

THE FLIGHT OF THE YELLOW MAIL

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN

THERE wasn't another engineer on the division that dared talk to Doubleday the way Jimmie Bradshaw talked. But Jimmie had a grievance, and every time he thought about it it made him nervous.

Ninety-six years. It seemed a good while to wait; yet in the regular course of events on the mountain division there appeared no earlier prospect of Jimmie's getting a passenger run.

"Got your rights, ain't you?" said Doubleday when Jimmie complained.

"I have and I haven't," grumbled Jimmie, winking hard; "there's younger men than I am on the fast run."

"They got in on the strike; you've been told that a hundred times. Hang on to your freight. There's better men than you in Ireland up to their belt in the bow, Jimmie."

"It's a pity they didn't leave you there, Doubleday."

"You'd have been a good while hunting for a freight run if they had."

Then Jimmie would get mad and shake his finger and talk fast. "Just the same, I'll have a fast run here when you're dead."

"May be; but I'll be alive a good while yet, my son," the master mechanic would laugh. The talk always ended that way, and Jimmie Bradshaw knew it always would end that way.

The trouble was, no one on the division would take Jimmie seriously, and he felt that the ambition of his life would never be fulfilled; that he would go plugging to gray hairs and the grave on an old freight train. It was funny to hear him complaining about it, for everything, even his troubles, came funny to him, and in talking he had an odd way of stuttering with his eyes, which were red. In fact, Jimmie was nearly all red; hair, face, hands—they said his teeth were sandy.

When the first rumors about the proposed Yellow Mail reached the mountains Jimmie was running a new ten-wheeler; breaking her in on a regular day across the fellow without a lick of sense to use on a limited passenger run, as Jimmie observed bitterly. The rumors about the mail as the season advanced flew thicker and thicker. "Washington never was very progressive in the matter of improving the transcontinental service, but once by mistake they put in a Postmaster-General down there who would make the old one look like a child."

When the bureau fellows that put their brains up in curl papers told him it couldn't be done he smiled softly and sent for the managers of the crack freight line, the continent, without suspecting how it bore incidentally on Jimmie Bradshaw's grievance against his master mechanic.

The Postmaster-General called the manager of the big line, and he talked a dinner with Chamberlain's, and they told him the same thing. "It has been tried," they said in the old, tired way.

"California has been getting the worst of the last year or two," the manager of the Postmaster-General moderately. "We don't think anything about putting New York mail in Chicago in 20 hours. It ought to be similar to a day across the continent. Where's the fall down?"

The general managers looked at our representative sympathetically, and coughed cigar smoke his way to hide him. "What's the trouble?" murmured a Pennsylvania swell, who puffed indifferently at a 50-cent cigar.

The West End representative was unappreciatedly accustomed to facing the finger of the West End. He had become with our managers a tradition. There was never a conference of transcontinental lines in which we were not scoffed at as the weak link in the chain of everything—mail, passenger, specials, what not.

This time a new man was sitting for the line at the Chamberlain dinner—a youngish man with a face that set like a bulldog. He was a new man, and he was a new man. The Postmaster-General was inclined from the reputation we had, to look on our man as one looks at a dog without a pedigree, and he was a new man. He was a new man, and he was a new man.

"What do you think of the West End?" asked the Postmaster-General. "The West End was about to speak."

"Why west of the Missouri?" he asked, with a lift of the face not altogether candid. The Pennsylvania man shrugged his broad shoulders.

"If it is put through, how much of it do you propose to take yourself?" inquired our man, looking evenly at the Allegheny official.

"Sixty-five miles, including stops from the New York postoffice to Canal street," replied the Pennsylvania man, and his words flowed with irritating ease.

"What do you take?" continued the man with the bulldog face, turning to the Burlington representative, who was struggling, belated, with an article.

"About 70 from Canal to Tenth and Mason, say, 70 from Tenth to the Manhattan, with the lordliness of a man who has miles to throw away."

"Then suppose we say 65 from Tenth and Mason to Ogden," suggested the West End. There was a well-bred table round. Sixty-five miles an hour through the Rockies?

The Postmaster-General struck the table quickly and heavily; he didn't want to let it get away. "Why, hang it, Mr. Buckle," he exclaimed with emphasis, "if you will say 60, the business is done. We don't ask you to do the Rockies in the time these fellows like to cut the Alleghenies. 60 and I will put in a test train a day earlier every week in the year."

"Nothing on the West End to keep you from doing it," said General Manager Buckle. He had been put up then only about six months.

Every one looked at the young manager. The Pennsylvania man looked with confidence, for he instantly suspected there must be a string to such a proposition, or that the new representative was "talking through his hat."

"But what?" asked the Cabinet member, uncomfortably apprehensive.

"We are not putting on a 65-mile schedule just because we love our country, you understand, nor to heighten an already glorious reputation. We are doing it for the stuff. You put up the money; we put up the speed. Not miles; 65—from the Missouri to the Sierras."

The trade was on from that minute. Buckle said he no more then; he was a good listener. But next day, when it came to talking money, he talked more money into the West End treasury for one year's running than was ever talked before on a mail contract for the best three years' work we ever did.

When they talked money for such time he wanted to get ready, and told him to take plenty, three months was stipulated. The contracts were drawn, and they were signed by our people without hesitation, because they knew Buckle. But the Government weakened on signing. Nothing ever got through a Washington department without a hitch, and they said our road had so often failed on like propositions that they wanted a test. There was a deal of wrangling, then a test run was agreed on by all the roads concerned. If it proved successful, if the mail was put on the Golden Gate on the second of the schedule, public opinion and the interests in the Philippines, it was concluded, would justify the heavy premium asked for the service.

In this way the dickering and the figuring became in a measure public, and kept up everybody to a high pitch. We said nothing for publication, but under Buckle's energy, sawed wood for three whole months. Success meant with us prestige, but failure meant obloquy for the road and for our division chief, who had been so lately called to handle it.

The real train, it was clear, would come on his old—the Mountain—division; and, to

carry out the test, rested on the motive power of the Mountain division; hence, concretely, on Doubleday, master mechanic of the hill country.

In 30 days Neighbor, superintendent of the motive power, called for reports from the division master mechanics on the preparations for the Yellow Mail run, and they reported progress in 40 days he called again.

The subordinate reported well except Doubleday. Doubleday said merely "Not ready." There was a third call in 30 days, and on the 85th a peremptory call. Everybody said ready except Doubleday. When Neighbor remonstrated he was ready in time. That was the most he would promise, though it was generally understood that if he failed he would have to make way for somebody that could.

The plains division of the system was marked up for 70 miles an hour, and, with all the help that could be given it, it still left 60 for the mountains to take care of, and the Yellow Mail proposition was conceded to be the toughest affair the motive power at Medicine Bend had ever faced.

However, 45 hours before the mail left the New York postoffice, Doubleday wired to Neighbor, "Ready"; Neighbor to Bucks, "Ready"; and Bucks to Washington, "Ready."

Then the orders began to shoot through the mountains. Dispatchers were given the 11, which meant Bucks; no layouts, no slows for the Yellow Mail. Roadmasters were notified that track work in front of the Yellow Mail. Bridge gangs were warned, yard masters instructed, section bosses cautioned, track-walkers spurred—the system was polished like a barkeeper's diamond and the track was in front of the Yellow Mail. Bridge gangs were warned, yard masters instructed, section bosses cautioned, track-walkers spurred—the system was polished like a barkeeper's diamond and the track was in front of the Yellow Mail.

Doubleday spent all day Thursday and all Thursday night in the roundhouse. He had personally gone over the engines that were to make the run, and he was in the roundhouse when the 1012 and the 1014, with 56-inch drivers and cylinders big enough to sit up and eat breakfast in, were taken out of the shop to run on the work; and on Friday Oliver Sellers, who, when he opened a throttle, blew miles over the tender like feathers, took down to Piedmont for the run up to the Bend.

Now Oliver Sellers was a runner in a hundred, and steady as a clock; but he had a streak in him, and he was a streak. Steve Horgan, a cousin of Johnnie's. The glory was too great for Steve, and he spent Friday night in Gallagher's place, bragging, telling the boys what the 1012 would do to the Yellow Mail.

When Steve showed up at 5 A. M. to superintend the movement, he was searish. The minute Sellers set eyes on him he objected to taking him out to the Piedmont platform that morning, watching things. The McClellan dispatchers had promised the train to our division on time, and her

When the sun was breaking over the sand hills, and the morning fog was thickening the horizon, it was McClellan with the 806 and the Yellow Mail. Neighbor looked at his watch. She was, if anything, a minute to the good.

When the 806 came to the depot every eye was on the new equipment. Three stand-by and railway mail cars, done in varnished butternut, strung out behind the snorting engine, and the look of everything—mail, passenger, specials, what not.

While Neighbor vaguely meditated on their beauty Jimmie Bradshaw, just in from a night run down from the Bend, walked over to the depot and seen Steven Horgan making a "game" for the bathhouse, and from the yard gossip Jimmie had guessed the rest.

"What are you looking for, Neighbor?" asked Jimmie Bradshaw.

"A man to fire for Sellers—up. Do you want it?"

Neighbor threw it at him cross and carelessly, not having any idea Jimmie was looking for trouble. But Jimmie surprised him.

"Sure I want it. Put me on. I'm fresh as rainwater. Put me on, Neighbor. I'll never get fast any other way. Doubleday will give me a fast run in a hundred years."

"There wasn't much time to look around; the 1012 was being coupled on to the mail for the hardest run on the line."

"Get there, you fellows," ordered Neighbor, presently, at Jimmy. "Get in and fire her; and if you don't give Sellers two hundred and ten pounds every inch of the way I'll set you back wiping down hills."

Jimmie lost no time climbing in. The 1012 was drumming at her gauge with better than two hundred pounds. Adam Shafer, conductor for the run, ran back and forward a minute examining the engine. At the fine words from his brakeman, he lifted two fingers at Sellers; Oliver opened a notch, and Jimmie Bradshaw stuck his head out of the gangway. Slowly, but with swiftly rising speed, the yellow stinger began to move out, and those who watched from the Piedmont platform thought a smoother equipment never drew out of the mountain yards.

Jimmie Bradshaw had never lifted a pick in as swell a cab. The hind end of the 1012 was big as a private car; Jimmie had never seen so much play for a life. He felt like a king, and he knew it. His business better than most men even in West End cabs, and as Oliver let the engine out very, very fast, Jimmie Bradshaw sprinkled the grate bars bravely and blithely at the shiverers, as much as to say, "It's you and me now for the Yellow Mail, and nobody else on earth."

There was a long reach of smooth track, the gliding of the wheels. It was there the big start had to be made, and in two minutes the bark of the big machine had deepened to a chest tone full of thunder. It was all run for an hour, for two hours, for three hours, for four hours. It was all run for an hour, for two hours, for three hours, for four hours.

The ambitious fireman realized what the new speed meant; the sickening slew, the lurch on lurch so fast the engine never righted, the shortened breath along the engine, the gliding of the wheels, the sudden shock of the curve, the roar of the flight on the ear, and above and over it all, the booming purr of the maddest steel. The canoe in the heart of the rapid, the fireman's line, there the big start had to be made, and in two minutes the bark of the big machine had deepened to a chest tone full of thunder.

It was all run for an hour, for two hours, for three hours, for four hours. It was all run for an hour, for two hours, for three hours, for four hours.

When they struck the foothills Sellers and Jimmie Bradshaw looked at their watches and looked at each other like men who had turned their backs on every mountain record. There was a stop for water, the gliding of the wheels, the sudden shock of the curve, the roar of the flight on the ear, and above and over it all, the booming purr of the maddest steel.

The canoe in the heart of the rapid, the fireman's line, there the big start had to be made, and in two minutes the bark of the big machine had deepened to a chest tone full of thunder.

It was all run for an hour, for two hours, for three hours, for four hours. It was all run for an hour, for two hours, for three hours, for four hours.

When they struck the foothills Sellers and Jimmie Bradshaw looked at their watches and looked at each other like men who had turned their backs on every mountain record. There was a stop for water, the gliding of the wheels, the sudden shock of the curve, the roar of the flight on the ear, and above and over it all, the booming purr of the maddest steel.

The canoe in the heart of the rapid, the fireman's line, there the big start had to be made, and in two minutes the bark of the big machine had deepened to a chest tone full of thunder.

It was all run for an hour, for two hours, for three hours, for four hours. It was all run for an hour, for two hours, for three hours, for four hours.

When they struck the foothills Sellers and Jimmie Bradshaw looked at their watches and looked at each other like men who had turned their backs on every mountain record. There was a stop for water, the gliding of the wheels, the sudden shock of the curve, the roar of the flight on the ear, and above and over it all, the booming purr of the maddest steel.

The canoe in the heart of the rapid, the fireman's line, there the big start had to be made, and in two minutes the bark of the big machine had deepened to a chest tone full of thunder.

twinkle of an eye the mail train lay spilled on the alkali.

It was hardly more than a minute; then like ants out of a trampled hill men began crawling from the yellow wreck. There was more—there was grunting and worse, yet little for so frightful a shock. And first on his feet, with no more than scratches, and quickest back under the cab, was the engineer, was Jimmie Bradshaw, the fireman.

Sellers, barely conscious, lay wedged between the tank and the footboard. Jimmie, all by himself, eased him away from the boiler. The yellow wreck was still broken apart directing his brakeman how to chop a crew out of the head of the mail car, and the hind crews were getting out unaided. There was a quick calling back and forth, and the cry "Nobody killed!" But the engineer and the conductor were put out of action. There was, in fact, only one West End man hurt—Jimmie Bradshaw.

The first crack of the mail train took place just east of Crockett's siding. A west-bound freight lay at that moment on the passing track waiting for the mail. Before the freight crew had reached the wreck Jimmie was hustling aboard to tell the freight crew that the freight conductor demurred; and when they discussed it with the freight engineer, Kingsley, he objected. "My engine won't never stand it; it'll pound her to scrap," he argued. "For the safest thing to do is to get orders."

"Get orders!" storied Jimmie Bradshaw. "Get orders! Are you running an engine on this line and don't know the orders for those mail bags? The orders are to move 'em! That's the order, enough. Uncouple three of those empty boxcars and hustle 'em back. By the great United States, any man that interferes with moving the mail will get his time, that's what I'll get. That's Doubleday, and don't you forget it."

"Bucks wants the stuff hustled," put in the freight conductor, weakening. "Everybody knows that."

"Uncouple three," cried Jimmie, climbing into the mogul. "I'll pull the bags, Kingsley; you needn't take any chances. Come back there, every mother's son of you and help on the transfer."

He carried his points with a gale. He was conductor and engineer and brakeman all in one. He backed the boxes to the curve below the spill, and set every man at work piling the mail from the wrecked train to the freight cars. The wounded cars for the wound, and the mail for the mail. The mail for the mail. The mail for the mail.

When the head brave of the hunting party received the word to back, he half of his company he looked at Doubleday with dignity, pointed to the sandy engineer and spoke freckled words in the Sioux.

That's the way it came about. Bradshaw holds the belt for the run from Bad Axe to Medicine Bend; but he never goes any more by the name of Bradshaw, and from that day, west of McClellan, everywhere up any road, the mountains, they have given Bradshaw the name the Sioux gave him that day—Jimmie the Wind.

(The End.)

CHURCHES MADE TO ORDER

Corporation That Undertakes to Supply Everything Except Preacher.

New York Times.

If you want a church nowadays, all you have to do is to place your order with the corporation, just as you would with a church builder, just as you would with a church builder.

In August last a corporation was organized under the name, "The Church Construction Company," and that corporation proposed to begin at once to build churches, and not to stop until it had over the complete church, woodwork, carpets, organs and all of the accessories, except the preacher.

"One of these men became known to the building trade as an expert church builder, and he was frequently asked by other builders to take charge of their work for them. He became convinced that a company organized to construct churches and kindred buildings would succeed, and

"5-DROPS" CURES Rheumatism

HERE IS THE PROOF

MRS. JAMES MCARTER, 490 Edmund St., St. Paul, Minn., writes: "Your '5-DROPS' is the best medicine I ever used. I bottle which you sent me gave me relief. I procured a large size bottle of the remedy and after using it entirely well."

MRS. L. WADLEY, No. 1600 Church St., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I suffered many years with rheumatism, and I used everything I could hear of which was recommended for it and now since I have used '5-DROPS' I feel perfectly well. I have no more pain. I feel like a new woman."

MRS. B. B. RELLER, Olathe, Neb., writes: "At the age of 46 I was a sufferer with Rheumatism that I was compelled to walk with crutches. I could not do my work. I was advised to use '5-DROPS'. I at once sent to your office and secured a sample bottle of the remedy and used it with good results. I now feel like a new woman and I can do my work."

SWANSON'S "5-DROPS" is the only medicine in the world that will cure Rheumatism in all of its forms and stages of development. Rheumatism is a blood disease, and is caused by poisonous matter (lactic acid and uric acid) being retained in the blood. "5-DROPS" cures this dreadful malady by eliminating from the blood, these poisons and other impurities which may prevent the normal circulation. This is the only way in which a permanent cure may be obtained. With the blood pure, perfect circulation is assured, and disease is an impossibility. "5-DROPS" is an internal and external remedy which acts quickly, safely and surely, and is an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica and Neuralgia. "5-DROPS" taken internally will dissolve the poisonous acid, remove it from the system and cleanse the blood of all poisons. An application of "5-DROPS" to the afflicted joints will soothe the pain almost instantly, while the cause of the disease is being surely removed by its internal use.

"5-DROPS" NEVER FAILS TO CURE Rheumatism, Neuralgia, La Grippe, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, Asthma, Catarrh, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Nervousness, Backache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Croup, Nervous and Neuritic Headache, Malaria, Heart Weakness, Paralysis, Creeping Numbness, Sleeplessness, Eczema, Scrofula and Blood Diseases.

A trial bottle will be mailed free of charge to every reader of this paper upon request. Cut out the coupon and send to us with your name and address. Write today.

NOTICE. "5-DROPS" is entirely free from alcohol, opiates, salicylates or other injurious drugs. If "5-DROPS" is not obtainable in your locality order direct from us and we will send it prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Large Size Bottles (300 Doses \$1.00). For Sale by Druggists.

Ask your druggist for the SWANSON PILLS, a sure cure for constipation, Price 25 cts.

"What the blazes do you mean by bringing in an engine in that condition?" choked Doubleday, pointing to the blown machine.

"I thought you wanted the mail?" winked Jimmie.

"How the devil are we to get the mail with you blocking the track two hours?" demanded Callahan, insanely.

"Why the mail's here, and these box cars," answered Jimmie Bradshaw, pointing to his boiler train. "Now, don't look daffy like that; every sack is right here."

I thought the best way to get the mail here was to bring it. We're 40 minutes late, ain't we?"

Doubleday waited to hear no more. Orders flew like curlicues from the superintendent and the master mechanic. They saw there was a life for it yet. Before the fire brigade had done with the trucks a string of new mail cars was backed down beside the train. The relieving mail crews waiting at the Bend took hold and a dozen extra men helped them sling the pouches. The mail, blowing porpoises, was trucked up and the Yellow Mail, still habilitated, rejuvenated and exultant, started up the gorge for Bear Dance, only 35 minutes late, with Hawksworth in the cab.

"And if you can't make that up, Frank, you're no good on earth," sputtered Doubleday at the engineer. And Frank Hawksworth did make it up, and the Yellow Mail went on and off the West End on the test and into the Sierras for the Coast on time.

There's a butt of plug tobacco and a tin of Crockett's coming. These trucks, Mr. Doubleday," wheezed Jimmie Bradshaw uncertainly, for with the wearing off of the strain came the idea to Jimmie that he might have to pay for it himself. "I promised that," he added, "for helping with the transfer. If it hadn't been for the blankets we wouldn't have got off for another hour. They chew Tomahawk, rough and ready preferred, Mr. Doubleday, H'm."

Doubleday was looking off into the yard.

You've been on a freight run some time, Jimmie," said he tentatively. The Indian detachment was crowding in pretty close on the red-headed engineer. He blushed. "If you'll take care of my tobacco, Doubleday, I'll tell you the other matter square. I'm not looking for a fast run as much as I was."

"If we get the mail contract," resumed Doubleday reflectively, "and it won't be your fault if we don't, you need you on one of the runs. Looks to me as if you ought to have one."

Jimmie shook his head. "I don't want one, don't mind me; just fix these gentlemen out with some tobacco before they scalp me, will you?"

The Indians got their leaf, and Bucks got his contract, and Jimmie Bradshaw got the pick of the runs on the Yellow Mail, and ever since he's been looking to get back on a freight. But they don't call him Bradshaw any more.

When the head brave of the hunting party received the word to back, he half of his company he looked at Doubleday with dignity, pointed to the sandy engineer and spoke freckled words in the Sioux.

That's the way it came about. Bradshaw holds the belt for the run from Bad Axe to Medicine Bend; but he never goes any more by the name of Bradshaw, and from that day, west of McClellan, everywhere up any road, the mountains, they have given Bradshaw the name the Sioux gave him that day—Jimmie the Wind.

(The End.)

CHURCHES MADE TO ORDER

Corporation That Undertakes to Supply Everything Except Preacher.

New York Times.

If you want a church nowadays, all you have to do is to place your order with the corporation, just as you would with a church builder, just as you would with a church builder.

In August last a corporation was organized under the name, "The Church Construction Company," and that corporation proposed to begin at once to build churches, and not to stop until it had over the complete church, woodwork, carpets, organs and all of the accessories, except the preacher.

"One of these men became known to the building trade as an expert church builder, and he was frequently asked by other builders to take charge of their work for them. He became convinced that a company organized to construct churches and kindred buildings would succeed, and

"5-DROPS" CURES Rheumatism

HERE IS THE PROOF

MRS. JAMES MCARTER, 490 Edmund St., St. Paul, Minn., writes: "Your '5-DROPS' is the best medicine I ever used. I bottle which you sent me gave me relief. I procured a large size bottle of the remedy and after using it entirely well."

MRS. L. WADLEY, No. 1600 Church St., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I suffered many years with rheumatism, and I used everything I could hear of which was recommended for it and now since I have used '5-DROPS' I feel perfectly well. I have no more pain. I feel like a new woman."

MRS. B. B. RELLER, Olathe, Neb., writes: "At the age of 46 I was a sufferer with Rheumatism that I was compelled to walk with crutches. I could not do my work. I was advised to use '5-DROPS'. I at once sent to your office and secured a sample bottle of the remedy and used it with good results. I now feel like a new woman and I can do my work."

SWANSON'S "5-DROPS" is the only medicine in the world that will cure Rheumatism in all of its forms and stages of development. Rheumatism is a blood disease, and is caused by poisonous matter (lactic acid and uric acid) being retained in the blood. "5-DROPS" cures this dreadful malady by eliminating from the blood, these poisons and other impurities which may prevent the normal circulation. This is the only way in which a permanent cure may be obtained. With the blood pure, perfect circulation is assured, and disease is an impossibility. "5-DROPS" is an internal and external remedy which acts quickly, safely and surely, and is an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica and Neuralgia. "5-DROPS" taken internally will dissolve the poisonous acid, remove it from the system and cleanse the blood of all poisons. An application of "5-DROPS" to the afflicted joints will soothe the pain almost instantly, while the cause of the disease is being surely removed by its internal use.

"5-DROPS" NEVER FAILS TO CURE Rheumatism, Neuralgia, La Grippe, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, Asthma, Catarrh, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Nervousness, Backache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Croup, Nervous and Neuritic Headache, Malaria, Heart Weakness, Paralysis, Creeping Numbness, Sleeplessness, Eczema, Scrofula and Blood Diseases.

A trial bottle will be mailed free of charge to every reader of this paper upon request. Cut out the coupon and send to us with your name and address. Write today.

NOTICE. "5-DROPS" is entirely free from alcohol, opiates, salicylates or other injurious drugs. If "5-DROPS" is not obtainable in your locality order direct from us and we will send it prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Large Size Bottles (300 Doses \$1.00). For Sale by Druggists.

Ask your druggist for the SWANSON PILLS, a sure cure for constipation, Price 25 cts.

"What the blazes do you mean by bringing in an engine in that condition?" choked Doubleday, pointing to the blown machine.

"I thought you wanted the mail?" winked Jimmie.

"How the devil are we to get the mail with you blocking the track two hours?" demanded Callahan, insanely.

"Why the mail's here, and these box cars," answered Jimmie Bradshaw, pointing to his boiler train. "Now, don't look daffy like that; every sack is right here."

last August we began. In the three months that have followed we have obtained more than \$200,000 worth of business, and have 100 men employed.

"One thing in our favor is that the ordinary builder accustomed to the building of tier upon tier of beams, and of providing office construction, finds himself in a strange land, and he must guess at a great many things he does not actually know. The arched, self-supporting roofs, and the building of galleries are all things that he must figure on in a different fashion, and necessarily his estimate is higher than that of an expert."

When we first started operations we intended to build only the walls, and then to leave the rest of the work to some one else. We found, however, that the architect who drew the plans had done just that same thing, with disastrous results. The congregation was one who was unable to give them a pretty little stone church, with stained windows and carpets for the amount the architect believed the bare walls would cost.

"Since then we have perfected our arrangements, and maybe by and by we'll have ready-made churches all ready to move in at a moment's notice. These will supply a demand that will probably arise among the suburban real estate speculators."

The company recently was called on to build a Catholic church in a suburban town, where the freight-carrying facilities are very poor. In order to carry on the work it was compelled to establish a blacksmith shop, a stoneyard of considerable proportions, a machine shop and a sawmill. These places had not been in operation 24 hours, when requests for outside work came to all of them from the townspeople. An extraordinary demand for the work of these places was shown to exist, and if it continues it is said that the company will take these mills and the stoneyard to its permanent assets.

A DAVID HARUM STORY.

Lord Mansfield's Black Horses Turned Out to Be Colored.

Horsemanship.