

POLLY'S EXPLOIT.

Kane Creek was a railroad crossing on the S. and C. C. Railroad about two miles from the division terminal at Mercer. It was in the midst of a scrubby pine forest, with a sandy road crooking out from the trees on one side and into the trees on the other. There were only two or three houses, a little general store with a porch like the visor of a military cap, and a schoolhouse, all arranged in a scraggy row along the railroad track. The dusty red depot was an oasis in the midst of a cinder desert, with a great many telegraph wires singing overhead.

A dozen trains whirled through Kane Creek every day with only a shriek of greeting and a whipping wake of fine sand. Only two of them paid the slightest attention to the girl in a blue gingham dress who stood in the little observation window. One of them was the way freight which stopped at Kane's every time it came along while the conductor handed the girl a bundle of yellow papers and received another like it in return. The other was the night express westward bound from St. Paul, and running at forty miles an hour. It was a splendid train—ten cars, with the finest engine on the road, big no. 606. As its glaring eye flashed around the bend in the direction of Mercer the girl in the gingham dress often thought of the great train as a powerful and furious beast snorting and roaring westward on a race with the sun. It was a beast, but it was well trained, and she knew the hand that trained it. When the train was a mile away there were always two blasts on the whistle. Everyone else in Kane's thought they meant simply, "Wake up, look out!"—for that is what all locomotives say at every crossing—but the girl in the gingham dress heard "Hello, Polly," and darted out on the platform and waved her handkerchief. As the great train thundered nearer a hand was thrust from the engineer's window, and although it was usually dark, she could see the flatter of something white, and oftentimes as the engine darted past the station she heard the blurred sound of a voice and caught the glimpse of a grimy face and a blue jean jacket. And then she went back to her place in the little station with a sigh of deep contentment.

For it was a moment of great joy to Polly Marshall when her father's engine went through. Polly was the station agent at Kane Creek—any one could have told that a woman presided in the little depot, for was there not always a bouquet in the window and dainty pictures surrounding the grimy time-tables on the walls, and a kitten curling upon the door-step? At seventeen Polly had gone in as assistant to learn telegraphy and when Clark, the agent was called to Mercer the company had left the independent girl in charge. She and her father lived in one of the wooden houses a stone's throw back from the depot, and since Polly's mother died they had been everything to each other.

Engineer Marshall was a big, silent man, and his companions, some of them, thought him gruff and ill tempered, but to Polly he was always tender as a kitten. Often when she was a little girl he took her down with him to Mercer on his engine and while she sat on his black leather seat at the cab window, clinging on with both hands, he explained to her how the big black creature under them was started and stopped, what this brass crank was for, and how, when the engine squeaked here or squealed there, a little oil was needed in this cup or in that crevice. And Polly had learned to know an engine as well as she knew the neat little pantry in the house at home. Indeed, she had more than once managed the levers and the throttle, although it was very heavy work for a girl to do.

It was one night late in the fall that Polly Marshall had need of all her knowledge of engines. She was sitting at her desk in the little observation window, a shaded light throwing its rays down on her telegraph instruments and the sounder clicking sleepily. Suddenly she was startled by the sudden call of her number. Instantly her fingers sought the keys, and she gave the answer that signified that she was all attention.

"Look out for—" clicked the sounder, and then it suddenly ceased, and try as she would Polly could get no further communication with the station next to the eastward. What could the trouble be? What was she to look out for? Polly sprang to her feet, remembering that the night express, of which her father was engineer, was the next train due. Could anything be the matter? She ran out on the dark platform to see that her lights were all in place and that the switches were properly set, so that the express would slip past the station without an accident. Then she went back and called up Mercer.

"Can you get Pinckney?" she asked. Pinckney was the station which had sent her the warning dispatch so mysteriously interrupted. She knew the operator at Pinckney well—every night he told her of the approach of her father's train, and whether or not it left his station on time.

"Pinckney quiet; can't get answer," was the report of the wires. "What's the trouble?" Polly answered as well as she could, and Mercer made another attempt to arouse Pinckney.

Her father's train was now due. It should be whistling cheerily at the lower bend. Polly stepped out on the platform and peered up the track. Yes, there was the familiar headlight—she would have known it among a hundred. Then came the whistle "Hello, Polly," and Polly ran back into her office much relieved and sat down to wait Mercer. At that instant she heard a peculiar cracking sound that sent her heart quivering deep in her bosom. Then there was the shrill scream of the locomotive whistle, suddenly interrupted, as if the hand that had drawn the lever had been struck from its place. Polly knew it

was a cry of distress. It seemed to say "Help" in a long tremulous wail. Instantly Polly darted outside and flew up the track. Already the express should have thundered past the station, but she could see its headlight a hundred yards or more away. The had stopped.

With a hundred terrifying questions flashing through her mind Polly ran on through the gloom. When she was almost within range of a big headlight she saw a half-dozen armed men swarming around the engine, she heard fierce oaths, and then the engine started up again. She saw in an instant that it had been cut free from the train. In the cab window, where her father usually stood, there was a big, unfamiliar figure, managing the lever and throttle. Terrified, Polly sprang to one side into a clump of bushes. As the locomotive passed her on its way up the track she saw that the man in the cab wore a black mask on his face, and then she knew what had happened. She understood why Pinckney had tried to warn her and then failed. Robbers had held up the train and were preparing to rob the express car.

For a moment Polly was torn with doubt and terror. Had they shot her father? She knew that he never would submit to have his train captured without a struggle. Should she go to him? Then she remembered her station and the telegraph, and without a moment's delay she was flying down the track toward the depot. She would send for help to Mercer. But squarely in front of the little depot the locomotive stopped and the black-masked man sprang from the cab window and darted across the platform. Hardly thinking what she was doing, Polly ran up on the other side, the fireman's side of the engine, and, raising herself up, peered into the cab. She had half expected to see her father's dead body lying on the floor, for she had heard much about the terrible doings of train-robbers.

Through the cab window she could see the robber sitting at her own little desk in the depot sending a message. It flashed over her all at once that he was wiring Mercer that the express was delayed, thus preventing any alarm. The robber had pushed up his mask and she saw him plainly.

What should she do? She dared not enter the office, and she, a mere girl, could be of no service where the robbers were making their attack on the train. If only she had the little revolver that lay in the drawer of her desk—she set her teeth as she thought what she would do with it.

At that moment three shots rang out, clear and distinct, from the detached train. The man at the telegraph instrument sprang to his feet and ran to a side window in the waiting-room and looked up the track.

Now was her chance. Hardly thinking what she did, Polly sprang to the engineer's side of the cab, threw back the reverse lever and opened the throttle steadily. The big steel wheels began to turn, very slowly at first. Farther and farther the throttle opened and faster and faster turned the wheels, and yet they did not go half fast enough to suit Polly, who was now glancing fearfully over her shoulder.

Suddenly the depot door was thrown open, and she saw the robber darting up the track. He had his pistol in his hand. He was pointing it at her and shouting for her to stop. But the engine was now going at good speed, and, run as he would, the robber could not catch it. But he stopped and fired, the bullet ripping through the cab cover above Polly's head.

The engine was now tearing down the track at full speed. Polly knew that it must be fired or it would not go far, and so, leaving the throttle open she sprang to the coal pit, flung open the fire hole, and with the heavy shovel in her small white hands threw in load after load of coal. When she returned to her place she could see the first signal light of Mercer already blinking into view. She pulled down on the whistle cord and the engine shrieked its distress.

Five minutes later Polly strained at the heavy reverse lever, turned hard on the air-brake and brought the great iron horse to a sudden standstill. How she ever managed to stammer the story she never knew, but in a few minutes the engine was headed back with half a dozen armed men aboard of her. Behind them came another load of men on a switch engine and two men were racing up the street of Mercer calling the alarm.

They heard firing before they reached Kane Creek, but it ceased soon afterward. The robbers had gone. They had taken with them much plunder from the passengers, but they had not been able to get into the express safe, although they were at work drilling it open when relief came.

From the time that the engine stopped Polly was missing. When the rescued and excited passengers and express messengers began to crowd around and inquire the Mercer men remembered her. A party of them went out to find the girl who had brought help to the beleaguered train.

In a little clump of bushes they heard a man moaning, and an instant later they saw Polly kneeling in the sand, with her father's head in her lap, crying bitterly. And they gathered up the brave engineer and his daughter and carried them down to the train, cheering all the way.

Engineer Marshall was not badly hurt, and he was able to be in Mercer when the general manager of the road thanked the blushing Polly officially and offered a new and better position in Mercer. And of course all the passengers and express messengers heard about Polly's brave deed and said a great many pleasant things about her, but Polly, being a sensible girl, only blushed and said that she had to do it, and that any other girl would have done the same under like circumstances—which no one believed, of course.

Later, when the robbers were captured, Polly was able to identify one of them positively—the one who had run the engine—and through him the entire party was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary.

"Wadsleigh says he never makes mistakes." "Hm—m! That's one of 'em."

For the Health and Beauty of the SKIN.

Tanoline

Toilet Soap

"LANOLINE"

Toilet Preparations

"LANOLINE"

from all Chemists.

Wholesale Depot:—67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

For Delicate and Sensitive Skins.

"Lanoline"

Too Much Headache.

Under my left hand as I write lies a letter from which I shall quote two sentences, giving a paragraph to each:

"I was never free from headache for more than five years."

"I felt that life was not worth living."

The second sentence is so nearly a corollary from the first that it might well enough be omitted; still, we will let it stand. But why should mortal man have a continuous headache for five years? Yet this one had, he says, and we can't doubt it. What a long river of pain! I wonder that both sensation and sanity were not drowned in it. Pain during waking hours, to take the edge from all pleasure; pain during necessary sleep to prevent all happy dreams and to make self-forgetfulness impossible! What a life! Indeed, it was not worth living. But, alas! we are sometimes obliged to accept worthless life as we accept a long visitation of foul weather. Yet, wait. Is that quite true? The weather, of course. But must one submit to unlimited physical distress? Let's think first, then answer.

Omitting what has already been cited, the letter runs thus: "Ever since I was sixteen years old I suffered from illness. Even if my appetite had not been poor, I should have been afraid to eat, as after every meal I had intense pain in the chest and a sense of deadness in the stomach, as though my body was making no use of the food."

"I was then residing at Ipswich, where I attended the hospital as an out-patient for two months, but got no better. I went from one doctor to another in hope some of them would know what ailed me and how to cure it. One of them told me I had grown too fast, and that my system was weakened. They gave me quinine, iron tonics, and other medicines, but no benefit came of it. And this doctoring was expensive, as everybody knows who has tried it. Many a pound it cost me, which I should have been able to spare if only the money had brought me health. But no; it was wasted; it went for nothing; the money was gone and the pain and illness remained."

"I had no hope of getting better, for hope must rest on something, and I had nothing for it to rest on. By this time, I was so weak, nervous, and depressed in spirits that I lost the common instincts of a social being; I wanted no company, no talk."

Luckily for our good friend the information he needed came to him through his eyes, not through his ears. The printed page, to one whose headaches, may not look like a flower garden, but it is better than the clack of tongues. Someone had left a book at the house. Mr. Aldous picked it up and read in it a description of his disease, and the name of the remedy Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

"I sent for the Syrup," he says; "and after taking it a few days I felt somewhat better. Therefore I continued to take it, improving gradually; and by the time I had used eight bottles I was completely well, and have ever since been strong and robust. I can now eat any kind of food, and never have the slightest pain. Your medicine has given me a new lease of life, and so I tell all my friends." (Signed) H. E. Aldous, 14, Tuscan Road, Plumstead, near London, January 3rd, 1894.

A new lease, and no mistake. And, as Mr. Aldous is yet a young man, we may hope it will prove a long lease also. The clouds have drifted by, and with a clear brain he now perceives how needless was that fearful headache of his, and the other aches bound up with it. His nerves were rattled and his blood poisoned with the products of non-digested food; life transformed into death; blessing turned into bane; dyspepsia. The famous remedy he names reversed this blasting process and dispelled its evil results. Hence he now finds life worth living. And for how many, how very many, has it not done the same kindly thing!

No wonder they speak of it to their friends. Happiness will sing and talk. And, save for aches and pains, most of us would be happy.

Almost as Wonderful.

If Scotchmen have little humor, they sometimes display a pretty good counter-foil of that useful and amiable quality.

A native of Scotland traveling in the United States was taken to see the Niagara Falls, says Household Words. "There," said his American companion, "did you ever see anything so wonderful as that?"

"Ay, man," answered the tourist, who had listened to as much American brag as he could well digest; "ay, man, at Peebles I once saw a peacock with a wadden leg."

MIRACLES TO-DAY.

William H. White of Portuguese Cove, Racked by the Tortures of Rheumatism, Is Quickly Relieved and Permanently Cured by the Great South American Rheumatic Cure.

"I was a martyr to acute rheumatism for years. All the known remedies and best doctors were given a trial, but nothing ever gave me any permanent relief until I obtained your great South American Rheumatic Cure. It has done so much for me that I gladly give my testimony, that other sufferers from the agonies of rheumatism may take my advice and try this great remedy. I am satisfied it will cure them as it has me."

TIME-TABLE MAKING.

Every Minute of the Running Time of Trains to be Considered.

The most intricate and important task in a railway's operation is the making of its timetable. By this is not meant the cards which can be found in the folders with the departure and arrival of trains, but the card which is the guide of the operating force. Peculiar charts are those which the experts use in laying out schedules bearing closely on every minute of the running time of trains, and when the completed work has been carefully verified before the final printing, no person but the one having the work under control comprehends the minuteness, the detail, the exactness that have been employed in 'stringing a time card,' as it is technically called.

Every modern railroad has a room devoted to the stringing of time cards, and it is usually filled with charts set up on standards, with roller feet, by means of which they can be moved about on the floor. They resemble blackboards in make-up, but the surfaces are white cardboard finish, with an occasional variation in colors. These charts are double-ruled, longitudinally and perpendicularly. The lines running from right to left are divisions of station and distances. The lines running the other way, from top to bottom are the divisions of time. Minutes figure very extensively in these lines. If the division is a busy one the lines are one minute lines. If it is not so busy five minutes are accounted for in each space. This is a general plan of each chart.

Along the right side of the board are the names of the stations in regular order, say from east to west. For convenience and uniformity trains running westward commence from the top and from the westward at the bottom of the chart. A fast mail going west leaves the terminus, for instance, under the existing card at 7.30 a. m. It reaches its destination at 7.50. In order to indicate on the board the time of leaving each of these stations a string is run from the top of the board to the station at which the train makes the next stop. This string verges to the left for west-bound trains in all cases. The time needed to make the next start had computed by the proper officer and the line crosses the time division line on the station line. This shows just when the train must be at the next station. It shows the course of the train from the time it steams out until it stops.

The faster the trains run and the fewer the stops the straighter the line hangs from the top to the bottom. Thus in the case of a fast mail, which travels at the highest possible speed consistent with safety and which may cover 130 miles between the hours of 7.30 a. m. and 9.12 a. m., the line falls almost straight down the board. The rate of speed is so great that as the train travels westward the time divisions are involved to the slightest degree and that line hugs the right end of the board. If the train is a slow local, making all the stations, the line travels quite rapidly downward and to the left, each succeeding station being indicated on the time mark by a pin holding the string to the board on the station line. This is the general system and as accurate a description of the result as could be given.

DYSPEPSIA
CURED BY DR. CHASE.

FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS
W. W. HODGES SUFFERED
—DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-
LIVER PILLS EFFECTED
AN ALMOST MIRACULOUS
CURE.

Messrs. EDMANSON, BATES & Co.,
Toronto.

DEAR SIRS,—I take the liberty of writing to you regarding my experience with DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS, and the wonderful cure of dyspepsia of 18 years' standing effected by them with three boxes. I am as well as I ever was, and am a man of 64 years of age. I have recommended DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS to a great number of people and they all say they are worth their weight in gold. If you desire any further statement or certificate of my case, I will be pleased to furnish one.

Yours truly,

W. W. HODGES,
Holland Landing, Ont.

One must see the men at work making the changes to realize the extent of the calculation and responsibility.

When spring changes are to be made the train dispatchers of the division are sent for and assemble in the cardroom. There they meet the superintendent's clerks and begin manipulation of the boards. This would seem to be a small affair, but the changes of the time at one station in that division of one train necessitates the change of the time not only at every station on the division, but also frequently involves the time of other trains. Then the clerks and dispatchers must compute the changes, verify them, make the changes by a general shifting of the station pins and check off on the printed card.

While at the boards the men present a very animated scene. Sometimes a group work on a board twenty-six feet in length. Stations are scattered down the board, but the enormous number of trains involving the suburban service makes it look much like a thickly studded spider web. The men take their places along the board, each handling some one series of suburban service or some through train. As the change of time is called for the starting point—say Chicago—the man handling the train or series cuts out the pin and makes the shift to comply with the new time. He corrects it by checking up as he goes. Then he and the clerk compare the figures for the next station, based on a computation of the time needed to make it, and also with reference of clearing the track for the through train. This brings in the man running the through train, and they all bunch together and discuss the situation, having due regard to the arbitrary time fixed by ordinances or engineering difficulties and reach a common understanding on the subject before the pins are set.

Each crossing point, or station where two trains meet on that board on the same time, is marked with a big pin. This indicates to the clerk making up the table for the printer that a meeting is fixed for that particular station, and its time is printed in black figures about double the usual size. When the printer has set up and proved the new card the men reassemble and carefully check the printed tables against that board. If the slightest variation is discovered it is marked on the proof and the latter returned to the printer. This is done until an absolutely correct table is turned out from the press.

This is a fair explanation of the trouble it causes the employees of a great railroad system in the mere arrangement of tables for the operation of the trains. The cards thus compiled are the result of painstaking effort in the superintendent's office, based on the arbitrary natural conditions of the conditions of the road. In the city, for instance, there is an ordinance which compels the trainmen to hold their trains always in full control and not exceed a given rate an hour. Then there are heavy grades at certain points and the trains can only make a certain speed. These are arbitrary points and the time needed to cover them must be deducted first and then added in the whole distance to be covered on a single trip.

Any failure to make due allowance for these arbitrary points will throw the whole schedule out of running order and make a wonderful amount of trouble for somebody. Hence the men are selected for their accuracy as well as knowledge, and what seems to be a trifling employment is really the one thing which makes travel by rail a thing of safety and dispatch. The delay of a train running on a schedule thus compiled will throw everything out of order and cause no end of trouble from one end of the system to the other. It is no mean task to get out a time card for a modern railroad with thousands of miles of tracks to cover and hundreds of stations to provide with adequate service.

STRIKING EFFECT OF CLIMATE.

He Was Doubtful of the Slot Machine and His Increase.

Occasionally an eloquent testimonial to the virtues of a "health resort" fails to find a place in the printed matter sent out by the hotel-keepers or others interested in the prosperity of the place.

A railway president, who had gone to one of the summer resorts of the Northwest to spend a few weeks, was sitting on the veranda of a hotel enjoying the lake scenery and his cigar, when he was accosted by a resident "boomer" with the remark:

"You'll find the air here full of ozone, sir. You'll sleep like a log. Before you have been here a week you will gain ten pounds, or I miss my guess; and I'm generally right."

"I don't doubt it," replied the railway magnate. "I gained eight pounds the very first day."

"That beats the record," said the "boomer," slightly dazed, but recovering himself promptly, "though I've known instances almost equal to it."

"Yes," rejoined the other, "eight pounds! I weighed myself on a nickel-in-the-slot machine at the railway station when I landed here, and the indicator pointed to 157. An hour later I stepped on the same kind of machine at the hotel, and the figure was 165. Gain of eight pounds in sixty minutes, sir, and I hadn't eaten a bite! Hadn't done anything but breathe this wonderful air. Never saw anything like it! Marvellous climate, air—simply marvellous! And all it cost me was ten cents!"

"Er—yes," observed the resident, and the conversation lagged.

Gillette, the actor and author of "Secret Service" is so unwell in England that he is returning to the United States. During his illness, which necessitated his being out of the cast, he was replaced by M. L. Alsop who was the Henry Dapout of the original cast.