going to risk his life."

But Dan had lost interest in Baker.

"Look here," he cried. "You must get a fireman for me, and I'll take out the train myself."

He wondered why he had not thought of this before.

"I guess I'll manage to reach Antioch," he added as he ran across to the siding and swung himself into the cab.

A faded blue blouse and a pair of greasy overalls were lying on the seat in the cab. He removed his coat and vest and put them on. Durks, who had followed him, climbed up on the steps.

"You'll have to run slow, Mr. Oakley, because it's likely the heat has spread the rails, if it ain't twisted them loose from the ties," he volunteered. For answer Oakley thrust a shovel into his hands.

"Here, throw in some coal," he ordered, opening the furnace door.

Durks turned a sickly, mottled white. "I can't leave," he gasped.

"You idiot. You don't suppose I'd take you from your post. What I want you to do is to help me get up steam."

The operator attacked the coal on the tender vigorously. He felt an immense sense of comfort.

Dan's railroad experience covered nearly every branch. So it chanced that he had fired for a year prior to taking an office position. Indeed, his first ambition had been to be an engineer. It was now quite dark, and the fires being raked down, he lit a torch and inspected his engine with a comprehensive eye. Next he probed a two foot oiler into the rods and bearings and filled the cups. He found a certain pleasure in the fact that the lobe of the craft to which he had once aspired was still fresh in his mind.

"Baker keeps her in apple pie order, Joe," he observed approvingly. The operator nodded.

"He's always tinkering."

"Well, he's done tinkering for us unless I land in a ditch tonight, with the tender on top of me."

A purring sound issued from the squat throat of the engine. It was sending aloft wreaths of light gray smoke and softly spitting red-hot cinders.

Dan climbed upon the tender and inspected the tank. Last of all he went forward and lit the headlight, and his preparations were complete. He jumped down from the cab and stood beside Joe on the platform.

"Now," he said cheerfully, "where's that fireman, Joe?"

"He's gone home, Mr. Oakley. He lives at Carson, too, same as Baker," faltered the operator.

"Then there's another man whose services we won't require in future. We'll have to find some one else."

"I don't think you can," ventured Durks reluctantly. Instantly told him that this opinion would not tend to increase his popularity with Oakley.

"Why not?"

"They just won't want to go."

"Do you mean to tell me that they will allow Antioch to burn and not lift a hand to save the town?" he demanded sternly.

He couldn't believe it.

"Well, you see, there won't any one here want to get killed, and they will think they got enough trouble of their own to keep them home."

"We can go uptown and see if we can't find a man who thinks of more than his own skin," said Dan.

"Oh, yes; we can try," agreed Durks apathetically, but his tone implied an unshaken conviction that the search would prove a fruitless one.

"Can't you think of any one who would like to make the trip?" Durks was thoughtful. He thanked his lucky stars that the M. and W. paid half his salary.

At last he said:

"Can't Mr. Oakley?"

was a sound like the crunching of underfoot on the other side of the freight car near where they stood.

"Yes, he can't," he said.

"Why not?"

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were standing, but neither Durks nor Oakley heard it. The operator's jaws worked steadily in quiet animal enjoyment of their task. He was still canvassing the Junction's adult male population for the individual to whom life had become sufficiently burdensome for Oakley's purpose. Dan was gazing down the track at the red blur in the sky. Back of that ruddy glow, in the path of the flames, lay Antioch. The wind was in the north. He was thinking, as he had many times in the last hour, of Constance and the Emorys. In the face of the danger that threatened he even had a friendly feeling for the rest of Antioch. It had been decent and kindly in its fashion until Ryder set to work to ruin him.

He knew he might ride into Antioch on his engine none the worse for the



"Don't swear so, Dannie. It ain't right. I'll go with you."

trip, except for a few burns, but there was the possibility of a more tragic ending. Still, whatever the result, he would have done his full part.

He faced Durks again.

"Any man who knows enough to shovel coal will do," he said.

"But no one will want to take such long chances, Mr. Oakley. Baker said it was just plain suicide."

Dan swore like a brakeman out of temper in the bad, thoughtless manner of his youth.

At the same moment a heavy, slouching figure emerged from the shadow at the opposite end of the freight car and came hesitatingly toward the two men. Then a voice said in gentle admonition:

"Don't swear so, Dannie. It ain't right. I'll go with you."

It was his father.

CHAPTER XXII.

ANTIOCH had grown indifferent to forest fires. They were of almost annual recurrence, and the town had come to expect them each fall. As the Hon. Job Barrows remarked with cheerful optimism, "roving a popular belief. If it was intended Antioch should go that way it would have gone long ago."

But this summer the drought had been of longer duration than usual. The woods were like tinder, and the inevitable wadding from some careless hunter's gun or the scattered embers from some campfire far up in the northern part of the state had started a conflagration that was licking up miles of timber and moving steadily south behind a vast curtain of smoke that darkened half the state. It was only when the burned out settlers from the north began to straggle in that Antioch awoke to a proper sense of its danger.

It was then that Antioch sent out its first call for help. It needed fire engines and hose, and it needed them badly, especially the hose, for the little reservoir from which the town drew its water supply was almost empty.

Antioch forgot the murder of Ryder. It forgot Roger Oakley, the strike and all lesser affairs. A common danger threatened its homes, perhaps the lives of its citizens.

A score of angry men were stamping up and down the long platform across from the shops or pushing in and out of the ugly little depot, which had taken on years in apparent age and decay in the two days during which no trains had been running.

They were abusing Holt, the railroad and every one connected with it. For the thousandth time they demanded to know where the promised relief train was—if it had started from Buckhorn Junction, and if it hadn't started, the reason of the delay.

The harried assistant treasurer answered these questions as best he could.

"Are you going to let the town burn without making a move to save it?" demanded an excited citizen.

"You don't think I am any more anxious to see it go than you are?" retorted Holt angrily.

"Then don't your road do something to prevent it?"

"Well, you see, there won't any one here want to get killed, and they will think they got enough trouble of their own to keep them home."

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COWBOY MAYOR ADVISES DUNNE

Dahlman, of Omaha, Says His Only Veto Message is "Nothing Doing."

New York, Sept. 3.—Among the first of the Nebraska "home folks" to call on William J. Bryan today was Mayor "Jim" Dahlman, the "cowboy" executive of Omaha, who was reminiscent of what had occurred last night after the termination of the reception at the Garden. According to Mayor "Jim," a party of three of a kind—three mayors—was made up. They were Mayor Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, and Mayor "Jim." All spoke at the outside meeting, and, being fatigued by the heat and the exertion of speaking, repaired to a restaurant on Twenty-third street. At that place Mayor Dahlman confessed that he had unknowingly given some advice to Mayor Dunne about how Chicago should be run, and at the same time set down a rule of simplicity for all mayors in the conduct of their offices.

Addressing Mayor Dunne he said: "Now, old man, I don't know how about things in your little outfit, but on the whole I think there is too darned much red tape in this mayor's business. Now I don't write a volume of reasons when I kill a bill or veto an ordinance. I just write 'nothing doing' across the face of it."

"Right you are, Jim," added Mayor Johnson, "you have the right idea; the people want mayors who deliver the goods."

"Yes, you are both right," answered Mayor Dunne, "the people in Chicago are tired of red tape, and they want the goods delivered, not promises."

The Nebraska "home folks" started for home yesterday afternoon, stopping over in Detroit and in Chicago, attending at each city the reception arranged for Mr. Bryan.

Notice to Contractors.

Paducah, Ky., Aug. 25, 1906.

Bids will be received at the office of the Board of Public Works, city hall, Paducah, Ky., until 3 p. m., Wednesday, September 5, 1906, for the following construction work, as per plans and specifications on file at the city engineer's office, under ordinances providing for same.

For grading and graveling Sowell street from Ashbrook avenue to Hays avenue.

Sowell street, from Ashbrook avenue to Ashcraft avenue.

Hays avenue, from Sowell street to Bridge street.

Concrete sidewalks and combined curb and gutters on Fountain avenue from Jefferson street to Monroe street.

A. WASHINGTON, City Engineer.

An ass is an ass, though his saddle-cloth be satin.

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CHARGES OF DISCRIMINATION FILED WITH INDIANA AUTHORITIES.

Cleveland, Sept. 3.—Complaints against forty-one railroads operating in Indiana have been forwarded to the Indiana state railroad commission by the National Petroleum association, which has headquarters here. The complaints, according to statements given out here last night, are made on behalf of the National Oil Refining company of Indianapolis, the Tinsley Oil company of Indianapolis and the Evansville Refining company of Evansville, Ind. All of the complaints allege discrimination of oil in freight rates. The specific charge made is that Nov. 25, 1899, the classification of petroleum was changed from the fifth to the fourth class within the state of Indiana, except from points of shipments from which special oil tariffs are issued at different rates, and it is alleged that this results in discrimination.

MAKES WASTES PROFITABLE.

"During the early days crude oil was refined and everything but the refined oil was thrown away as necessary waste; but no sooner had John D. Rockefeller entered the oil fields than he began looking for means whereby the waste products could be profitably utilized. The Standard Oil company had hardly been organized before it sent its agents to Europe to engage the leading chemists of England and Germany and a large sum was spent in the erection of one of the most complete chemical laboratories in the world. It is doubtful if any capital ever invested in any manner ever reaped a larger return than the money which the Standard Oil company expended in the erection of this chemical laboratory and in the employment of the most expert chemists in this country and Europe. John D. Archbold, vice-president of the Standard Oil company, is authority for the statement that for the last ten years more than one-half of the profits of the company have been made out of the manufacture of by-products. Indeed, so important has this branch of the Standard Oil company grown, that if the company was today in a position where it was forced to choose between its refined oil and its by-products it would choose the latter. The company could throw into the ocean every drop of refined oil as fast as it was manufactured, and would still be able to pay handsome dividends to its stockholders simply through the sale of its by-products."—Henry C. Nicholas in Moody's Magazine for August.

Wouldn't Stop There.

Old Deacon Morse was as good at repartee as any man living. One time he was taking a vessel down New York harbor. Another vessel collided with his, and the two drifted on together.

"Cut loose! Cut loose!" called the other captain.

Morse couldn't, but demanded that the other do so. This the stranger wouldn't do, but he warned Morse, if he didn't that they would soon reach Hell Gate.

"Well," replied Morse, you won't stop at the gate if you don't cut loose from us in about two minutes."

ARMY INCREASE.

Enlisted Strength Given Accretion by New Order.

Washington, Sept. 3.—The enlisted strength of the army is slightly increased in a general order issued at the war department today. The strength of the different branches of the service will be as follows:

Total number of enlisted men in cavalry, 12,240; artillery corps, 328; coast artillery, 13,298, and torpedo companies, 527; field artillery, 4,012; infantry, 24,480; engineers, 1,282; additional strength, 1,961, making a total enlistment in the line of the army of 58,128. To this is added for the staff departments 4,387, making a total of 62,515.

The enlisted strength under the last general order, issued Feb. 6, was 60,798. The increase is mainly to carry into effect the recent executive order of the secretary of war requiring that each cavalry and infantry regiment shall have a detachment of machine gun experts.

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SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET. EDWARD R. SWETT, PROPRIETOR.

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Habit-forming Medicines.

Whatever may be the fact as to many of the so-called patent medicines containing injurious ingredients as broadly published in some journals of more or less influence, this publicity has certainly been of great benefit in arousing needed attention to this subject. It has, in a considerable measure, resulted in the most intelligent people avoiding such foods and medicines as may be fairly suspected of containing the injurious ingredients complained of. Recognizing this fact some time ago, Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., "took time by the forelock," as it were, and published broadcast all the ingredients of which his popular medicines are composed. Thus he has completely forestalled all harping critics and all opposition that might otherwise be urged against his medicines, because they are now of known composition. Furthermore, from the formula printed on every bottle wrapper, it will be seen that these medicines contain no alcohol or other habit-forming drugs. Neither do they contain any narcotics or injurious agents, their ingredients being purely vegetable, extracted from the roots of medicinal plants found growing in the depths of our American forests and of well recognized curative virtues.

Instead of alcohol, which even in small portions long continued, as in obstinate cases of diseases, becomes highly objectionable from its tendency to produce a craving for stimulants, Dr. Pierce employs chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine, which of itself is a valuable remedy in many cases of chronic diseases, being a superior demulcent, antiseptic, and supporting nutritive. It enhances the curative action of the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherrubark and Bloodroot, contained in Golden Medical Discovery, in all bronchial, throat and lung affections attended with severe coughs. As will be seen from the writings of the eminent Drs. Grover and of New York, Harbrow, of Jefferson Medical College, Phila.; Scudder, of Cincinnati; Ewingwood, of Chicago; Hale, of Chicago, and others, who stand practice, the foregoing agents are the very best ingredients that Dr. Pierce could have chosen to make up his famous "Discovery" for the cure of not only bronchial, throat and lung affections, but also of chronic catarrh in all its various forms wherever located.

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