

SAVED THE TRAIN.

Kane Creek was a railroad crossing on the S. & C. Railroad, about two miles from the divisional 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 tinder 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 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 ferocious beast snorting and roaring westward on a race with the sun, and she knew the hand that trained it. When the train was a mile away there were always two blasts of the whistle. Every one in Kane 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 flutter of something white, and oftentimes as the engine darted past the station she heard the blurred sound of a voice and caught a 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 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 there was not always a bouquet in the window and dainty pictures surrounding the grimy time-tables on the walls and a kitten curling upon the doorstep? At 17 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 as tender as a kitten. Often when she was a little girl he took her 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 squeaked there, a little oil was needed in this cup or that crevice, and Polly had learned to know an engine as well as she knew the next little pantry in the house at home. Indeed, she had more than once managed the levers and 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 sounding key clicking sleepily. Suddenly she was startled by the 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 from the station next to the eastward. What could the trouble be? Polly sprang to her feet, remembering that the night express of which her father was the 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't you get Pinckney?" she asked. Pinckney was the station which had sent her the warning dispatch so mysterious 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 had 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 read 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 his 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 the headlight a hundred yards or more away.

With a hundred terrifying questions flashing through her mind, Polly ran on through the gloom. When she was almost within range of the big headlight, she saw half a 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 manning 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 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 if 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 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 a robber darting up the track. He had a 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, ran as he would, the robber could not catch it, but he stopped and fired, the bullet ripping through the cab over 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 firehole, and with the heavy shovel in her 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 cord and the engine shrieked its distress.

Five minutes later Polly strained at the heavy reverse lever, turned hard on the airbrake 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 a half 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 the 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 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 her a



positively—the one who had run the engine—and through him the entire party was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Later, when the robbers were captured, Polly was able to identify one of them new and better position in Mercer, and, of course, all the passengers and express men



BORN.

Truro, March 23, to Mr. and Mrs. F. McCleure, a son.
Truro, March 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Allan Evans, a son.
Halifax, March 26, to the wife of James Stanhope, a son.
Canaan, March 22, to the wife of Henry Skidmore, a son.
Halifax, March 30, to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wetmore, a son.
Truro, March 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Neal Campbell, a son.
Gates Mt., March 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Raluse, a son.
Northport, March 24, to the wife of John M. Burns, a son.
LaHave, March 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Meisner, a son.
LaHave, March 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Young, a son.
Annapolis, March 22, to the wife of E. W. McBride, a son.
Richibucto, March 25, to the wife of Mr. Wm. Bell, a son.
Outram, March 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Banks, a son.
Truro, March 29, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Etheridge, a son.
Truro, March 8, to Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Kennedy, a son.
Oxford, March 22, to the wife of Chas. Cove, a daughter.
Halifax, March 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Julien, a daughter.
Moncton, March 29, to the wife of Leonard Black, a daughter.
Winnipeg, March 23, to the wife of Fred Ansley, a daughter.
Beaconsfield, March 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Roode, a daughter.
Halifax, March 11, to the wife of Mr. G. B. Douglas, a daughter.
Campbellton, March 27, to the wife of S. H. Lingley, a daughter.
Sussex, March 28, to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hubbard, a daughter.
Wolville, March 24, to Mr. and Mrs. John Kaye, a daughter.
Outram, Feb. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Miller, a daughter.
Truro, March 22, to Mr. and Mrs. R. O. McCurdy, a daughter.
Brier Lake, March 22, to Mr. and Mrs. B. Deveau, a daughter.
Halifax, March 26, to the wife of James R. Theakston, a son.
Hortonville, March 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph King, a son.
McAdam, March 31, to the wife of Ambrose W. Grass, a son.
New Glasgow, March 27, to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Doull, a son.
Kentville, March 18, to Mr. and Mrs. George E. Belisle, a son.
Belisle, March 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Beth L. Gesner, a son.
Great Village, March 20, to the wife of Mr. G. W. Blaikie, a son.
Milton, Queens, March 24, to the wife of Allan Morley, a son.
Springhill, March 27, to the wife of John A. McDonald, a son.
Clam Harbor, March 29, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Homans, a son.
Paradise Mills, March 26, to Mr. and Mrs. John Howard, a son.
Truro, March 21, to the wife of J. Thomas Blanchard, a daughter.
Yarmouth, March 27, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Redding, Jr., a son.
Kingston Kent, March 10, to the wife of R. W. Mitchell, a son.
Wolville, March 24, to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Woodman, a daughter.
Yarmouth, March 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Allen, a daughter.
Meagher's Grant, March 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Grant, a daughter.
Cedar Lake, March 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Porter, a daughter.
DeBert River, March 12, to the wife of Mr. Alex. Cotnam, a daughter.
Eastville, Col., March 16, to the wife of Mr. Harvey McLean, a son.
Fredericton, March 29, to the wife of George H. Clarke, a daughter.
Campbellton, March 23, to Mr. and Mrs. W. McD. Metzler, a daughter.
Penniac, York Co., March 18, to the wife of John Cameron, a daughter.
Antigonish, N. S., March 29, to the wife of John McNeil, a daughter.
Marysville, York Co., March 14, to the wife of Daniel Gregory, a son.
Belmont, Colchester, March 6, to Mr. and Mrs. John F. McKay, a son.

Paradise West, March 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Sabines, a daughter.
West Leicestershire, March 17, to the wife of Chas. Deleclercq, a daughter.
Sandy Cove, Queens, March 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Phillips, a son.
Hartville Hants Co., March 21, to the wife of Mr. Lent McQuillen, a daughter.
St. Nicholas River, Kent, March 14, to the wife of Wm. Mundle, Jr., a daughter.
Upper Dyke, Cornwallis, March 23, to Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Dodge, a daughter.
West Northfield, Cumberland, March 24, to the wife of Obed Dauphinee, a daughter.
Halifax, April 1, to the wife of L. J. Mytun, a son.
Digby, March 30, to the wife of James Welsh, a son.

MARRIED.

Bridgewater, March 23, William Stewart to Bessie Crouse.
Buenos Ayres, Jan. 7, George Brown to Mary E. Bowden.
Sussex, February, by Rev. E. H. Nobles, Robert Holmes to Jane Dwyer.
Calais, March 22, by Rev. A. J. Padelford, George Thomas to Gertrude Seelye.
Halifax, Feb. 28, by Rev. J. E. Hughson, Winifred M. Bowser, to J. H. Jost.
Calais, March 23, by Rev. D. Morrill, Herbert Austin to Jennie Kellogg.
Westville, March 22, by Rev. T. J. Stewart, M. Fraser to Hannah Anderson.
Boylston, March 15, by Rev. G. F. Day, Alfred O. Toye, to Annie E. Bruce.
Shag Harbor, March 16, by Rev. W. Millar, Arthur Goreham to Ethel Crowell.
Yarmouth, March 26, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Lemuel Goodwin to Sadie Goodwin.
Sussex, March 30, by Rev. James Gray, Heber Truro, to Miss Emily J. Jupp.
Truro, March 23, by Rev. H. F. Waring, James S. Moore to Minnie McDonald.
River John, March 24, by Rev. R. J. Grant, James Redmond to Jennie Gammon.
Colchester, March 23, by Rev. A. B. McLeod, Martin Higgins to May Fraser.
Houlton, March 31, by Rev. C. Boon, Leonard Houlton to Mrs. Emily J. Jupp.
Milltown, N. B., March 26, by Rev. S. H. Rice, Herbert E. Masters to Nellie Polley.
Virden, Man., Feb. 24, by Rev. Mr. Fowle, Thomas M. Frame to Agnes Dohahoe.
Parrsboro, March 22, by Rev. A. K. McLean, Leonard A. Rowe to Annie B. Randall.
Sandford, March 22, by Rev. G. J. McDonald, George L. Cleveland to Bertha Rodney.
Harvey, York Co., March 27, by Rev. Thomas Marshall, Geo. Willets to Lizzie Whitman.
West Branch, River John, March 23, by Rev. R. J. Grant, J. W. Dobson to George McKenzie.
Clark's Harbor, March 29, by Rev. A. M. McIntosh, Oscar W. Nickerson to Lizzie J. Brown.

DIED.

Reserve, Mar. 22, Mary Paul.
Truro, Mar. 24, John Robinson.
Truro, Mar. 21, Henry Blair, 63.
St. John, April 1, Maggie Olive, 20.
Truro, Mar. 29, Mary McDougall, 24.
St. John, Mar. 31, William Black, 70.
New York, March 27, Ellen Morrissey.
Halifax, March 31, Helena Meahan, 7.
Newcastle, Mar. 25, William Merry, 75.
Philadelphia, Mrs. Chas. B. McGill, 78.
Fugwash, March 21, Fanny McLeod, 12.
Cornwallis, Mar. 17, Lavina Bowles, 76.
Sackville, March 31, Robert H. Ward, 48.
Oakland, Cal., Feb. 21, John Marshall, 84.
New Glasgow, March 24, Lida Kennedy, 18.
Halifax, March 31, Elizabeth Sturton Silver.
Scottdale, March 23, William Dinwoodie, 75.
Molins River, Mar. 19, James Dargavel, 85.
Maitland, Mar. 28, Capt. C. J. McKenzie, 60.
Scottdale, March 23, William Dinwoodie, 75.
Leadville, Colorado, Mrs. Mary J. Moore, 62.
Dartmouth, March 31, Margaret M. Green, 78.
Halifax, March 30, Mrs. Thomas McCarty, 81.
Brooklyne, N. Y., Mar. 21, John L. Stewart, 22.
Liverpool, N. S., Mar. 29, Isiah Jollimore, 40.
Springhill, March 29, Annie Hawker Barry, 85.
Merigomish, March 16, Nicholas P. Olding, 71.
Bridgeville, March 4, Mrs. Hugh McDonald, 84.
Nutley, New Jersey, March 26, Hattie E. Hoyt.
St. John, April 2, Abigail Genevieve Coleman, 2.
Halifax, March 26, Sarah Gordon Robertson, 54.
Upper Mills, Mar. 24, Mrs. Joanna McCann, 65.
Halifax, Mar. 31, Annie, wife of R. W. Suttis, 42.
Summersville, Queens Co., Mar. 20, Wm. Collins.
Halifax, Mar. 24, Walter Gordon Mitchell, 4 mths.
Halifax, Mar. 17, Mary, widow of Gordon Blair, 59.
Chatham, March 23, Patrick Joseph Troy, 11 days.
St. Peter's, C. B. March 27, Christina M. Morrison, 3.
Bear Island, York Co., Mar. 27, James Bishop, 78.
Ohio, Yarmouth Co., March 26, Miner H. Durkee, 82.
Lower Shag Harbor, March 20, David B. Nickerson, 81.
Clarence, Mar. 9, Janet, wife of William A. Corbett, 49.
St. John, April 4, Jennie, wife of Walter H. Carnall.
Chatham, Mar. 30, George, son of W. S. Loggie, 20 years.
Overton, Mar. 26, Mabel, wife of William A. Cann, 19 years.
Truro, Mar. 29, Mary, wife of William McDougall, 24 years.
Kansas City, Missouri, March 26, Richard F. Hanrahan, 87.
Musquodoboit Harbor, March 24, Elsie E. Landels, 2 months.
Halifax, Mar. 28, Gertrude, wife of the late John McDougall, 43.
St. John, April 3, Margaret, wife of Alfred F. Bonnet, 43.

Alton, Antigonish, March 26, Mrs. James McClesney, 86.
North Head, Grand Manan, March 30, Alice F. Deleclercq, 21.
Eagle Rock, Queens Co. N. D. March 28, William Henderson, 86.
West-Ida, April 2, Louisa, wife of Nathaniel Belyes, 71 years.
Dartmouth, Mar. 31, Margaret M., daughter of the late Henry Green, 78.
Liverpool, Mar. 24, Maude, daughter of Thos. and Gussie Clattenburg, 10.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:
Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,
Lve. St. John at 7.15 a.m., arr Digby 10.15 a.m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.
Lve. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr St. John, 4.00 p.m. Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lve. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr in Digby 12.50 p.m. Lve. Digby 1.02 p.m., arr Yarmouth 3.36 p.m. Tues. and Fri.
Lve. Halifax 7.45 a.m., arr Digby 12.30 p.m. Lve. Digby 12.42 p.m., arr Yarmouth 3.00 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a.m., arr Digby 11.10 a.m. Lve. Digby 11.25 a.m., arr Halifax 6.48 p.m. Mon. and Thurs.
Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a.m., arr Digby 10.09 a.m. Lve. Digby 10.14 a.m., arr Halifax 3.30 p.m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri.
Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a.m., arr Digby 8.50 a.m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p.m., arr Annapolis 4.40 p.m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluenose between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE

By far the finest and swiftest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express train and "Flying Bluenose" Expresses, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 4.30 p.m. Unquestioned cruise on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.
Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.
Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.
W. E. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
P. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Cheapest. Quickest and Best ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE, YUKON TERRITORY.

Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer will leave Vancouver B. C. for Alaska points, March 16th, 23rd, 30th; April 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th.

Tourist Sleeping Cars

for the accommodation of Second Class Pacific Coast Passengers, leave Montreal (daily except Sunday) at 2.00 p.m. Friday's Car is attached at Carleton Place. Berth accommodating to Montreal to Revelstoke etc., \$7.00 Montreal to Vancouver etc., \$8.00.
Write for Pamphlets etc. via "British Columbia" Klonike and Yukon Gold Fields. "Vancouver City's guide to the Land of Gold." Tourist Cars etc., and all other particulars regarding trip, rates of fare etc., to

A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. General Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax.....13.10
Express for Sussex.....16.30
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30
Express from Moncton (daily).....10.39
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....18.30
Accommodation from Moncton.....24.2

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FOTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

DON'T TOUCH.

Don't touch a cancer with a knife. The knife is deadly. A cure has been discovered that needs no knife or plaster. Full particulars 6c. (stamps). STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.