

# THE MOUNTAIN LIMITED.

A Thrilling Tale of Railroadng.

BY ERWIN L. COOLIDGE.

## CHAPTER I. THE BOY RUNNER.

"Say, here's news," cried Sam Watson as he entered the round house at Athens the terminal of the Eastern Central Railroad, "the Boy Runner is going to run the Mountain Limited to-day."

A dozen locomotive engineers and firemen crowded about him at the words.

"What's that?" asked Bill Lewis, an old runner, as he dropped an oil can and a bunch of waste, "That kid?"

"Yes, Hal Harrod," answered Watson. "Well, that's what I call a roaster," said Newt Gifford, another old-timer.

"So 'tis," said Rube Fox, "that train belongs to us old fellers. The idea of putting that smooth-faced boy over us all. It's dead wrong."

"Right you are, Rube," said Newt Gifford. "We 'uns are entitled to that train in the way of just promotion. But p'raps 'taint true."

"Heard it in the super's office not five minutes ago," was Sam Watson's reply.

"But what's become of Dan Wall?" asked Lewis. "He's been running the Limited for two months."

"Laid off like the rest. Couldn't make the time, and he's to go on the shelf with Norris, Barnes, Jones, Green and the others."

"What's their idea of putting Hal Harrod on instead of giving the rest of us a show?" demanded Fox.

"Don't know anything about it," said Watson. "All I know is, that Dan Wall hasn't made his time but once in two months, and last night the Athens & Northern train beat him in from Mountain Junction by ten minutes. The directors had a special meeting last night, and hauled General Manager Edwards and Master Mechanic Woods over the coals, and to-day the Mountain Limited will be taken by the youngest runner in the business."

"What does Dan Wall say about it?" asked Fox. "I bet he will be sore."

"Don't see why he should be," put in the voice of Ed Barnes. "He has been laid off because he couldn't make the time, just the same as I was. He's been on longer than they let me stay."

"Yes, but to put that kid—"

"The Boy Runner is all right, don't you fret," interrupted Barnes. "We old fellows have been tried one after another, and failing to do what they want us to, they laid us all off. To be sure, there are a number of others who haven't had a try, but why should they keep on with a vain search for a man to satisfy them if they get a notion into their heads that they have already found one? Hal Harrod, the Boy Runner we call him, is entitled to a show just as much as the rest of us. It's merely a recognition of the ability that the lad has already shown. In a year and a half as engineer, he has made a good record, as every man here knows. He was fireman for me once, and I had a chance then to predict that the boy would be a good one. You will remember it. On the shifter in the yard he did good work, and our traits were always ready when we wanted them, too; then on the circuit local he kept his time, and you will all admit that he never caused a main line train to wait for him to get out of the way, as many of us older men have done. Then on the Lyons accommodation he made a record that I should not be ashamed of myself. He attracted general attention, and the result was, that four months ago he was pushed ahead onto the Mountain Junction local express. You've all got to admit that the boy deserves what he's got."

It was a long speech for Ed Barnes to make, but he was listened to with attention.

"That's so," said Bill Lewis, "Barnes tells us facts. Anyhow what's the use of being jealous of the kid? If he don't make the time, he'll be laid off, and our turn will come in time after all. He's a good smart lad, and I, for one, hope that he will succeed."

"Oh, that's well enough to talk! But the older men ought to come first," said Fox, in a grouchy tone.

"Say, you," cried Sam Watson in disgust. "You act like an old hen. What's the use of beefing over this matter? You couldn't get the job, even if you asked for it, anyhow. Why, you haven't even got off the branch trains yet. I don't want the job myself, and I know that there are others who have been on the road as long as we have who don't. They've put Hal Harrod into the hardest and most dangerous position on the road. Why, the run the Mountain Limited makes from Mountain Junction to Athens fairly makes my hair curl as I think of it. Sixty miles in sixty minutes is the time, I don't want that run. No, siree!"

"I don't see how the Boy Runner can do it. What engine will he use? His regular is in the shop, and the tuble has now will hardly start the train to say nothing of hauling it," said Ed Barnes.

"Funny, though, isn't it," asked Bill Lewis, "how that we all thought she was dead when he took her a week ago?"

"Yes," said Gifford, "but he has seemed to put considerable life into the old machine."

"I think this trouble about men for the Limited is an injustice to all of us," said Sam Watson, "it's not the men so much as the poor locomotives they are giving us."

"Right you are," said Barnes.

With their minds busy with the news Sam Watson had brought, the men resumed their duties, and the work in the round house progressed as usual until the unexpected arrival of four men, none others than William Wellington, the president of the road; D. W. Edwards, general manager; Lon Woods, master mechanic; and Hal Harrod, the Boy Runner.

There was no longer any doubt of Hal Harrod's appointment.

The master mechanic was talking earnestly and in a low voice, into the ear of the young engineer, and the other gentlemen also were busy in conversation.

They looked doubtful and troubled. Without noticing the presence of a single individual in the round house the stall comers crossed the turn-table to the stall where the Boy Runner's engine lay.

Joe Grace, his fireman, was busy oiling up, and the indicator registered a good head of steam.

"Good-morning, Joe!" was Hal's salutation to his fireman, who had politely doffed his cap upon discovering the presence of the railroad officials accompanying the young engineer, "How's the *Hesperus* to-day. Ready for a mile a minute run?"

Joe Grace looked the astonishment he felt.

At first he did not speak, but looked at the engine and then at Hal Harrod.

"She's the same as usual, sir," he said slowly, "clean as a whistle and ready for any kind of a run, with you at the throttle, sir."

Joe Grace appreciated his engineer's ability, and he worked in a clever compliment for the ear of the president of the road.

"All aboard and we'll run her out into the yard for inspection. Gentlemen, we will be ready in just a minute."

Hal Harrod was true to his word and five minutes later Lon Wood's experienced eye and hammer had tested the *Hesperus* to his satisfaction.

"She will do for to-day," he said to his companions.

"I wish *Old Big-school*, as I call her, was out of the shop," said Hal with a smile.

"You shall have her as soon as we can rush her out," said Lon Woods.

"Young man," said President Wellington, stepping up to Hal and taking the young engineer's hand, "a great deal depends on you. I hope you will do the best you can."

"I shall do all that lies in my power," was Hal's reply.

With Mr. Edwards at his elbow President Wellington left the young engineer alone with Lon Woods.

Joe Grace was busy with his oil can.

"8.30 o'clock," said Lon Woods as he climbed into the cab of the *Hesperus*. "In half an hour, my boy, you will start out with the Limited," and then his eyes wandered over the face and form of his young engineer who busied himself examining the valves and screws above the fire-box.

Picture to yourself the young hero Lon Woods gazed upon.

A smooth-faced boy of twenty years, in the fresh bloom of health, red cheeked and handsome.

Tall, erect and well formed, features clear-cut and regular, large dark eyes, curly brown hair, and teeth white and even.

He wore the regulation suit of blue and a small cap.

He made no reply to the words of the master mechanic. His mind was active on its own account.

"President Wellington is a man of few words usually," continued Lon Woods after a pause, "but last night after Dan Wall brought the Mountain Limited in the minutes late while the Athens & Northern was on time with an even start from Mountain Junction he came to me in a howling temper."

"'Pall that engineer off,' said he, 'and get me a man who can bring trains in on time! A meeting of the directors will be held in an hour and we shall see what can be done in this matter. You will be present.'

"I knew that Mr. Wellington was in earnest and now, Hal, I'll tell you how it happens that you got your appointment to-day."

The Boy Runner was all attention.

"I have tried at least nine old men on the Limited to no effect. Of course we all know that the men are not wholly to blame because it's greatly the fault of the poor engines we have. But I can't make

the directors see it that way. Well, I sat for half an hour running over the list of men who have run the Limited or who are possibly eligible for the place. I was in a queer mood, myself, and none of the names I had on the list seemed to suit me. From my office I can get a good view of the railroad yard and its approaches for a mile or two, as you know.

"As I leaned forward in my chair I looked vacantly up the track and saw the bright glare of a locomotive headlight rubbing like a very demon toward me.

"I don't think I ever saw an engine run across the draw bridges and through the switches to our depot at the speed that came in last night.

"The light glared like a beacon fire and then flashed out of sight and a train of four cars rolled into the train shed beneath me.

"Instantly the thought flashed across my mind:

"The driver of that engine knows how to make time. Who is he?"

"It was easy to answer my own question and I discovered that it was train 14, the Mountain Junction local express, in on time, Hal Harrod, engineer."

"Yes," said our hero, "I was late on the trip, delayed by a freight train at siding and I made up the lost time. I did make the *Hesperus* fly as we came through the bridges and switches."

"I said to myself at once," continued Lon Woods, not noticing the Boy Runner's interruption, "he is the man to tackle the Mountain Limited and he shall go on in the morning. That settled it. I attended the directors' meeting, and it was a lively one I can tell you. I know you can be depended on, Hal, or I should not tell you this but it's best that you should know how things stand as it may make some difference in your work."

"I shall do my best always."

"I know that, my boy, but let me continue. The Mountain Limited was the only subject discussed; and the history of the train was gone through and it was finally decided that the train had been a regular Jonah ever since it was put on. There were a few of the directors who were in favor of taking it off the road altogether. Then President Wellington got mad and said that such a move would be an acknowledgement of inferiority to the Athens & Northern railroad and said that the train must stay and that a man must be found who could run it on the time schedule it was then on. I was called and I told them what I thought about engines and so on and then that I had hit on a man whom I thought would make an honest effort to do what was required of him. Your appointment was endorsed and I know you will do your best for my sake and your own. You are acquainted with the run and I rely on you. You do not yet know it but President Wellington and the board of directors as well as Mr. Edwards and myself will go on the train in the president's special car. It's now time for backing in for the outward run. The trip in the morning to Mountain Junction is not very difficult, you will get that over all right, it's the return at night that makes things hum."

It was just 8.50 o'clock by the big dial on the inside of the Eastern Central depot when Hal Harrod backed the *Hesperus* to within its length of the long line of coaches which made up the train known as the Mountain Limited.

At the rear of the train was the special car as Lon Woods had predicted.

Joe Grace's eyes stuck out in astonishment and his cheeks were very pale when for the first time he discovered that he was to fire the Mountain Limited.

Not a suspicion of the fact had reached him until his engineer backed up to the train ready for business.

But Joe Grace said never a word.

He tightened his belt a little and once or twice spat on his palms as he looked from the tender to the fire-box. Slowly the big hands on the depot clock moved toward the hour of 9 a. m.

At three minutes of nine the *Hesperus* was coupled up to the train.

Hal Harrod made a last, hasty, satisfying examination of connecting rods and cylinders and then stationed himself at his post.

With one hand on the throttle he waited.

Lon Woods had left him for the special car.

Frank Maynard, the conductor of the Mountain Limited, had spoken a few words to him and now stood near the head of the train, watch in hand.

The minute and hour hands on clock and watch said that it was nine o'clock.

"All aboard!"

Frank Maynard waved his hand to the lad who was leaning from the cab window of the *Hesperus* and slowly Hal Harrod, the Boy Runner, pulled the throttle open.

## CHAPTER II.

### A BIT OF RAILROAD HISTORY.

The Mountain Limited had indeed been a Jonah to the Eastern Central Railroad from the first.

It had intensified the bitterness of the relations with the rival road, the Athens & Northern, and it even opened a gap in the hitherto friendly relations with northern and western connections.

At the time our story opens the Eastern Central Railroad was in a peck of trouble. Originally the railroad had been but a connecting link between the large manu-

## "No Eye Like the Master's Eye."

You are master of your health, and if you do not attend to duty, the blame is easily located. If your blood is out of order, Hood's Sarsaparilla will purify it.

It is the specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, bowels or liver. **Heart Trouble**—"I had heart trouble for a number of years and different medicines failed to benefit me. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and three bottles completely and perfectly cured me." Mrs. C. A. FLINN, Wallace Bridge, N. S.

**A Safeguard**—"As I had lost five children with diphtheria I gave my remaining two children Hood's Sarsaparilla as they were subject to throat trouble and were not very strong. They are now healthier and stronger and have not since had a cold." Mrs. W. H. FLECKER, Penbrooke, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

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

facturing city of Lyons and the great business centre, Athens.

But, as railroad construction went on all about it, an extension was made to Mountain Junction where connection was made with the Mountain River Railroad, a small independent railroad, practically owned and wholly controlled by the whims and caprices of one man, Col. James Wilson Newburn.

The Mountain River Railroad in turn connected with another small independent road, the North Falls & Summit Railway, to the north of it.

The North Falls & Summit Railway was originally built to open up a grand mountain country for pleasure seekers, tourists and sportsmen.

Thus far all went well and happily in the little railroad family.

The Eastern Central Railroad prospered and grew wealthy.

In the season vast numbers of vacationists went to the mountains and the little Mountain River Railroad grew fat from the contributions its northern and southern neighbors sent over its tracks.

On the line of the Eastern Central Railroad the cities of Lincoln, Point, Daytona and Lyons grew with surprising rapidity; Mountain Junction assumed the proportions of a municipality and North Falls accumulated a manufacturing population of upwards of thirty thousand souls.

The mountain territory above in railroad circles was looked upon as a mint.

Others began to covet a share of the harvest there being gained.

Not was this all that was to be reaped. Great capitalists had united and two of the largest corporations known in the history of railroading had built their lines to connect, as an ocean outlet, with the North Falls & Summit Railway at the fast growing city of Summit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Worse than Yellow Fever

Kidney Disease Man's Deadliest Foe  
Dodd's Kidney Pills its Only Cure.

Toronto, May 15.—"Yellow fever and smallpox combined, do not kill as many people as Kidney Disease does," was the assertion of a prominent Toronto physician, recently.

The assertion is fully borne out by facts and were it not that there is a means of checking and curing Kidney disease the number of its victims would be trebled.

But the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills keeps the death-rate from this complaint, quite low compared to its former height.

If Dodd's Kidney Pills were used, in every case of Kidney Disease, there would be no deaths from it.

October 5 to 9 are the dates selected for the Dominion Christian Endeavor Convention in Montreal. It is expected fully 2000 delegates will take part in the convention, which will be the largest gathering of the kind ever held in Canada.

**DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE**  
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat, and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

The Anglican Bishop of West Africa, who was sued by Europeans for stating that a large percentage of them died from drink, has been committed for trial.

**ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND**  
**Pain-Killer**  
THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACHE, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT PAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE.  
LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME,  
**PERRY DAVIS & SON.**

## RICHARD SULLIVAN & CO.

—WHOLESALE—

Wine and Spirit Merchants,

—IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN—

TEAS, TOBACCOS and CIGARS

44 & 46 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Bonded Warehouse No. 8

# The Place to Purchase

is where you can buy the Best Goods and the Most for the Least Money. Our advertisement is simply an index to which you may refer with Profit.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| Fancy Wool Waist Plaids,<br>Plain and Fancy Black Dress Goods,<br>Colored Dress Goods—Fancy and Plain,<br>New Stock of Spring Prints,<br>Eancy Shirts,<br>Fancy Cottons suitable for Blouses,<br>Grey and White Cottons,<br>Flannelette,<br>Flannels,<br>Lace Curtains,<br>Art Muslin,<br>White and Fancy Spot Muslin,<br>Furniture Covering,<br>Linings of all kinds,<br>Flannelette Blankets, | Carpets and Oil Cloth,<br>Spring Roller Blinds,<br>Curtain Poles and Fittings,<br>3000 Rolls Wall Paper,<br>Ladies' Blouse Waists,<br>Men's and Boy's Shirts,<br>Men's Clothing,<br>Boy's Clothing,<br>Men's Underwear,<br>Ladies' Underwear,<br>Fancy Drapery,<br>Felt for Fancy Work,<br>Men's Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,<br>Ladies' " " " "<br>Child's " " " " |
|---|--|

Men's and Boy's Hats and Caps.

Our stock of Mixed Paint, White Lead and Paint Oils ready for spring use will be found complete. Full Stock of Groceries, Flour, Oat Meal, Corn Meal, at Lowest Prices.

**J. & W. BRAIT,** KINGSTON, KENT CO., N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1889.

# The Review,

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Published every Thursday at \$1.00 per year in advance; \$1.50 if not paid within three months.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER!

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND!

SUBSCRIBE NOW

All Kinds of Printing.

Good Work---Low Rates.

Address Labels, Books, Bill-Heads, Bills of Lading, Blanks all kinds  
Bonds, Blotters, Bills of Fare, Business Cards, Ball Invitations,  
Ball Programmes, Catalogues, Circulars, Calendars, Checks,  
Certificates, Counter Bills, Charters for Societies,  
Dodgers, Drafts, Druggist's Printing, Folders, Gang  
Saw Bills, Hangers, Hotel Registers, Invoices,  
Insurance Printing, Letter Heads, Labels,  
Magistrate's Blanks, Memorandums, Menu Cards, Note Heads, Notes  
of Hand, Orders, Posters, Programmes, Pamphlets, Price Lists,  
Receipts, Reports, Statements, Show Cards, Shipping Tags,  
Tickets, Visiting Cards, Wedding Cards, Wedding  
Invitations, executed with neatness and despatch.