

a warrant for you. Come along with me;" and he made an effort to force me along.

But resistance was useless. I was marched away and furnished accommodations behind cross-bars of iron. To say that I was angry would only be mockery to my feelings. I expressed the emotion in true railroad style, then felt relieved. Gradually I subsided and finally laughed heartily at the ridiculous, but dramatic situation. Second thought satisfied me that I could easily prove myself to be Ben Johnson, telegraph operator, and no mistake. Almost every man on the division knew me. So I wrote the following note:

DAN BROWN, Agent:

In the prison cell I sit thinking of how you are wondering why I am not on hand with the key. I can't get away from my friends. I am stopping at the County Hotel. I have every accommodation that the place affords, free, too; think of that. The landlord is the most obliging man I ever met. He even insisted on my wearing his jewelry. You know, Dan, there is nothing proud about me. I feel miserable with it on; but he was so urgent and it seemed as though I would confer so great a favor upon him that I could not refuse. Now, Dan, don't think that all these favors are being showered upon Ben Johnson, night owl. They dub me Ben Haines and won't listen to anything I say to the contrary. If you can satisfy the bearer of this note that I am truly Ben Johnson and not Ben Haines, the rascally book agent, you will oblige me very much.

Very sincerely,

BEN JOHNSON.

The Sheriff delivered my note to the agent. He read it, pausing every few minutes to laugh, not so much at the letter as at the idea that I was a case of mistaken identity. He finished reading the note, folded it up and looked up to the Sheriff and said: "Every word of this letter has the ring of Ben Johnson in it. By Ben Johnson I mean the little, lean, ghost-looking fellow, who was night owl at Princeton for more than a year. If it is Ben Johnson that you have in