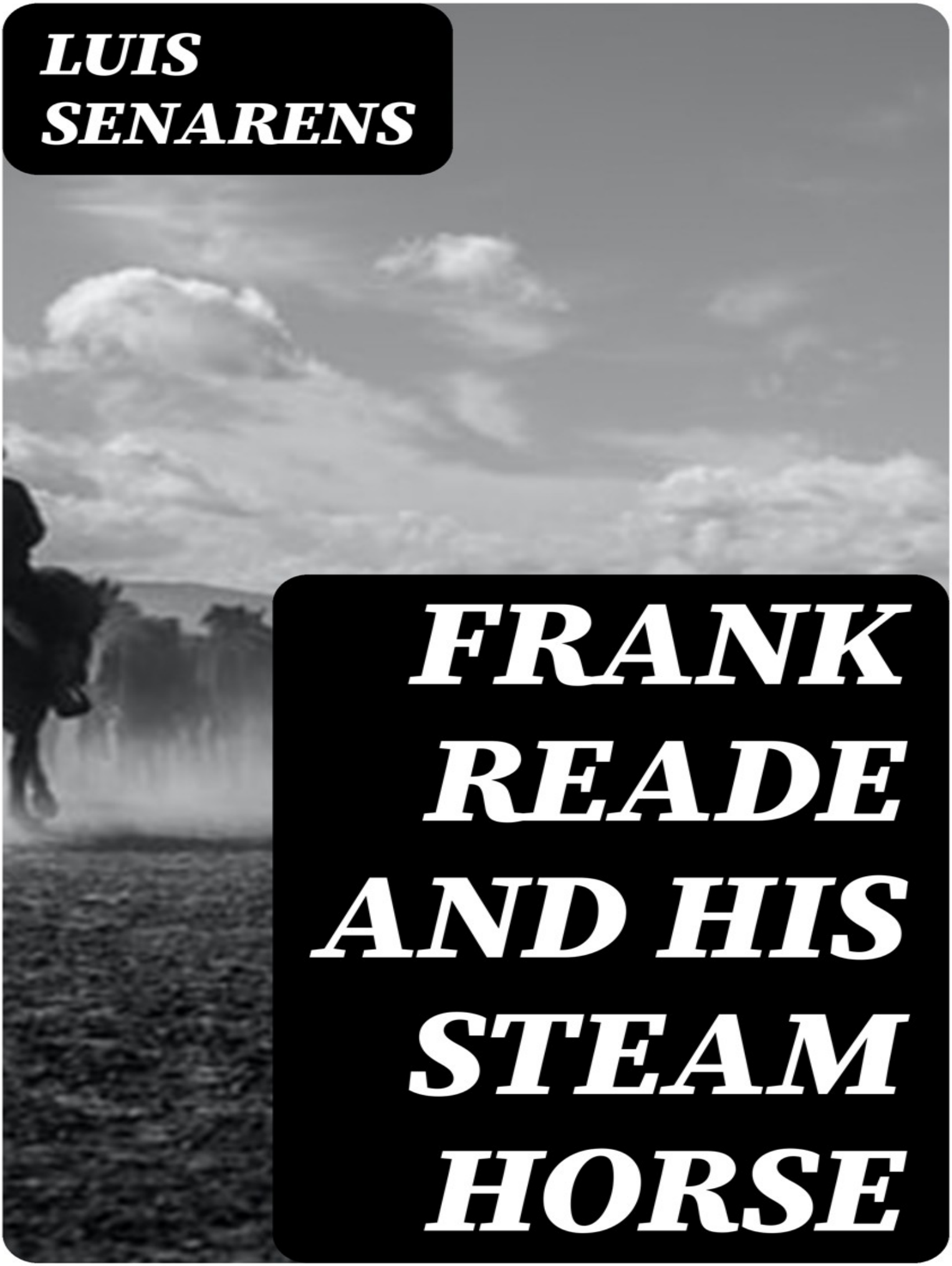
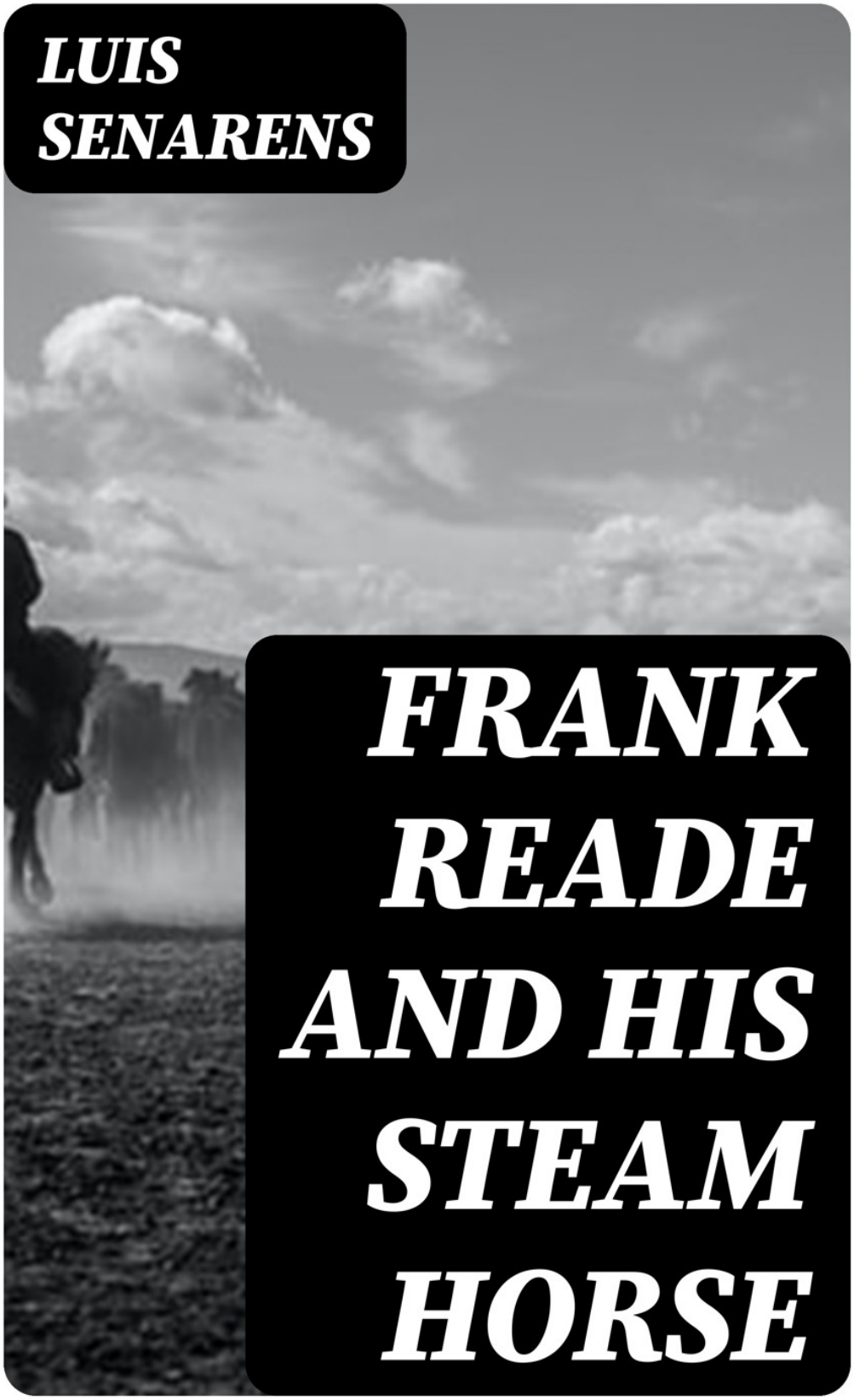
LUIS SENARENS



FRANK READE AND HIS STEAM HORSE


LUIS
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Luis Senarens

Frank Reade and His Steam Horse

EAN 8596547016731

DigiCat, 2022
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CHAPTER I.
PUTTING THE “ANIMILE” TOGETHER.

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“Musha, my God, an’ what do ye call it?”

Frank Reade looked up with a pleasant smile, as a brick-colored head was thrust into the half-open doorway of the wood-shed, where he was hard at work putting the several parts of his invention together.

“Call it!” said the sixteen-year-old genius, with a proud glance at his wonderful idea; “why, I call it a steam horse.”

“A harse, is it?”

“It is,” said Frank.

“Wid stale an’ iron legs, an’ a big copper belly on him?”

“You’re right.”

“An’ can he walk?”

“Yes, and run too.”

“Worra, worra, did yez iver hear the loikes o’ that?” cried the Irishman, throwing up his hands in astonishment. “Would ye have the nateness to allow me to sthep in for a whist, while I obsarve the construction of the conthrivance? I can philosophize, and so forth, but be the smoke o’ Kate Kelly’s pipe (be the same token, it was a rale black dudeen), this bates me philosophy, it do.”

“Who are you?” asked Frank.

“Patrick McSpalten’s my name. Will yez allow me in?”

“I suppose so,” said Frank, and into the wood-shed walked the Irishman.

He was a good-natured looking man of about thirty, pleasant-faced, well-dressed, and full of blarney.

“Arrah, it’s a jaynus ye are,” he said as he looked at Frank’s invention. “An’ do ye mane to tell me that you constructed that conthrivance all out of yer own head, me gossoon?”

“Oh, no,” grinned Frank. “I use quite a quantity of steel, iron and copper.”

“Oh, I didn’t mane that,” hastily said Patrick McSpalten. “I want to know if ye conthrived the masheen all alone?”

“You bet your bottom dollar I did,” said Frank. “I could make a metal casting of any animal and send it traveling with speed. This horse will probably travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour when under high pressure, and could keep going thirty-five or forty miles an hour for ten hours, with occasional ten minute stops to cool a hot joint.”

“Is that so?” ejaculated Patrick. “I can philosophize and so forth, but that bates me. Now, I moind that I was jist as much surprised whin I was tould about a Sthame Mon that thraveled over the counthry out west and——”

“What?” cried Frank Reade, surprise ringing in his voice. “The Steam Man was my invention.”

“Ye mane it?”

“Of course; I invented the old fellow and traveled over the west with him.”

“Honor bright now?” said McSpalten.

“Honor bright,” said Frank.

“Thin ye are the broth of a gossoon he was telling me about.”

“Who?”

“Me cousin.”

“What’s his name?”

“Barney Shea.”

“What!” cried the much-pleased boy, “is Barney Shea your cousin?”

“Av coorse he is. Me grandfeyther on me mother’s side was an O’Reilly, and Barney’s grandmother on his feyther’s side was a McSpalten, and didn’t they mate one foine summer’s marning, and all the lossies and lods——”

“Oh, hire a stump,” broke in Frank. “Never mind the old folks, but tell me about Barney. How is he?”

“Well and harety.”

“When did you see him last?”

“A month ago, when he said God speed to me on the quay at Dublin. Ah, he’s a great mon in the county now, is me cousin, Barney Shea. Frank Rade is yer name, for mony a toime has he tould me of yer diviltries with the red haythen out in the west.”

“Frank Reade is my name,” said the young inventor. “Is Barney coming back to this country, do you know?”

“Faith, I heerd him talkin’ about the matther, an’ saying that he moight take a pleasure trip to this land.”

“Do you know his address?”

“Do I, don’t I?” cried Pat. “Would yez be afther sinding a letther to the mon?”

“That’s the idea,” said Frank.

“For what?”

“To get him to come out here and travel with me.”

“And with that thing?”

“Yes,” said Frank. “He was the darndest cuss to fight that ever I laid my eyes on. He was always spoiling for a first class shake-up or knock-down, and he was the toughest boy

in a rough hand-to-hand scrimmage that ever walloped his way through the West. I could depend on him when there was fighting for us to handle, and he was a mighty stanch friend to me. What's his address?"

"Esquire Barney Shea, Clonakilty, County of Cork, Ireland."

"All right," said Frank, jotting it down in a book, "I've got it."

"Whist now," said Pat, "whin ye direct the letther, moind that yez don't lave off the esquire."

"I'll moind," said Frank.

"Now, will ye be afther havin' the extrame nateness of showin' me how in the name of the seven wondhers of the worruld ye mane to make that conthrivance thravel loike a harse?"

"Certainly," said Frank, approaching the invention with a great deal of pardonable pride. "You can see very plainly that the machine is in every respect similar to a horse."

"I moind that same."

"Then I will begin with the information necessary to make you understand how the old thing works," said Frank. "In the first place this copper belly is nothing more nor less than a well-tested, strongly-made boiler, occupying the greater part of the distance between the fore legs and hind ones; this gives room to the steam-chest proper and boiler, and they extend into the haunches. Understand?"

"Oh, yis, I can philosophize an' so forth," said McSpalten, sitting on a wooden bench and looking as wise as an owl.

"Then here, almost on the top of the horse's haunches," said Frank, "are the valves, by means of which I can at any

time examine either the water or the steam, and regulate accordingly. Forward of this is the place where my fire burns, the door of the furnace being in the chest, as you can see. Flues running up through the animal's head will allow the smoke to pass out of his ears, while similar pipes will carry the steam out of the horse's nose."

"Musha! musha! did yez iver hear the bate o' that?" murmured Patrick.

"In the head," continued Frank, "I have arranged a clock-work contrivance that will feed coils of magnesium wire as fast as it burns to the flame of a small lamp that is set between a polished reflector and the glass that forms each eye. I shall thus have a powerful light at night time, and on the level plains shall be able to see very clearly one mile ahead, if the night was just as black as a piece of coal."

"Worra! worra!" gasped McSpalten. "Me head is turnin' round. Go on, me gossoon."

"Of course the power is applied by means of iron rods running down the hollow limbs, and having an upward, downward, and forward motion. By reversing steam I can make the horse back. Here, at the knees, I open these slides and rake out the cinders and ashes that fall from the fire in the horse's chest. The animal's hoofs are sharp shod, so there's no danger of him slipping, either uphill or down."

"An' will ye be afther ridin' on the back of that crayture?"

"Oh no," smiled Frank, "I am making a wagon to ride in and carry my supplies for myself and the horse, and the animal will be harnessed to the truck, which will be constructed so as to stand the joltings of rapid travel. There,

now, I guess you can understand the idea of the thing pretty well, can’t you?”

“Oh, yis, I can philosophize an’ so forth, an’ I have the ijee very foinely,” said Patrick McSpalten. “An’ now I’ll be afther goin’ to me cousin’s, the O’Flaherty family, hard by. It’s out wist I’m goin’ mesilf to-morrow, an’ I may mate you there some foine day. I’ll grow wid the counthry, an whin I make a fartune loike me Cousin Shea, then it’s back to swate Clonakilty I’ll go, an’ thin I’ll be Esquire McSpalten. Do yez moind that?”

“Success to you,” said Frank. “You’ll make it out, I guess.”

“Faith, I’ll thry,” said Patrick. “Will yez be afther havin’ the nateness to sind me respects to me Cousin Shea, and tell the mon that I hope to mate him in this land?”

“I will,” said Frank. “Take care of yourself, look out for sharpers, keep your weather eye skinned, and your hand on your wallet. Good-bye.”

“Good-bye, me brave gossoon,” said the Irishman, grasping the boy’s slender hand in a farewell shake. “Ye can’t fail o’ making your mark, for ye can philosophize an’ so forth as well as mesilf; and I’ll wager the last bit o’ baccy for me pipe that you’ll raise the very divil wid yer Sthame Horse.”

CHAPTER II.
BARNEY IN IRELAND.

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“Mrs. O’Doolahan.”

“Yes, Squire Shea.”

“How many more toimes am I to order you to kape that divilish dirty ould sow out o’ me schmoking room?”

“Be me sowl, sir, the litter went flying through forninst her, and the poor sow was only follerin’ when ye banged the dure agen her.”

“Thin moind ye, Mrs. Faylix O’Doolahan, for I’m not to be thrifled wid in this style, I want ye to kape the pigs and childer out o’ me schmoking-room, or, be the bright buckles on me shoes, I’ll have to ingage some wan ilse to kape the house; to kape the house for me, and not the pigs, mind ye, Mrs. Faylix O’Doolahan.”

“I moind, squire.”

“Thin see that I don’t have to sphake again about the matter,” said Esquire Barney Shea, putting his thumbs under the arm-holes of his red silk vest and puffing out his chest in the most important manner; “and now I’m going to sthroll down to the town for an airin’, Mrs. O’Doolahan.”

“A pleasant walk to ye this foine summer’s marning, sir,” said Mrs. O’Doolahan, dropping him a courtesy; and then Barney walked off with a stately step toward the village, looking back at every few steps to glance with pride at the neat cottage, surrounded with many well-cultivated acres, which were all his own.

And this was the same Barney Shea who had roamed over the prairies of Western America, killing Indians and robbers, and reveling in rows and ructions.

He had come to this township of Clonakilty with a few thousands of dollars in shining gold, had purchased a house and land to the surprise of his envious neighbors, had been dubbed “Esquire,” in honor of his wealth, and was now living the quiet life of an Irish gentleman.

But he was growing tired of it.

It was very nice to be called “Squire” and receive the respectful homage of all the peasantry and the friendly hand of other squires—men whom he used to look up to in days gone by; but it wasn’t equal to a smashing, rip-tearing rumpus with a cut-throat band of murderous redskins and black-hearted white men.

He was growing rusty and out of practice for the want of use; and, as he thought as much of fighting as a woman does of eating, this humdrum life was not well calculated to suit him.

He walked leisurely into the town, and was saluted on all sides with respect.

When he entered the post-office several voices saluted him:

“The top o’ the marnin’ to ye, Squire Shea.”

“Long life to ye, Squire Shea.”

“And there’s a letther for ye, Esquire Barney Shea,” said the postmaster, handing out a yellow envelope. “It’s from Ameriky.”

“Oh, aye,” mumbled Barney, with a wise look on his mug; “wan a’ me furrin’ correspondents, you moind.”

And then he sat down on the chair and broke the seal of the letter, while around him sat the staring and gaping countrymen, anxious to hear something from the far off land, and looking up with great admiration and respect to the man who had a foreign correspondent.

And this is the letter that made Barney Shea's eyes sparkle:

> "FRIEND BARNEY:—How are you Squire Shea? How does your lordship feel? I have met with your cousin, Patrick McSpalten, and he has told me all about your being one of the biggest men in your parts, but he also said that you talked about paying a visit to this land some time, and that's why I write to you.
>
> "Barney, my rip-snorter, you remember what I said I'd do, don't you? I said that if it could be done I'd make a horse that should go by steam, and now, old boy, I tell you that I've done it.
>
> "I've built my horse, and every part is perfect, and there's no reason why I can't go whistling over the plains like some rocket on a tear. Oh! what fun I'm going to have with the reds. You bet I'll wake 'em up at the liveliest rate.
>
> "Now Barney, I want you to come out here to my house in New York, and start with me for the West. My horse is all finished, and, by the time that you get here, I shall have the wagon ready to harness on the animal. Charley Gorse and his Steam Man will travel over the plains with us when we reach the West, and you can have full scope for your fighting tendencies among the reds and the rascally whites.

Come out, if only to take a ride behind my Steam Horse, and I'll promise to raise more rough and tumble rumpusses in one week on the plains than you'll have in Ireland in a year.

"Ever your friend,

"FRANK READE."

"Tare an' ouns," cried Barney, when he read the letter through, by dint of much study and patient spelling, "did yez iver hear the loikes o' that now?"

And then, observing that they were all looking at him with surprise, he turned to them, and said:

"Whist, me lads; ye moind that powerful young jaynus I was talking about so often to yez?"

"The gossoon wid the mon that wint be sthame?" asked one.

"That same," said Barney.

"We moind the lad," they said.

"Thin moind this," said Barney. "The young jaynus has been afther invintin' a harse that goes be sthame."

"A harse?"

"Do yez mane a rale horse, squire?"

"Musha, my Lord, are ye joking, squire?"

"Be the goat of St. Kevin's cavern that's the bate of all."

And they held up their hands in the greatest wonder.

"I mane it," said Barney. "It's a harse, and av coorse it must be constructed of iron or sthale."

"An' goes be sthame?"

“It will that same,” said Barney. “Oh, I must go to Ameriky to take a jaunt at this wondherful Sthame Harse. Look ye, Michael McGarrahan.”

“Yis, Squire Shea,” said a young man, stepping forward with his hat between his fingers.

“I moind that ye’re a loikely soort o’ lad, Michael.”

“Yis, squire; thank ye, squire.”

“And be the same token that nate little colleen—what’s her name?”

“Kathleen O’Shaugnessy, yer honor,” said Michael; “that’s the wan yer honor must mane.”

“Aye, Kathleen smiles on ye, but ye’re too poor to go togither to the praste.”

“Yis, squire.”

“Thin I give yez both a foine chance to rise in the worruld, for I know that ye’re an honest couple and’ll not rob me whin I’m away. I’m going to lave Clonakilty.”

“Oh, squire.”

“Don’t go.”

“Musha, my God, phat’ll we do widout our pratees?”

“And the pigs at Michaelmas?”

“And the grain for me harse whin me feed runs out?”

“And the two chickens for coc’s-broth whin me wife’s sick?”

“Oh, Squire Shea, don’t yez go.”

And they all crowded around the good-hearted Barney.

He had stood between them and poverty a great many times since he became a squire, and they were not anxious to have him depart from them.

“Be aisy, boys, be aisy,” said Barney. “I’ll lave full instruction wid me agent here, Michael McGarrahan, to give aich of ye whatever I’ve given yez afore, so ye’ll not lose by me lavin yez. Michael shall marry his nate colleen, an’ take charge of me house and land; and I’ll be off to Ameriky with the first ship that laves afther Michael gits married, for I’ll sthay to dance at his weddin’, and thin I’ll be off. Now I must go home and write a letther to the jaynus, tellin’ the lad to look for me soon. Good-day.”

“Good-day, Squire Shea,” cried they all, and away walked Barney, with his head thrown back.

And then he sent the following letter to our hero:

> “FRANK, me brave gossoon:—It’s delighted wid ye intirely, I am. A Sthame Horse, you wondherful little divil, ye? Oh, ye’re a rale jaynus, and ye’ll make yer mark, as I tould Mrs. Faylix O’Doolahan (she’s me housekeeper, do ye moind), and she allowed ye war a brave gossoon to invent such a conthrivance, and she not able to keep the sow and her nine small sows and pigs out o’ me schmokin’ room half the time; but of coorse I’ll come over and ride out west wid ye behind yer Sthame Horse, as I tould Mrs. Faylix O’Doolahan, me housekeeper—bad luck to me, I tould ye that before, but the sow and litter jist hopped across the flure between me legs, and I want ye to moind that I’m ready and spoilin’ for a rale knock ’em down an’ pick ’em up shindy wid the —there’s the sow an’ the pigs agen, and they’ve upset me birdseye terbaccy, and I’ll thravel all round wid ye over the land, and I want to see

Charley Goorse, and—there goes my pipe in the little pig’s mouth—so look for me on the first ship afther Michael McGarrahan gits married to Kathleen O’Shaugnessy, and I’m going to tell Mrs. Faylix O’Doolahan to kape the pigs away, or I’ll stick the troublesome divils between the ribs, and I’m yer sincere friend, that be wid yer soon, to ride wid the Sthame Harse.

“Barney Shea.”

CHAPTER III.
THE RACE.

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Six weeks after the incidents narrated in the previous chapter had taken place, our young genius was at work in his favorite shed, trying the strength of his wagon in all parts, when the rear door of his father's house was thrown open and our Hibernian friend rushed down the walk yelling out at the top of a sound pair of lungs:

"Frank, me brave gossoon."

"Barney!" gladly cried the boy, and then he deserted his work and sprang forward to meet his old friend.

"You dear old rollicking roarer," he said, seizing Barney's hand with a fervor that attested his liking for the big-hearted Irishman. "How are Mrs. O'Doolah—I beg her pardon, Mrs. Faylix O'Doolahan and the pigs?"

"Well an' hearty," laughed Barney. "And how do I foind ye!"

"In the same condition as Mrs. O'Doolahan and the porkers," smiled Frank.

"And up till your eyes in woruk?"

"Right," said Frank. "I told you I could do it, and I've done it. Just walk into the workshop and look at my nag."

"I will that," said Barney; and into the wood-shed he and Frank tramped.

"Musha my God, but that's nate!" muttered Shea, gazing with admiration and some wonder at the noble looking steed of metal that stood there. "An' ye have the conthrivance all complate?"

“Every bit.”

“An’ can he travel?”

“Like a flash. I wouldn’t hesitate to go fifty miles an hour.”

“Howly smoke, fifty moiles in wan hour.”

“Yes, sir, on a good road.”

“An’ ye can manage the masheen?”

“Oh, yes,” said Frank, “nothing easier in the world. That strong leather rein that you see running to either side of his mouth will control his movements as quickly as they can be handled. And I can make the old nag turn just as easily. I’ll tell you how that’s done.”

“Go on,” said Barney.

“Were you ever lost?” asked Frank.

“In a pace o’ woods, is it yer mane, or the loiks o’ that?”

“Yes.”

“Mony’s the toime.”

“And could you walk straight ahead?”

“Divil the straight. I wint around in a big circle all the toime, an’ jist when I thought I wur coming out all right, what would I do but fetch up slap jist where I started from.”

“Exactly,” said Frank. “And don’t you know the reason?”

“Divil the wan do I knaw.”

“Well, sir,” said the genius, “it is because one leg is always weaker than the other with everybody, and if you shut your eyes so that you can’t see where you’re going you’ll travel right or left according to which leg is weaker, for the strong one is sure to swing around towards it in consequence of taking a longer and stronger step. Now, I have divided my power so that I can put it on one side, and

therefore by pulling a little harder on the left rein than on the other I go to the right, thus having to steer reversedly.”

“I see,” said Barney; “an’ ye got that nate idea from yer own legs?”

“Exactly,” said Frank. “Now, just take a peep at my wagon.”

The vehicle was a very solidly constructed affair, much heavier than a live horse would have cared to travel before, but the limbs of the Steam Horse were powerful and tireless.

The wagon was all made in small but neatly fitting sections, and all the several joints were made of rubber, so that the very fastest time over a rough road need not subject the occupants of the affair to any very severe jolting, and this forethought on the part of the boy was warmly praised by the Irishman.

“Here at the back of the wagon,” said Frank, “I have my vats for holding water, and those long pipes you see here will run along to the shafts, then from a ring they curve up to the haunches, and supply water to my boiler. Here at the sides I intend to carry a supply of sea coal, while I can make it last, and when I run out I’ll use wood or anything I can get, for my furnace will consume anything, and all I want from it is heat, and turf will give me that. Then in the center will be placed that wonderful trunk of mine, and I have made clasps to hold it down. I’ve invented a whole lot of new infernal contrivances, and I intend to scare the redskins out of their seven senses on this trip.”

“Ye can do it,” confidently asserted his admiring friend; “ye have the jaynus.”

“I will make their hair rise,” said Frank.

“An’ is Goorse well?” asked Barney.

“First-class,” said Frank.

“He’s a broth of a boy,” said Shea. “Well, and whin do we sthart away for fighting and fiddlin’?”

“Oho,” laughed Frank, “and do you mean to say that you’ve brought your fiddle with you again?”

“Bedad an’ I have,” grinned Barney. “Where I go, goes me fiddle. I have no wife, nor no childer, and me dear old fiddle’s me only darlint.”

“Good enough,” said Frank. “Well, we’ll start just as soon as I can buy all of my supplies, which will take a day or two, and then hurrah for the West.”

“Hooroo!” cried Barney Shea.

On a bright, sunshiny morning in midsummer, a little steamboat puffed up to the dock at Clarksville, and was made fast to the pier.

A crowd of interested idlers stood on the wharf, and among them was a young man of medium height, but with broad and well-set shoulders, who stood well forward, looking eagerly at the passengers on the deck of the crowded steamship.

Suddenly he espied two familiar faces on the deck, and, rushing eagerly forward, he shouted:

“Frank! Barney!”

“Charley Goorse! Charley Goorse!” excitedly exclaimed Shea.

“Yes, that’s Charley Gorse,” said Frank, and, with Barney at his side, he leaped on the pier and dashed up to his stalwart Western cousin.

“Dear old boy,” cried Gorse, seizing him in a bearish hug, “you’re just as thin and boyish as ever.”

“An’ jist the same wonderful jaynus that he was afore, only jist the laste bit more so,” said Barney, as his hand was grasped by Charley’s. “How are ye?”

“Hunky dory,” said Charley. “How are Mrs. Faylix O’Doolahan and the pigs?”

“What!” cried Barney, “did you know Mrs. Faylix O’Doolahan an’ the pigs?”

Charley roared outright, and Frank laughed heartily.

“I wrote to him,” he said.

“Oh, I moind,” said Barney.

“Massa Charley,” said a voice at the elbow of the Western lad, “I’se here.”

Frank turned to look at the speaker, and he was forced to laugh again.

There stood the most comical figure he had ever seen.

A full-blooded negro, black as the blackest of Africans, stood there, with an immense grin on his charcoal mug.

He was not higher than four feet, his chest and shoulders were large and swelling, and from his enormously long body descended bandy legs of a little more than one foot in length, while his feet were the finest specimens in the heavy corn-crushed line that could have been met with.

His head was very large, rounded off as smoothly as a cocoanut, and covered with hair that curled so very tightly that he could not shut his mouth.

The last named feature was probably five inches wide, presenting the appearance, when the darkey was on a broad grin, of his head separating into two equal parts, one

above and the other below the awful cavity that he displayed.

His teeth were large and as white as snow; his ears were like two small wind-mills attached to his head, while his nose was as broad and flat as a good old-fashioned Connecticut pancake, squatted right down on his face.

This extraordinary creature returned Frank's glance with an inquiring glance from his little beady eyes, which were as bright and piercing as those of a rattlesnake.

"This," said Charley Gorse, "is my servant and constant companion, Pomp. He is as faithful as a dog, is one of the biggest cards in the way of a rumpus, and can cut up more didoes than any performer you ever saw in a sawdust ring. He's one of the most wonderful riders and whistlers in the West; can ride on his head or his ear, charm snakes and call birds with his whistle, throw knives, hit the bull's eye generally, and always sleeps with one eye open. Pomp, tip these people your hash-grabbers."

"Yes, Massa Charley," groaned Pomp, thrusting forth a horny black paw, fully as large as Frank's foot. "If dey's your frens, dey's my frens, and dis nigga'll fight for 'em till he's chawed clar to nuffin."

Frank and Barney shook hands with the grinning darkey, and then the quartette walked away to Charley's home, Frank first giving the directions for unloading and conveying his boxes.

An hour later the case containing the different sections of the steam horse and the wagon were brought to the house, and they all gathered around to see Frank unpack his new idea.

In a short time the horse was put together and attached to the wagon, and everything belonging to the cargo designed for the body of the vehicle carefully stowed away.

Then, while Frank was firing up, Charley Gorse went to his barn, and soon came back with the Steam Man, and the old giant glared down from his height upon the steam steed of the plains.

“The old man looks natural,” said Frank.

“First-class,” said Charley; “and I’ll match him to travel against your horse.”

“Bully for you,” said Frank. “Do you want to try it now?”

“I do,” said Charley. “Pomp, go and get our rifles and other things, and stow them in the wagon, for we may get out too far to reach home again to-night.”

In a short time everything was ready.

Pomp mounted by the side of Charley Gorse, and Barney Shea took his place alongside Frank Reade; the steam was let on carefully, and away went the horse and man through the village at a moderate pace, the people staring in open-mouthed amazement at the novel sight.

Then out upon the level plains they went and steam was crowded on.

like rockets over the hard and level ground, the breeze raising their hats as they dashed along.

The horse took the load and maintained it, dashing along on a square, rapid trot, his legs fairly twinkling as he spurred the ground with his sharpened hoofs.

The Steam Man put forth mighty efforts, and made giant strides; but he couldn’t match the metal steed.

Onward they flew in a straight line over the plains.

Buffaloes dashed across their path and bounded madly away to either hand.

Troops of prairie dogs ran barking and snarling from their homes, and uttering frightened yells, scampered away as fast as their little legs could carry them.

Onward at fifty miles an hour!

The small shrubbery of the plains seemed to fairly fly past.

Although there was not a particle of breeze, they created so much wind by their great speed that Barney came near losing his hat from his head while in the wagon of the Steam Man, and grinning, clung on for dear life.

It was faster than he had ever ridden in his life.

Charley made a big spurt, and slowly closed the gap between him and the Steam Horse.

Frank looked at his gauge.

“Guess I can stand a few pounds more steam,” he said, and clapped it on.

As he did so the wheels of his truck hit against a big stone.

Up into the air went the wagon.

Flop went Barney Shea into the bottom of the truck, shouting:

“Oh, why did I lave Mrs. Faylix O’Doolahan an’ the pigs!”

As the wagon went up Frank Reade made an involuntary clutch.

He didn’t care what he got hold of, so that he could hang on, for it wouldn’t have proved just the cheese to have gone flying head first out of that truck just then.