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"BOBBLES." A Half-Witted Boy Who Became a Hero. The cannon-ball fast mail train, west-bound, slowed up at the little station, and two figures appeared on the rear platform of the last coach. One was Hamilton, the conductor, dubbed the "Duke" by the rolling-coach men, on account of his dignified carriage and over-bearing ways. The other was a hulking, over-grown boy, with a vacant, almost expressionless face, and light hair. "Come, hurry up and pile off!" commanded the "Duke."

"Huh!" interrogated the other, stupidly, accelerating his movements not one whit. Instead of repeating the command the conductor dealt the slow one an energetic kick in the rear that sent him tumbling off the steps, to land a blubbling heap, face downward, in the soft Kansas mud. "Next time learn not to dead beat your way," remarked the "Duke," grimly, as the train moved on again. No answer, except a subdued howl, came from the fallen one. A few moments later the train disappeared through the red clay cut. "Ow, wow!" the fallen boy wailed in a low, complaining howl. He made no attempt to rise, but rolled slowly over in the mud, muttering and moaning to himself like a great baby. "Hello, there, partner!" called the station agent, a jolly, care-for-naught looking young fellow. "Huh?" answered the prostrate boy, blinking in owlish astonishment at the other. "Come, jump up," called the agent, "you're all over mud."

"He kicked me!" moaned the lad, without making the slightest attempt to rise. "So I saw; but he didn't break any bones. So, get up." "He kicked me!" repeated the boy, mournfully. "Well, what if he did? That don't force you to wallow in the mud like a hog. Jump up and stop your sniveling. Get up, or I'll kick you, too!" The boy clumsily struggled to his feet. "Are you hungry?" the station agent asked. "The boy's dull eyes brightened. 'You bet!' he answered, promptly, wholly forgetting to mention again the fact that the conductor had kicked him."

He was soon seated at the table in the agent's private den, partitioned off at one end of the little depot. "What is your name and where did you drop from?" asked Jack Holliday, the agent, as he regarded the other curiously. The visitor paused long enough in the midst of the pleasing operation of satisfying the inner may to reply, mumblingly: "Bobbles, and—he kicked me!" Without replying to the latter part of the information, so complainingly given, Jack Holliday remarked, with a queer name, upon my word. Bobbles what?"

"Nuthin' 'cept Bobbles, the idiot," the boy answered slowly. "Least ways that's what the boys say when they call me anything 'sides Bobbles. I don't like them boys, no how," he added. "They kick me, too!" "You seem to be the unfortunate recipient of many kicks. Where did you come from?" "Dunno," the boy answered slowly. "Most ten hundred thousand miles. The boys chased me 'n' kicked me all the time 'n' I run away from 'em, so I did. Haint goin' back no more," he added, with a determined shake of his white head.

"Them boys was allus a kickin' me," More Jack could not learn from the boy. He did not know his name and could not remember where his home had been. "Lonesome, kind-hearted Jack Holliday allowed him to remain, and soon grew quite fond of the simple lad. As Bobbles' shyness wore off he showed signs of greater mental as well as physical activity and assisted Jack in many ways. He soon learned to cook, and took great pride in being master of the culinary department. Jack found out that at one time the boy had been able to read and write, and under Jack's constant tutelage, Bobbles presently regained that portion of his lost knowledge. The boy grew to regard Jack much in the same manner that a faithful dog regards his kind master. Often, for hours at a time, while the station agent attended to his duties or sat comfortably reading and smoking, the idiot boy would sit crouching on his stool and regard Jack with a grave, unwavering stare. "Why do you look at me in that manner?" Jack asked one day. "Dunno," Bobbles answered. "Sometimes it seems as if I was tryin' to think 'bout some body I can't remember."

Then, as a thought seemed to strike him, he added: "I'm a idiot, haint I Jack?" "No," answered the other, with careful consideration for the foolish one's feelings. "Yes I be. Ever'body ut to say so. They was allus a kickin' me fer bein' one. Do folks allus kick idiots? They can't help bein' that way, can they Jack?" "Hush, Bobbles!" answered Jack, soothingly. "But I want to know," the boy persisted, with a pathetic pleading in his voice. "Why don't you kick me, too, Jack?" "Why don't I? Bobbles, because Bobbles, you have enough misfortune to bear without that."

Bobbles did not seem to understand, but he beamed upon Jack with a smile of positive kindness. "Jack, he said, 'I like you.' The station was a lonely one and there was not a house in sight. Off to the opposite side of the great mound lay brown wheat fields, and after harvest much of the grain was shipped from Jack's little station. At other times the business done there amounted to almost nothing, and the trains seldom stopped unless flagged. Every few days one of themal clerks dropped off a letter, square perforated envelope as the train whizzed past. On the return trip the same clerk was always on the look-out to reach a friendly hand for the answering letter, addressed to a dear little maid in an Eastern village. "Hoo! love letters!" grinned Bobbles. "I guse carry 'em for Miss Allie. She allus give me a dime for 'em. I had to be mighty shy, I tell ye. Jest as sure as them boys found I had a letter 'n' a dime they'd take the money from me, 'n' kick me if I didn't hurry off to the post office with the letter. 'Oh!' he added, with an infliction that was

intended to convey volumes, "them was awful boys" they was allus kickin' me for sumpin'," he said plaintively. In a little Eastern village dwelt the blue-eyed, flower-faced girl with whom Jack Holliday had been a playmate in the long ago time. When young Jack left for the West—as many a brave-hearted fellow had done before—to seek his fortune, little Allie Hale had had him a fearful farewell at the old weather-beaten gate, in the shade of the drooping elm tree. Just now as he wrote, Jack seemed to see again the sweet, tear-wet face, and to inhale once more the perfume of the odorous, blossom-laden lilacs. There had been no formal declaration of love, but each read the heart of the other and Jack knew that little Allie would wait for him till fortune smiled upon him. His meager salary, carefully saved had been judiciously invested in land, and had accumulated the nucleus of a little fortune. At the base of the great round-topped mound which was partly on his tract of land, a coal mine had been discovered. Already Eastern capitalists had made him an offer for it, and it was understood that, should he desire to part with it, the railroad company would take it off his hands at a goodly advance. Taking all things into consideration, he felt himself justified in writing to Allie and telling her his love in terms as strong as could be expressed by soulless pen and paper. He smiled softly to himself as he wrote and pictured the sweet face of the recipient. Somehow the prairie breeze, that blew in at the red-cafed window, seemed laden with the perfume of lilacs. The "click-click" of the telegraph sounders seemed half-changed to the buzz of the bumble-bee that dived lazily around the fragrant old-fashioned flowers beneath that old drooping elm. "Spec' he seedin' his friend in a happy mood. The idiot boy laughed aloud, he knew not why. Bobbles made little progress after learning to read. Arithmetic was a sealed book to him, and geography was a deep dark mystery. Patiently Jack labored to teach him telegraphy, but the task seemed a hopeless one. He learned readily enough, and apparently forgot just as speedily. Bobbles would apparently memorize the dots and dashes that go to make up the Morse code. It would sound them correct, by the key, and, immediately, to all appearance, forgot all about the imports of dots and dashes. "I'm afraid you are a hopeless case," Jack said one day when almost ready to give up in despair. "Reckon I am," returned Bobbles, grinning philosophically. "Old Joe used to say so. Said hopeless idiot 'stead of hopeless case. 'Spec' he knowed, too, for he was awful old, 'most a million, I guse."

"Feel my head," he said suddenly, bending his white-thatched pate for Jack's inspection. "Feel that den?" "Yes." "Well, I want allus a idiot. Old Joe said so. He knowed for he was worth most a million, he was."

Jack was certainly a "dent," as Bobbles called it, in his head. A blow of some kind had caused it, probably. It seemed to him that a small piece of the skull was pressed down upon the brain. Maybe this was the cause of the lad's idiocy. If removed, or rather lifted by a physician, might not it restore the boy's lost intelligence? Jack had read of such cases and mentally resolved to have the experiment tried as soon as the coal mine "paid out," as the saying is. The days passed into weeks and the weeks to a month; the month grew old, waned and died. The next was fast slipping away into the past, and still no answer came to the tender letter that Jack had sent to little Allie Hale, like a bark freighted with a precious cargo of the hearts warmest love. Jack's face constantly wore a worried appearance. The cannon-ball fast mail train sailed rapidly by the little station as of yore, but no little square envelopes were tossed off by the mail clerk. Every day Jack's question of, "Any letter?" would be answered by a positive "No!" from Bobbles, who was always on the platform when the cannon-ball rushed by. Bobbles, the innocent, was always there to wave his hand in glad recognition of Engineer Billy Parker or Mike Walsh, the fireman, and to shake his fist at Hamilton, the conductor, whose kicking was still fresh in Bobbles' memory. Jack grew pale and his jolly smile became a rarity. No letter. That meant, he sorrowfully concluded, that she had not been true to her half-penned vow. And at the thought Jack sadly bent his head, and Bobbles, ever watchful, saw a tear drop from between the station agent's fingers as he covered his face with his hands. "Hoo!" exclaimed the lad. "What you a cryin' for?"

Then he added, as a thought seemed to strike him: "Somebody 's bout kickin' you?" "Yes," answered Jack slowly. "Somebody has kicked me very close to the heart." Bobbles stared in owlish wonder. "Don't you think you're 'retty big to cry about it?" he said presently. "Then they sat for a long time listening to the approach of the storm, that for two hours had been muttering off to the eastward. It had evidently been a tempest, a cyclone, perhaps, off there; but now its power was somewhat spent. Still the lightning that accompanied it was often almost blinding in its intensity. Presently the storm broke, and the thunder roared and crashed as is seldom heard anywhere but upon the Western plains. The air seemed surcharged with electricity, and often there were little points of electric fire dancing and snapping on the instruments. "Hoo!" cried Bobbles, "most as good as Fourth of July." Then, while the storm was at its height, there came a hurried, nervous rattling of the sander. "Number 8 is calling us!" Jack cried, and sprang to the key. He answered the call, and a moment later the sander began to crawl frantically. Jack dropped a pen and blank. He had rapidly jotted down five words as the sander clicked them off when there came a blinding flash of lightning, accompanied instantly by a deafening crash of thunder. The bolt seemed to have exploded in the room, and the flash momentarily blinded Bobbles. Without a sound Jack fell forward. One hand dropped across the sander and hushed the clicking of the instrument. Bobbles sprang forward and raised Jack half-dragged and half-carried to the couch at the opposite side of the room. As quick as liberated the sander began again its frantic clicking. Like a flash the

purport of the many lessons in telegraphy Jack had laboriously beaten into his silly head, and he had immediately forgotten, seemed to dawn upon Bobbles, and clearly he read the ticking of the instrument. "Washed out!" were the last words of the hurried message. Then came the sound of signature of the operator at Station Number 8, in any way the east and just across Big Rock Creek. With all the confidence of an experienced operator the boy placed his fingers on the few words Jack had penned. "At all hazards hold Number—!" That was all. There the break had come. Carefully the boy moved the little switch and slowly clicked off the words: "Struck by lightning. Go on four 'number."

He waited with bated breath. In a moment the answer began to tick, and he sent it as it came. The complete message read: "At all hazards hold Number 3. Rock Creek bridge just washed out." Number Three! That was the cannon-ball fast mail train! In the roar of the storm and the excitement of events Bobbles had not heard the approach of the train; but now, as he wheeled in his chair, the engine dashed past the door, and through the storm he saw the jolly face of Mike Walsh, the fireman. He rushed out upon the platform. Three-fourths of the train had dashed past as he reached the edge of the planks, and the steps of the last coach came even with him. All the strength of his muscles was taxed to the utmost as he leaped forward and clutched the rail with one hand. The force of the train jerked him almost into a horizontal position, and it seemed as if his wrist would part with the enormous strain. He strove to grasp the rail with other hand, but he slipped. Conductor Hamilton, who happened to be close to one of the rear windows, saw the apparently insane act of the boy, and rushed angrily out on the platform. "Get off—!" he roared. "For God's sake hold the train!" the boy screamed in a agony of desperation. "Rock Creek bridge—!"

Then he was jerked from his hold and went whirling heels over head on the steel-railroad track. It was but the work of an instant for the "Duke" to jerk the bell-cord. Soon, with a grinding, a diminishing roar and a hiss of the air brakes, the train came to a stop. Hamilton rushed back along the track—past Bobbles, who lay unconscious between the rails, and into the depot. As his eyes fell upon the warning message pinned on the blank his usually red face grew white. Kind hands bore Bobbles into the little station, where he lay beside Jack on the couch. When the cannon-ball left, backing westward, toward the division station, a little stack of silver and bills—a present from the grateful passengers—lay beside the still unconscious Bobbles. Jack, still dazed and stupid, sat presently in the worn office-chair and stared in dull amazement at Bobbles, the money, and the telegram, which he had just finished and finished in his sorely aching head, and he shook that member stupidly and gave up in despair. A few days later, when Bobbles had recovered enough to be able to talk a little, and was lying on the couch, with a broad white cloth bound around his broken head, there came an interruption that early interfered with Jack's pastime of listening to the messages as they went clicking by. Instead of passing at the top of its speed as usual, the cannon-ball fast mail train, this time west-bound, stopped at the small platform for an instant. Then, as a dainty little figure descended and tripped into the depot, to be instantly clasped in Jack's arms, the train moved on again. Had any one been looking out of the depot he might have seen smiles of satisfaction on the faces of the grimy pale-Billy Parker and Mike Walsh—while the mail clerk grinned in a congratulatory manner, and even Hamilton designed to smile benignly. The little figure was Allie Hale. As her lover had not come to her, after writing in such terms of love, and receiving—as she supposed, her answer, she had come to the conclusion that he was ill, perhaps dying, and had come to him. "But, I never rec'd the letter," he said, after the first "hurry" was over and they could talk rationally. "Letter," piped Bobbles, raising his white-bound head. "I remember now. You did not ask me that day if there was any letter for you 'n' I forgot it. It's back of the old bills in the middle pigeon-hole."

It was speedily rescued from its long concealment. "Put it there so I wouldn't lose it 'n' forget," chirped Bobbles on. "The girl sprang to the side of the boy. "Why, you dear old Bobbles Carey, what are you doing here?" she cried. "The entire neighborhood gave you up for dead long ago. Your parents searched for you everywhere and then gave you up as the rest had done. "I run away from the boys that was allus a-kickin' me," Bobbles explained, cheerfully. "Many were the letters to you that Bobbles used to mail for me," Allie said. "So this is the Miss Allie you spoke of," Jack remarked, turning to the lad. "You bet!" Bobbles answered, emphatically. "She's good," he added, presently; "she never kicked me."

Hamilton, the conductor, lost one trip and wasted a good deal of time to inform the superintendent of the circumstances of the train-saving. A day later a physician, whose fame extended throughout several states, arrived at the little station in company with a nurse, a motherly, middle-aged woman. There were days of suffering for Bobbles, and a delicate and dangerous operation. Then science triumphed. The depressing fragment of skull was lifted from Bobbles' brain and he was restored to perfect intelligence. A later white-haired minister came to the little station, and the cannon-ball train made a stop of fifteen minutes. The superintendent was there, and he and Hamilton, Billy Parker, Mike Walsh, the mail clerk, a number of passengers and Bobbles were witnesses of the impressive ceremony that made Jack Holliday an Allie Hale man and wife. Then the superintendent placed a stranger in charge of the little depot, huddled Jack, Allie, Bobbles and the rest on to the train, and the wedding trip of the happy couple began. The coal mine was afterwards sold to the railroad company for a goodly sum, and is making money for them. Jack occupies a good position in the employ of the railroad company and will be the superintendent before many more years roll over his head. Bobbles is one of the family, and no one would ever suspect the bright, intellectual boy had ever been called an "idiot."

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