Bellefonte, Pa., June 27, 1902

THE SUMMER RAIN.

Sweet, blessed summer rain-ah me? The drifting cloud-land spills God's mercy on the dotted lea. And on the tented hills.

Yet is there more than shrouded sky. And more than falling rain. Or swift-borne souls of flowers that fly Breeze lifted from the plain,

Strange joy comes with the freshening gus The whitening of the leaves. The smell of sprinkled summer dust,

The dripping of the eaves. The soul stirs with the melting clod, The drenched fields' silent mirth ; Who does not feel his heart help God To bless the thirsting earth?

Oh, rain! Oh, blessed summer rain! Not on the fields alone, Nor woodlands fall, nor flow'rd plain, But on the heart of stone!

-Robert Burns Wilson. THE AGENT AT MISSOURI STA-TION.

Jamie Halloran, when a young chap, was different from the rest of the young chaps at Read's Landing. He had little fondness for swinging on to the rear platforms of the outgoing passenger trains, after the manner of the agile conductors. He cared nothing for helping the jolly brakemen of the way-freights to twist brakes and make couplings. Even the pastime of setting out at sundown the lighted switchlamps for the agent attracted him not a

Read's Landing nestles a closely knit village by the Mississippi River. on the line of the C & N Railway. Jamie Hallo-rau, an orphan almost from the start, had lived there always. He worked in the general store of his uncle for his board, his clothes and a touch of schooling.

He was, in those days. a strange little mixture of Scotch-Irish, a tremendous thinker, with an ambition like Napoleon's. Nights, after the store had closed its doors, was forever poring over railroad maps and guide-books, striving to study out why certain lines were laid between certain points, puzzling over the merits of competitors, packing his greedy head with routes and distances and time-tables. He was continually scanning the transportation columns of the Chicago and St Paul dailies to which his uncle subscribed; pondering with gravest concern over the news of strikes and rate wars and alliances. It was not the dash and strain of railroading that interested Jamie Halloran, but-though he himself, scarcely understood it, the forces behind, the forces of commerce and migration that make possible the great indus-

Early in his nineteenth year Jamie had a heart-to-heart consultation with Terry Blake, the C & N's agent at the Landing, little weazened old fellow who had ruled that depot since the first train thrilled and shook the silent shores of the Upper Mis-

Terry saw very quickly how things were with his visitor. "You'll have to begin at the foot," said he with a grin, "and 'twill likely take some time to rise to a Presiden cy. But come into the depot with me, if you want. I'll have pleasure in teaching you the very great deal that I know about the foot of the ladder."

So into Terry Blake's depot Jamie went. Straightway his uncle turned him out, because, so he said, he couldn't afford to house the boy now that he had no time for the store. But Jamie got around that. He treated the few clothes he owned with down right reverence wearing his coats and vests only on Sundays. He earned his meals for caring for the village doctor's horses. He slept in the baggage-room of the depot on a mattress billed to the Landing years before and never called for, though the baggageroom was not always comfortable. It was noisy with the scratching of rats, and chilly of windy nights, and the limited passengers and fast freights that passed with a crash and roar that was come and gone all in a minute, at a pace that rocked the old depot to its foundation, were enough to worry the soundest sleeper living.

All of every day, sometimes well into the night, Jamie drummed out Morse talk—at first on a dummy key, later on the live ones -and slowly learned to unravel sense from the dizzy blur of dots and dashes that spun through the clattering instruments. And, little by little, Terry Blake taught him of the sacred Rules of signals and train orders of forms and reports, of tickets and waybills-taught him all the ins and outs of an

agent's drudgery.

At the end of twelve months Jamie was able to handle such operators as Lane of Dubuque, Halsey of La Crosse, Perry of Hastings—three of the speediest senders in the country. He knew how to run a depot from daylight till dark, and from dark to daylight again.

Then two years dragged by with never a hint of salary or promotion; for all Jamie's ambition the time of private cars and private offices seemed afar off.

But one May day there happened a fuss over wages on the western divisions; a lot of the depot men out there quit. The Gen eral Superintendent at Chicago issued a circular to agents inquiring for promising "students" competent to take positions as operators. Examination blanks to be filled in by applicants were forwarded. Or-dinarily on the C & N "students" are called to division headquarters for examination But this was a dire emergency; there wasn't

time for any red tape.

Jamie naturally filled in a blank in his most flowing hand and Terry Blake penned a strong endorsement across one corner. Af ter a week of waiting a long envelope came back from the General Superintendent for Mr. J. Halloran. The letter inside stated that J. Halloran had been appointed—not operator—but AGENT at Missouri Station, South Dakota, at a salary of forty-five dol-

Milwaukee. Terry had in the depot only local time tables which did not cover the western part of the system, so they were unable to get any particulars as to popula-tion and train service, but, even though the salary of starting was modest, it seem-ed most probable that Missouri Station was trade, but Rollins had chosen to live on by a post worth having, located as it was at

Gleeful over his good fortune Jamie squeezed old Terry's wrinkled hand many

St. Paul, where he was to take the train

for his new home.

He reached St. Paul at breakfast time, and changed to the coaches of the Dakota Division passenger, and very dingy coaches they were, by the way. In the Union de-pot he had had time to secure a general time table, and as his train pulled out he commenced a study of the pages devoted to the Dakota Division. He discovered short ly that the train upon which he was as well so far as Bowdle, South Dakota, a point nearly fifty miles east of the division terminus, Missouri Station. Between Bowdle and Missouri Station a train, dubbed by the time-table the Missouri Accommodation, ran occasionally—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, to be exact. In spite of himself, Jamie could not keep from wor rying a bit. Read's Landing saw twelve trains each way every day—what sort of a station could it be that saw but three a

The trip west was a long one. All morning the passenger dozed across Minnesota; all afternoon and all evening it plodded into South Dakota, through a prairie country that was always the same—fruitful of wondrous crops, yet tedious to look uponflat, scantily wooded, seemingly boundless, the farms of immense acreage, the stations scrawny and far apart. Not until ten o'clock did the train reach Bowdle and Ja-

mie seek a hotel.

The day following, being a Thursday, was a time of rest for the Missouri Accommodation; Jamie was forced to stay fretting about Bowdle. After luncheon, however, he walked over behind the roundhouse, at the west end of the yards, and inspected the track that led on to Missouri Stationthe "extension" the townspeople called it. Through a growth of tall, rank weeds that mantled the whole right of way, and leaned in the breeze as languid as a field grain, he caught glimpses of frayed ties, and rusted iron rails that had, of a surety, done duty elsewhere in the days when steel was unheard of. Jamie smiled ruefully; he was beginning to understand why the Missouri Station appointment had come to him so

Friday morning at eight the Missouri Accommodation departed with Jamie the sole passenger. It was not much of a train. There were no freight cars, no coaches; only a little wheezy engine, with a stack that flared wide at the top and a smoked-up caboose that had once been red. It swayed and rolled over the bad roadbed in a way to make a man seasick, and pounded the uneven rails with a din to deafen, although the time-table allowed four hours for the fifty mile run.

And a scant mile beyond Bowdle the land roundabout, as if to follow the fashion set by its railroad, suddenly turned rough, rocky and absolutely barren. Jamie did not know that this neighborhood was scoffingly spoken of throughout the general of-fices of the C & N as the Little Bad Lands but he felt, nevertheless, that he was ready for the worst.

He was mistaken, however. At noon the Accommodation made its first stop. From the caboose Jamie could see neither habitation nor living thing. But the train showed no symptom of starting on; he clamered out for a look around.

A little distance ahead of the engine the track ended in a shabby wooden turntable, from which a single short siding ran back parallel to the main line. A hundred miles west of the turntable the prairie ceased abruptly as though it had been lopped away by a mighty ax, and beyond, flowing from north to south between low banks, stretched a monster river, slow-moving, mud-laden, vast, almost a mile wide. On its near shore, to the south of the railroad were a small cottage and a barn, landmarks evidently, and beside them, propped upon the bank, was another relic of days gone by, a steam ferry boat, named the "A. Lincoln," fully equipped, but dingy with disuse. Before the house a horse-power ferry, but lit-tle bigger than a rowboat and bereft of its horse, lolled in the river. On the other side of the train, alongside of the railroad, was an ugly looking shanty, carelessly built its roof just high enough to clear a man's head, painted with a flaming coat of caboose red. Aside from its location, the shanty bore no earmarks of a depot, but the tele-graph wires dipped beneath its eaves and a aggage truck leaned against its front.

Then, at last, it dawned on Jamie Halloran. This dreary, deserted flood before him was the Missouri river, that he had seen so often pictured in his school geographies as thickly populated with water craft of all sorts. This place of solitude and blackness and desolation was Missouri Station, the terminus of the Dakota Divis-

Some men would have set down and wept, some would have sworn themselves black in the face, but Jamie merely got out his grip and walked down to the depot to take possession. The out going agent, a pale, sickly fellow—Christianson was his name-surrendered the station with lamely put hope that Jamie might "like it here" then bolted for the caboose without losing a moment.

Reversing its engine the Accommodation after a half hour's lay-over, started on its return trip. Jamie watched it shrink to a black dot on the prairie and disappear over a far-off ridge. For a while a wisp of smoke hung over the ridge, then it faded, and the new made agent sat alone in his depot by the melancholy Missouri.

He gave several minutes to himself by asking himself why a railroad had been built to Missouri Station, then turned his thoughts to his depot. It was a shell: through the wide cracks between its timbers the summer wind brushed sorrowfully. There was but one room—the office-holding a table for the instruments, a chair a cot, an oil stove, a cup-board, for stationery, and another for the tinned foodstuffs upon which it was designed the agent should subsist. A few of these foodstuffs Chris-tianson had kindly left on the shelves to carry his successor along until he could arrange for a fresh supply.

Jamie passed a fairly busy afternoon putting, things to rights, and retired early to his cot. But the following morning he could find no duties whatever about the depot, so, after pinning a card on the door stating his whereabouts—an act that seemed a wanton waste of ink—he set out to ex-J. Halloran and old Terry hunted the big wall map for Missouri Station, and found it easily; on the east bank of the Missouri River, the terminus of the Dakota Division; its name printed in type quite as large as that allowed for Chicago and Milwaukee. Terry had in the depot only Missouri the Care the navigated her at that point, and he had made much money ferrying a great over land travel bound west for the newly-discovered Black Hills mines. Railroads entering the Hills by the southern route had killed his a post worth having, located as it was at the end of an important division, on a navigable river well known as their own Mis-

with stirring yarns of the flush years on the Big Muddy. He told Jamie, too, during the chat, the

across the Territory to the Missouri River. This railroad the company had built; but that part of the line beyond Bowdle, where the fertile country ended, into the the re-gion that some official had named the Little Bad Lands, had been constructed only to comply with the terms of the land-grant not for operation or revenue. Thus the triweekly train was moved to keep within, or bluntly speaking, to evade, the laws of Da-

All through the mouth of May Jamie grimly guarded Missouri Station; Mondays Wednesdays and Fridays snatching a half hour's gossip with George Reber and Flaherty, the engine crew of the Accommodation, and Pat Harris, the conductor; other days visiting with Captain Rollins; eating his canned meals stoically, save at such times as he dined at the Captain's cottage; making out, in patience, his ticket reports, which always read, "No sales," his freight reports which always read "No shipments. The first week he sent these dailies, according to the rules, but thereafter only weekly, the auditor, having notified him in a sarcastic note, that reports of weekly frequency would be satisfactory from that sta-

The while he lived in the hope that busington and Chicago. He proposed, also, that he sell the "Lincoln's" machinery to Rollins was converted. All through the

fattened in such a lazy life. Jamie wasn't that sort. He had gone into the railroad the wheat-shippers of the Missouri Valley. world with the idea of rising.

'Cap'n, he declared solemnly to Rollins the morning of the first day of June, "the business won't come to Missouri Station of itself. I must go out and bring it in."
The Captain chuckled. He said be'd liv-

ed in that neighborhood going on half a century, and didn't know of a single atom rates from the Little Bad Lands, and ignorof business anywhere.
But Jamie was hard to convince. So

Missouri river bottoms. They found, as Rollins had predicted, a country rock-bound in some places, swampy in other, totally uninhabited and unproductive. Rollins said that class of land continued south nearly to Pierre. After twenty miles of it Jamie admitted he had seen enough.

Next day was train day, but the morning after that Jamie and the Captain started on a second drive, this time steering northward along the Missouri. The north country developed much the same as had the south—perhaps the more barren of the two—for fifteen or eighteen miles. Then it changed. Driving on to a plateau well above the river's surface, Jamie and Rollins saw spread before them, on the eastern shore, a great level land whose soil-gleamed black and moist, and everywhere was green-tinted with a dense stubble that Jamie knew for wheat. At long injervals groups of farm buildings rose on the prai-rie. One group lay within half a mile.

"This is the kind of country I'm lookng for," cried Jamie exultantly, "What's the reason, Cap'n, my road can't carry this

wheat crop East?' load of wheat, or anything else, a mile over that road we've just come over. This section's as much cut off from Missouri Station as though a wall big as China's was

built between."
"That's so," admitted Jamie reluctantly, his enthusiasm dashed. "Then you mean to say these farmers above here haul their grain north to the O. P.'s track? Why, that must be sixty or seventy miles from these places we see.

"Eighty," corrected the Captain.
"Anyhow," said Jamie doggedly, after a minute's meditation, "I'd like to have a talk with one of those wheat-shippers."
So Captain Rollins, nothing loth, drove down into the valley to the farm house nearest. Jamie found the owner at home, introduced himself, and in half an hour learned a great deal about the local transportation conditions. It was as the Captain had said. All the wheat-growers along the Missouri from that farm north, and for a distance of forty miles back from the river. were compelled, because of the impassable roads south through the Little Bad Lands, to team their grain across the boundary through North Dakota to the O. P. railroad. And worse: the rates of haul to the Minneapolis market levied by the O. P. were mercilessly high—scarcely to be borne; they had cut the profits of wheatraising to practically nothing. The farmer talked earnestly and sensibly, not at all like a man given to grumbling, and the agent at Missouri Station was thinking barder than ever before when he and the Captain turned for their homeward trip.

For a full hour he said not a word. Then he broke his peace with an odd querv.
"Cap'n," he asked, "is the 'A. Lincoln'
in shape to navigate?"

in shape to navigate?"

"Why, yes," answered Rollins, waking out of a doze—"Why, yes, I guess so."

"Then," returned Jamie firmly, "the wheat crop from that section of the Missouri Valley we've just left will be shipped this season by way of Missouri Station." "How do you make that?" demanded

the Captain "This way: Leaving out of the question these bad south roads, those farmers who are nearer to the C. & N. than they are to the O. P. would naturally ship via the C. & N., provided rates were equal."

"Yes, certainly." apolis is 'way high. If I remember right, our Minneapolis rate is very much lower— perhaps not more than half that of the O. P. If that's so we ought to command the trade all the way up the valley to within a dozen miles of the O. P.'s track—we wouldn't want to work too near, because if she O. P. people tumbled to what we were about they'd meet our rate and spoil our business. Again leaving out of the question these Bad Lands roads."

"But you can't leave them out," protested Rollins. "A man couldn't baul a load of wheat a mile, I tell you—"

"I know, I know," interrupted Jamie almly. "But we're not going to bother with these roads at all. During harvest

islature had agreed to grant the C. &. N Railroad Company great tracts of rich land on condition that it build a line of railroad your 'A. Lincoln' to Missouri Station, for coal, and binding fast to the steamer—five shipment via the C. & N. to Minneapolis. For your part of the deal—the steamboat squat, ugly or haul—we'll add a little to the rail rate, freight train. enough to make the thing well worth your

> "Can't be done," snorted the Captain—
> "Can't be done. The river's in terrible condition between my place and Bismarck—choked by suags and sand; the channel's switched a mile from where 'twas when I ran the stream. Besides, I haven't any crew for my boat-even if I had, she couldn't stow a hundred sacks of wheat-and who'd load and unload it?"

"You could hire some barges somewhere to increase your carrying capacity, couldn't you?" argued Jamie craftily, well remembering how such matters were managed back on the Mississippi. "Loading, unloading-let the shippers furnish men from their farms to go with the grain, and handle it at both ends of the steamer's trip. That's only a fair proposition. The river-you've like that on the Big Muddy for a quarter

got all summer to post yourself."
"Yes, I know," Rollins continued to object, though more mildly now, "but I don't had set moving. The freight charges paythink it's practicable. Still—still—I don't able in advance, poured through his hands know, either. I guess there are some idle barges up Bismarck way that I could rent for little or nothing." He began to tug at iness would pick up. But it did not. And his white beard, his kindly old face lightit was a state of things hard for Jamie to ing with excitement. "And there's Billy bear; not having anybody to work on after his long study of railroading. True he planned to the last detail a pleasure tour for the Captain; to New York via the Lakes the Falls and Boston; returning via Washington and Chicago. He proposed also

some Eastern foundry which would make long drive home he and Jamie discussed quite a goodly shipment from Missouri Station. But the Captain would give ear to into the night. Jamie looked into his neither plan. As for actual traffic-one tariffs, and found himself correct in his day a piece of gearing for the ferryboat stand concerning the C. & N.'s Minneapolis ahead, slept on the main track in front of came in by freight, another day a traveling grain rate : it was exactly half that chargman and his trunks passed through, head- ed by the O. P. from Bismarck. This, with ing for the Indian reservation beyond the river. That was all.

Many fellows would have prospered and steamboat haul, allowed Jamie to fix upon a rate most advantageous and attractive to

Next day, however, to be certain of his ground-his tariffs were not of latest issue -he wired Burton, the General Freight Agent at Chicago, for confirmation. Burton read the message impatiently, wondered what kind of an agent there was at Mised the inquiry. Jamie wired again. A chipper clerk of Burton's answered that Rollins hitched the team of stout roans, the quotation named was still, and probathat he used betimes on the ferry, to a bly would continue, in effect, but further buckboard, and drove Jamie south over the advised Jamie that the time of the freight department was thoroughly taken up, and suggested that he hereafter limit his communications to matters of importance.

For an hour or two Jamie was red-hot, but he soon got over it, and began to busy himself with the conduct of the campaign. From a real-estate office in Aberdeen he borrowed a set of county maps, which showed the Missouri River's course, the names of the farmers adjacent, the location and extent of their various holdings. These maps he studied until he was as well acquainted with the valley to the northward as he had been with the village of Read's Landing. Conductor Pat Harris of the Accommodation, seeing him so hard at two thousand. Wheat! There is work, and not understanding, used to say spear within fifty miles of the place." in pity, "Some day, young fellow, the company'll give you a real station, and you'll be swamped." But the little agent only smiled good-naturedly and went on with

his maps.

Jamie advising at every turn, Captain Rollins rounded up by letter his steam-boat friends at Pierre and other towns. He condition. "Nothing hard to answer there," growled Rollins. "A farmer couldn't haul a his term in office. A little later a pair of his term in office. A little later a pair of his term in office. St. Paul how: that lunatic agent's—what's his steamboat inspectors ran out from St. Paul how: that lunatic agent's-what's his and gave the old ferry a fresh license.

Then one morning in July the Captain assembled a dozen of his cronies for a trial trip. To "look at the river," as posting up on the channel is called among steam- of his imagination he couldn't figure it. boatmen, successfully made the run with the "Lincoln" up to Bismarck and return, two hundred miles in all. While at Bisa once noted freight fleet.

July and August passed. Day by day sun and wind and rain caressed the wheat green had changed at last to stately stalks

of gold. On the first of September the farmers started cutting. Then Jamie took the Captain's team, and drove, day after day, and night after night, through the country north of the Little Bad Lands, returning to the depot only when the Accommodation's half-hourly visits called him. He interviewed every farmer along the east shore of the Missouri from the Station almost to the line of the O. P., explained his rate and plan of shipment—by river to Missouri Station, thence by the C. & N.—and asked all to have their wheat, in sacks, and their men for the handling, on the river-bank, ready for the "A. Lincoln" by sunrise September 15th, a date when it was estimated the harvesting would be finished. And at every farm the owner listened carefully. Many promised patronage on the spot, others wanted time to consider, but all seem-

ed greatly interested. On the strength of his canvass Jamie wired General Freight Agent Burton, September 13th, for 200 box cars for a wheat shipment. Burton at that time was out on the line on an inspection tour; his chief elerk had temporary charge of things. The chief clerk had never seen Missouri Station in fact, could not recall ever having heard its name before; but he decided directly that a traffic that needed 200 cars at one time should not be delayed. He passed Jamie's requisition and rushed it into the Car Service Department. The Car Service Agent, a new man from the South, hadn't had time to get well acquainted with the road. He found that, by hard work, 200 cars could be squeezed out of the St. Paul up on grain tariffs, but I believe it's as that farmer claimed: the O. P. rate to Minneapolis is 'way high.

If I react to Minneapolis is 'way high. forward them to Missouri Station. Harry Kelly knew all about Missouri Station, and the order puzzled him, but it bore the initials of the Car Service Agent and, still further back, those of the General Freight Agent. So he hastened to push the thing through. He assembled the cars in less than twelve hours, and then, as the engines in his district were old and feeble, he borrowed, of the River Division, four new Brooks ten-wheel freighters to do the hauling. The evening of the fourteenth he sent the empties west in four sections of fifty cars each, with orders to turn engines and sidetrack at Bowdle; the sections to back down the extension to Missouri Station one

on either side-the ten chartered barges.

after the "A. Lincoln" came upon great piles of sacked wheat, scores of waiting harvest hands, with every turn of the crook ed Missouri. Not only were all the growers with whom Jamie had parleyed on hand, but many as well from the scattered farms in the less fertile region on the west side of the river, who had somehow got news of the expedition. And the loading, too, went smoothly. At every landing, as Jamie had arranged, the crews of farm Gibson.—Saturday Evening Post. hands were ready and did their work with a will, afterward coming aboard the boat to

accompany the wheat to the cars. There hadn't been a shipment of wheat century. At times, even Jamie was a bit awed by the vastness of the commerce he into the steamer's safe until the rusted iron box was brimming over with checks, bills and coin. And when the loading of the wheat was done the "A. Lincoln" was completely hidden, save for her pilot house and chimneys, within the towering piles of sacks that freighted the flanking barges.

When Webster, Calhoun and other legis-

But Captain Rollins, Pilot Daley and the rest on their mettle, brought Jamie's cargo safely down the treacherous, neglected riv-er, and tied up before Missouri Station at was known as the "Hole in the Wall," a midnight exactly. And though nothing small room not far removed from the post-more could be done until morning Jamie office of the Senate, which at that time ocwent happy to his berth on the steamer, for, dimly shaped in the gloom, a long string of box cars, with a giant engine up his shanty depot.

Meanwhile a flood of wrath and bewilder-ment had swept over the high officials of the present-day restaurant, the great the C. & N.; had almost engulfed Burton, the General Freight Agent-a flood for of cold beef tongue, ham, turkey, or a few which Agent J. Halloran was solely 1esponsible.

On the afternoon of the fifteenth, while Jamie and his thousands of tons of wheat were steaming down the Missouri, Burton, in the course of his trip around the system, had arrived in St. Paul. and sat in the local offices, running through a batch of belated members and it was seldom that the ordinreports from his chief clerk. On one ary citizen managed to get a chance to let of these he read: "Demand for cars has the place know his presence. Of course, the been very brisk. On the thirteenth Milwaukee made requisition for 150 for beer, Omaha 50 for miscellaneous freight, Missouri Station 200 for wheat --- '

Burton got no further. An irritable man with no mercy for the blunders of others, he gaped at the reporter for a minute as though it were his death warrant, then, bouncing from his chair, he rushed downhall into the office of Harry Kelly, Superintendent of the Dakota Division.
"Kelly," he broke forth, brandishing the

chief clerk's letter, "you didn't send out these cars, did you?" "What cars? For where?" gasped the superintendent.

'These two hundred wheats for Missouri Station. Why, Kelly, that agent's crazy ! station in two hundred years—no not in two thousand. Wheat! There isn't a

engines with them." Burton sank into a seat and groaned. The road was in the thick of the usual harent points along the line

and slid her into the river. He ordered a carload of coal for her, which arrived in after a time. "I suppose I'll have to go er. The committee room have sany suppose I'll have to go thing her a time. "I suppose I'll have to go thing her a suppose I'll have to go the suppose I'll have to go

name ?" "Halloran. But maybe the fellow's go omething for the cars. after all," suggested Kelly, though by the sharpest goading The General Freight Agent silenced the Superintendent with a glare of disgust.

That evening Burton hitched his private marck he leased ten barges, the remnant of car to the Dakota Division passenger, and started for Missouri Station. When he awoke next morning he was already treadsun and wind and rain caressed the wheat throughout the Dakotas and swiftly ripened it, until the one-time tiny shoots of clogged was the yard with the multitude

of Jamie's empties.

Burton breakfasted hurriedly, walked into town in a bad humor, and questioned the crews of the three empty sections of the wheat train which were on the siding. He learned but little : four sections bound for Missouri Station had come as far as Bowdle the night previous. Three sections had sidetracked according to the Division Superintendent's orders. The fourth had gone on to Missouri Station and not yet

returned. Burton then took one of the Brooks engines and asked for rights down the extension. But though the Dispatcher called and called Missouri Station he could get no answer-Jamie Halloran being very much engaged out-of-doors that morning-so finally Burton was forced to go without rights.

After a long-drawn, cautious trip Burton reached the Station at noon, just as Jamie was putting the last touches to his section. Dropping from his engine at the siding switch, he strode, fuming and sputtering for the depot. But before he had gone six paces he halted, limp with surprise. He saw, through a sluggish mist of dust, de-spised Missouri Station, looking for all the world like a Chicago freight terminal on a busy day. He saw at the river-bank a steamboat and a brace of barges all but foundering beneath a cargo of sacked wheat He saw a train of fifty cars nearly loaded with it. He saw full three hundred brawny harvesters bearing the fat sacks from the boats to the cars. He saw a young fellow, hatless, coatless, vestless—whom a passing man told him was Halloran, the Agent—scattering well-aimed directions with the

ease of a General Manager. But for all his confusion, Burton sharpwitted official that he was recognized that a wheat crop was being moved in the Lit-tle Bad Lands with a speed and spirit never beaten anywhere.

Gently he sent his engine back to Bow-

dle, then buttonholed Jamie and got his story from first to last; though Jamie cut it short, for Jamie had little time to give that way, even to a General Freight Agent.
"Next time you think up a thing like

this write particulars beforehand; we're not accustomed to deals of this size on the Dakota Division," was Burton's remark at the end. Jamie recalled how his past communications to headquarters had been treated, but he deemed it best to make no comment That was all Burton said to Jamie then, squeezed old Terry's wrinkled hand many times that day, and left at four next morning on the early north-bound passenger for in the seventies the Dakota Territorial leg-

At eight o'clock that night Jamie's 200 cars, all loaded, bursting full, were on their way to Minneapolis. The "A. Lincoln had gone up-river to carry home the farmers squat. ugly craft, but each one roomy as a and harvest hands. Only the gray dust of reight train.

At sun up of the fifteenth the start down

the wheat that coated everything, and the deep path from the landing that three hunstream was made. After a run of ten miles

Jamie, anxiously watching from the pilot
house, sighted his first patron. And there-Only Burton and Jamie Halloran sat in

the darkening depot.
"Halloran," Burton was saying. "I guess we won't ask you to stay out here any long er. I've been looking for a right-hand man with a head like yours for three years. Canyou fix things to start with me for Chicago to-morrow in my car? Until we can assign a new man we'll let Missouri Station go it alone; it's earned a vacation."-By Willis

Drinks in the Capitol.

The Hole in the Wall and the Committee Rooms Sideboards of Years Ago.

Now that some of the followers of the water wagons in the House and Senate are threatening to abolish the sale of liquors from the restaurants of the great building on the hill, and the Washington authorities have imposed fines of \$300 each on the keepers of the House and Senate restaunants, it is interesting to look back and see how the liquid refreshments were dispensed

lative giants wanted to wet their whistles when engaged in making and unmaking office of the Senate, which at that time occupied the present supreme court chamber. This small, circular room, which got the name of the "Hole in the Wall," was likewise the first restaurant the upper house ever knew, and, as may well be imagined, statesmen being satisfied with a sand wich

hard-boiled eggs.
While the, "feed" was slow, the fluid was plentiful and of the best, adulterated and blended whiskeys not being tolerated. The liquor was good, and as a rule the big men took big drinks. The "Hole in the Wall" was for the convenience of Senators and the place know his presence. Of course, the statesmen were permitted to take their friends in for a friendly bumper, but the proprietor generally turned them out when not accompanied by a Senator or Representive. To some extent the "Hole in the Wall" was a blind tiger and the proprietor was

afraid of being "pulled."
When the new Senate wing of the capitol was finished provision was made in its basement for the present restaurant and post-office. Later on the library absorbed the old post-office, incidentally taking in the "Hole in the Wall," but the little cir-

cular room remains as a reminder of legis-lative convivialities of the days long gone. When the "Hole in the Wall," disappeared there sprung up the sideboard ad-Station. Why, Kelly, that agent's crazy! junct for the committee rooms, and there He couldn't load two hundred cars at that flourished with a high band for many years, and, in truth, some of these wet goods arrangements still hold good in a few of the rooms of the have-all-he wants Senators. "The order originated in your office," These side-board arrangements were fearful-answered Kelly pugnaciously. "I sent the cars yesterday, and four of the new Brooks garded as a nuisance. And, too, some of the papers throughout the country beganto make a protest at the large sums annualvest car famine—those cars, and engines, ly set forth by the secretary of the Senate too, were sorely needed at a dozen differas having been expended for "snuff, quinine, bear's oil, pills," &c., but which, in

thing but a success and gave Senators a vast amount of annoyance from the fellows who were ever ready to pan-handle a little liquid refreshments

It was in 1866 that Henry Wilson introduced a resolution in Congress abolishing the sale of whiskey in the building. The resolution passed, but it was never effective, and from that day to the present it has been diffiult for a drink hunter to get all he wanted, although at intervals it has been announced that the sale of liquid had

Left \$30,000 to Negro Maid.

Stepsons Contest the Will of Mrs. Maria Cooke.

Protest has been made against the prohate of the will of Mrs. Maria J. Kemp Cook, widow of Captain A. P. Cooke, of the United States navy, who died recently in Paris, leaving a life interest in \$30,000 and valuable family portraits and jewels to Jennie Jiggetts, a negro maid.

When relatives in this country examined the will they found that George Pratt Ingersoll, Mrs. Cook's attorney, was not only to receive the principal of the bequest tothe maid at her death, besides the pictures and jewels, but he was made executor of the estate without bond and was empowered todispose of any part of the property and invest the proceeds as he saw fit.

Undue influence and the fact that the executor is a beneficiary under the will arethe chief grounds of contest. The estate isestimated to be worth \$150,000.

Mrs. Cooke was a daughter of Aaron Kemp, of the firm of Kemp, Day & Co., 116 street, N. Y. She was the second Wall wife of Capt. Cook, and was married to him in 1888. Capt. Cooke had two sons, Allen Cooke, who is a missionary in Japan, and Paul Cooke, who is a civil engineer in New York.

The Fatal Lightning.

The Wyoming valley was visited by a heavy rain storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning. At Forty Fort Joseph. Kraska and his son, John, drove a cowfrom pasture to the barn during the height of the storm. They had just be the storm. of the storm. They had just got into the-barn when a bolt of lightning came in through the window and striking the son and cow, killed them instantly. The father was shocked but escaped injury. The steeple of the Independent Polish Catholic church at Plymouth was struck and demolished.

Woman Left a Million for Crippled Rooster.

Mme. Silva, a Portuguese millionairess, who died in Paris, left her whole fortune to keep a crippled rooster comfortable. She was an ardent believer in the transmigration of souls, and thought the soul of her dead husband dwelt in the rooster. The will is so tangled with impossible clauses that the courts will be asked to distribute the wealth among charities, here being no heirs.

Applicable To-day, as Well. On Sunday morn the church bells ring, To church each fair one goes; The old go there to close their eyes,

The young to eye their clothes. -Old Poem.