

After the cuts had been shoveled out for the snowplow, then a holler went forth that they were not wide enough, so a lot of merry workers sallied forth again to widen the cuts and sweep the rails for the brute so that it could come along without further delay. If they don't get here now we will take some hot water out and melt the snow from the right-of-way, so that they will not have any snow within gun shot of them, then they can come.

The McHenry shovelers arrived here at noon today, Friday and they frothing at the mouth over this railroad proposition. Among the party were Atty. and

Editor Lowden, Oliver O. Morrell, Judge Dunham, Agent Snydam, Herman Olson and many others, about fifty-five strong, together with some recruits from Mose. Messrs. Lowden and Morrell steered into the TIMES office, and Mr. Morrell being an old printer, and having a sympathetic feeling for a fellow sufferer, hopped up on a case and called for "copy." He got the copy that we were using in paying compliments to the dear old railroad company, and he set that and when it was time for the rest of the bunch to go down and widen the cuts for the snow plow to come through, he said that he thought that he could save the

people just as well by staying here and sticking type as he could going out to shovel snow and be very graciously consented to remain and help us to get the type set for the belated edition of the TIMES, the great railroad advocate.

The train finally got here Friday night at a late hour, but we were all very glad to know it. Why did they get here so soon? Because they saw Judge Dunham coming down the line wearing those whang-leather breeches, and they couldn't back away.—MORAL: Let everybody don the whang-leather from now on.

K. G. Flagen is now prepared