

THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY.

We had been on the road something over a week in an official private car. The business part of the trip was over and the several officials gave themselves up to cards, checkers, stories and other amusements during the return journey. Nearly every one present had related some thrilling adventure which had occurred to him or come within his notice but the general manager. He had done little in the way of entertainment and had joined only reservedly in the laughter which some of the tales aroused. As we crossed the Mississippi into Illinois he in some manner got possession of a magazine which held his attention for some time. Finally he tossed it upon the table and remarked:

"Well, they may talk all they want to about despatchers, but in all my experience I have seen but one man who filled the bill in every particular. He was the man whom old Foxey couldn't fire under any consideration. That man was Dobbs," he went on, knocking the ashes off his cigar. "He's general manager of the Q P system now."

"Dobbs always was a railroad man. He began with a shovel when they built the K. C. division of the B. & O., and when I met him we came together in the despatcher's office. He worked the second track and I the third. But with all of his ability he was a peculiar case, and is today. He never cared whether he worked six, eight or fourteen hours. I could relieve him whenever I chose, it was all one to him. When I put in an appearance he would say something like this: 'Had to hold 17 at Minden—can't get in on the siding at Blair—'I'll lay her out twenty-five minutes—be good to her against 24—24 is light,' and take his hat and leave the office."

"The despatcher, a man named Marshall who died in Mexico a good many years ago had learned that he could rely on Dobbs as he could not on any of the rest of us. Not a single man on the road knew the division as Dobbs did. Every inch of grade, the length of every siding, how many cars were standing on the sidings, and in fact every detail of the road and trainmen was catalogued in his mind. He knew what engineers he could depend upon to make up lost time; just what could be expected of each and every crew."

"He always called the despatcher Billy with an easy, assured familiarity. I remember one day that Billy was figuring out a meeting point for a long local freight against No. 4, the limited. Dobbs was looking over his shoulder when he finished the order."

"Never do, Billy. You'll lay out No. 4—27 can't get in at Birden—fourteen empties on track there."

"She'll have to stay where she is, then," returned the despatcher, crumpling the order in his hand.

"Lay her out thirty minutes," replied Dobbs. "Let's see. She's pulling twenty-three loads and twenty-one empties—five scrap iron. Let her leave ten empties and the scrap iron at Flat Creek and pick up the empties at Birden. Scrap iron ain't perishable. Jones'll pull her over all right and Burns' crew will handle the cars. And he went out whistling. Not another man on the division would have dared even to criticize Billy, let alone dictate orders to him."

"But that wasn't what I started to tell about. Dobbs, with all his good qualities, had one very bad fault. About once a month he would absent himself from the office one or two, and sometimes three days. He seldom said anything to any one, but would simply board No. 9 and pull out. He invariably returned on No. 4."

"On these occasions I was usually transferred to his trick and a new man put in my place."

"Well, one day in January, just as the ice began to come down from the north at the rate of from ten to twenty extra trains a day, a messenger came for me to report in Dobbs' place. When I arrived at the office the division superintendent and the despatcher were just finishing what had evidently been an animated conversation."

"He's the best man that ever worked a wire out of this office—or any other for that matter," the despatcher was saying. "When he's here there isn't the first thing to worry about!"

"Yes, I know, but when he isn't here there's enough to worry six men, for you never know when he's going or what time he's coming back. Put Patterson in the third track and keep an eye on him for a day or two. When Dobbs comes back send him to me," and the great man stalked out of the office."

"It's all up with Dobbs, I guess," remarked the despatcher as he gave me a hurried word picture as to how the trains were running at that moment."

"Extras north, extras south, extras in one, two and three sections. It was certainly the most nerve-straining day that I had ever put in. I managed to get through with little discredit, however, and turned the division over to young Patterson in fairly good shape. He got through all right and everything seemed to be working smoothly."

The next night I took a run down to the junction to see a friend there. Our wires all came into that office and I listened to Patterson as he reeled off orders by the yard. I could tell that he was somewhat nervous, but thought it was only stage fright. But instead of regaining his composure he kept getting more rattled than ever. Suddenly I heard something like this ticked off to him:

"First and second sections of extra south and second section of extra north and first section of No. 17 here. What orders?" My hair fairly rose on end. How on earth he had all those trains at a little one horse station without a wreck was a wonder to me."

"I grabbed my hat and flew across the town for the office. When I got there I saw Patterson sitting at the key, white as a ghost. He was sending an order: No. 49 take siding at Bollins to No. 4—," he was saying. Some one broke him and said, "Ob, thunder; Rollins siding wont hold half of 49—would have to back two miles to get over the hill."

"I glanced at the train sheet. It was in a hopeless jumble. Some of the trains had not been recorded for two hours—had jumped clean off the earth, so to speak. The despatcher came in on a run at that moment."

"The man that broke Patterson now had the wire hot. Orders were flying in rapid succession. The despatcher reached for the key and broke in. "Wh—'Keep out—I'm busy," came back the reply. He then glanced at the train sheet. One glacial second was sufficient."

"Where's 12?" he gasped.

"Patterson only shook his head. No. 11 was a passenger. The despatcher then turned to me. I shook my head also."

"The sounder was rattling at a great rate. 'Repeat on 5,' we heard ticked off. 'Five's busy.' 'Take it anyhow,' came back the quick reply. Five was a commercial wire."

"To our astonishment, the order was returned and O K'd over 5 while another was being sent over the despatcher's. His features were drawn and wrinkled, and a cold sweat seemed to stand out on his brow. A whiter man I never expect to see. He was listening intently to the instruments. Suddenly his face relaxed, his eyes flashed, and he reached across the desk for the key."

"Hello, Dobbs," he called.

"Keep out, Billy, I'm too busy," came the reply."

"Billy settled back in his chair with a sigh of relief. His elbow rested on the chair, and he folded his hands in front of his face, the index fingers forming an apex. Slowly the color returned to his face. He seemed half asleep. At the first lull of the sounder, however, he reached for the key again."

"Hello, Dobbs, where are you?" he asked.

"Down, the line a ways," came the reply. "It's my trick, Billy, don't worry, every wheel is turning, but No. 12. Where was she last?"

"Don't know off the sheet."

"I'll find her. Good by, Billy," replied the incorrigible Dobbs."

"We heard him trace her from station to station until he found she had left Marshall at 9.40. It was then 11 o'clock. North from Marshall there was no night operator for thirty miles. He called the man at Princeville."

"Have you seen No. 12?"

"No," was the reply.

"Go out and see if you can see her," came the order.

"No she ain't insight," came next. There was a pause."

"Gilson, Cond. Extra South. Leave train at Princeville—take engine and crew, look for No. 12 south of Princeville," was the next order."

"No. 12 was found about half way between the two stations with a crippled engine. The crew was chasing about the village like madmen in search of the agent. But he was not found."

"I looked at the despatcher. He was asleep this time and no mistake. Patterson sat like a man in a stupor, his head bent forward until his chin rested on his white shirt front. I woke the despatcher and we carried him away to the hotel. He managed to pull through, but he had lost all desire to gain wealth and glory in the employ of a railroad, and drifted into the mercantile business, and may be living yet for all I know."

"Dobbs returned the next day and after a stormy time with the superintendent, returned to his old place. The only remark he made as he took his place the following day was, 'Poor Patterson.'"

"Where have you been, Dobbs?" inquired the despatcher.

"Just away on a short wedding trip," was the reply."

We soon found that he was telling the truth. He had fallen in love with a girl away down the line at Cook's Bend. It was a small out of the way station, and his monthly pilgrimages had been to this place. On this particular trip he had gone with the intention of bringing Miss Barnes home with him. She afterward told me the story."

"You see," she said "Bob wasn't the youngest fellow in the world and he was afraid of being what he calls grieved if the men at the office knew about it. He actually used to hide when the trains went through. You see the night we were married I managed to forget something at the depot and we went back together to get it. While we were there he discovered what trouble the new man was in and he helped him out. He worked hard, for he had to remember everything, having no time to make a train sheet. Things went pretty easy after he found 12. That worried him a great deal. When he was in a hurry I O. K'd the orders over No. 5."

"And that was the sum total of the G. M.'s contribution to our entertainment during the entire trip."

Forgiving Fido.

The eccentric John Randolph was very fond of dogs, and would pardon to one of them a transgression that he would not have overlooked in a man.

Randolph was fonder of his books than of anything else save his dogs, and it was a very unlucky thing for a human creature to damage one of the precious volumes. One day, however, an especially promising pup got into the library, and, pup-fashion, destroyed a choice copy of Virgil.

Randolph was very indignant until he learned that it was a dog and not a person who was guilty. Then he devoted half a day to gathering up the fragments of the classic, after which he tied them up in a

neat bundle, which he labeled: 'Remains of Virgil, destroyed by Fido when he was a pup.'

GOOD AND BAD FALSE LEGS.

Not One of Either Kind Was Ever Made of Cork, Despite the Designation.

They are making artificial limbs so cleverly these days that the people who wear them forget they ever suffered the trifling embarrassment of losing a leg or two or even an arm. They put in such flexible joints and such charming rubber feet that the wearers of these improved legs dance gayly at balls and cotillions without raising a question as to the make-up of their limbs. There is a man in a down town office wearing an artificial leg and foot his own having been amputated four inches below the knee, who jumps six feet forward in a sprightly manner just to show what he can do when the subject of wood-legs is mentioned. He can pick up a 200-pound man in his arms, and hold him easily and dance a jig with his rubber foot and willow limb. He would just as soon have an artificial leg and foot as not. There is one advantage, he says. He never has rheumatism, and he never suffers with corns or chilblains. He can quit a poker game at any stage without being accused or having 'cold feet.' He is as happy as a grig, though just why a grig should be happy is one of the things no fellow can find out."

"The making of artificial limbs," said one of the makers as he stood with a piece of willow tree in his hands and looked at it with a critical eye, "is an art. Every Tom, Dick and Harry who hangs out a shingle cannot make artificial limbs properly. If they did some of us would have to go out of business. You see, they go at the business in a blundering way and try to turn out legs as cheaply as possible, and the result is they turn out bad ones. Everything lies in the fitting of the stump. The making of the leg itself is almost secondary to its fitting in such a way that it will not bother the man who wears it. The making of bad legs is what keeps the business of us who make good legs going." Here the limb maker paused a moment to see whether that shot had found a target.

"There are plenty of limbs demanded," he went on, "owing to accidents and amputations for one reason and another, but if all the legs made and sold were fit to wear permanently the business would be pretty slack. The fact is that two thirds of the false limbs turned out by some houses are unsatisfactory and their purchasers come here and throw them away when they get new ones. See, and he opened the door of a closet and showed a score of artificial legs of all makes, patents and weights. They were all second hand, but some of them had evidently been worn only a short time."

"Feel the weight of that," he said, handing out a ponderous thing of leather and wood and metal. It felt to the floor with a clank like that of a bushel of coal."

"What do think of a man trying to wear a thing like that?" he asked. "Now, in here I'll show you the lightest artificial leg ever made."

He led the way to an inner room, where in a cabinet were half a dozen new limbs, all of the queer pink which is supposed to resemble flesh tints. But they certainly were light. A limb which was intended to be strapped around the hip for an amputation above the knee was as light as a basket of chips. It was made of willow pared very thin, covered with raw hide, and then painted with waterproof enamel. The foot was of rubber, firm but flexible and the knee and ankle joints worked as well as metal joints can work."

"That is the leg that I got that certificate for," said the limb maker, pointing to a framed certificate from the World's Fair, which set forth that the artificial limbs made by this manufacturer was the real thing."

"Very few of the old-fashioned wooden stumps are made now," he went on. "Of course, some people who are to poor to get an artificial limb make them themselves. They take a couple of pieces of wood and chop them out some way to support their weight. A good leg, one of the kind I showed you in there, is worth about \$100. Of course, this price keeps many people from getting them, but they are worth it. They must be fitted with a care and skill which come only from experience, and it is worth money to get the right thing the first time. There has been a great advance made in the making of artificial limbs in the last decade. One improvement has followed another until now it is almost impossible to detect the presence of a first class artificial limb. They are making feet of rubber and of aluminum and of wood, but I think the rubber feet are the only perfect ones made. They bend and give to the steps of a man walking, which aluminum does not."

"A funny thing about false legs," went on the builder of underpinning, "is the prevalence of the term 'cork leg.' Now, as a

matter of fact, there is no such thing as a cork leg and there never was. Cork would not do for a leg—it would crumble away. It was never used for the purpose and I cannot imagine how that expression originated, but right along you hear people talking about somebody with a 'cork leg.'"

The legs are made of willow, because it is light and very strong. We get it in blocks, as you see, and make every leg to order. It must be much more carefully fitted and measured than a pair of shoes or a suit of clothes, for the least thing out of the way will irritate the stump. Again, we often have to deal with bad amputations—where the surgical work was not properly done—and that makes lots of trouble."

"A false leg will last from eight to fifteen years, depending upon the character of the work done by the man who wears it. If he has to give it very hard service, of course, it will wear out sooner like anything else. There is a boy with both legs amputated below the knee. That boy is now a telegraph operator in Kansas and he plays baseball as well as the best of them."

He Missed Her.

A speech which had a pathetic as well as an amusing side is said to have been made by an old New Hampshire man on the occasion of his second wedding."

"Neighbors," he said to these who had witnessed the simple ceremony, "you all know that this good friend that's consented to marry me is something of a stranger in our town. Now I feel kind of insufficient, being only a man, to make her acquainted with everybody as quick as I'd like to. So I'm going to depend on you women folks," he added, with a confident smile at the members of the gentler sex, "to make her feel at home among us, just as my first wife would do if she were here today. I miss her considerable all the time, but more'n usual on an occasion like this!"

Rare Luck.

"It's shameful! Mr. Silenty, who is deaf and dumb, is going to marry Miss Quiett, and she's deaf and dumb."

Mr. B.—"What of it?"

"Why, just think. Their children will be deaf and dumb, too."

"That's all right. We'll watch where they settle, and move 'em next door to 'em."

"Did you know there are minute parasites in all of man's blood vessel?"

"Say, they must feel as if they had lived in vein."

Yellow will dye a splendid red. Try it with Magnetic Dyes—costs 10 cents a package and gives fine results.

BORN.

Canard, Oct. 3, to the wife of H. Dickie, a son.

Albert, Oct. 17, to the wife of John Moore, a son.

Yarmouth, Oct. 2, to the wife of H. Gridley, a son.

Digby, Oct. 22, to the wife of F. Letteney, a daughter.

Kenville, Oct. 16, to the wife of Truman Porter, a son.

Moncton, Oct. 25, to the wife of J. Thompson, a daughter.

Richibucto, Oct. 23, to the wife of John Graham, a daughter.

Springhill, Oct. 11, to the wife of Daniel Rose, a son.

Yarmouth, Oct. 25, to the wife of Blair Robertson, a son.

Waltham, Oct. 12, to the wife of Geo. Pontasse, a daughter.

Albert, Oct. 18, to the wife of Thomas Newman, a daughter.

Albert, Oct. 21, to the wife of Hugh Patterson, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Oct. 8, to the wife of Henry Doucette, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Oct. 9, to the wife of Rueben Moulson, a son.

Truro, Oct. 23, to the wife of Charles DeWolfe White, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Milton, Oct. 18, Howard Croft to Mary Vennott.

Halifax, Oct. 24, William Kelly to Sarah Cameron.

Boston, Oct. 24, W. F. Wilson and Mabel Tiltner.

Brooklyn, G. W. Knowlton to Gwendolyn Burris.

Clyde River, Oct. 24, Robert Walker to Mary Hyde.

Halifax, Oct. 20, William Sanger to Matilda Simmonds.

Carlton, Oct. 17, W. T. Eowness to Miss Ella Myers.

Corwall, Oct. 24, J. Edward Rendle to Miss Alice Abbott.

Belmont, Oct. 24, William Maclean to Lillian Munroe.

Marshalltown, Oct. 17, Jacob Hannan to Elizabeth O'Neil.

Yarmouth, Oct. 23, Herbert M. Crocker to Minnie T. Dale.

Boston, Oct. 19, B. F. Goodnow to Elizabeth Herlihan.

Corwall, Oct. 24, Harry Pethick to Miss Lizzie Frizzell.

San Francisco, Oct. 10, S. A. Wood and Romola Bigelow.

Hopewell Cape, Oct. 22, Stanley Oscar Tupper to Mary Ward.

Digby, Oct. 22, Arthur VanBlarcom to Emma Penwarden.

Digby, Oct. 19, Mr. Chas. J. Coggsall to Rebecca O. Morgan.

Boston, Oct. 25, O. J. Hutton to Miss Gertrude McLaughlin.

Rosindale, Oct. 24, Daniel MacLellan to Margaret Morrison.

Monterey, Mex., Oct. 12, Edgar W. Crosby to Miss Virginia A. Winton.

Kensington, Oct. 16, William Harrington to Miss Mary J. Graves.

Upper Clements, Oct. 17, Mabel H. Thomas to Frank Buggles.

Tusket, Oct. 24, Mr. Henry C. Mecklem to Florence L. Harding.

Southesk, N. C., Oct. 16, Robert Blackmore to Laura M. Johnston.

Southesk, N. C., Oct. 17, James McTavish to Minnie Maull.

Baccaro, N. S., Oct. 20, Thomas Atkinson to Miss Helen Reynolds.

Bear Point, Oct. 17, Mr. George L. Nickerson to Miss M. Nickerson.

Milton, Queens Co., Oct. 16, Bessie P. Morten to John B. Wernham.

Port Hawkesbury, C. B., Oct. 9, George W. Peoples to Jessie MacLean.

DIED.

Allston, Oct. 26, W. E. Page, 62.

Boston, Oct. 20, Rev. T. F. West.

Auston, Oct. 26, J. E. Blacker, 48.

Halifax, Oct. 23, John Myers, 80.

Taunton, Oct. 26, Sophia Bacon, 64.

Roxbury, Oct. 25, C. E. Roberts, 80.

Halifax, Oct. 27, Mrs. M. White, 83.

Lexington, Oct. 26, B. F. Tenney, 66.

Bear River, Oct. 24, Chas. Crosby, 72.

Tryon, Oct. 21, Howard Dawson, 40.

Annapolis, Oct. 24, J. S. Wyman, 40.

South Boston, Oct. 25, W. F. Allen, 47.

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 24, Mary A. Hayes.

Moncton, Oct. 20, Ethel M. Hayes, 11.

Earncliffe, Oct. 19, David Young, 72.

East Boston, Oct. 2, John L. Hayes, 2.

Newton Centre, Oct. 27, Edward Rising.

Lochiel, Ont., Sep. 28, Annie Cameron, 80.

Central Kildare, Mrs. Charles Cannon, 85.

Toronto, Oct. 20, Thomas Ray Godfrey, 66.

Inverness, Que., Oct. 18, Thomas E. Lamey.

Kottowitz, Germany, Oct. 6, Bruno Siebelis.

Windsor, Oct. 23, Harland W. Baird, 2 years.

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 24, Elizabeth Ann Mitchell, 9.

South Range, N. S., Oct. 21, Reginald Shortall, 71.

Hampton, N. B., Oct. 25, Robert Bannerman, 71.

Judque, Oct. 20, Anne, wife of Stephen Graham, 50.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 4, Jessie Duncan McArthur, 21.

Halifax, Oct. 25, Catherine J., widow of the late R. J. Thomas, 76.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 25, Jane, widow of the late Geo. Lyons, 50.

East Waterbury, Oct. 2, Alice E., wife of Wallace W. Person, 43.

Truro, N. S., Louise Cosman, wife of Capt. Everett McDougall.

Newington, Ont., Oct. 21, Annie, wife of Gordon Helmer, 55.

Brookline, Oct. 27, Mary, widow of the late C. W. Kimball, 69.

Ashmont, Oct. 25, Catherine, widow of the late T. S. Krowies, 78.

Liverpool, N. S., Oct. 17, Cecilia, widow of the late C. A. Foster, 54.

Watertown, Oct. 26, Almira Shorey, widow of the late J. P. Shorey.

Oxford, N. H., Oct. 25, Harriet F., widow of the late Daniel Wheeler.

Halifax, Oct. 23, Margaret, widow of the late Henry Schraae, 79.

Oak Point, N. B., Oct. 11, Helen, wife of Rev. David Wetmore Pickert.

Halifax, Southsea, England, Oct. 11, Captain Joseph Giley Dathan, R. N., 75.

Jamias Plain, Oct. 27, Caroline, widow of the late Colonel John Kuriz, 81.

Johnston, Queens County, N. B., Oct. 25, H. Kate, widow of the late Arthur Warr.

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Intercolonial Railway

On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban for Hampton.....5.20
Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.15
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....11.10
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene.....13.00
Express for Sussex.....13.45
Express for Hampton.....17.45
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....19.35
Express for Halifax and Sydney.....22.45
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.35 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.45 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sydney and Halifax.....6.00
Suburban from Hampton.....7.15
Express from Sussex.....8.35
Express from Quebec and Montreal.....11.50
Accommodation from Moncton.....14.15
Express from Halifax.....15.15
Express from Hampton.....21.50
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager.

Moncton, N. B., June 15, 1900.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.