

Grinwal. Phil had often read of "State's" games to her and kept her posted on his old chum's achievements. Here he was at last, and under such peculiar circumstances too. Things had changed since Phil left school, and she wondered if his old chum would not be astonished to find Phil Weston's sister under such circumstances.

After she had let a freight by and watched the "Owl" come sweeping across the bridge and dart by like a comet, she reported it in the block and paused a moment.

"D-do you know Phil's sister?" he asked rather slowly. "He was everlastingly talking about her until I believe I know her already."

"Yes, we are very good friends, in fact chums," the girl replied with a flush and a smile. "I think her name is May. Is it not?"

"Yes," came the answer, "but might I also take the liberty to ask who Miss Weston's chum is, to avoid further difficulties?"

"Me? Oh, if you call at Miss Weston's, you will likely find me there for we are always together." she informed him much to his dissatisfaction, "but you may call me Miss Wilson," she continued. "And I presume your name is Mr. Grinwal. I have heard Phil speak of him so often."

"Yes, I am Mr. Grinwald," he replied rather surprised.

Just then she began to tug at an obstinate lever, but Grinwald sprang forward and asked permission to help.

"You may if you like, but I think you will soon get tired," she replied, laughingly.

The heavy rod moved over and a "Double Header" rumbled by over the "Cut Off" in the blinding storm.

"Now, '9-8-5-4-3' she named off. No, not that way—take them in order" she commanded, and the new recruit promptly obeyed after tugging in vain at a locked lever. A "local" rattled by hurrying to get in.

"This is certainly a bad night and I consider myself fortunate" her assistant remarked.