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Mr. Adair has been placed on the retired list with a pension for life and will spend his remaining days in ease and comfort.

L. G. Adair was born in 1840 and reared in Jackson township, Clinton county, Indiana, engaging in farming at the home place until the age of 21 years. He began his railroad career in 1863 in the general freight office of the Evansville & Crawfordsville railroad at Evansville Indiana under A. E. Schrader G. F. A. He was the first operator to catch the telegraphic report of the assassination of President Lincoln. In 1867 he left this line and took a position at Richmond Indiana under J. E. Miller, general manager of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis railroad in which position he remained until 1873 when he resigned to come West. He then entered the service of the Southern Pacific Co. at Eugene on September 1, 1877, in which position he has since remained. In 1887 Mr. Adair married Miss S. E. Clawson.

John J. Forger

By Grace Charles

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"Then you have no excuse to offer?" Marion's voice was dangerously even. Dick Gordon hated those cold, accusing tones.

"I have no excuse—to offer," he confirmed angrily. "The woman I am to marry should be content with my statement that there was a good reason."

"Unfortunately she is not," said Marion as she laid the ring on his desk. "I cared enough about the matter to come to your office to see you about it. Since you want to be independent, I give you back your entire independence."

His face white with anger, Gordon threw open the door and stood there as she passed through to the next room. Over in the corner John J. was busy with the rail, but he looked up with a grin on his freckled face to smile upon her as she went out. John J. approved of Marion.

Gordon went back to his desk. The golden circle lying there was too much for his composure, and, with a groan, he threw his arms forward on the desk and buried his head upon them.

It had all been very silly and yet very tragic. He had meant to write Marion that there was a meeting of the promoters of the L. and F. railroad and that he would have to be present to furnish them with estimates. If he hoped to get the contract, if he could land that order his success would be assured, and in the prospect of winning out he had forgotten to write.

They were both high strung, and when in the morning she had demanded an explanation of his broken engagement without having waited for him to call up on the telephone he had angrily refused to offer any explanation or apology, and when she had come to his office they were both too angry to arrive at an understanding.

Gordon was roused by a touch on the shoulder. He sprang nervously up, to confront John J.

"Why don't you go home?" he thundered. "The office should have been closed half an hour ago!"

"I'm going now," explained John J., with unusual meekness. "But you oughter go up and see Miss Marion and tell her you're sorry."

Gordon grasped John J. by the shoulders and propelled him into the outer office, while that youngster insisted that he would be sorry in the morning if not just then. The encounter had at least served to rouse Gordon, and he went uptown to the club to spend a miserable evening, trying to pretend to himself that he did not care about the broken engagement.

John J.'s "You'll be sorry in the morning if you ain't now" was prophetic. Dick moped over his desk all the morning, unable to do any work. A dozen times he reached for the telephone to call Marion up and ask her forgiveness, and each time he set it irresolutely down again, declaring to himself that Marion should have known that he had a good excuse and that she should have waited until he could call her up. It was on her account as well as his own that he was worried about that contract, and if she could not realize that a half mentioned en-

agement might have slipped his mind in the pressure of more important matters that was her fault, not his.

Half a dozen times during the morning John J. stole into the room to remind him that those figures for the L. and F. had to be sent out that evening. Each time he was met with a torrent of rebuke. Then he put on his hat and went out of the office, though his lunch hour was not until 1 o'clock.

He knew where Marion lived, and the statement that he had a message for her was enough to get him past the door. Presently the butler came back wearing a solemn frown.

"Miss Darling does not care to receive the message," he said. "You tell her I want to see her myself," announced John J.

For a moment the butler hesitated, and through that hesitation was lost. Somehow John J. usually got what he wanted, but he was the only person not surprised when Marion sent down word that she would see him.

"I want to tell you about Mr. Gordon," he began as the butler closed the door. "Say, he's awful about the place. He can't do any work, and he can't keep his hands off the telephone. If he don't quiet down and write those



JOHN J. WATCHED HER ANXIOUSLY. railroad people he's going to lose the chance of his life."

"Why do you come to me?" she asked coldly. "I have nothing to do with the matter."

"Quit your kiddin'," urged John J. "I heard you yesterday. You didn't speak loud, but your words came through the partition like they was bullets. You threw him because I forgot to bring you a letter yesterday. It's all my fault for forgetting to bring up the letter."

"Do you mean that he sent me a letter explaining that he would not call last night?"

"Sure," was the easy reply as John J. dug in one of his pockets. "He was in a hurry, and I took it on the machine for him. Just tell him you're sorry over the telephone so he can go to work."

Marion tore open the letter. "Dear friend," it ran, "I am sorry I can't come to see you tonight, but there's some guys I must see about that railroad matter and I can't come. I'm sorry, but you see this is awfully important, and I know you won't mind. Don't dance with any of the other fellows. I'm sorry I can't come. Yours till death."

It was signed with his full name, and Katherine's eyes twinkled as she read it over. John J. watched her anxiously. As the smile came over her face his own assumed a look of satisfaction, and as she replaced the sheet in its envelope he sprang forward.

"Does it go?" he demanded. "Will you telephone him?"

"It goes," she smiled as she crossed the room where the telephone stood. He followed her across.

"Don't give me away," he pleaded hoarsely. "I don't let on that I forgot to give you the note."

"I won't," she assured as she raised the receiver from the hook.

With instinctive politeness he crossed the room and pretended to look out of the window while she was speaking, but the sharp ears would listen, and when she called to him he knew that it was all right and that the important letter would be written.

"It is all right," she said as she came toward him. "I have telephoned Mr. Gordon, and he understands. It was very good of you to come up and tell me, John."

"Something had to be done," he protested, "and there wasn't anybody else to do it."

Marion leaned forward and kissed his freckled cheek. "I should be very jealous of you, John J., if you were a woman," she said. "You care a great deal for Mr. Gordon."

"He's all right," assented John J., "if he does have a mad spell now and then. I just let him rave till he gets over it; then he's sorry. You ought to try that."

"It's good advice," she smiled. "You didn't tell him that I was up here?" he asked as he paused at the door.

"No," she assured. "Then I should have had to explain about the letter."

"He don't like to have me butting in," explained John J., as he slid through the doorway.

It was not for several days that Marion told Dick of the pitiful little forgery made to bring things out right and showed him John J.'s idea of a love letter, with its inked over rubber stamped facsimile of his signature, but it was a happy moment for John J. when Dick shook his hand, man fashion, and thanked him for what he had done.

"Forget it," was the only suitable response he could think of, but Dick and Marion cannot.

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