

CRAZY FIREMAN ON 607.

STRUGGLE OF AN ENGINEER ON A FLYING LOCOMOTIVE.

Unexpected Outbreak of a Drunken Man—Peril of a Train Rushing Down Grade—A Kick at the Air Brake That Settled the Business and Prevented a Wreck.

Over in the lounging room for the trainmen at the terminus of one of the trunk lines in Jersey City several trainmen were exchanging stories of hairbreadth escapes, fast rides, and instances of presence of mind, while waiting to be summoned to their duties. Finally it came the turn of a small, gray-haired, keen-eyed man.

'Well, yes,' he said, taking a chew of his neighbor's tobacco. 'I had one excitin' trip. It was 'long back in '88, before the coming of these double-cabbed Mother Hubbard engines on which, if you want to speak to the fireman, you have to stop at a telegraph station and send him a message or else slap the air over in the 'mergency notch 'n' bring him up to you whether he wants to come or not. Never did like these pesky double deckers. I was doing stunts on 607—a good old mogaw! ste were, too. Just cut the shop, where she'd been overhauled 'n' had the air brakes put on her.

'I left the other end of the division on a trip right after payday 'n' my regular fireman had reported ill. I'd seen him the night before 'n' he looked rather weak 'n' tired 'n' I thought he'd been taken ill. They used to have a great trick doing that after they'd got their mon. I had a fellow by the name of Conroy in his place 'n' we hadn't got along very far 'fore I came to the conclusion that he was mite under, the weather, too, 'n' he couldn't make the old 607 steam nohow. The outcome of it was that he laid down several times on the trip in 'n' barely caught the steamer with our export freight. Old Nuthead, the engine dispatcher, he made me walk the carpet 'n' said if I didn't do better that he'd drop me back on the coal again. I hadn't been running fast freight very long 'n' I left him feeling rather testy, but I didn't say anything 'bout Conroy, as I thought that durin' our lay-over in this end he'd kinder pound his ear 'n' sleep off the booze 'n' be all right goin' back.

'We caught train 79 for the return trip with about thirteen cars perishable stuff for Chicago which were rigged up with the air, which was a purty good string of air-brake cars for those days 'n' about fifteen scabs, without air. I was thinkin' what a stop you could make on short notice with them, 'n' how you could turn things over in the caboose. Old Joe Hoffman was our conductor, 'n' he was an awful man to swear and cut up high jinks if everything didn't come his way.

'We hadn't moved out very far along the leaders when I saw as how I'd have to do some talkin' to get that train in on time. Soon we'd get to a little grade I'd drop her down a notch or two 'n' she'd kick up her heels 'n' lay right down for want of wind. Conroy, instead of sleepin' while he was off duty, had gone out 'n' put on some finishin' touches 'n' made it worse.

'You can just guess I was mad clean through, 'n' I thought to myself as how I would get Mr. Conroy about thirty days in which to rest 'n' p'aps end his little railroadin' career soon's we got home again. When we got to the first waterin' tank, about forty miles out, we had used up just two hours 'n' fifteen minutes. The regular runnin' time was only an hour 'n' forty-five minutes, so you see we'd be t thirty minutes on forty miles almost level 'n' with a light train. The outlook was that we'd never make the heavier grades on the western end unless Conroy took a brace. While I was cillin' around Hoffman came runnin' up cussin' like one mad 'n' says:

'Blankety, blank blank you, what the blank's matter widjer? I want'er git home in time for church Sunday. Here's a message from Jersey which says as how if yer don't hurry up they'll take yer off here at the nex' plug 'n' give us a respectable man.'

'As te is only about midnight Tuesday night his speech got my dander up 'n' I told him as how he 'd Jersey could both go where asbestos clothing is a boon, 'n' the broilin' sun never sets. But I climbed up on the tank 'n' maybe I didn't give that fireman a settin' out.

'You long, lanky blunderbuss,' I says, for he was a big codger, much bigger'n' meself, 'if you don't take a purty sudden brace 'n' keep the wind up on this mogaw!

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till we get in you might as well sit right down here 'n' send your regrets to the super, 'cause I'll report you soon's we get in, or my name ain't John Stafford.'

'He give me a kinder reproachful look 'n' commenced fixin' his fire. As I turned to put my oil can in the box I spied a bottle of whiskey. I grabbed that bottle 'n' turned round to Conroy. 'Aha!' I says, 'so this is the cause of our gaspin' for breath every five minutes, is it? Well, here she goes, 'n' I plugged that bottle over on the track and broke it into fifty pieces, not without some regrets, as it had a pretty good smell, 'n' I'm not dead set against the stug myself, but I let her go.

'We got started again 'n' walked away up the hill from the tank as easy as Willie Bryan make a nice, long speech, 'n' I noticed an improvement in the steam gauge right away, 'n' I commenced to let 'er out at once to make up for lost time. It was purty good, even goin' then for about twenty miles, then up an incline of about three mile 'n' down the mountainside twelve miles. When we struck the top of that twelve mile hill I kept her wide open for about a half mile to give us a good start down the hill 'n' then shut her off 'n' let 'er buzz?

'The old 607 was a stem-winder, with a boiler runnin' right through the cab to the back, dividin' the fireman and engineer's side. The airbrake valve was placed right on top of the boiler, toward the back end of the cab, so's you can reach it nice 'n' handy while sittin' in the seat. I'd do no more 'n' shut her off when a shader fell over my shoulder 'n' I turned quick and Conroy sprung on me.

'You dirty blackguard!' he screamed. 'I'll teach yer to chuck my booze over 'board. Report me, is it? You dirty rag! Shure 'n' you'll never live to see the supper again.'

'As he leapt on me it took me back so that before I could do anything he grabbed me by the shoulder 'n' I fell backward alongside the boiler, my head on the front doorsill of the cab, my back on the floor, 'n' Conroy on top of me. Although I was partly stunned by the fall I had mind enough left to get my arms around him 'n' hug him close to me.

'All this while the train had been gainin' headway down that hill 'n' we were lairly sizzin', the old mogaw! swayin' to 'n' fro as we swung around turns. The space between the boiler 'n' the side of the cab was so narrow I couldn't turn Conroy off me 'n' I didn't dare let lose of him for fear that he'd get hold of my throat. He was so crazed by the liquor that he'd drunk 'n' his cravin' for more that there was no reasonin' with him. He was so big 'n' heavy that I couldn't do much the way we lay, my back flat on the floor, hemmed in by the side of the cab on one side and the boiler on the other 'n' I huggin' him like a long lost brother, the cars behind us meanwhile doin' the regtime down that hill. Things were gettin' rather excitin' as there was likly to be something ahead of us, 'n' at the foot of the hill was another water-plug. It was a branch station there 'n' the engines were switchin' there at all times. If we ever hit anything at that rate of speed I don't think Joe Hoffman or any of us would ever get in a church but once again, 'n' that would be ahead of the mourners. I couldn't depend on the train crew to do anything, as you know a crew on these fast freights draw their money for sleepin' and playin' pinoc'h'e in the caboose durin' trips.

We flashed by a station half-way down the hill, goin' so fast that I thought as how that dispatcher in Jersey City would giggle with delight if he saw what good time that perishable freight was making towards Chicago. I racked my brain to think what to do. As the light of that station flashed through the cab I spied the engineer's valve of the air brake. I figured as how I could reach it with my right foot, using my toe as a hook, 'n' jerk the valve around to the 'mergency notch 'n' top that train with a bang that would make Joe Hoffman 'n' his crew in that caboose think we'd run into a stone wall. I wiggled 'n' got my leg loose from under Conroy, 'n' with a mighty effort gave him a raise 'n' kicked out at that valve. As luck would have it my foot just caught the valve in the rebound 'n' jerked it around in the 'mergency, 'n' say, you would have thought we had been lassoed. The jar broke both our bolts, and Conroy staggered to his feet 'n' fell backward, through the back cab door 'n' rolled off the tank. 'N' that ended his railroad career then and there without any special assistance from me.

Hoffman came running up from the

caboose when he stopped and yelled: 'Well, dash yer, watcher 'soppin' here for? Can't you keep steam 'n'ut to drag 'em down hill?'

'Oh,' I said, 'Conroy, my fireman's got a side sister liven' back here in the woods, 'n' I guess he's gone to see how she is.'

'We went back 'n' picked Conroy up. His skull had been fractured by strikin' a mile post, 'n' they put his body in the caboose 'n' I got another fireman at the water plug 'n' we went in on time.'

Just then the messenger boy came in and yelled, 'Stafford, they want you fer train 81,' and, taking a farewell chew of tobacco, he left.

ROLLED IN A BARREL.

A Punishment Pronounced Worse Than Lincing by one who suffered it.

'There's something barbaric about lincing, as most people will agree,' said the man with the broken nose, 'but I can easily name two worse things. One is rolling a man around in a barrel and the other is a coat of tar and feathers. In my foolish young days I arrived at a town in Southern Indiana to find the people all excited over several arrests for robbery.

A family named Black, consisting of man and wife and a grown-up son, had been caught and made to confess to many thefts. Instead of putting them on trial, the people had determined to apply tar and feathers and walk 'em out of town. I had no objections as far as the men were concerned, but when it came to the woman I constituted myself her champion and declared that they must walk over my dead body first. For about five minutes I was a hero. Then about a dozen men grabbed me and hustled me into a room, and after the Blacks had been disposed of according to programme. I was brought out for punishment. Plenty of tar and feathers were left, but the crowd wanted a charge, and it was decided that I should have the barrel exercises. They got out and, unheeded a big cider barrel, dropped me into it and replaced the head, and then all was ready.

'I was inclined to look upon the proceedings with contempt. I had never been rolled in a barrel, and so I had no idea of the sensations. They first kicked it along the wide, unpaved street, and it had not rolled over more than twenty times when I was sick of my job. After they had enjoyed themselves for a quarter of an hour I was praying for death to hurry up. I dimly remember that after they got tired of the football work in the street they rolled the barrel up a long hill, and then let it go kiting down. You talk of seasickness; but there is no comparison. Aside from the feeling of nausea, I was jarred, jolted and bruised from head to heels, and in one of the bumps had my nose broken. I was unconscious when they finally took me out and for a week I was little better than a dead man. It was weeks and weeks before I got the revolving motion out of my head and could walk straight, and to this day I can't see a grindstone revolving without being affected by it. It would have been far more merciful to hang me up by the neck.'

'But about the tar and feathers?' was asked.

'Well, I met the old man Black about two years later, and he still smelled of the tar. He told me that it took a week's work with soap and water to get the stuff started, and that sports were left which couldn't be got off, even when rubbed with a brick. He didn't feel the degradation so much, but what hurt his feelings was that he had been obliged to put in more work on that tar than in all his life before. He had tried the barrel racket once, and he thought it a shade worse than tar, but he had no words of sympathy with me. On the contrary, he said if I hadn't mixed in the three of them would probably have got off with a ride on a rail.'

A colored woman went to the pastor of her church to complain of her husband, who she said, was a low down, worthless, trifling nigger. After listening to a long recital of the delinquencies of her neglected spouse, and her efforts to correct him, the minister said, 'Have you ever tried heating coils of fire on his head?' 'No,' was the reply, 'but I tried hot water.'

As a Last Suggestion.

The little son of a Manchester gentleman, in mischievously playing with a vase, managed after several attempts to get his hand through the narrow neck, and was then unable to extricate it.

For half an hour or more the whole family and one or two friends did their best to withdraw the fist of the luckless young offender, but in vain. It was a very valuable vase, and the father was loth to break



it, but the existing state of affairs could not continue for ever.

At length, after a final attempt to draw forth the hand of the victim, the father gave up his efforts in despair, but tried a last suggestion.

'Open your hand!' he commanded the tearful young captive, 'and then draw it forth.'

'I can't open it, father,' declared the boy.

'Can't?' demanded his father. 'Why?' 'I've got my penny in my hand,' came the astounding reply.

'Why, you young rascal,' thundered his father, 'drop it at once!' The penny rattled in the bottom of the vase, and out came the hand!

An Operation Evaded.

MR. R. A. SIZE, OF INGERSOLL, ONT., TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Symptoms of Appendicitis—The Way They Were Relieved—The Sufferer Now Well and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

In February, 1898, Mr. R. A. Size was taken very ill, and was confined to his home for several weeks. We heard that he was to go to the hospital to have an operation performed, but the operation never took place, and as he had started to work again and in apparently good health, we investigated the case and found that he has been using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. Size is a highly respected citizen of Ingersoll, having resided here for over thirty years, and has been a faithful employee at Messrs. Partlo & Son's Flouring Mills for over nineteen years. When asked by a Chronicle reporter whether he would give an interview for publication telling the nature of his disease and his cure, he readily consented. Mr. Size gave the details of his illness and cure as follows:—

'In February I caught a heavy cold which seemed to settle in my left side. The doctor thought it was neuralgia of the nerves. It remained there for some time and then moved to my right side, in the region of the appendix. We applied everything and had fly-blister on for 48 hours. They never even caused a blister and did the pain no good. The doctors came to the conclusion that the appendix was diseased and would have to be removed. The pain was very great at times, and there was such a stiffness in my ankles also in my hand, and pain all over my body.

The day and date was set for an operation, and I was reconciled to it. About a week before I was to go to the hospital my wife was reading the Chronicle. She read an account of a man who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The symptoms of the disease were so much like mine that she became interested and wanted me to give the pills a trial. I had little faith in the pills but as my wife seemed to be anxious that I should take them, I consented. The day for the operation had now arrived, and I told the doctors that I did not think I would go to the hospital for a while as I was feeling better. I continued the pills, and was greatly surprised and pleased with the result. I continued to improve, and have long since given up all idea of an operation. When I started to use the pills, I was unable to walk, and suffered something awful with the pain in my side. It was just five weeks from that time when I started the use of the pills, until I was able to walk again and I had been doctoring three months before that, and I have been working ever since. Altogether I have taken sixteen boxes of the pills, and they have done me more good than all the doctors' medicine I ever took in my life. I have now every confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and think that they are the best medicine in the world to-day. Certainly had it not been for them, I would have had to go through the ordeal of an operation and perhaps would not have been living now. I hope that by making this public it will be of benefit to others, as it was through one of these articles that I first learned of the unequalled qualities of the pills.

The public is cautioned against numerous pink colored imitations of these famous pills. The genuine are so'd only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the words 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' If your dealer does not have them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Which Way?

At a certain small restaurant a little woman, accompanied by her tall husband, entered and took seats at a table.

'You will have soup, of course,' commenced the husband, glancing at the bill of fare.

'Yes,' said the short little woman, as she tried in vain to touch her toes to the floor. 'And, John, I want a hassock.'

John nodded, and, as he handed his or-

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der to the waiter, he said, 'Yes, and bring a hassock for the lady.'

'One hassock?' asked the waiter. The waiter fidgeted round for a moment, got very red, and then bent over John's left shoulder. 'I say, mister,' he said in a low voice, 'I haven't been here long, and I'm not on to all these things. Will the lady have the hassock broiled or fried?'

THE TARANTULA HAWK.

A Wasp That Terrifies the Female Tarantula and Eats Her Up.

'Low down on the Rio Grande River,' said a man from Texas, 'where the sands are heated almost red hot with the sun, there grow the biggest centipedes, the biggest rattlesnakes and biggest tarantulas in the world. If you can look at one of these tarantulas when he is pinned fast to a board with the naturalist's thin steel pin, and you are sure that he is good and dead and cannot spring at you and shoot his poison into you, he forms an interesting subject to study. They are horrible looking hairy things, with eight eyes. Their colors are dark brown and black. The female tarantula is said to be a fickle spouse and to have a summary way, all her own, of getting rid of her consort when she is tired of him. She woos and weds all right, assumes the entire care and support of the young family. The first matrimonial jar she has, she turns to and kills her husband. Not content with killing him she eats him.

'The female is the larger and stronger of the two: and they are simply gigantic for spiders. I have seen those that measured six inches between the stretch of their legs. They are a terror to man and beast. But they are one little animal of the insect family that wicked Mrs. Tarantula stands in as much dread of as man stands in dread of her, and that is a big wasp that in Texas is known by the name of the tarantula hawk. The tarantula hawk has an exceedingly bad opinion of tarantulas. It will fly around over the head of the tarantula, make a lightning like dive down, get a good clutch of the monster spider, fly away home with him, then all the tarantula hawk family sit down to sup.

The tarantula hawk will not hurt men. On the contrary it is a blessing, and you never hear of a Western man harming one of them. It is said that these Rio Grande cattle ranchers are indebted for the tarantula hawk to an old New England professor; who, while down in the country in pursuit of his studies as a naturalist, was stung by one of these monster spiders and nearly died, and would certainly have died had it not been for the whiskey flask of his guide. In that country where rattlesnakes, tarantulas and centipedes are so big and so plentiful, no rancher leaves his house without his whiskey flask. Shortly after the old Professor left that part of the country, the rancher received a small box of these tarantula hawks with instructions what to do with them. He turned the big wasps loose, they increased and multiplied and now they are holding their own against their enemy, the tarantula.'

Debarred from Grumbling.

One after the other the batsmen in a village cricket match were clean bowled by the visiting team's professional, and the old plea that the pitch was fiery and treacherous served as an excuse for nearly all. Only one man took his failure quietly, and his apparent resignation prompted a spectator to point a moral to the rest.

'I'm glad there's a sportsman among you, anyhow,' he remarked. 'Judging by the way most of you talk, it would be impossible to get you by fair means. Somehow or other, it's always the pitch or the umpire that robs you of your wickets. Why don't you try to behave like that chap who's just come out? He's as much reason to grumble as anybody, but he hasn't said a word against the pitch.'

'He daren't,' growled a disgusted and disappointed player. 'It wor him as laid it!'

'Baby was taken very bad while you were out, mum,' said the new-servant-girl. 'Oh dear!' said the young wife. 'Is he better now?'

'Oh he's all right now; but he was bad at first. He seemed to come over quite faint; but I found his medicine in the cupboard—'

'Found his medicine! Good gracious! What have you been giving the child? There's no medicine in the cupboard.'

'Oh, yes, there is, mum. It's written on it.'

And that girl triumphantly produced a bottle labelled 'Kid R-r-r-r-r.'