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THE ROSE.

Under a rose tree, dozing in its shade,
An angel lay, to rest him from his task—
A bright, fair spirit he, whom Heaven had
Charged
To nurse the buds and bathe them in the dew.
A meddling leaf played on the sleeper's brow
And woke him from his nap. Above him hung
A rose that nodded in the breeze and shook
Her perfume 'round him.
"O beautiful monarch!"—thus he spoke—"Fair
queen
Of all the flowers, and far more fair than all
Thy subjects are, thy bloom and breath have
won
An angel's heart! Ask what thou wilt, sweet
love,
And ere the sun's light fingered rays can fling
The dew pearls from thy breast, I swear, 'tis
thine!"
A warmer blush o'erspread the rose's cheek
As thus she spoke: "And is your love so deep?
I'll sound it's depth and try your loving prom-
ise."
"I ask a grace—give me but one more grace!"
A wondering look leaped from the angel's eye:
"Another grace? What other could I give
Which thou hast not? Stay, let me think—take
this—"
And as he spoke he wove a veil of moss—
"This modest grace which now I give to thee
Completes thy charms, and not alone for me;
If angels love thee, so let mortals too;
Then o'er the blushing rose the veil he threw.
—Joseph Whitton, in Leisure Hours.

THE SOUL OF THE CAT.

BY FRED A. WILSON.

Yes Sam Ling was a lonely one. He had friends, of course, in plenty, and relatives, too, for that matter, but Ling had his own views on matrimony, and he didn't believe anybody could be happy without a wife. It was strange why he should have suddenly taken on that belief, for hadn't he lived 15 years away from his own Flowery Land! Of course he had.

He came first to the Golden Hills and went to work in the mines, but he couldn't stand it, for he used to feel the strange white devils at night punching him in the back. So he gave his claim in the Golden Hills to a relative, and traveled across the continent to New York, curled up like a little mink on the seat of the smoking car.

He was idle for a while and then he started in to sell soap to the laundrymen, until, finally, he got enough of the American man's cash to rent a store. He put out his red sign, with the fluttering red streamers on it to keep the evil ones away, and he became a merchant. Every night for years he had crawled into his little bunk cut, tinned off at the back of the store, and after comforting himself with the opium he loved so well he had fallen asleep, to dream of pretty Chinese girls tottering on pink clouds across the water and stretching out their arms to him.

He often thought of China and the home life there, and he used to count the money in his trunk and wonder when he would have enough to go back and buy a koonfoo's rank and wear a cap with the red button of the third degree. Then he thought he would buy with some of his money the prettiest girl in the province, and she would have feet so small that she couldn't walk at all unless she had a strong servant holding each hand.

He often played the lottery in the hope that he would win, and he burned prayer sticks before his kat god that he might have luck, but he might just as well have saved the sticks, for luck never came. So persistently did he lose that more than once he was tempted to let one of the burning prayer sticks fall over against the god and burn it, but he was afraid lest the deceit should be discovered, and the god seek a just revenge.

One day there came into his store a white girl who lived on the top floor of the tenement around the corner. She had hair like the wong shik gold he used to dig out of the Golden Hills.

"Say, John," she said, "me mother's run out o' soap, an' she's up to her neck in washin'. Gimme a bar!"

Ling was smitten with a great love. He remembered having seen this girl go past his store many times, but he never had such a chance as this to speak to her. "You mommee want soap?" he asked. "She washee?"

"Yes; I want er bar, an' I want it quick."

"Alle lito," said Ling, and he clattered behind the narrow counter and pulled out from a shelf two bars of soap.

"You takkee two," he said. "No, n'gant'sin, you takkee, you sabe?" and he pushed the soap and the five pennies she had laid down away from him. Then he went on: "I lakkee you; you heap nice! Lat you name?"

"Oee, what graff!" said the girl; "so I get de soap for nuttin, do I, John? Well, me name's Maggie Sullivan, if yer want ter know."

Ling looked at her with admiring eyes. Then he pointed to the soap and pennies, and said simply:

"You takkee, I heap lakkee you, sabe? You cium 'glain?"

"Yes, I sabe, John," said the girl, "an' I'll come again."

So she went out, and Ling went to the door and looked after her until she had disappeared around the corner. Then he went back behind the narrow counter and sat down on a stool. He rested his elbows on a pile of paper, sunk his chin in his hands, and thought very hard. His thinking amounted to something, for he went to the little cubby room curtained off at the back of the store, and out of the big capstan wood chest he pulled some carefully folded clothes. He was a new man when he came out into the store again, and a couple of his countrymen

had dropped in to have a friendly chat and a smoke began to chaff him.

His old cloth blouse, with the shiny place on the loose back where his well oiled queue had hung, lay in a heap on the floor with his old pair of trousers; instead he wore clothes of broad-cast dark blue silk, and his sandals were like those of a koonfoo. A cold wind was blowing up the street. It made him shiver, but he stood his ground and watched for the coming of Maggie Sullivan.

Every day for a week he watched until on the eighth day he saw her running by with a shawl over her head and a pitcher in her hand. "Hi lo," he cried, "hi lo, Maggie S't'm'n you com'ni chue?" "Hello, John; how's things? I'll see yer when I get th' old man's beer," and she dashed on, while Ling went in and waited.

After awhile she came in with a rush "You lakkee China candy?" began Ling before she could say anything. Heap good! and he shoved a queer little box full of keung toward her. "I lakkee you," he continued, while he picked at the gilt buttons on his blouse. "I bring you nice cloose, heap nice, you sabe? Makkee you nice cloose, you dless heap nice, sabe? You mally me, you hat heap money."

"Marry you, John? Well, I guess not! Me old woman would pull the pigtail out of your head if she heard you makin' any breaks like that."

"You mally-me bimbeey," said Ling, as though he felt sure he would win.

"So long, John!" she said, as she went out munching the candy. That was the first of the queer courtship. It struck Maggie seriously, as though she thought she might do worse.

"I don't know but what I'll marry the chick," she said to herself. "I'll get all the clothes and money I want, an' I'll be boss, you can bet!"

There was a cat that used to sleep under Ling's counter. She grew fat on the scraps of chow-chopsuey which fell from the table, and altogether lived a life of peace. But the day Ling proposed to Maggie Sullivan the cat's manner changed. Instead of sleeping under the counter all the day she took to walking on the counter, meowing uneasily in a wailing voice, which filled the room with a distressful sound.

Then she would pause in her walk, and sitting on her haunches glare at Ling with staring eyes. Once or twice he drove her away, but she came back and glared until her eyes turned from green to purple. Once he struck her with his bamboo t'ung, and she retreated to a high shelf and watched him.

"The evil one possesses her," said Ling, and he burned more prayer sticks before his kashat Joss, but the wailing of the cat never ceased. She crept under Ling's bed that night and scratched at the matting on the floor; she paraded the little room, and her big shining eyes seemed to light up the dark place. From that night the cat was never at rest, and Ling became so stricken with a silent terror that he would go out into the street rather than cross her path.

He forgot about the cat a couple of days later, when Maggie Sullivan came in. She was better dressed than usual.

"Hello, John," she began, "I had a row with the old woman, and I've dlim out. I'm dead sick of gittin' jumped on. Now, if you want'er marry me on the square, I'm with you, but I don't want any funny business in mine!"

"You mally me?" asked Ling, while a smile crept over his face. "Alice lito, I mally you."

"But I'll tell you, John," the girl went on, "you've got to cut that pig tail off and wear citizen's clothes. You got to be as white as clothes can make you, an' you got to treat me white too, or I'll shake you!"

Ling didn't want to lose his queue, and he fought against what he considered a sacrilege, but he found Maggie relentless.

"I curl him up so," he said as he twisted it about his head, "n' puttee on hat, so," and he pulled an old slouch hat down over his head, "n' nobolly sles him, ha?"

No, even that wouldn't do, and Maggie went away saying: "I'm going up to a lady friend's o' mine ter stay ter nite, John, an' I'll see you to-morrow and if ther pig tail don't go I don't git married, see?"

Ling didn't quite see, but he thought a lot. He thought Maggie was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. There was nothing ch'an about her. She had fine blue eyes, a trim figure, and a shock of golden hair that attracted the Chinaman. The old cat jumped on the counter and yowled and stared at him, and he went out to get away from those green eyes. He went to the Joss house and burned 30 cents' worth of prayer sticks and paper. He made up his mind quickly after that, almost ran down the dark, creaking steps, and across the way to where the tai'tau-lo lived and did business.

"Take off this thing!" he said when he sat down on the stool in front of the little razors and scissors. "What?" said the barber, "are you crazy, or have the foreign devils got you too?"

"Cut it off, I tell you! Are you not here to do such work as this?"

"No, that is wrong. I knew your mother. What would she say if I did it! How could she consent to me as well as to you, unworthy son."
Ling ran out while his course lasted.

He went to a Kwang tung man who lived near Pell street and had no queue. "Cut this thing off!" he said; he did not need to beg this time.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Kwang tung man, "you are going to be one of us; good!" and he picked up a big pair of shears. Snip! and Ling's queue was gone, cut close to his head. Out Ling ran, leaving his queue behind him. He went into his store and sat down to think, when up jumped the cat. Her eyes were yellow this time, and she howled mournfully.

"Get away, you evil thing!" and he pushed her off with a stick. He did not sleep that night; he dreamed strange things and saw strange sights; he thought of his home in far off China, and of his mother and the little Chinese maidens whom he had known before he came to the new country. He smoked and saw faces in the clouds. In the morning his eyes were heavy and red with opium, and he let his hired man do all the work. He lay in his cubby bunk and smoked the opium until he heard a voice. It sounded as if it came from a great distance. It said:

"Hello, where's the boss? In the back room? All right!"

The curtains were pulled back and Maggie Sullivan came in.

"Hittin' ther pipe, eh? Well, that's bad for the blood. How's yer pig tail?"

"I cut him. He gone," said Ling, half stupidly.

"That's good. I knew you'd come around. The Chinks ailers do. Git up if yer agobn' ter git married."

Ling had a vague idea that he was very happy. The opium had brought a peaceful feeling, but he was rather stupid. Maggie sat on the edge of the bunk and the cat walked across the room with stately tread, glaring at her. She paused at her feet, and at one bound was on her lap.

"Hello, pussy!" she said, putting her face down and stroking the fur. Like a flash a paw shot out; five hooked, sharp claws were unsheathed and dragged across the girl's cheek. She gave a frightened scream, and when Ling looked he saw three red lines down her face, from which the blood was dripping. And the cat walked across the floor with the same stately tread.

"I've got a nice looking face now!" said Maggie, "and I think I'll have that cat killed."

"Less," said Ling, "kill him," and he rose drearily and tried to drive the cat out, but she wouldn't go. He gave it up and cursed the spirit which possessed the cat. "Some enemy of mine has died," he thought, "and his soul has gone into the cat." Maggie washed the blood from her face and put on three long strips of plaster, and then they went around to the Five Points Mission, where they were married. The minister, Mr. Boughton, asked them both a great many questions, and satisfied himself that everything was all right. Before he dismissed them he said he hoped Maggie would be happy.

"I hope so, sir," said she, "an' they say the Chinks are good to their wimmen."

They went back to the store then. There was a letter on the counter near the scales. It had come from China and was for Yee Sam Ling. The cat sat near it and would not move. Ling pushed her away with a stick, but she came back. He was afraid to put his hand on the letter, so he pulled it toward him with his lips. It was from his native town.

"Your good mother is dead," it said; "the scourge devil carried her away. It was her will that you return and marry the girl she has betrothed to you."

The letter fell from Ling's hands; he looked up and saw the cat still staring at him.

"My mother's soul is there to curse me," he whispered to himself, backing toward the door.

"It is she! She has come across the big water because I did not return, and he kept stepping backward."

"The curse has come upon me!" And he felt for his queue. Then he looked at Maggie and saw the marks of the claws. With a shriek he opened the door and rushed out.

"John's gone plumb crazy!" said Maggie to the attendant. "It's the opium, I guess. It knocks 'em all when they go the habit."

Ling never came back, so Maggie patched a truce with her mother and went back to the tenement. Nobody but the minister knows she is Mrs. Yee Sam Ling, and the new sign which swings over the door of the little store tells every one who looks up at it that Sun Quong sells Chinese groceries there. Sun Quong was the attendant.

Money in Milk.

As long as the farms are large and land cheap the pasturing of cattle will probably be preferred to selling. Selling permits of more stock being kept, and less area of land is required, but when the pasture is used the profit therefrom must be determined by the conditions of climate, soil, crops, and location. One point in favor of the pasture is that the cows harvest the crop of grass and bring it to the barn, where digestion converts it at once into milk or manure without the necessity of labor or storage. This fact has been the strongest incentive to the use of the pasture, whether the interest on the value of the pasture be included in the cost of the milk or not, as the land does not lose any of its value in some sections, but, instead, though the milk carries away a portion of its fertility daily.

About two pounds of milk make one quart, and the average proportions of solids in the milk is 12 per cent. If 100 pounds of milk be sold it is equivalent to a fraction of over eight pounds of solids. At two cents per quart the 100 pounds (about 50 quarts) will bring \$1, or 12 1/2 cents per pound for the solids. At four cents per quart each pound of solid matter brings 25 cents per pound. A large proportion of the solid matter (from three to four per cent) is butter fat, which costs the farmer nothing, as it does not come from the soil. The substances taken from the soil, if the milk sells at four cents per quart, deducting three pounds of butter fat from 12 pounds of the solids, increases the price of the seven pounds of solids, not butter fat, 25 per cent more. If the farmer will commingle the fat and water of the milk, which does not come from the soil, he will be aware of the fact that he derives a very large sum for the solid matter taken from the soil, while his customers can readily discern that to them milk is a costly luxury, and at four cents per quart is higher in price than butter at 30 cents per pound, in proportion to solid matter contained therein.

Dairying is a business that pays the farmer better than any other because it enables him to secure a high price for substances that sell in bulk. Milk is largely composed of water and it is sold by liquid measure, the water costing him nothing at all. There is also a large accumulation of manure, which is also brought from the pasture. Where the farmer buys feed and allows his cows extra rations he secures manure in such form also, and should return to the pasture all that is taken from it. The grain food is concentrated, but the milk is bulky; the consequence being that when food is brought to assist the pasture in providing for the cows the farm is sure to increase in fertility.

Electric coal cutters are rapidly replacing hand labor in many mines. Not only is it possible to do the work more cheaply, but there is a decided saving of coal, due to the small height of the undercut.

Affection blinds the judgment, and we can not expect an equitable reward where the judge is made a party.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Not Scriptural.—St. Paul's epistles to Minneapolis.

It seems hard to believe that a short man is well brought up.—Y. M. C. A. Statesman.

Snodgrass (after Snively finishes a fish story)—Well, I like a liar! Snively—You egotist.—The Epoch.

A Kentucky Estimate.—Jimson—What is meant by the horn of plenty? Grogley—About a quart.

The excuse of every man who does not mind his own business is that he is trying to do good.—Aitchison Globe.

"These are jewels of my own setting," quoth the speckled hen, as she gathered her chickens about her.—Buffalo Enquirer.

"Do you shave yourself all the time?" asked the barber. "No, I stop occasionally for meals," said Jimpinan savagely.—Truth.

Fishing.—He—What kind of men do you think make the best husbands? She—Bachelors and widowers.—Brooklyn Life.

The last one a man tells he is making money is his wife, but she is the first one he tells when he is losing it.—Aitchison Globe.

"What do you think of my angel cake?" she asked. "It's too heavy to fly," he replied. This was the beginning of the end.

"Did you ever go up in a balloon?" "Once," "What were your sensations?" "Oh, same as usual. I wanted the earth."

When you see a rattlesnake with 10 rattles and a button, you touch the button and the snake will do the rest.—Tupelo Journal.

The Cat May Enjoy the Picnic.—"Metaphorically speaking, you can never tell how the cat will jump in that household."

"If it was a sensible cat it would jump out of the window, I should think, when they start one of their little family arguments."—Epoch.

Wouldn't Promise for Sure.—Minister (in Chicago)—Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife, and keep her?—Bridgroom—Hold up! I'll keep her if I can remember, but six others have failed, you know. Won't promise for sure!—Epoch.

An Easy Explanation.—"I don't see how you manage to keep warm in this house in cold weather," said a visitor to a Dakota farmer.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the agriculturist, "the house has a blanket mortgage on it."—Epoch.

Prosperity to often has the same effect on the Christian that a calm sea has on a Dutch mariner, who frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder and goes to sleep.—Bishop Horne.

In almost all the manufacturing towns of Europe, during the last half century, schools have been opened for apprentices in the industrial arts.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

This part of West Virginia is full of Sulphur springs, which ever since the days before the war, have been great health resorts. Close after the health seekers are the pleasure seekers, for there can be no more charming places of their kind, than these among the Alleghanies, with the infinite variety of scenery, and pure air which sends in fresh vigor at every breath.

Through the tunnel, down the Great Kanawha river, which the railroad follows many miles, now on one side now the other, clinging to the narrow ledge cut out of the precipitous cliffs, the journey is of indescribable beauty. The river takes all the bright colors in its wild rush down the mountains, from the dazzling white of the cascades and rapids, the green of intermingling breakers hurled back from some savage rock, to the colorless transparency where it pauses before the next mad break. The greater mountains are stern and silent and the meaning of the Everlasting Hills becomes vividly distinct. When the train stops, the valley is musical with liquid sound, now the deep notes of a heavy waterfall, or the rippling tinkle of the rapids.

The valley begins to show signs of life. Coal shafts are let into the mountains at all heights, and tracks lead to an overhanging scaffolding, where coal is dumped into barges, or cars. The coal mines become invulnerable, the river is now smooth enough to be put to work, cooking furnaces are frequent, villages spring up, and there is a busy thriving people. The houses are generally poor, but stalwart looking men and women are numerous. The people look as if all had something to do. There is an inexhaustible supply of coal underlying the country, and fine land for farming in the valleys. West Virginia ought to be a great and prosperous State. As the road goes down the Kanawha, the mountains become lower and softer in outline, and when the Ohio river is reached near Huntington they are high rounded hills. The Ohio is nearly ochre colored and a broad swift river with coal mines pouring their wealth into its commerce, and stern wheel steamers with two smoke stacks plying up and down. All that country is very interesting. The people look healthy and vigorous, and they move with energy. The hustling which is so often heard of among Americans has begun. We are running just on the Kentucky side between that State and Ohio, and follow the Ohio river to Cincinnati. About 8 p. m., the F. F. V. glided into the city of Cincinnati, innumerable electric lights shining below, around and above us, and with a sharp descent down an inclined plane, stopped in the big Union depot. This was about 700 miles from Richmond, making 900 miles from home.

On Wednesday morning four long trains lay abreast of each other waiting for the minute to go. Anxious hurrying people of all sorts and conditions of men and women mingle out and in apparent confusion. There is no better place for seeing different varieties of people than in a big railroad station. The poor and the rich, the man who struts along as if it was all made for him and was waiting his movements, and the nervous traveler, who thinks that the train will hide from him or leave him if possible, the groups of friends and the forlorn, the perfect specimens of health and beauty, the sick and miserable, and the lone emigrant from distant lands, all are there. They meet for a moment and are hurried hundreds of miles apart. Just think of the thousands moving every day, and the thousands of places to and from which they are going and one can see the difference between such places and where the people are always the same.

Taking the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, or the C. C. & St. L., or the Big 4 as it is also called, I left for Chicago. For only a few miles we went in Ohio, then into Indiana. The scenery as it flew by was very bold and prominent near Cincinnati. Then the country became more and more level until the last knoll flattened into plains. The farms are beautiful, corn and small grain and pastures near and then forest or well kept groves. Towns were frequent and flourishing, and on the outskirts lying in the shade were groups of tramps. Frequently they boarded the train and they were as quietly as possible "fired off." One gang showed fight and the conductor had to shoot his pistol into them several times. This it said to be a daily occurrence. About midday the train stopped at Indianapolis, President Harrison's home. The Capitol stands out prominently and is a very fine building. This is a city of nearly 100,000 inhabitants, and being a railroad centre, looks on the map like the hub of a wheel with spokes extending in every direction. These central states are fully developed, railroads crossing and recrossing, running everywhere, more numerous than country roads with us.

The corn and small grain crops are in greatest abundance. There are hundreds of miles of waving corn like a green ocean, catching every breath of air on its quivering surface, now broken as a yellow field of wheat or oats, or a flourishing tow flax by. All the farming is done by machinery. There are no corn rows visible and the corn is almost sowed, it is so thick, six or seven stalks being in a place. Mowing machines and threshers were at work in the wheat fields, and in the pastures fat cattle were feeding. There are hardly any trees now, except some around the farm houses. The Kanawha swamps lie between Indianapolis and Chicago. It has been undrained, I learned, by the State and is now a vast corn field 200 miles square, valued at \$300 per acre. Just think of the corn on it at 20 barrels to the acre, which is its regular yield. The country is level, but easily drained by tiling and there are tile factories in many places, where the tiles lie in great piles along the railroad. The country grows into closely connected towns as the great city of Chicago is approached. Twenty miles away you see beginnings of the city, and the road now lies along the Southern shore of Lake Michigan. Far away out of sight entirely stretches its sky blue waters, almost level with the plain we were speeding through. Eleven miles off is Jackson park, where the Columbian Exposition is to be held, now it is surrounded with a high wall, but visitors are allowed inside. Everything is incomplete, and the tremendous preparations and getting in order of the great chaos must not be very interesting.

The city of Pullman, owned entirely by Geo. M. Pullman the car manufacturer, comes next. He owns even the houses his operators live in, charges heavy rents, and runs great stores, at which all hands are obliged to deal. Some of these houses are very fine and large.

Far out of Chicago for many miles the country is divided into town lots, and after the fair they expect a tremendous boom, or rather they are booming now on the prospect. They are encroaching on the lake by building land out as far as they are allowed, for it is cheaper to make land up from considerable depth, than to buy on the edge of this immense city. Surrounded by such a vast and rich country, pouring its treasures into it in thousands of ways, and the future of Chicago will be something unprecedented in the world's history. Everything is new and on a huge scale, business, architecture, fires, in short everything they have had of even crime. A man told me these were thirty murders committed in the ten days previous, but to be sure the weather was hot. When there is a fire, the newspapers send their reporters on the burning wheels to sketch and describe the terrible scenes to life. Everything must be red, and there is an eternal drive after every pursuit in all directions. There are some very pretty squares, where many people congregate to get fresh air, which I passed on my transfer to the Chicago & North Western.

In the depot of the Big 4, which is a Union depot in many respects, thousands of people were coming and going like one man a drop of water only. He must not forget where he is going, or who he is, and officials along the line will guide him the right way. I heard of one traveler who became so confused that he could not tell where he was going or what his name was. You have to sign those long tickets, as they are a contract also on your part, and the officials may require you to identify yourself by writing your name, and by any other way they can think of.

From Cincinnati to Chicago is 300 miles, making about 1200 miles from Plymouth. About half hours ride on an omnibus through part of the city transferred me to another big depot, where among many others was my next train, the Chicago & North Western, for St. Paul. After leaving Indiana, Illinois in the N. W. part was crossed, and Wisconsin the next state till reaching Minnesota near St. Paul. From Chicago all the transcontinental roads run through cars, a distance of about 5-00 miles. I did not take one of these till reaching St. Paul. It was late in the evening now, and the crisp air from the prairie and leaving behind Chicago, a sort of western limit, made it very exhilarating. Miles passed before we cleared the city on this side but with our rapid speed it was not very long before the great fields of wheat and corn, pastures reaching farther than the eye could see, with here and there a group of farm house, closing up its evening sun, made a most fat summer evening scenery. The sleeper was a Wagner car, but very different from the Pullman in the smoking room were several grandstands for king, queen, clown, one from Texas and others from the wild west places, who had met after several years separation. They made inquiries after mutual friends. "Where's Jack?" "Why didn't you know he was killed such and such time by—?" "Where's Bill?" "John—killed him." "I thought Bill always got the drop." "So he did, till some body got him." "That's the way with all them fellows, meet a good partner sometime."

The whole list was dead, wounded or missing. They were great contrasts, for a tenderfoot, and their language is too rough to put one to flight. The Texas was a long curly black mustache, the one was about fifty years old, might have been handsome in his youth, but time and a rough life had hardened his face too much. He owned a large ranch and was worth a good deal of money. He was going to Fargo, Dak., to look after property. We sat and smoked till late. The Wisconsin car was beautiful I know, but the creak, click, click of the rails, furnished out a sort of galloping rhythm was all we could feel of the rush through the dark.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.]