#### THE

#### LIMITED MOUNTAIN

A Thrilling Tale of Railroading.

BY ERWIN L. COOLIDGE.

steam pressure.

ity for the Hesperus boiler.

ged, and the train took life.

moved onward briskly.

Faster and faster!

Faster-faster!

All was well!

One hundred and forty was full capac

The old locomotive strained and tug-

A half minute later, under Hal Har-

Swiftly Mountain Junction faded away

"Let her have it, Joe!" shouted the Boy

Runner above the rumbling of the wheels,

It was all down grade and the clip was

"It's fifty miles further," came the re-

Hal admitted the fact, but called his

"You're all right!" shouted Woods, his

face flushed with joy. "Can you keep it

"Yes," was the Boy Runner's quick re

bundling a slow passenger aboard the bag

gage car, as he waved his band to the en-

"Hold on! Stop!" suddenly came the

cry from the telegrapher's window of the

depot. "Don't start! The road is blocked

As he shouted this a young man bound-

ed through the window, waving a paper

at the Boy Runner, whose hand was on

the watering tank away from the tender

No hope for the Mountain Limited

He grasped the message from the teleg-

rapher and read the words his ear had

"Clear the Dayona branch!' he cried to

"I'll make it," shouted the Boy Run-

The operator flew to his instrument and

In less than a minute the answer came

"All clear; everything out of the way."

the telegraph operator. "Hal, we will go

Lon Woods had heard it, too.

ner, "but it's six miles further."

main line and the Dayona branch.

Limited moved from the station.

Hal Harrod's cheek paled.

A wreck at Lakeport!

The track blocked!

It was too bad.

previously heard.

that way."

Instantly he acted.

set the key in motion.

to the special car.

are of steam rose.

135 pounds.

110-

120-

tain Limited in on time.

imself. "Easy, now, Joe."

The Limited was humming like a bird.

The Hesperus swayed and swung back

train flashed like a meteor through the

looked at the flying cloud of dust in aston-

On a down grade, with a full head of

Hal Harrod knew every inch of the

road he was on and what the train behind

steam on and the throttle screwed tight,

ishment as it passed the station.

the whole shooting match."

But he didn't.

On-on-

On-on.

How she flew!

him was in need of.

where he wanted her.

just where he wanted it.

at Lakeport. Freight is wrecked there!"

"All aboard!" shouted Frank Maynard,

"We are all right, Joe!" he shouted.

and Joe Grace piled in the fuel.

above a mile a minute.

drew into the Lyons station.

utes ahead of time!

pecial car.

connections.

the throttle.

posts dashed by, Hal Harrod smiled.

rod's steady hand on the throttle, she

CHAPTER III-Continued.

"'What's the matter with the Hesperus?

said he. "'Dead, said I.

"Let me try her again,' said he. "But she's gone to be knocked to

pieces,' said I.

"'Haven't done it yet, have they?" he asked.

"No.

"'Then we'll get her on her feet,' said he, and may I be skinned if he didn't do it. He went into the shop and with the head machinist, put in half a day's work and brought her out in pretty good shape. To my surprise he took the Mountain Junction local express through on time with the dead Hesperus, and this morning when I asked him to select an engine for use on the Limited he calmly told me that he 'guessed he had better try the Hesperus once.' But he expressed regret that 'Old Big Wheel,' as he calls 22, was not ready for him."

"fruly he's a wonderful boy!" was President Wellington's comment. "We will keep an eye on him. But will be pull the Mountain Limited in on time tonight! That's the all important question at present."

Gradually, as time always passes, the hours wore away.

Hal Harrod in the roundhouse at Mountain Junction watched the revolving hour, minute and second hands on his watch, an old silver time-piece but a good timer, nervously.

His blood was on fire with the fever of ply,

In her secluded position in the round house the Hesperus, with her fires banked, throbbed and wheezed at intervals showing that she too was anxious to be up and

Great surprise had been expressed on every hand at the sudden appointment of the Boy Runner to his new position, but Hal Harrod had nothing to say.

Joe Grace, like a stoic, held his own

The day waned.

It was the middle of August and the days were getting shorter.

At five o'clock the Mountain River Railroad took the Mountain Limited from the North Falls & Summit Railway at North Falls and at 6 o'clock she was due at Mountain Junction. At five o'clock, also, the Athens & Nor-

thern train, the Northern Flyer, left North Falls via Graybrook for Mountain Junction where she was due at 5 45 o'clock, fifteen minutes ahead of the Mountain Limited and due at Athens at 7 p. m.

The Limited leaving Mountain Junction at 6 p. m. was due at Athens also at 7 p. m., making, as before stated, a half minute stop at Lyons.

But sometimes when mountain travel was heavy this half minute quadrupled.

Around and around the dial the hands chased each other as the Boy Runner kept his eye on his watch.

5.40 p. m. 5 44.

Toot-10-too.

One long-drawn-out whistle and then the Northern Flyer flashed into view and drew up at the Union Station.

She was a finely-equipped train drawn by a noble locomotive.

But at Mountain Junction a new engine was attached to the train for the inward run.

Hal Harrod gazed admiringly on the proportions and general appearance of the rival railroad's locomotive as the change of engines was made and couldn't restrain a sigh of regret as he looked at the Hes-

Truly he was at a disadvantage from the start.

Diag-dong-

Dingle- -dong-dong.

And the Northern Flyer was off.

Express to Athens. Five minutes later a local express, made

up at Mountain Junction, followed it. But still the hands flew around the dial city of Dayona, and hundreds of people of Hal Harrod's watch.

5 55 P. M.

5 59 P. M.

Too!-too-tooo-And the Mountain Limited came bowling in over the tracks of the River road.

Thus far all was well. "Get into gear, Joe!" was Hal's quick command, and then as the Mountain River engine drew away from the heavy train at the station the Hesperus was coupled

A shifter instantly placed the president's special car at the rear end of the train.

Six o'clock!

"All aboard!"

Frank Maynard waved his hand.

Joe Grace pulled the bell cord.

Hal Harrad opened the throttle. The in licator registered 105 pounds | face. He was not used to such work.

It was rather swift for him. Point flashed behind them.

Lincoln came in sight and the parllel tracks of the others & Northern.

A way ahead of them as they swung past the junction station they could see a cloud of smoke and dust showing where the

Northern Flyer was speeding along. She was at full tilt at least three miles ahead of them.

The Mountain Limited was just three minutes late. Down the track she boomed along.

Not a touch had Hal Harrod put to the lever since he had screwed her down five miles out of Lyons.

Across the switches, through the depots and around the sharp curves she had gone

without slacking. In the cars passengers held their breath

in momentary fear of leaving the iron. In the special car Lon Woods held President Wellington by the hand and between firm-set teeth he muttered from time to time:

"We are doing it!"

The Hesperus was doing her work to a Nobody else spoke. It was fifty one miles from Lyons to Athens, and forty five minutes was the time Hal Harrod was bound to make it

She was fairly flying, and as the mile And he was doing it. Nearer and nearer the Hesperus drew to the rear end of the Northern Flyer, which

was going at tip-top speed. Nearer-nearer-

And the next instant, to the utter bewilderment of the driver in her engine, the Mountain Limited flashed past them, fireman's attention to the time as they and when Circuit Junction was reached they were half a mile in the rear.

The Mountain Limited was two min-Bangety -bang -went the Limited across the switches and over the bridges. Lon Woods came rushing from the All signals were correctly set, and as the yard was entered, with a sigh of rel ef Hal Harrod unscrewed the throttle and now Old Big-wheel. Hal Harrod was on the earth oiling the shut off the steam.

There was still momentum enough to carry the train to the depot.

Toot.

Down brakes!

At 7 o'clock exactly the Mountain Limited came to a stand-still in the depot. The Boy Runner was on time!

#### CHAPTER IV.

"BEWARE OF LITTLE RIVER BRIDGE!" A mouth has passed since that wonderful run of the Mountain Limited.

The Boy Runner was famous. Everybody was singing his praises.

The Mountain Limited was always on

Joe Grace had just swung the hose of The newspapers had all told the story of his wonderful trip on the night of the blockade of the road at Lakeport, and he speak." became a hero.

Passengers who had been on that train told how they had been whirled over the iron faster than a mile a minute.

People who had seen the train flash like a meteor through the cities and small towns on the line talked repeatedly of the

Taking advantage of the great sensation the Eastern Central Railroad passenger department used barrels of printer's ink. and in a week after the Boy Runner took the Mountain Limited it was boldly advertised as the "fastest, safest and best

train in America, always on time." The name of Hal Harrod, the Boy Runner, was on every tongue, and hundreds of people rode on the Limited out of curiosity, and so as to say that they had been

Lon Woods had himself rushed ahead on the train. to the switchman at the junction of the A crowd came every morning to the Eastern Central depot, and gazed curious. Hal thew open the throttle, and the ly at the youthful engineer as he sat in the

cab before starting out. As she passed him Lon Woods swung on And every night people thronged the station platforms to see the swift train as The Boy Runner's face was pale, but he it whirled past them at a mile a minute

was still determined to bring the Moun-President Wellington was happy, and "Sock it to her, Joe," he cried, and day after day was on hand to greet the watched the indicator climb as the pres-Boy Runner, as he arrived at the depot on the night trip from Mountain June

Business with the Eastern Central Railroad took a boom, and on the market the "That'll be all she'll stand," said he to securities of the road daily advanced in

All the lost ground was recovered, and Click-click-clickety-click-over the

still the advance continued. The Northern Fiyer of the Athens & Northern Railroad "wasn't in it," to use

and forth, but gallantly pulled her load | the current term of the times. But the strain on the old Hesperus was It was a four-mile-in-three-minutes clip telling on her, and she weakened day by

that they were making when the long day. The noble old creature, she seemed to her young driver to be almost human, had done her life's work and now was ready to go on the shelf.

"They've got a madman in the cab to-One night as the Boy Runner brought day!" was the comment of the depot her to a stop, exactly on time by a tremaster, who had seen the Boy Runner on mendous effort, Lon Woods greeted him the upward trip. "That kid will smash with:

"Hal, my boy, Old Big-wheel will be ready for you in the morning. We have Hal Harrod had the Hesperus right sent her to Lyons on the local to day to get her warmed up."

"Good, was the Boy Runner's reply, "Hesperus is played out I fear. She wouldn't make more than one more trip on time. She's made her record and de serves a rest. I hope you won't knock her to pieces now."

"Not much!" was Lon Woods' quick retort. "She shall stand as a monument to the day she made her great run. Joe Grace, like our hero, had a white think we can afford to let sentiment stand in here under the circumstances-"

"Great Haste is Not

Always Good Speed."

Many people trust to luck to pull them through, and are often disappointed. Do not dilly-dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles. Without it you are "no good."

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Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"That's right," said Hal, "She deserves

The next morning he reached the round- Fancy Wool Waist Plaids, liouse half an hour earlier than usual, and Plain and Fancy Black Dress Goods, found his old engine, Number 22, Old Colored Dress Goods-Fancy and Plain, Big-wheel, he called her, with fires burning | New Stock of Spring Prints, and a good head of steam on, waiting for | Eancy Shirtings.

He looked at the beautiful locomotive Grey and White Cottons,

Fresh from the shop, she was as bright | Flannels, as a dollar newly from the mint.

She had been remodelled and fixed up Art Muslin, all over, in fact, rebuilt and enlarged. Six-foot drivers had replaced the for- Furniture Covering, mer five-foot wheels, and truly she was | Linings of all kinds,

Sam Watson was in the roundhouse with others who were inspecting the big engine, and he spoke up.

"Say, Hal, I ran her to Lyons yesterlay with the local. I tell you she is a hummer. You won't need to bust your buttons any longer in making your time on the Mountain Limited. You're all right now. I wish I was to run her. All the boys will envy you now. But, say, lad, you deserve it. You made your time with the old dead tub and nob dy else living could have done it. How'd you

It was the twentieth time Sam Watson had asked the same question.

And Hal Harrod gave the same reply as he had twenty times before.

"It was a streak of luck, Sam, but perhaps Hesperus could tell you if she could

A few minutes later Lon Woods put in an appearance at the roundhouse. The Boy Runner was making a thorugh inspection of the remodelled engine.

"What do you think of her?" asked the master mechanic. "She's a stunner," was Hal's reply. 'She'll do after she gets limbered up."

"Satisfies you, does she?"

"Yes, indeed she does." "Well, my boy, I intended that she should. Do you know when you ran her into the shop six weeks ago I thought that you had made your last run in her. 1 had long ago decided that she would be the next engine to be put on the Mounin the shop it was with that object in view. I then had no idea, as you know, that you would be the engineer on the

"I see!" said Hal, "That's how I fooled

(TO BE CONTINUED )

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