

One Boy's Luck.

In the fall of 1879, when I was superintendent of telegraph service on the Southern Minnesota Railroad, a line repairer named Franklin sustained a severe injury by a fall, and during the winter was unable to attend to his duties. In reporting his condition, he recommended that Jonathan Hardrubble be employed in his place on the Western Division, as Hardrubble knew the line thoroughly, and was competent and trustworthy. On this recommendation I immediately sent instructions to Hardrubble to assume Franklin's duties, and he did so. Save that his division was kept in excellent condition, and his reports were concisely worded and written in a neat, round hand, I knew nothing of him.

One morning in April I received a tersely worded note from the general superintendent, telling me that he had been informed that the lineman on the Flandreau Division was a sixteen year old boy, and suggesting that a man be appointed in his place.

I was not only surprised to learn that my model lineman was a boy, but regretted to discharge him without cause, as he had proved painstaking and efficient. Furthermore, good men, willing to bury themselves on the Dakota prairies for forty dollars a month, were not numerous and undoubtedly difficulty would be experienced in finding a man to accept the place. Therefore I took a half dozen monthly reports that had been submitted by Hardrubble, and stepped across the hallway to the superintendent's office to make a personal appeal for the boy.

The general superintendent was a thorough railroad manager of long experience, sometimes gruff but always just, and I was not without hope of inducing him to rescind his order. He listened to my statement and then shook his head.

'There is too much hard work and responsibility in that position for a sixteen-year-old boy,' he declared emphatically. 'He may do his work well for a time, but occasion will arise when he will fail, and fail in such a manner that it will mean heavy property loss, if not loss of life. I must insist that that you replace that boy with a man.'

As the superintendent finished speaking and I was about to leave the room a messenger entered with a telegram. It was long and evidently important, as the superintendent read it through twice. He folded it into a small compass and slipped it into his pocket, and as I started to leave the room said:

'I have changed my mind about that boy, Gregory; you need not discharge him. And when opportunity to do anything for him arises, just call my attention to the matter.'

It was two weeks before I knew the meaning of that unexpected change of orders.

Through the long, hard winter—still famous as the 'big winter'—the young lineman had done his work as well as a man could have done it. From November 14, 1879, until the second week in March following, no trains were run on time between Wells, Minnesota, one hundred and fifty miles west of the Mississippi, and Flandreau, Dakota, the western terminus of the road; and in all those months not a dozen trains, freight or passenger, passed over the entire length of the road. The prairies west of Jackson were buried under snow drifted to an unheard-of depth, and in many places the tall telegraph poles barely protruded above the crust.

But on every day of that long cold winter the wires west of Jackson were 'working' and twice between Dec. 1, and the day in March when the big rotary snowplough cut its way through the disappearing drifts the boy had tramped across the crusty snow, from the point where the three big engines working westward were 'bucking' the drifts, to the crew of farmers and sectionmen slowly shovelling their way eastward.

With the last week in March the sun had melted what little snow had been left on the right of way by the shovellers. On the open prairies great bare spots of grass alternated with wavelike drifts, shadows of their former selves, and every tiny brook and swale was turned into a raging torrent or lake by the melting snows. The warm chinook, sweeping eastward from the far mountains, tempered the atmosphere; and when the young lineman set out on his velocipede car to inspect every foot of wire on his division, nature seemed to give a mute pledge that spring was come.

Twenty miles east of the Dakota line, in the southwestern part of Minnesota, Rock River finds its way in a southwestern direction to the Big Sioux. Its course is down a valley varying in width from three hundred yards. For miles the prairie is unbroken on either side of the valley when suddenly there is a sharp descent of seventy-five or one hundred feet to another level. The opposite bank is equally abrupt and by the valley looks as if it had been formed by a part of the prairie sinking and leaving a perpendicular bank on each side.

The engineers who surveyed the line for the railroad found it hard to determine how this valley should be crossed, the problem not being solved until a narrow gulch was found leading from the east to the bottom of the depression. From the mouth of this gully the line makes a sharp turn northward, running up the valley a short distance to a point where another ravine leads up to the prairie level westward.

The men who constructed the telegraph system avoided the dip into the valley by running their line of poles directly to the top of the descent, on the very verge of the precipice. Here a spile, one of the kind used in bridge work, had been erected, and on the opposite side of the valley another stout post had been placed. From these two poles the wire was strung across the valley, sagging in the middle, and hanging

but a few feet above the tops of cars passing on the track below.

When Hardrubble reached the point where the telegraph-line led slightly to the northward from the railroad, he lifted his light velocipede from the track and walked across the prairie toward the descent. As he approached the spile supporting the eastern end of the wire suspended over the valley, he saw that an insulator bracket was loose, permitting the wire to sag. His climbers were strapped to his feet, and he quickly made ready to replace the loosened bit of wood.

With his task finished, the boy rested his weight on the steel climbers and gazed on the scene before him. The top of the pole at an elevation of twenty feet gave him a view of the prairie for a distance of a dozen miles in either direction. Off to the west the line of rails, winding and twisting across the prairie, led toward the spires and two-story brown roofs of Pipestone, where a dark blot on the landscape indicated that the east-bound through passenger-train was at that moment leaving the station. North and south, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the valley of the Rock, and down its centre roared the river, in summer a tiny stream that might be forded anywhere, but now a torrent, fed by the melting snow.

The water was brown and white and yellow, and here and there great cakes of ice had jammed, sending the current back against themselves until parts of the valley were transformed into lakes. He saw that at the railroad bridge below him one of these dams had formed, and that the ice was piled high against the structure. And then he saw what caused his heart to beat faster and the blood to leave his cheek. The western end of the bridge had been torn from its fastenings by the pressure of ice and water, and the rails from the west led out of the gully and around a point of bluff, and ended over a gulf filled with a foaming tide and masses of grinding ice-cakes. This meant disaster to the coming train and perhaps death to train crew and passengers, unless warning of the danger were quickly given.

For miles in either direction no bridge spanned the river, and to wade or swim the stream was impossible, the strong current and moving ice making the attempt almost certain death. Where the gorges had formed, the ice was a grinding mass, and a glance revealed the fact that these could not be trusted.

Young Hardrubble's glances wandered up and down the valley and then across the prairie to the westward, where the faint blur of smoke of a few minutes before had increased to a long, black cloud. In ten minutes the train would be swinging around the sharp curve of the gully into the valley.

Then his gaze returned to the river. The only thing spanning the current was the rusty telegraph wire, leading with a graceful droop from his perch at the top of the tall pole to the opposite bluff. Could that aid him? At the middle of the valley, one hundred yards distant, it was not more than eighteen feet above the ground. If in any way he could cross on that frail span it would sink still lower under his weight, and he might readily drop to the soft turf on the western bank of the river.

An instant later he drove his steel spurs deeper into the pine pole, and as he clung with one hand to his unsteady perch, he hastily unbuckled the belt around his waist with the free hand. Attached by rivets to this stout strip of leather was a steel snap from which, by means of a ring in the handle, was suspended his hatchet. He cast the hatchet aside, removed the belt, and clasped the steel snap around the wire. Then, throwing his weight on belt and snap and withdrawing the spurs from the pole, he began the dash across river and valley.

As he released his hold on the timber the steel loop slid smoothly down the slanting wire, slowly at first and then more rapidly, his body carried forward by its own increasing momentum. The bank seemed to glide away from him, and almost in an instant he was above the raging river, the tossing waves sprinkling him with spray as he crossed. Then below him was the brown sod of the western bank, the wire sagging under his weight until his toes almost touched the earth.

Releasing his hold upon the belt, he fell headlong upon the water soaked ground, but quickly gained his footing, scrambled up the embankment to the track, and ran panting up the gorge to meet the train. His frantic gesture soon brought engine and cars to a stop.

'Why not Hardrubble?' suggested the superintendent two years later, when I notified him that it was my intention to resign, and that consequently a new superintendent of telegraph must be appointed. The superintendent did try him and after the Southern Minnesota Railroad was absorbed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul system, another promotion awaited the former lineman. Today he is superintendent of telegraph on one of the leading railways of the West.

Landing in Durban.

A novel method of leaving a steamer is in vogue at Durban, in Natal. The originality of the method arises from the peculiar character of the bay which is a long, landlocked lagoon, connected with the open sea by a narrow channel, which flows between two breakwaters intended to prevent the formation of the bar, and so to maintain free access for ships into the harbor. That bar is the battle ground of political parties in Natal. The Bishop of Natal, writing in Good Words, explains that politics turn more on proposals for fighting the bar than on any question of Liberal or Conservative policy.

In the meantime the bar holds its own, and the mail-steamer are too big to get into the harbor. The outside anchorage is a rough and restless place, and nine days

out of ten, tugs are afraid to lie alongside a gangway. Thus it happens that passengers are driven to the alternative of escaping from the ship by the same method by which St. Paul escaped from Damascus—in a basket.

'We owe gratitude, however, to the Empress Eugenie,' says the bishop, 'for since the day that she came to Natal on her sad errand, the basket has increased its dimensions. It is, in fact, almost as large as the elevator in a London mansion, affording room for three or four people to sit or stand.'

In this commodious receptacle the passengers are hauled aloft by a steam crane, and dropped with much care and precision into the tug lying alongside. The sensation of swinging aloft and dropping into that heaving tug must be anything but pleasant.

The shore gained, the visitor to Durban has a chance of making the acquaintance of the Natal rickshaw boy, who will gallop him up to the Royal hotel in good style.

These Zulu boys are good specimens of their race—a race of children. They have tremendous spirits. They would think it very tame to wait their turn for a fare, like the London cabmen. When a traveller comes out of the hotel there is wild charge of rickshaws across the street. The boys enjoy the race, and shout and leap into the air.

The dress of the rickshaw boys is a picturesque medley. It is a common thing to see one wearing the discarded tunic of a private of an English line regiment, his head covered with a child's or a lady's straw hat, ornamented with a ribbon, under the chin. Others affect the ferocious style, and adorn themselves with enormous feathers or a pair of cow's horns tied to their heads.

HUMANITY'S COMMONEST TROUBLE.

Thousands Suffering in Springtime.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

The Great Banisher of Dyspepsia Indigestion and Stomach Troubles.

The most prevalent trouble in springtime is dyspepsia in many varied forms. This common but dreaded disease is produced by acute inflammation of the nerves centered about the stomach.

It is a well known fact the stomach is one of the chief nerve centres, and physicians will tell you that without healthy, vigorous nerves, the stomach cannot properly digest food.

It must also be noted that the tissues and all the organs of digestion are quickly weakened by impoverished blood, overwork, worry and care.

The first and greatest work for all sufferers from dyspepsia and indigestion to accomplish, is to nourish and brace the nerves and purify the blood.

Paine's Celery Compound is the chosen medicine of the ablest physicians for producing nerve fibre, true nerve force and pure rich blood. When these blessings have been secured, dyspepsia and its train of evils are completely banished, and solid lasting health is established.

Paine's Celery Compound has done more for dyspepsia than all other combined agencies. Thousands of testimonials from the best people tell the story that Paine's Celery Compound 'makes sick people well.'

Mrs. E. Trinder, of Simcoe, Ont., says: 'For a long time dyspepsia and indigestion made life miserable for me. I was so bad I could not get out of the house, do housework or get regular sleep. I bought six bottles of Paine's Celery Compound from Mr. Austin, our druggist, and commenced to use it regularly. My doctor advised me to continue with your compound, and told me if I had not been using it he would have recommended it to me.' 'Your Paine's Celery Compound has worked wonders for me; it has banished my dyspepsia indigestion and sleeplessness, and given me a new life.'

Arab Horses.

Too much has been written about the respect of an Arab for his horse that it is natural to think of the Arab steed as peculiarly delicate and sensitive to adverse influences. This is not the case. The wants of an Arab horse are few, and he will maintain his health and spirits under conditions which other horses could never endure.

Indeed, not only can he put up with hardships at a pinch, but he actually deteriorates if too carefully tended. This has been proved again and again by purchasers who have refused to believe the usual three feeds of grain a day to be too much, or the morning hour of walking exercise too little.

The fact is that an Arab is naturally so

high-spirited, and so difficult to tire, that even a single feed of corn is excessive unless he is being subjected to exceptionally hard work. He will answer every requirement as a hunter, if his food is restricted to hay, or even to grass. In the summer he thrives best when he has the run of a paddock, and can regulate his own food and exercise.

These remarks apply to the ordinary Arab horse in every day life. What a picked animal can do when put upon his mettle is almost beyond belief. An officer recently returned from the Sudan says that after a ride of eight hundred miles his horse showed no signs of overwork, although he had cast all his shoes before a quarter of the journey was accomplished. Many of the camels had died on the way, and others had suffered severely, but the Arab horse was unhurt.

It was an Arab that, at Firozpur, carried one hundred and forty six pounds and won a ten mile race in twenty five minutes a feat of endurance rarely, if ever equalled.

'Did you ever bribe anybody?' asked the man who is sadly undiplomatic.

'How dare you ask such a question?' exclaimed the professional influencer. 'When I find a man who can be made to agree with my views, I admire him, and I think virtue ought to be rewarded. And I proceed to reward it.'

'Have you got the countersign?' asked the sentinel.

'Well,' replied the raw recruit, who had left a department store to enter the army, 'when I left the counter it was "This silk's twice less than cost."

BORN.

Port LaTour, to the wife of E. P. Crowell, a son.
Parrsboro, to the wife of Burton Newcombe, a son.
Arcadia, Apr. 11, to the wife of Geo. A. Baker, a son.
Lunenburg, April 13, to the wife of Robt Owen, a son.
Springhill, April 12, to the wife of John Wood, a son.
Kentville, April 17, to the wife of T. R. Robertson, a son.
Springhill, April 9, to the wife of Charles Roblee, a daughter.
Springhill, April 10, to the wife of J. R. Smith, a daughter.
Amherst, April 18, to the wife of R. J. Murray, a daughter.
Hantsport, April 6, to the wife of E. N. Forsythe, a daughter.
Summersville, April 4, to the wife of Frederick Harvey, a son.
Elm-dale, April 18, to the wife of Rev. A. V. Morrell, a son.
Tusket Wedge, Apr. 13, to the wife of Wm. Porter, a daughter.
Parrsboro, April 17, to the wife of David Thompson, a daughter.
Kempt, Queens, April 8, to the wife of Charles Allison, a son.
Upper Grandville, April 11, to the wife of Bartlett Goodwin, a son.
Revelstoke, B. C., Mar. 12, to the wife of S. L. Saunders, a son.
Milton, Queens, April 10, to the wife of Horace Cole, a daughter.
Bridgewater, April 15, to the wife of Lawson Manthorn, a daughter.
Scott's Bay, Kings, March 20, to the wife of Harriet Erym, a son.
West Head, Shelburne, April 4, to the wife of Jas. W. Renshan, a son.
Baker's Settlement, April 13, to the wife of Elias Tupper, a daughter.
Newcombville, Lunenburg, April 10, to the wife of Simon Garber, a son.
Cambridgeport, Mass., Mar. 26, to the wife of Dr. C. M. Freeman, a son.
Rose Bay, Lunenburg, April 16, to the wife of Rev. Geo. A. Leck, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Cole Harbor, April 17, Lydiard Mackintosh to Jane Tulloch.
St. John, April 19, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Thane Jones to Alice Rogers.
Shimouche, April 2, by Rev. C. W. Swallow, Hazen Wood to Agnes Smith.
Blue Mountain, by Rev. Geo. Lawson, Alexander Melkie to Violet Young.
Yarmouth, April 12, by Rev. W. C. Weston, G. W. Gray to Mary Stoddard.
Westport, April 4, by Rev. P. S. McGregor, Edith Bunker to Robert L. Haley.
Lunenburg, April 3, by Rev. F. A. Porter, Stephen Hittell to Ida May Bolivar.
Yarmouth, April 12, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Clarence Rogers to Nellie Jeffery.
Shelburne, April 13, by Rev. J. A. Smith, Arthur Perry to Belinda A. Goulden.
St. Croix, April 11, by Rev. M. G. Henry, Oliver Caldwell to Maggie McBurnie.
Westport, April 6, by Rev. P. S. McGregor, Barlow Sutherland to Bessie Phillips.
Marystown, Mar. 28, by Rev. Joseph Gaez, Milton Murray to Emma McLellan.
Parrsboro, April 11, by Rev. D. H. MacQuarrie, Freeman Dow to Lottie Brown.
Advocate Harbor, April 12, by Rev. L. Daniel, Edson Morris to Emma Brown.
Sackville, April 11, by Rev. Howard Sprague, Silas Barnes to Mrs. Peckie Harrison.
Halifax, April 18, by Rev. W. J. Armitage, John MacDonald to Georgia Nicholls.
Yarmouth, April 17, by Rev. F. S. Hartley, Elmer J. Cossart to Albertina L. Morton.
Halifax, April 18, by Rev. W. J. Armitage, William Pyke to Minnie Weatherdon.
New Glasgow, April 18, by Rev. W. H. Smith, Gordon Barclay to Christy A. Reid.
Charlottetown, April 10, by Rev. Adam Gunn, Angus Mackenzie to Emma Maclean.
Halifax, April 18, by Rev. G. W. Schurman, William Morrish to Jennie Woodman.
East Sable, April 11, by Rev. C. A. Munro, Wm. Edward Johnson to Idella H. Lloyd.
On the 16th inst., at Calais, Me., E. Laurance, editor of Railway News, St. John, and consul for the United States of Venezuela at Montreal to Mrs. Joan Patton formerly of the latter city.

DIED.

Welsford, Mary E. Earle, 77.
Alma, April 4, Moses Haulon, 95.
Windsor, April 11, Jessie King, 5.
Amherst, April 9, Gertrude Law, 15.
Albert, April 5, Thomas Pearson, 75.
Welsford, April 18, John Burton, 73.
Windsor, April 11, James Foster, 59.
Charlottetown, April 18, John Blake.
Charlottetown, April 11, John Moffat, 64.
Brooklyn, April 14, Stanley Holden, 28.
Mifflin, April 11, Mr. D. Wickwire, 87.
Cavendish, April 14, James Macneil, 80.
Toronto, April 11, Wilbur Macleod, 4.
Kentville, April 14, Mrs. Carruthers, 95.
Sheffield Mills, April 13, John Baxter 50.

Berwick, April 15, George Robinson, 16.
Canning, April 11, Harry Rand aged 37.
Milford, April 6, Mrs. Matthew Carter 68.
Amherst, April 12, Mrs. Isaac Carter, 73.
Moncton, April 16, Mrs. Wm. Forbes, 50.
Moncton, April 3, Bernard MacDonald, 87.
Yarmouth, April 15, Mr. Wm. Currier, 77.
Charlottetown, April 16, Philip Coyle, 72.
Woodville, April 12, Mr. A. Rockwell, 81.
North Sydney, April 17, Leo McMann, 7.
Springhill, April 10, Howard Chapman, 66.
Northport, April 7, Mrs. Jane Ackles, 80.
Parrsboro, April 7, Mrs. James Wad, 74.
Windsor, April 12, Mrs. John Reynolds, 84.
Hantsport, April 18, Mrs. James Cameron.
Gays River, April 8, Archibald McPhee, 88.
Argyle Head, Mar. 24, Solomon Crowell, 79.
New Glasgow, April 12, Marion Macleod, 3.
Grand Pre, April 12, Mrs. Treholm, 70.
Stanley Bridge, April 16, Daniel Mackay, 69.
Roop's Point, April 7, Matilda Armstrong, 71.
Yarmouth, April 16, Miss Harriet McGill, 90.
Puzwash Junction, April 10, Mrs. C. Mills, 27.
Brighton, Shel. Co., April 8, Wm. D. Egan, 64.
Windsor, April 17, Mrs. Welton Greenough, 55.
West Head, Shel. Co., April 10, Jas. Roche, 83.
Brown's Flats, April 17, Mrs. Samuel Holder, 76.
Somerville, Mass., Apr. 7, Mrs. Henry Hooks.
Oakland Car. Co., April 15, Jeremiah Tomkins, 84.
Centerville, Annapolis Co., April 16, Mary Gilliat 80.
Brooklyn, Hants Co., April 11, Mrs. John Chambers, 88.
Kentville, April 17, infant of Mr. and Mrs. L. Hiltz, 9 mos.
Hopewell Hill, Albert Co., April 10, Capt. T. R. Hamilton, 75.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

FOR PASSENGER FREIGHT RATES and STEAMER SAILINGS to the

Cape Nome Gold Fields,

FOR SPACE IN TOURIST SLEEPER

From MONTREAL every THURSDAY at 9.45 a. m.,

FOR ALL INFORMATION REGARDING

FARM LANDS

IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

For openings for GRIST MILL, HARDWOOD SAW MILL, CHEESE and BUTTER FACTORIES, Prospectors and Sportsmen, write to

A. J. HEATH,
D. P. A. C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr. Digby 10.00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m. arr. at St. John, 3.35 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.20 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arr. Digby 11.43 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.50 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.50 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Digby 8.50 a. m.
Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine 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, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

P. GIFFANS, superintendent,
Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted).

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Puzwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.25
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....12.05
Express for Sussex.....16.40
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.30
Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney.....22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax.
Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.....7.25
Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney.....22.10
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal.....17.30
Accommodation from Moncton.....16.40
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. FOTTINGER,
Gen. Manager

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.