

# The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued  
Story.

## CHAPTER VII. THE GOSPEL OF RENUNCIATION.

What had happened in the great world during the two years in which Michael Sunlocks had been out of it is very simple and easily told. Old Adam Fairbrother had failed at London as he had failed at Copenhagen, and all the good that had come of his efforts had ended in evil. It was then that accident helped him in his despair.

The relations of England and Denmark had long been doubtful, for France seemed to be stepping between them. Napoleon was getting together a combination of powers against England, and in order to coerce Denmark into using her navy—a small but efficient one—on the side of the alliance, he threatened to send a force overland. He counted without the resources of Nelson, who, with no more ado than setting sail got across to Copenhagen, took possession of every ship of war that lay in Danish waters, and brought them home to England in a troop.

When Adam heard of this he saw his opportunity in a moment, and hurrying away to Nelson at Spithead he asked if among the Danish ships that had been captured there was a sloop of war that had lain near two years off the island of Grimsey. Nelson answered, No, but that if there was such a vessel still at liberty he was not of a mind to leave it to harass him. So Adam told why the sloop was there, and Nelson, waiting for no further instructions, despatched an English man-of-war, with Adam aboard of her, to do for the last of the Danish fleet what had been done for the body of it, and at the same time to recover the English prisoner whom she had been sent to watch.

Before anything was known of this final step of Nelson, his former proceeding had made a great noise throughout Europe, where it was loudly condemned as against the law of nations, by the rascals who found themselves outwitted. When the report reached Reykjavik, Jorgen Jorgensen saw nothing that could come of it but instant war between Denmark and England, and nothing that could come of war with England but disaster to Denmark, for he knew the English navy of old. So to make doubly sure of his own position in a tumult of war, he conceived the idea of putting Michael Sunlocks out of the way, and thus settling one harassing complication. Then losing no time he made ready a despatch to the officer in command of the sloop of war off Grimsey, ordering him to send a company of men ashore immediately to execute the prisoner lying in charge of the priest of the island.

Now this despatch, whereof the contents became known throughout Reykjavik in less time than Jorgen took to write and seal it, had to be carried to Grimsey by two of his bodyguard. But the men were Danes, and as they did not know the way across the burning sand desert, an Icelandic guide had to be found for them. To this end the two taverns of the town were beaten up for a man, who at that season—it was winter, and the snow lay thick over the lava streams and the sand—would adventure so far from home.

And now it was just at this time, after two-and-a-half years in which no man had seen him or heard him, that Jorgen returned to Reykjavik. Scarcely anyone knew him. He was the wreck of himself, a worn, thin, pitiful, broken ruin of a man. People lifted both hands at sight of him, but he showed no self-pity. Day after day, night after night, he frequented the taverns. He drank as he had never before been known to drink; he laughed as he had never been heard to laugh; he sang as he had never been heard to sing, and to all outward appearance he was nothing now but a shameless, graceless, disorderly, abandoned profligate.

Jorgen Jorgensen heard that Jason had returned, and order his people to fetch him to Government House. Then, ditto so, and Jorgen and Jason stood face to face. Jorgen looked at Jason as one would say, "Dare you forget the two men whose lives you have taken?" And Jason looked back at Jorgen as one would answer, "Dare you remember that I spared your own life?" Then without a word to Jason, old Jorgen turned to his people and said, "Take him away." So Jason went back to dissipation and thereafter no man said yea or nay to him.

But when he heard of the despatch, he was sobered by it in a moment, and when the guards came on their search for a guide to the tavern where he was, he leapt to his feet and said, "I'll go." "You won't pass, my lad," said one of the Danes, "for you would be dead drunk before you crossed the Basket Slope Hill."

"Would I?" said Jason, moodily, "who knows?" And with that he shambled out. But in his heart he cried, "The hour has come at last! Thank God! Thank God!"

Before he was missed he had gone from Reykjavik, and made his way to the desert with his face towards Grimsey.

The next day the guards found their guide and set out on their journey.

The day after that a Danish captain arrived at Reykjavik from Copenhagen, and reported to Jorgen Jorgensen that off the Westman Islands he had sighted a British man-of-war, making for the northern shores of Iceland. This news put Jorgen into extreme agitation, for he guessed at its meaning in an instant. As surely as the war ship was afloat she was bound for Grimsey, to capture the sloop that lay there, and as surely as England knew of the sloop, she also knew of the prisoner whom it was sent to watch. British sea-captains from Drake downwards, had been a race of pirates and cut-throats, and if the captain of this ship, on landing at Grimsey, found Michael Sunlocks dead, he would follow on to Reykjavik, and never take rest until he had strung up the Governor and his people to the nearest yardarm.

So thinking in the wild turmoil of his hot old head, wherein everything he had thought before was turned topsyturvy, Jorgen Jorgensen decided to countermand his order for the execution of Sunlocks. But his despatch was then a day gone on its way. Iceland guides were a tribe of lazy vagabonds, not a man or boy about his person was to be trusted, and so Jorgen concluded that nothing would serve but that he should set out after the guards himself. Perhaps he would find them at Thingvellir, perhaps he would cross them on the desert, but at least he would overtake them before they took boat at Husavik. Twelve hours a day he would ride, old as he was, if only these skulking Iceland giants could be made to ride after him.

Thus were four several companies at the same time on their way to Grimsey: the English man-of-war from Spithead to take possession of the Danish sloop; the guards of the Governor to order the execution of Michael Sunlocks; Jorgen Jorgensen to countermand the order; and Red Jason on his own errand known to no man.

The first to reach was Jason. When Jason set little Michael from his knee to the floor, and rose to his feet as Greeba entered, he was dirty, bedraggled, and unkempt; his face was faded and old-looking, his skin shoes were splashed with snow, and torn, and his feet were bleeding; his neck-war bare, and his sheepskin coat was hanging to his back only by the woolen straps that were tied about his waist. Partly from shock at the change, and partly from a confused memory of other scenes—the marriage festival at Government House, the night trial in the little chamber of the senate, the jail, the mines, and the Mount of Jason—Greeba staggered at sight of Jason and would have cried aloud and fallen. But he caught her in his arms in a moment, and whispered her in a low voice at her ear to be silent, for that he had something to say that must be heard by no one beside herself.

She recovered herself instantly, drew back as if his touch had stung her, and asked with a look of dread if he had known she was there.

"Yes," he answered.

"Where have you come from?" "Reykjavik."

She glanced down at his bleeding feet, and said, "on foot?"

"On foot," he answered.

"When did you leave?" "Five days ago."

"Then you have walked night and day across the desert?" "Night and day."

"Alone?" "Yes, alone."

She had become more eager at every question, and now she cried, "What has happened? What is going to happen? Do not keep it from me. I can bear it, for I have borne many things. Tell me why have you come?"

"To save your husband," said Jason. "Hush! Listen!"

And then he told her, with many gentle protests against her ghastly looks of fear, of the guards that were coming with the order for the execution of Michael Sunlocks. Hearing that, she waited for no more, but fell to a great outburst of weeping. And until her bout was spent he stood silent and helpless beside her, with a strong man's faint at sight of a woman's tears.

"How she loves!" he thought, and again and again the word rang in the empty place of his heart.

But when she had recovered herself he smiled as he was able for the great drops that still rolled down his own haggard face, and protested once more that there was nothing to fear, for he himself had come to forestall the danger, and things were not yet so far passed but there was still a way to compass it.

"What way?" she asked.

"The way of escape," he answered.

"Impossible," she said. "There is a war ship outside, and every path to the shore is watched."

He laughed at that, and said if every goat track were guarded, yet he would make his way to the sea. And as for the warship outside, there was a boat within the harbor, the same that he had come by, a Shetland smack that had made pretence to put in for haddock, and would sail at any moment that he gave it warning.

She listened eagerly, and, though she saw but little likelihood of escape, she clutched at the chance of it.

"When will you make the attempt?" she asked.

"Two hours before dawn to-morrow," he answered.

"Why so late?" "Because the nights are moonlight."

"I'll be ready," she whispered.

"Make the child ready, also," he said.

"Indeed, yes," she whispered.

"Say nothing to anyone, and if anyone questions you, answer as you may. Whatever you hear, whatever you see, whatever I may do or pretend to do, speak not a word, give not a sign, change not a feature. Do you promise?"

"Yes," she whispered, "yes, yes."

And then suddenly a new thought smote her.

"But Jason," she said, with her eyes aside, and her fingers running through the hair of little Michael, "but, Jason," she faltered, "you will not betray me?" "Betray you?" he said, and laughed a little.

"Because," she added, quietly, "though I am here, my husband does not know me for his wife. He is blind, and cannot see me, and for my own reasons I have never spoken to him since I came."

"You have never spoken to him?" said Jason.

"Never."

"And how long have you lived in this house?"

"Two years."

Then Jason remembered what Sunlocks had told him at the mines, and in another moment he had read Greeba's secret by the light of his own.

"I understand," he said, sadly; "I think I understand." She caught the look of sorrow in his eyes and said, "But, Jason, what of yourself?" At that he laughed again, and tried to carry himself off with a brave gaiety.

"Where have you been?" she asked. "At Akureyri, Husavik, Reykjavik, the desert—everywhere, nowhere," he answered.

"What have you been doing?" "Drinking, gaming, going to the devil—everything, nothing."

And at that he laughed once more, loudly and noisily, forgetting his own warning.

(To Be Continued.)

Pardonable Evasions.

Some evasions of the inheritance tax law can hardly be regarded as wholly unpardonable. General Di Censola, of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, says that Mr. Charles R. Curtis informed him some time ago that he had made provision in his will for a bequest of \$10,000 to the museum. Later Mr. Curtis called again and said: "General, I don't think I will leave you that \$10,000. I will give it to you in cash. The inheritance tax will take up \$1,500 or \$2,000 of it, and you will not get the benefit of the whole amount if I leave it to you in my will." And he handed over the cash.

Twoed Responsible for the Tiger.

The origin of the tiger as an emblem of Tammany is said by W. C. Montayne, a coffee and spice dealer in New York, to date from the time when William M. Tweed, then for man of "Big Six" fire company, took a fancy to a picture of a royal Bengal tiger in his father's store in the '50s. Tweed adopted the emblem for the American club, and it soon was accepted by all Tammany. Tweed had the tiger's head woven in the center of the tailor's carpet of the American club in its sporty club house at Greenwich, Conn., and it was painted on the old hand engine of Big Six.

Tremendous Bridge Traffic.

Twenty years ago it was estimated that 200,000 persons crossed London bridge daily, 130,000 on foot and the rest in vehicles. With the growth of population these numbers have almost doubled, in spite of the relief afforded by the building of the tower bridge, half a mile downstream. It has therefore become an urgent matter to increase the capacity of the older bridge, and it has now been decided to accomplish this by means of granite corbels which will carry the footway as projections over the water on each side of the bridge.

The Czar Isn't a Reader.

The czar of Russia does not read newspapers regularly, and seldom looks at a book. While attending to his official business in the morning he sips one cup of tea after another, occasionally eats a caviare sandwich. The hours from 1 to 4 p. m. he gives to his family and family affairs. From 4 he works again till dinner time, at 7. His typhoid fever has left him stronger than he was before. His face is full and round, and he has had none of the headaches and epileptic fits that used to attack him before his recent illness.

Salt Baths at Home.

Persons desiring to take salt-water baths at home should first learn the quantity of salt to use in the tubs, Victor Smith suggests. An ordinary bath contains from ninety to 100 gallons of water, into which a thoughtless person will dissolve a pint or two of sea salt, so-called, and imagine himself disporting in the ocean. If he followed nature he would use twenty-five or thirty pounds of salt to the 100 gallons, and this, if purified, would cost him 70 cents. He would have about four baths to each 700 pounds of salt.

To Raise Tea in South Carolina.

A new tea company, influenced by Dr. Shepard's success, has just bought 6,000 acres of land in Colleton county, S. C., intending to raise tea for the market. The company paid \$20,000 for the land, and will plant but 100 acres this season, as it is now rather late to begin the preparation of the grounds. Next year over 5,000 acres will be planted, and the output is expected to exceed 300,000 pounds.

Constructively in Sight.

A queer will case has just been decided by the courts of Minnesota. The witnesses stepped through a doorway into the adjoining room and affixed their signatures at a table about ten feet from the testator, just out of his sight, but while he was seated on the side of his bed and could have seen them by stepping forward two or three feet. The attestation and subscription of the will under these circumstances are sustained.

Sanscrit, Pracrit and Magadhi.

India has hundreds of dialects which may all be classed under three great heads—the Sanscrit, Pracrit and Magadhi. The Sanscrit is the fundamental language and that of the Vedas; the Pracrit the vernacular language in many dialects, and the Magadhi or Misra is that of Ceylon and the islands.

For an "Ell" Window at Wrexham.

A number of Yale graduates have completed the subscription list for the placing of a memorial window for Ellihu Yale in the church at Wrexham, Wales, near which Yale lies buried, and work on the window will be begun at once.

A Governor's Pet.

Governor Odell, of New York, has a pet water spaniel of which he is very fond. The dog is well trained, and among other tricks will pounce upon a lighted match and extinguish the flame by blowing on it as a man does.

Road in the High Alps.

A road is being built in the high Alps, which passes the Great St. Bernard and also the hospice of that name. This great engineering feat will be finished and opened to traffic in July of next year.

# Commoner Comment.

Extracts From W. J. Bryan's Paper.

A Word to the Disappointed.

In accordance with a call issued immediately after the Ohio convention, a number of democrats met at Columbus last week and registered a protest against the action of the Ohio democrats in refusing to endorse the Kansas City platform. A platform was adopted and a ticket headed by Dr. Reemelin of Cincinnati was placed in the field. As the gentlemen who attended this meeting are political friends and supporters, the editor of The Commoner feels that he should submit some observations with regard to the action taken.

They have ample reason to feel disappointed at the course pursued by the regular convention. If it had been necessary to fight the campaign entirely on state issues, no reference would have been made to national questions. The fact that the platform devoted more space to national than to local subjects was proof that the excuse given for a refusal to endorse the Kansas City platform was shallow and insincere. The fact that the convention avoided other subjects of present and great importance showed that the silver plank was not the only plank in the Kansas City platform which was objectionable to the men who dominated the resolutions committee. The friends of the Reemelin ticket can be excused for entertaining a suspicion that the men who objected so strenuously to the Kansas City platform would object as strenuously to any definite and positive political remedy. But the question which confronts the loyal democrats of Ohio is how best to correct the mistakes made by the convention and thus rescue the democratic party from the control of those who would republicize it. The fact that the platform contains much that is good, together with the further fact that the candidates nominated, from Mr. Kilbourne down through the entire list, have been supporters of the party ticket in recent campaigns, would make it impossible to organize a bolt with any promise of success. The first effect of a bolting ticket would be, therefore, to augment the chances of republican success this fall. The second effect would be to lessen the influence of the bolting democrats in future party contests. It is not fair to assume that the convention spoke for the rank and file in repudiating the Kansas City platform and those who leave the party at this time weaken the reform element of the party and give to the gold and corporation element greater proportionate influence in the party management.

Whether the Ohio democracy is to take its position on the Grover Cleveland side of public issues is a question yet to be determined—a question to be determined at the primaries after the people understand the issues presented. To leave the party at this time is to assume the battle lost, and, by assuming it lost, help the enemy. When the fight was made between 1893 and 1896 we had an administration to fight as well as all the banks and railroads; now, many who were against us then act openly with the enemy and those who have returned after a temporary sojourn in the camp of the enemy are handicapped by the record they have made.

There is no evidence that the democratic voters of Ohio favor a non-committal, evasive, and ambiguous platform, such as the democratic party promulgated when the Wall street influences were in control, and no one should assume the existence of such sentiment without positive proof.

Let the democrats of Ohio commend the good parts of the Ohio platform and condemn the weak parts, but let them support the ticket. Then they should begin on the day after election to so organize the democratic party of that state as to make it impossible for another convention to give as much encouragement to the republicans as the last one did.

In his canvass for re-election to the United States senate, Mr. Mason of Illinois is embarrassed by the frequent references which his opponents make to Mr. Mason's speeches on the question of imperialism. Those speeches were the best delivered by the eloquent senator from Illinois. They contained truth when they were uttered and they contain no less of unanswerable truth today. It is to be hoped that Mr. Mason will not apologize for those splendid speeches. And yet there are indications that Mr. Mason would be willing to have his anti-imperialism speeches stricken from the record.

Better stand by your guns Mr. Mason. One of your speeches protesting against the administration's policy of imperialism is better than a dozen terms in the United States senate, where your real convictions must be sacrificed.

Dr. Reemelin of Cincinnati, who was nominated by the progressive democrats of Ohio for governor, declines to be a candidate.

The country will never believe that Admiral Cervera would have towed his vessels out with port holes closed if Crowninshield had been in command of Santiago Bay.

The democratic party stands for definite, positive principles, and the Kansas City platform is the party creed until another national platform is written.

Admiral Schley might quiet his traders by signing an agreement never to stand as a candidate for president.

Fusion, Open and Secret.

In the last campaign the republican papers denounced democrats and populists for co-operating against the common enemy. Both parties were accused of sacrificing principle to "get office." The subject is mentioned at this time because D. Clem Deaver, a Nebraska politician who had charge of the middle-of-the-road populist campaign in the west, has recently received at the hands of President McKinley a substantial reward for opposing fusion. A republican by the name of Dickson severely criticised Mr. Deaver's appointment on the ground that Mr. Deaver was not a republican. In reply Mr. Deaver gave this explanation of his appointment:

"I have no desire personally to answer the strictures of Dr. Dickson, but as a matter of record I wish to say that my application for appointment to this office was endorsed by Governor Dietrich and every other republican state officer, also by R. B. Schneider, republican national committeeman, and the leaders of every faction of the republican party in this state."

"Further, upon the promotion of Governor Dietrich to the senate, he took up my case and enlisted the support of Senator Millard, who had never met me prior to the time of his election, March 28."

"In view of the fact," continued Mr. Deaver, "that the party leaders were a unit in supporting my application, Senator Millard's assent was cheerfully given. I have about perfected my bond and expect to assume the duties of the office August 1."

During the last presidential campaign Mr. Deaver went up and down the country urging the populists to have nothing to do with the democrats and the republican newspapers spoke of Mr. Deaver as a populist who "stood by his principles." But now all the republican leaders ask for and secure a valuable appointment for him. This proves, if indeed proof was necessary, that there was secret fusion between the republicans and the middle-of-the-road populists. In 1896 the republicans and gold democrats denounced fusion between democrats and populists, and yet when the election was over prominent democrats like Bynum and Irish applied for and received appointments from the administration, showing that there was a secret understanding between the republicans and those who were in charge of the Palmer and Buckner movement.

The cry of "down with fusion" does not come with good grace from populist and gold democrats who have been affiliating with republicans. With even poorer grace does the cry come from republicans who have made use of the two extremes, gold democrats on the one hand and middle-of-the-road populists on the other.

Honest co-operation between the reform forces is natural and necessary, and such co-operation will be advocated by those who are earnest in their effort to overthrow republican policies. Secret and dishonest co-operation will still be indulged in by those who denounce fair and open methods.

How times have changed! The republican papers used to abuse the democratic party outrageously, but now they are so friendly that they are willing to tell the democrats how to win. Strange that they should be so generous to the reorganizers.

The republican farmers have voted so much money into the pockets of the corporations that dominate the republican party that the heads of the corporations will be able to get along for awhile even though the drouth is a little severe on the farmer.

People who figure on the loss sustained by the steel trust because of the strike should remember that the steel trust has the last say. The people should begin figuring how much the strike will cost them in the way of increased prices.

How does it happen that so many republicans entered into the contest for homesteads in the Indian territory? Republicans ought to be giving away land instead of hunting for it, if the country is half as prosperous as they say it is.

It has been decided by the Taft commission that judges appointed in the Philippines need not take oath to support the constitution of the United States. The constitution is in the 'also was' class for a time.

The sympathy expressed for Senator McLaurin by the republican organs is truly touching and certainly solaces the feelings of the gentleman engaged in the hopeless task of republicanizing the southern democracy.

The government has plenty of opportunities to keep up the land lottery business. All it needs to do is to divert a few millions from the conquest of foreign peoples to the conquest of western arid lands.

The tinplate trust is a lusty infant. It has waxed so strong on Uncle Sam's baby food that it can stand up and knock \$40,000,000 a year out of the general public and never start a perspiration.

If the Younger brothers decide to re-enter the bank robbing industry they will not be so foolish as to begin the work from the outside.

Boer hunting has so exhausted John Bull that he is not in fit condition to indulge in any bear baiting just now.

## UNIQUE UNION PACIFIC EXCURSION.

The Delightful Scenery Afforded by a Trolley Ride Across the Rockies.

A unique excursion was recently arranged by the Union Pacific Railroad company. About sixty newspaper men, representing the leading metropolitan journals of the country, were invited to meet at the Brown Palace hotel, Denver, Colo., for a trip on the Wyoming division, "The Overland Route," for the purpose of viewing the stupendous engineering achievements recently made on that line.

The train was made up of two private cars, three Pullman palace sleepers, a dining car, drawn by one of the new compound engines, with an observation car—constructed on the same plan as a trolley car—ahead of the engine.

No more striking example is afforded of the progress of today than the stupendous undertaking of the Union Pacific.

One hundred and fifty-eight and four-tenths miles of new track laid, reducing the mileage between Omaha and Ogden by 30.47 miles, and reducing gradients which varied from 45.4 to 97.68 feet to the mile to a maximum of 43.3 feet, and curves from 6 to 4 degrees, while a great deal of bad curvature has been eliminated entirely.

A mountain removed and lost into a chasm; huge holes bored hundreds of feet through solid granite; an underground river encountered and overcome; an army of men, with all sorts of mechanical aids, engaged in the work for nearly a year; the great Union Pacific track between Omaha and Ogden made shorter, heavy grades eliminated, old scenery changed for new, and the business of the great Overland route flowing through a new channel, without the slightest interruption.

Millions of money have been spent to reduce the grades and shorten the distance.

This reduction is the result of straightening unnecessary curves, and the construction of several cutoffs between Buford and Bear river, Utah. Buford is on the eastern slope of the Black Hills, 545 miles west of Council Bluffs and twenty-seven miles west of Cheyenne. The cutoffs required the construction of 158 miles, of which 29.62 miles are between Buford and Laramie, 15.34 miles between Howell and Hutton, saving 3.11 miles; 3.9 miles on the Laramie plains between Cooper's Lake and Lookout, saving .43 of a mile; 25.94 miles between Lookout and Medicine Bow, still further west, saving 12.03 miles; 8.15 miles between Allen Junction and Dana, saving 3.87 miles; 42.83 miles between Rawlins and Tipton, saving 1.44 miles; 10.64 miles between Green River and Bryan, saving .45 of a mile, and 21.56 miles between Leroy and Bear River, saving 9.56 miles.

The curvature saved is about one-half, the grading about the same, while the angles are reduced nearly two-thirds.

The superiority of these changes is apparent to the practical railroad engineer. It is also apparent to the operating department in the reduction in operating expenses, and to the traveler in the increased speed the trains can make. The change in alignment of the line is marked. West of Buford the track ran northward toward the Ames monument, near Sherman, and then took a sharp turn to the southwest over Dale creek, crossing it by a bridge 135 feet high—an elevation trying to the nerves—and from thence due north to Laramie. The new line runs due west from Buford, avoiding the high hills and eighty-eight-foot grade from Cheyenne, and piercing through cuts and the big tunnel, crosses the Black Hills at a grade of less than one-half (43.3 feet) over mountain altitudes. From Leroy the country is literally a coal bed. Here the new line makes another reduction and enters the Bear river valley on an easy grade.

From a constructive standpoint the line is remarkable for the amount of material required in the construction of immense embankments and the building of large tunnels through solid rock. The construction of the new line between Buford and Laramie alone has involved the excavation of 500,000 cubic yards of material, one-third of which (exclusive of the tunnel excavation) has been solid rock, or something over 160,000 cubic yards per mile.

Some of the embankments of the new road have been remarkable for their height and the large quantities of material to construct the same over seemingly solid rock. The two most difficult embankments were at Dale creek, southwest of Sherman, and across the Sherman branch of the Lone Tree creek, southeast of Sherman. The embankment at the crossing of Dale creek is 120 feet high, 900 feet long, and involved the handling of 500,000 cubic yards. At the crossing of the Sherman branch of Lone Tree creek the embankment is 125 feet high at its point of greatest height and involved the handling of over 290,000 cubic yards.

Too much credit for this work cannot be given to Horace G. Burt, president of the Union Pacific railroad, for boldness of conception of these improvements; for ability to convince the company of the wisdom of the outlay, and following the necessary appropriation by the company, for the execution of the work in a phenomenal short time. Deputizing his lieutenants, Mr. E. Dickinson, general manager, and Mr. J. B. Berry, chief engineer, to commence and complete the work, under their direction the contractors assembled a large army of laborers and gathered a vast array of modern machinery, much of which was used for the first time in railroad building. Thus, without stopping for a day the ceaseless flow of an enormous traffic, the Union Pacific officials in less than two years completed a great work which ordinarily would have required five years.

The excursion was replete with many interesting incidents, and the splendid hospitality of the Union Pacific officials was a revelation. The newspaper men evinced their appreciation in many ways, particularly in a resolution of thanks to the Union Pacific officials while the train was stopping near the Devil's Slide in picturesque Weber canyon.