

head.

get his arm into practice. Before the full name was James dentist pronounced him proficient, Gillespie Blaine Lyons, though, his mother had Callahan rebut his real name was duced to terms, and the assistant su-Builhead-just plain Builperintendent put Bullhead among the operators. When he began pas-That was a great day for Bullhead.

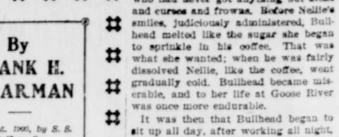
senger braking the trainmaster put him on with Pat Francis. The very first trip he made a man in the smoking car asked him where the drinking water was. Bullhead, though sufficiently gaudy in his new uniform. was not prepared for any question that might he thrown at him. He pulled out his book of rules, which he had been told to consult in case of doubt, and after some study referred his inquirer to the fire bucket hanging at the front end of the car. The passenger happened to be a foreigner and very thirsty. He climbed up on the Baker heater, according to directions, and did at some risk get hold of the bucket-but it was empty.

"Iss no vater hier." cried the second class man. Bullhead sat half way back in the car, still studying the rules. He looked up surprised, but, turning around, pointed with confidence to the fire pail at the hind end of the smoker.

"Try the other bucket, Johnnie," he said calmly. At that every man in the car began to choke, and the German, thinking the new brakeman was making funny of him, wanted to fight. Now, Bullhead would rather fight than go to Sunday school any day, and without parley he enjeged the insulted homesteader. Pat Francis parted them after some hard words on his part, and Kenyon, the trainmaster, gave Bullhead three months to study up where the water cooler was located in standard, A pattern, smoking cars. Bullhead's own mother, who did Callahan's washing. of to believe her son was so stupid as not to know, but Bullhead, who now tells the story himself, claims he did

When he got back to work he tried the freight trains. They put him on the No. 29, local, and one day they fting into the yard at Goose Elver Junction when there came from the cab a sharp call for brakes. Instend of climbing out and grabbing a wheel for dear life Bullhead coked out the window to see what lement was. By the time he had decided what rule covered the cy his train had driven a stray flat halfway through the eating house east of the depot. Kenyon, after hearing Bullhead's own candid statement of fact, coughed apologetically and said three years, whereupon Bullhead resigned permanently from the train service and applied for a job in the roundhouse.

But the roundhouse-for a boy like Bullhead. It would hardly do. He



was once more endurable. It was then that Bullhead began to sit up all day, after working all night, to get a single smile from the direction of the pie rack. He hung, utterly miserable, around the lunch room all day. while Nellie made impersonal remarks

about the colorless life of a mere operator as compared with life in the cab of a ten wheeler. She admired the engineer, Nellie, Was there ever a doughnut girl who didn't? And when No. 1 or No. 2 rose smoking out of the head. alkali east or the aikali west and the mogul engine checked its gray string 30 till No. 1 arrives." of sleepers at the Junction platform, and Bat Mullen climbed down to oil round-as he always did-there were and hurried out of the door to deliver the liveliest kind of heels behind the counter.

Such were the moments when Bullhead sat in the lunch room, unnoticed, somewhat back where the flies were bad and helped himself aimlessly to the sizzling maple sirup, Nellie rustling back and forth for Engineer Mullen. who ran in for a quick cup and consulted, after each swallow, a dazzling open faced gold watch thin as a double eagle. for Bat at twenty-one was pulling the fast trains and carried the best. And with Builhead feeding on flaunel cakes and despair and Nellie Cassidy looking quite her smartest, Mullen would drink his coffee in an impassive rush, never even glancing Bullhead's way-abso-Mullen would take as much as a minand stand in the lee of the drivers chatting with her, while Bullhead went completely frantic.

It was being ignored in that way, after her smiles had once been his, that crushed the night operator. It filled his head with schemes for obtaining recognition at all hazards. He began by quarreling violently with Nellie, and things were coming to a serious pass around the depot when the Klondike business struck the Mountain division. It came with a rush, and when they began running through freight extras by way of the Goose River short line. day and night, the Junction station caught the thick of it. It was something new altogether for the short line rails and the short line operators, and Builhead's night trick, with nothing to do but poke the fire and pop at covotes. became straightway a busy and important post.

On a certain night, windler than all the November nights that had gone before, the night operator sat alone in the office facing a resolve. Goose River had become intolerable. Medicine Bend was not to be thought of, for Builhead now had a suspicion, due to Callahan, that he was a good deal of a chump, and he wanted to get away from the ridicule that had always and every-

where made life a burden. There apthe Klondike. On the table before the moody operator lay his letter of resignation, addressed in due form to J. S.

ed Builhead asked him about the depot fire at Bear Dance that had been going over the wires for two hours, reminded him of the slow order for the No. 9 culvert and as the rude visitor slammed the door behind him held his hand over the lamp. Then he sat down again and turned over his letter of resignation.

To make it binding it lacked only his Lyons-now himself of the opinion of every one else on the West End that he was just a natural born blooming fool. He lifted his pen to sign off the aspirations of a young lifetime when the sounder began to snap and sputter his call. It was the dispatcher, and he asked hurriedly if No. 30 was there. "No. 30 is on the Y," answered Bull-

Then came a train order. "Hold No.

Builhead repeated the order and got back the O. K. He grabbed his hat the new order to the local freight before it should pull out.

To reach the train Bullhead had to cross the short line tracks. The wind was scouring the flats, and as he tackad up the platform the dust swept dead into him. At the switch he sprang across the rails, thinking of nothing but reaching the engine cab of the local, forgetting about the track he was cross-Before he could think or see or jump a through freight on the short line, wild, from the west, storming down the grade behind him, struck Bullhead as a grizzly would a gnat. hurled him, doubling, fifty feet out on the spur and stormed on into the east without a quiver out of the ordinary. lutely ignoring Bullhead. What was One fatality followed another. The en he but a nightman, anyway? Then gineer of the short line train did not see the man he had hit, and with the ute of his running time to walk for nightman lying unconscious in the ditch ward to the engine with Miss Cassidy the local freight pulled out for Sackley. Bulihead never knew just how long he lay under the stars. When his head

began to whirl the wind was blowing cool and strong on him and the alkali dust was eddying into his open mouth. It was only a matter of seconds, though it seemed hours, to pull himself together and to put up his hand unsteadily to feel what it was soaking warm and sticky into his hair; then to realize that he had been struck by a short line train, to think of what a failure he had lately acknowledged himself to be and of what it was he was clutching so tightly in his right hand-the holding order for No. 30. He raised his reeling head. There was a drift of starlight through the dust cloud, but no train in sight; No. 30 was gone. With that consciousness came a recollection-he had forgotten to put out his red light.

His red light wasn't out. He kept repeating that to himself to put the picture of what it meant before him. He had started to deliver an order without putting out his light, and No. 30 was gone-against No. 1, a head end collision staring the freight and the belated passenger in the face. No. 30, running hard on her order to make Sackley for the meeting, and No. 1 running furiously, as she always rantonight worse than ever.

He lifted his head, enraged with peared to Bullhead nothing for it but himself, enraged. He thought about the rules, and he grew enraged. Only himself he blamed, nobody else-studying the rules for a lifetime, and just

banded for Snakley. While it was going on Builhead lay on the wind swept platform at Goose River with a hole is his head that would have tilled anybody on the West End or, for that matter, on earth except James Gules-

pie Blaine Lyons. After No. 30 had passed so impadently No. 1 felt her way rather cautiously to Goose River, because the dispatchers couldn't get the blamed station. They decided, of course, that Bullhead was signature -- James Gillespie Blaine asleep and fixed everything at the Wickiup to cend a new man up there on No. 3 in the morning and fire him

for good. But about 1 o'clock No. 1 rolled, bad tempered, into Goose River Junction, and Bat Mullen, stopping his train, strode angrily to the station. It was dark as a pocket inside. Bat smashed in a door with his heel, and the trainmen swarmed in and began looking with their lanterns for the nightman. The stove was red hot, but he was not asleep in the armchair nor napping under the counter on the supplies. They turned to his table and discovered the broken window and thought of a hold-They saw where the nightman had up. spilled something that looked like ink over the table, over the order book, over the clip, and there was a hand print that looked inky on an open letter addressed to the superintendent and a little pool of something like ink under the key.

Somebody said suicide, but Bat Mullen suddenly stuck his lamp out of the broken window, put his head through



of the window

after it and cried out. Setting his lantern down on the platform, he crawled through the broken sash and picked up Bullhead.

Next morning it was all over the West End.

OLD BANBURY

IT HAS SEEN MANY STIRE IN ENGLISH Hata

The Celebrated Place More Famous Por Ita Its Cakes Than For lay Amairs of State. Would you not think g

the following lines,

ES ROHK CO CAE Seogeh sreve erch wis lub schs se otreh nos regni freh nos gnires ganoed iryd al rub nabot es rohk co ; that you had discovered old Runic rhyme or a language so ancient that a an antiquarian to deciphe That was exactly what

tic band of archaeologists time, so the story goes, found this inscription cut is stone of a very old built bury, England. These ge on the lookout for just sai bits, and you can imaging they were over this when ered it.

"This is certainly prehime said they and took it sh the president of the arch clety to which they belong bed his hands softly and an discovery is something while," he said. And gentlemen felt very vir wrinkled their brows us what story or what great queer old words would un But they puzzled in vain not read it, so then they to a widely known profi languages, asking him to ERAL

for them. Very soon the return mese and all clustered around th

reral (

the dist

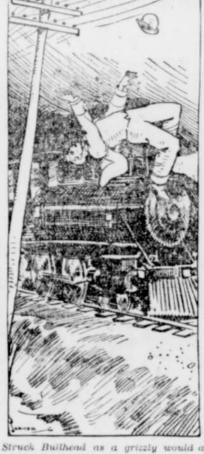
to hear the telegram. "Read backward," it sugge when it is deciphered it will to be a well known thyme"

So it is, as you see far and these wise gentlement fine hoax had been played a You all know how it goes: Ride a cockhorse to Banbury (To see a fine lady upon a gry Rings on her fingers and bein She shall have music wherea

Banbury is best known 5 speaking world over by th rhyme, although, as a mus this famous little town is hi of a country that has seen ring times in English histor Oxfordshire, seventy-seven m

London. One of the first conflicts h have taken place there was a between Cymric, king of t Saxons, and the Britons, Ia ing the wars of the ross it was besieged, and again hi 1646, during the struggle be parliamentary troops and t arms. It was here that the Cromwell's forces discussi fected many of their plans a here that some of the fierest were waged.

Battlefields are shown h places near by, and every t unites around can display of historical interest either relics or mementos of the d The hundreds of drams stories that are told by D would fill many volumes. Mother Goose has, howe quite as valuable as histor ing green the name of Bul to a student of the immoral rhymes it is interesting to de many of them are founded al cord quaint customs or me places or people, even thought lutely accurate historically. The procession of the fill the rings and bells mention this rhyme takes place each year bury with considerable ceres lady is usually mounted of horse, however. The present cross, which the top of High street, in 11 space at the junction of roads, is an ornate affair, with point, erected in 1859 near th the old Banbury cross. If orates the marriage of the peror Frederick III. of Genua princess royal of England a 1858, and is decorated with of Banbury, those of the Ge peror, of Queen Victoria and other sovereigns, earls, and ops and vicars. One more thing makes si mous, and that is its cakes, known throughout the king are said to have been in 1608. Banbury cakes are delicious tidbits of pastry. be eaten when quite fresh i mince of fruits, which u There is a rivalry in as to which is the really one. Who knows? Perhi are, after all, the real Qui tarts :- Millicent Olanted in las,



He had to take the worst of it, of

course, sweeping the office and that,

but, whatever his faults, the boy did

as he was told. Only one vicious habit

clung to him-he had a passion for

reading the rules. In spite of this,

however, he steadily mastered the tak-

ing, and as for sending, he could do

that before he got out of the cuspidor

department. Everybody around the

Wicklup bullled him, and maybe that

was his salvation. He got used to

expecting the worst of it and nerved

himself to take it, which in railroading

A few months after he became com-

petent to handle a key the nightman at

is half the battle

2000

gnat.

Goose River Junction went wrong. When Callahan told Bullhead he thought about giving him the job, the boy went wild with excitement and in a burst of confidence showed Callahan his star. It was the best thing that ever happened, for the assistant head of the division had an impulsive way of swearing the nonsense out of a boy's head, and when Bullhead confessed to being a detective a flery stream was poured on him. The foolishness couldn't quite all be driven out in one round but Jamie Lyons went to Goose River fairly well informed as to how much of a fool he was. Goose River Junction is not a lively place. It has been claimed that even the buzzards at Goose River Junction play solitaire. But apart from the utter loneliness it was hard to hold operators there on account of Nellie Cassidy, A man rarely stayed at Goose River past the second pay check. When he got money enough to resign he resigned. and all because Nellie Cassidy despised operators. The lunch counter that Matt Cassidy, Nellie's father, ran at the Junction was just an adjunct for feeding train crews and the few miners who wandered down from the Glencoe spur. Matt himself took the night turn, but days it was Nellie who heated the Goose River coffee and dispensed the pie-contract pie made at Medicine Bend and sent by local freight classified as ammun ion, loaded and released, O. R. It was Nellie's crueity that made the frequent shifts at Goose River. No that she was unimpressible or had no heroes. She had plenty of them in th engine and the train service. It was the smart uniformed young conductors and the kerchlefed juvenile engineers of the fast runs to whom Nellie paid deference and for whom she served the preferred doughnuts. But this was nothing to Bullhead. lently He had his head so full of things when he took his new position that he failed to observe Nellie's contempt. He was just passing out of the private detective stage, just getting over dental beginnings, just rising to the responsibility of the key, and a month devoted to his immediate work and the study of the rules passed like a limited train. Previous to the coming of Bullhead no Goose River man had tried study of the rules as a remedy for loneliness. It proved a great scheme, but it aroused the unmeasured contempt of Nellie Cassidy. She scorned Bullhead unspeakably, and her only unensiness was that he seemed uncon scious of it.

was put at helping Pete Beezer, the boller washer. One night Pete was snatching his customary nap in the plt when the hose got away from Bulihead and struck his boss. In the confusion Peter, who was nearly drowned, lost a set of teeth. That was sufficient in that department of the motive power; Bullhead moved onsuddenly. Neighbor thought he might do for a wiper. After the boy had learned something about wiping he tried one day to back an engine out on the turntable just to see whether it was easy. It was, dead easy, but the turntable happened to be arranged wrong for the experiment, and Neighbor, before calling in the wrecking gang, took occasion to kick Builhead out of the roundhouse bodily.

Nevertheless Bullhead, like every Medicine Bend boy, wanted to railroad. Some fellows can't be shut off. He was offered the presidency of a Cincinnati bank by a private detective ngency which had just sent up the active head of the institution for ten years, but as Bullhead could not arrange transportation east of the river he was obliged to let the opportunity pass.

When the widow Lyons asked Callahan to put Jamle at telegraphing the assistant superintendent nearly fell off his chair. Mrs. Lyons, however, was In earnest, as the red haired man soon found by the way his shirts were starched. Her son meantime had got hold of a sounder and was studying telegraphy, corresponding at the same time with the Cincinnati detective agency for the town and county rights to all "hidden and undiscovered crime" on the mountain division, rights offered at the very reasonable price of \$10 by registered mail, bank draft or express money order; currency at sender's risk. The only obligations imposed by this deal were secrecy and a German silver star, and Bullhead, after holding his trusting mother up for the ten, became a regularly installed detective with proprietary rights to local misdeeds. Days he plied his sounder and nights he lay awake trying to mix up Pete Beezer and Neighbor with the disappearance of various bunches of horses from the Bar M ranch.

About the same time he became interested in dentistry. Not that there is any obvious connection between rallroading and detective work and filling teeth, but his thoughts just turned that way, and, following the advice of a local dentist who didn't want site gether to discourage him, Builhead borrowed a pair of forceps and pulled all the teeth out of a circular saw to

However, the little Goose River girl had no idea of letting him escape that way. When scorn became clearly useess she tried cafolery-she smiled on Pullhead, Not till then did he give up: trainman could think of no further in- ing and had No 1 on the siding just as

Bucks, superintendent. Near it, under when it would mean the death of a on resignations, with subheads on-Resign, who should,

Resign, how to. Resign, when to. (See also Time.)

forced itself on Bullhead that he was not fitted for the railroad business. Pat Francis had unfeelingly told him so;

thorities were agreed. Yet in spite of No. 1. these discouragements he had persisted viction? Builhead hardly dared confess.

ompared on spelling with his packet | crawled for the light of his lamp, Webster, a train whistled. Bubbead From the east No. 1 had not arrived. looked our at his light, for he had or-

waited only to deliver them. It was fearfully windy. The 206 door. He can tell yet about rolling his scrap ralls of the first siding and took | keys-but his keys were gone. the Y her overloaded safety gasped vio-

gered over to his table, feit in all the all the papers around and once more, n general principles, swore,

y, but he watched close and was determined to fight if the brute discover- be a railroad man. ed his letter of resignation. When the For Blaisdell got him and his warm

the lamp, lay a well thumbed copy of trainload of people forgetting his red the book of rules, open at the chapter signal. He lifted his head; it was sick, deadly sick, but up it must come, No. 30 gone, and it wabbled, swooning sick and groggy as he stared around and tried to locate himself. One thing he The fact was it had at last painfully could see, the faint outline of the station and his lamp blazing smoky in the window. Bullhead figured a second; then he began to crawl. If he could Callahan had told him so; Neighbor had reach the lamp before his head went told him so; Bucks had told him so. On off again, before he went completely that point the leading West End au- silly, he might yet save himself and

It wasn't in him to crawl till he and at last made a show. Who was it thought of his own mistake, but there now that had shaken his stubborn con- was a spur in the sweep of that through his head. His brain, he knew, was wabbling, but he could crawl, and While he reread his formal letter and he stuck, fainting, to that one idea and

It is a bare hundred feet across to looked at the clock; 11:40 p. m. It was the Y. Bullhead taped every foot of the local freight, 30, coming in from the hundred with blood. There was the west, working back to Medicine, no one to call on for help; he just stuck to the crawl, grinding his teeth She was six hours late, and Bullhead in bitter self reproach. They traced 1.'m, next morning when he was past ders for the freight. It was not often the telling of it, and his struggle lookthat such a thing happened, because ed the track of a wounded bear. Drag-No. 1 rarely went off schedule badly ing along one crushed leg and half enough to throw her into his turn. He crazed by the crack on his forehead, had his orders copied and O. K.'d and Builhead climbed to the platform across and dragged himself to the

engine, pulling 30 that night, wheezed broken leg under him and raising himin the gale like a man with the apo- self to grasp the thumb latch. Not unplexy. She had a new fireman on, who til he tried to open it did he remember was burning the life out of her, and it was a spring lock and that he was as she puffed painfully down on the outside. He felt in his pocket for his

There were no rules to consult then. No way on earth of getting into the When the conductor of the No. 30 office in time to do anything; to drag train opened the station door the wind himself to the lunch room, twice furthfollowed him like a catamount. The er than the station, was out of the stove puffed open with a down draft question. But there was a way to and shot the room full of stinging reach the key in spite of all bad things, smoke. The lamp blaze flew up the and Bullhead knew the way. He stringchimney-out-and left the nightman gled fast around to the window. Raisand the conductor in darkness. The ing himself with a frightful twinge on trainman with a swear shoved to the one knee, he beat at the glass with his door, and Bulihead, the patient, turn- fist. Clutching the sash, he drew himed over his letter of resignation quick self up with a hand and with the other in the dark, felt for a match and re- tore away the muntin, stuck his head lighted his lamp. Swearing again at and shoulders through the opening, got Bullhead, the freight conductor swag- his hand on the key and called the first station east, Blaisdell, with the 19. operator's pockets for a cigar, inmbled Life and death that call meant; the 19, the dispatcher's call. Hanging over the key, stammering the 19 over the wire Builhead took things uncomplaining- and baptizing the call in his own blood -that is the way Bullhead learned to

And Bullhead." cried everybody. "That's what gets me. Who'd have thought it of Bullhead ?"

When they all got up there and saw what Bullhead had done everybody agreed that nobody but Bullhead could have done it.

The pilot bar of the short line mogul in swiping Bullhead unmercifully had really made a railroad man of him. It had let a great light in on the situation. Whereas before every one else on the line had been to blame for his failures, Bullhead now saw that he himself had been to blame and was man enough to stand up and say so. When the big fellows, Callahan and Kenyon and Pat Francis, saw his trail next morning, saw the blood smeared over the table and saw Bullhead's letter of resignation signed in his own blood manual, and heard his straightout story days afterward, they said never a word.

But that morning, the morning after, Callahan picked up the letter and put it just as it was between the leaves of the order book and locked both in his grip. It was some weeks before he had a talk with Bullhead, and he spoke then only a few words, because the nightman fainted before he got through. Callahan made him understand, though, that as soon as he was able he could have any key on that division he wanted as long as he was running it, and Callahan is running that division yet.

It all came easy after he got well. Instead of getting the worst of it from at Banbury town itself everybody Bullhead began to get the extremely rich turno best of it, even from pretty Nellie Cassldy. But Nellie had missed her open- down one's throat ing. She tried tenderness while the boy nounced sensation of was being nursed at the Junction. Bullhead looked grim and far off through his buiging bandages and asked his mother to put the sugar in his coffee for him; Bullhead was getting sense. Besides, what need has a young man

with a heavy crescent shaped scar on his forehead that people inquire about and who within a year after the Goose River affair was made a train dispatcher under Barnes Tracy at Medicine Bend-what need has he of a coquette's smiles? His mother, who has honorably retired from hard work, says half the girls at the Bend are after him, and his mother ought to know, for she keeps house for him.

Ballhead's letter of resignation with the print of his hand on it hangs framed over Callahan's desk and is shown to railroad hig fellows who are accorded the courtesier of the Wickiup. But ish brown or reddish. The Buildesd, Not the then and he give up, training court that orders, to meet the freight tore around the west curve, have to have sense pounded into them. when they ask Bullhead about it he coast of Argylishire, in So just laughs and says some railroad men markable for its whitenes

White Sands. The sands at Blackpool

t in

of the

shire, are said to be the while British isles. From Pennso Land's End, on the coast of the sand on the seashore while in St. Mary's, one of lands, the sand on the shere Ingly white and glisten er hand, the sand abo bluish gray in color, probably the shells of mussels brokes B with it, and on the coasts a sen the sand of the seashor d Dr Globe.