Ghe STORY of the BISHOP'S RING

his curiosity was amply satisfied. Al-bany was 105 miles from the starting point, and under the schedule the pur-auers were booked to reach there in three hours and a quarter. The limited was due to stop at Albany for ten min-utes. This seemed to give them a mar-gin of 25 minutes. But 22 minutes had elapsed before the limited left New York until the special pulled out of the station. That left onty free minutes to spare. The thought the result of his work hung upon Such a stendard

his work hung upon such a stender chance brought the cold sweat out upon the chief inspector's brow. The special had been going for some time when Barnes, who was in the cab with the engineer, bustled into the car. He was laboring under great excite-Rushing over to Claney, he ment.

'Bad news! Our train is ten minutes behind time."

The young man groaned. Ten min-tes! That might be just enough to tentate coming ruin their enterprise.

the marvel so imposing contrast. was felt mos tion was sh the traveler peaceful, port Albany

tense with agltated that h chills. own domain.

Written for the Deseret News and copyrighted, 1906, by George Barton,

T was just before Christmas that Barnes had the adventure concerning the bishop's ring. The Caledonia, a slow steamer, popular with passengers who loved the sea trip, had been

docked and the voyagers were coming down the gangplank. One of them was the bishop, ruddy cheeked and benevolent-a confiding man who lived in an atmosphere which breathed Christian charity toward the weak and the wicked. A tall, slender, bright-eyed young man walked with the bishop. He was almost obsequious in his attentions. Indeed, the attitude of the youth and the older man suggested a singularly close degree of intimacy. They halted in the center of the pier to make their farewells. The bishop put his hand on the young man's shoulder in a fatherly way which was one of his characteristics, and at that moment a slanting ray of sunshine struck the ruby in his episcopal ring.

Barnes was standing a few yards away and the flash of color attracted his attention. 'The bishop's ring was unique and costly. The ruby was oval in shape and mounted without facets, while the gold band of the setting was delicately engrossed and contained the initials and the coat of arms of the bishop. A customs employe stepped up to hand a report to Barnes, and he promptly forgot about the bishop and

FRENZJED "Can nothing be done?" he asked, themselves with difficulty, everything cuddy to the man on the track. "She was switched off onto the sth "I think so," was the reply; "I've "Looks a little old fashioned." ventalked to Gillleuddy, and he has prom-ised to let her go for all she's worth track," was the reply, "and is now in tured Barnes to his companion. The fireman, who was pollshing the the station." as soon as we pass Frazer." piston rod with a big handful of cot-ton waste, paused. The blood mounted The two men went out front and crawled into the cab of the engine. The to his chocks beneath the coat train passed Tarrytown. Gillieuddy never said a word. He did not look up, but gave the lever a pull and the speed of the train began to increase. rime. He patted the mass of iron and steel on the side with an affectiongrime. ate gesture, as if it was a thing of life and blood and nerves. "This is No. 6," he said, resentfully. "When she gets a going you won't think she's old fashioned." They knew it by the vibration of the engine. It swung from side to sideat intervals it gave a jump as if the wheels could scarcely keep the track.

6.SEEMED

riding in a locomotive cab, but the real

ity far outstripped the dream. The sound of the drumming wheels was sweet music in his ears. Now and then

there was a mighty roar, followed by blinding flashes of light. The noise

came from the suction of the train, while the light was the quickly appear-

once to get a look at the revolving wheels, but the sight made him dizzy.

No. 6 seemed maddened, frenzled. The velocity of the train became so great

that it careened from side to side like a

drunken man. Half unconsciously Barnes waited for the enging to resume

pointed. It went on and on, its violen

until finally it appeared to have reached

The fireman shoveled coal into the

mouth of the yawning engine like a

man possessed. The excitement even infected the imperturbable MacWil-

liams. His dull eyes lighted up as if he

had taken a strong tonic. A dog tried to cross the track at one of the way

stations. It was ground up beneath the ponderous wheets quicker than cof-

fee beans in a mill. Clancy experienced

watch and attempted to time the train.

He held the open face repeater for two

miles, and found that it registered a

The fever of the chase began to sh

minute and a half.

increasing with every

its normal speed. But he

a state of complete madness.

agitation

Half unconsciously

even

beneath

MADDENED,

two passengers hurried out on the two passengers hurried out on the platform of the car, and, leaning over, looked in the direction of the city. The train shed was only a few blocks away. At that critical juncture they spied a man standing in the middle of the track, waving a red dag. A crew of laborers stood in the vicinity. The dag waves was warming the astroflag waver was warning the engineer that he was almost on the brink of the washout. Gillicuddy reverse as lever, the big engine responded in diately and came to a sudden haiting nearly threw the two men of the platform. "How about the limited?" crief GEL-

L A SHARE

his ring. Presently the ring was recalled to his mind by the voice of the prelate himself:

"My dear chief," he said, in his exquisitely modulated voice, "I must thank you for your kindness in assigning that very agreeable young man to look after my landing."

Barnes looked at the bishop blankly "Assigning-landing," he murmured. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

The bishop laughed pleasantly at the chief's apparent lapse of memory.

"Of course, you noticed the young man who came down the gangplank with me?"

Visions of those bright eyes, penetrating and opalescent, rose before the chief.

"Yes, yes," he said hurriedly. "What about him?"

Nothing, except that he was the customs officer who was so very polite to me

'Customs officer?'' queried Barnes "Why, yes," said the bishop with a trace of asperity in his voice. "Wasn't

he an inspector?" The chief's wrath exploded.

'Inspector the de-

halted before the word was fin-He He recognized the fitness of ished. things. Profanity was scarcely the thing before a prelate. He became the suave but emphatic.

"My dear bishop, you have been hoodwinked. The man is an impostorprobably a thief." "Bless me!" exclaimed the bishop

"Don't jump to such cruel conclusions. At that moment the prelate happened to glance down at his hands. He gave

Clancy, hoarsely a gasp of pain. Barnes followed his glance inquiringly. The bishop spoke yet." "My ring; my episcopal ring; it's the petulent query.

'And so has your agreeable friend,' retorted the chief grimly.

The bishop wrung his hands despairingly. peated the formula: It's my most precious possession; I'd

give anything to get it back. Can't you

Barnes paused, irresolute. Clancy came up, filled with his besetting sincuriosity.

At's scarcely customs business, ints larceny of your ring," the chief said argumentatively, addressing the atmos-

'But," he said, answering himself, filer: that's my business."

The idea inspired immediate action, "Clancy," he said, "did you see a tall thin man, with eyes that make you creepy? He just left here. We need him.

"Bure," replied Clancy briskly, "The rellow jumped on a trolley car at the foot of the hill."

"Come!" shouted Barnes. They bolted from the wharf, leaving the bishop looking after them in amazement. When the prelate recovered his presence of mind he started to hunt for his niece, who had become separated from him during the confusion of landing. "It's ten to one this interesting bunch

steerer's gone to the New York Central station." said Barnes to Clancy as their trolley car speeded in that direction

There was something very familiar about that fellow," resumed the chief, "I think so, too," agreed Clancy, There was silence for several blocks.

Presently Clancy grabbed his superior by the sleeve and almost should in his ear:

I remember him now; he's the man that smuggled the Swiss watches last year

'Hey1?"

believe you're right, Clancy," assented Barnes, scratching his head in tered.

0

6

who wore a picture hat and a ravis

a mass of fluffy brown hair.

Two to Troy," he said, tersely,

'Now's your time to nab him!" cried

"Not now. Haven't any evidence t," replied the chief,

"What are you going to do?" came

He went to the tloket window and re-

said with assumed calmness:

o let me pass.'

found his voice,

replied Barnes; "be-

ows of exquisitely shaped white

onfidence game together.

pursuit.

Barnes, judiciously.

logmatically.

icket office.

'Follow 'em.

an effort to refresh his memory. "If "but the train's gone." "I must catch it." cried Barnes. that's so this affair is bigger than we reckoned." It's not out of the shed yet. Open As they entered the station the tall

the gate!" bright eyed man was talking in ani-mated tones to a beautiful young girl While he was talking he opened his at and displayed his customs badge ingly becoming gown. A thickset man in a storm coat stood with them. The gateman recognized it and threw open without another word. Barnes ran up along the platform like a mad-man. As he started the last car of the train left the shed and the Limited 'Who's the girl?" whispered Barnes. "His pal!" exclaimed Clancy prompt-'I'll bet they've worked many a was out in the broad sunlight. By the time the chief reached the middle The girl's attractive face was framed the platform the train was fading t of sight. The fugitive stood on the Two gleanned from between a pair of blood red lips. She appeared to be radiantly happy, but now and then glanced platform of the observation car d waved his handkerchief tauntingly t the man he had so cleverly outwin around apprehensively, as if fearing Barnes angrily made his way to the waiting room, and poking his head in the window of the bureau of infor. "She's fine looking." remarked mation asked;

"They're the worst," retorted Clancy, When does the next train leave for Troy's

Presently the young man left his 'In two hours." ompanions and hurried over to the

"In two hours." The information man might as well have thrown a bucket of water in the face of his questioner. Two hours! There would be no hope of overtaking the other train. The thief would go free, He could telegraph the authori-ties at Troy to arrest the fellow and hold him until he arrived. To do that he would have to hodge a specific that he would have to lodge a specific charge against him. Would the bishop support him after he made the charge? Was the evidence he had sufficient to establish a case? While fore long we'll have enough to work While his mind was torn by these trouble ome questions he spled a sign read-

"Two to Troy!" As the chief pocketed the tickets and "Station master's office, second " It was an inspiration. He the change he saw that the man he was after was already up stairs and on his way to the train shed. He started hent his footsteps in the direction suggested by the placard. A notice to go in the same direction, but found his way cut off by a short, stout ina the door informing strangers that there was no admittance except to employes was calmly disregarded by dividual. Barnes glanced at the man It was the stranger he had seen in conthe impulsive inspector.

A little bald headed man seated at flat top desk in the center of the com proved to be the autocrat of the ersation with the couple a few minites before. He realized that this was a game to checkmate him. Once more made an effort to get past the man office. He looked up coldly as Barnes bustled into the room, and curtly inhe made an effort to get past the man. Still the fellow blocked the way, art-fully moving from one side to the other, as if he were being swayed by the per-sons behind him. Barnes doubled up uired what he wanted. The cu Inspector disclosed his identity, exhib-ited his credentials and briefly exhis fist, pepared to use force, when he quickly realized that a fight would anplained his plight. Instantly the at-titude of the busy little man changed swer the man's purpose admirably. would take time, and while it was l He was extremely polite and showed a disposition to oblige the chief. Bu Tt progress the train would be steaming after going over the situation carefull he could not find any means of do-ing so. He promised, however, to connward to its destination. So he determined to control his temper and t meet provocation with strategy. He stood still, and, looking at his tempter He sult some of the higher officials of the ompany and to communicate with Barnes in 10 minutes. The chief left "I beg parden I presume that we're both in the wrong. But I'll thank you returned within the time designate

"Howd'y ?" the little man said.

The ringing of the bell in the station Then he continued his work of giving orders to two or three persons at a grew continuous, the screech of a whis-tle rent the air and the lumbering sound of a moving train could be dis-Noticing that Barnes and Clancy were standing, he sald-it might have been an invitation or command, or both: tinctly heard. The man noticed this, too, for instead of replying to Barnes, "Sit down."

he smiled grimly and stepped aside. The chief inspector rushed up stairs, Clancy was waiting there, ignorant of He did not look to see whether they obeyed or not, but kept on with the cause of the delay. They reached the entrance of the train shed just in time to have the gate slammed shut in his work. He picked up the receiver of a telephone "Is that you, Mac?"

The response apparently was in the

their faces. Barnes fumed with rage and mortification-so much so that he affirmative "Mac," continued the station master scarcely articulate. Finally he "I must get that train," he splut-

"I've got a telegram saying that we have a bad washout this side of Alhave bany. It's not an ordinary affair, but

pretty serious bit of business. TI division superintendent there is al ready organizing a gang of laborer and they will be on the ground very soon. But he says you must hurry down and take charge of them; says he hasn't got a man about the shop who can boss the job like you. It's not who can boss the job like you. It's not a matter of choice; you've simply got to go. Get your things in shape in a hurry. Be at the station in 15 min-utes. All right. Goodby." Barnes and Clancy looked at each

> They did not speak. wh receiver of another 'phone.

"Hello! Is that the round house Yes. I ter.

Again Barnes and Clancy looked at each other-this time with wonde and admiration. The imperturbable station master was unconscious of the

pantomime. He did not feel that he was doing anything worthy of special notice or praise. It was simply an in-cident in a busy day's work. They sat there quietly while he went on with the needless routine of hls offic Presently he pulled out his watch, looked at it quickly, replaced it in his pocket and going to a wardrobe pulled out his hat and coat and put

'Now, gentlemen," he said briskly "come with me." He hastened down the stairway and

they followed him. He pushed his way through the throng in the waiting room, looking neither to the right nor the left. Soon they came to a gate with a signboard over it marked Before entering it he turn. I ty faced man. 'Special ed quickly to the two men. 'Are you both provided with tick-

ets' 'Yes," they replied, almost in the same breath,

They hurried through the gaie, Fai down the track was a locomotive to which was attached a solitary day ceach. The engine was puffing and snorting as if it were something en-dowed with human life. Unconscious-ly it reminded the two passengers of spirited race horse that been trained and groomed for the dash of its life. It was a camel backed engine, with a sloping firebox and the cab located in the center of

enormous boller. From the top of the shed over the cab down to the grinding wheels, which seemed to restrain

think she's ofd fashioned." He turned to his work again, rub-bing more vigorously than ever as if relieved by this brief defence of his favorite. No housewife could have cept her domicile tidier than this man kept his locomotive. The name front on the nose of the monster was as brassy and as sparkling as the big brass plates that adorn the doors of our grandfathers, the glass on the great round headlight was speckless while the hand railing about the cab ing and disappearing sides of some great whitewashed barn, mere specks was shining so extravagantly that if had been a little larger it might in the horizon. Barnes glanced down readily have been used as a mirror

for my lady's boudoir. The fireman kept rubbing away at the brass work, as if by some miracle of chance he might find a spot that had not been polished. The fires were up and the glistening sparks were be-ing hurled out of the throat of the enormous smokestack and each sepprate puff seemed to say "Hurry Hurry!! Hurry!!!" Finally the fire "Hurry man tossed his cotton waste aside, and, rushing to the front of the locomade a hasty test of the motive strength of the cowcatcher.

The prospective passengers exchanged glances "We have the right of way," he said

grimly: "it will be bad for anything that attempts to dispute it." grimly: The two passengers moved closer to On the little platform engine. talking to the engineer, was a modes mannered man in overalls and a blue jumper.

sensations akin to seasickness. But still No. 6 dashed on as if glorying in "Hello, Mac," said the station masits record breaking speed. Barness elated at the mad race, pulled out his "I'm going to give you two pas-ers. "You'll have to act as consengers. ductor and collect their tickets."

Barnes and his assistant were hurriedly presented to MacWilliams, and scarcely had time to shake his grimy hand when the shrill shrick of the whistle and a cry of "all-aboard!" made them jump on the train. Number six gave the final snort and pulled out with a shrick that sounded like a challenge. The chief and Clancy ran to the back platform of the car just in time to get a last glimpse of the snappy little station master, who lifted his soft hat and waved it at them, disclosing his bald pate, as he exclaimed incisively :-

"Good luck, boys!" Gillicuddy,the engineer, put steam on, nd before the train had been going 0 minutes it was making 60 miles an hour. Barnes sat in the cab with Gilliwatching the iron monster as it ahead. There was something uddy. forged ahead. fascinating about this terrible thing of iron and steel which had the strength of thousands of human beings, which went on its way so surely and so remorselessly, and yet could be so quickly controlled by the power that rested in the wrist of one unassuming, sput-

The engineer was pleased at the interest the chief displayed in machine and cheerfully answered all of his questions. Gillicudy looked on his engine with all the affection that another would bestow on something that had human life and sensibilities. Indeed the love that Gillicuddy had for "No. 6" was akin to the feeling thats a mother cherishes toward her child. MacWilliams was the most unobtrusive man in the party. He cuddled himself up in a corner of the car and studied plans that he had prepared for repairing the break in the road. Barnes wondered what need there was for tag-ging a day coach on to the engine, but when he looked into the baggage com-partment and saw the piles of picks shovels, jack and other implements,

"When does she leave?" asked the cogineer.

"In a minute," responded the man, "the bell is beginning to ring already." Barnes gritted his teeth with rage; Clancy was ashen with disappointment. A horse and buggy similar to those used by boss contractors was standin in the roadside a few yards away. Me-Williams was the first to see it. He turned to the two pursuers. "Use that!" he exclaimed, "I can send

Barnes, with his head out of the cab one of the men to the station to bring window, was like a man fascinated. He it back. had often thought of the sensation of

it back." Barnes leaped from the platform, rushed over to the team and jumped in. Clancy followed, staggering from ex-citement. The chief drugged him into the buggy. He picked up the lines and lashed the horse, and they started for the station at a frantic gait. Several times the animal threatened to fail, but each time if was brought up with a each time it was brought up with sharp turn. On and on they went unt they finally reached the station. Bar

they finally reached the station, barnes threw the lines on the horse's back and jumped out. Clancy followed. The bell was ringing. The passengers were crowding toward the cars. The were crowding toward the cars. Th man they were pursuing and the gir were in the line leading to the gate Barnes rushed up and grabbed the

youth by the arms. "Halt!" he en dramatically. erled "You're my prisoner."

The fugitive obeyed of protest. He reallz a fight. He walked He realized , the owed with Barnes. The girl follow face was as white as chalk. gained the waiting root big brown eyes in path promptly fell on the exquisite clothes and ity. There was much ting sprinkling with ing hither an dthither recovered she cons gained her feet, lookin gazing reproachfully a toms men with her lun was placed in charge the man was taken I He squared his room. folding very deflant manner.

arms, said scornfully "Well, you've got me."

reto

itself in Gillicuddy's eye. It sparkled with an unwonted fire, and on either "Yes," assented Barnea "and I want you to get down to business in dor quick order." cheek, beneath the grime, could be seen a little flush of red. The residents of the country-side, attracted by the How ?" Well, to begin with, are you willing antics of this insane engine. rushed to give up the swag?" The young fellow laughed in a mirth from their homes and stood in oper mouthed wonder while the great iron giant thundered past them. The train was going against the wind, and the "What do you mean by the swag?" "I mean what you've taken from the breeze came through the cab with the fury of a cyclone. Barnes hat blew off, A curious smile flickered about \$ and he managed to save it only by fugifive's mouth. "No," he said decidedly: "I'll not g dexterous outstretching of his right

hand. From that time he stood there "All the worse for you," said Barn bareheaded, with each particular hair standing on end. Clancy's face was The young man looked at the white and ashen. bitterly. was dangerous for him to get back inspector steadily as if thinking ou

into the car, so he was given a seat on a stool in the bottom of the cab, where plan of action. "Have you got the ring?" he gradually recovered his color and his self-possession. Barnes. "Why, yes; how did you know I

Everybody was wondering how long "That's my business." "What's the charge against me asked the young fellow suddenly. the ring?' his madness would continue, when MacWilliams opened his lips and ut-tered the one word "Peekskill!" The train shot by so quickly that it was im-"Highway robbery!" possible to read the sign board at the station, but the faithful MacWilliams knew every foot of the ground between New York and Albany, and he realized from the topography of the country, through which they were rushing, that "Haven't you stolen the bisho most precious possession?" et Barnes, with a sudden rush of irrh "Perhaps I have." assented the cul this was the pretty little New York city Slowly, almost imperceptibly, Gillicud-dy began to reduce the speed of the enprit, shaking his head moodly "No 'perhaps' about it," gine. After that he pulled out his open faced watch and looked at it. When he spoke there was a ring of triumph in his voice. "We have made up all of our lost Barnes.

"Then I'm under arrest?" "Most assurpdly." "What about the girl?" asked the time and have five minutes to spare. Barnes began to thank him in extrav-agant terms. But the engineer was not with us too." Mater the curlous quar susceptible to personal flattery. Instead

"Sorry," said the gatekeeper, coldly;

other. Involuntarily their han came together and shut in a clasp hands gratitude would be folly to disturb or needlessl retard this miracle maker of a station master. That individual never looked at them. He seemed unconsclous of their presence. He gave hurried orders to several men had entered the room and were stand ing, caps in hand, before his desk They disposed of, he picked up the

Are you carrying out the order gave you a little while ago? Yes, want the engine on track 11, Certain ly, give us No. 6. I want something that can make time. Place Gillicuddy on the box. That's the idea exactly. I want a man who knows how to put on steam. Give him a good fire man. Yes, there will be only one car. It's a combination baggage and smoker. It's on the track now waiting to be hitched up to your engine. Have it there in 15 minutes sure. you manage it in 10 minutes it will mark you as a man worthy of promotion some day. That's all. Good-