

not been running quite as fast as ourselves. I yelled down to Jake and he answered with a twist of his foot.

The miles seemed to beat the minutes and I thought Jake had fainted again, but I could feel him twisting and turning slowly somewhere down in the darkness. Just as I expected, the next tower we swung around in front of had the "danger" dead against us—the red lights looking as big as headlights as we shot by, the operator standing aghast at the window; and I thought 'Good bye, old fellow, if you want your mail come down around the curve for it.' Then two torpedoes exploded under us—they sounded like ten-inch guns—and a wildly excited brakeman with a lantern hove in sight a moment later. Another torpedo exploded and then Jake gave a twist—there was a sizz of air and as I pulled him up the brakes were doing their work nobly. We stopped with a jar and when we got to our feet, right in front of us,—less than a hundred feet—stood the third section of the 'Limited,' her tail lights blinking at us in astonishment."

Just then Jim's pipe went out, and as the "Fast Mail" was whistling on the outskirts of the city, I thanked him for his story and crawled down as "Silent Jake" came up. I watched them back slowly down into the twilight for their train.

W. M. S., '01.



JERRY MGOWEN'S TROUBLE.

JERRY MGowen was an honest, hard-working, Irish longshoreman, the captain and sole owner of the sloop "Rosie." Of Jerry I might say, never was there a man with a kinder heart, and unfortunately, a more extensive vocabulary of profane language, or greater capacity for drinking good whiskey—or bad for that matter.