

Railway Engineers as Heroes.

No man eludes death often or more narrowly than the locomotive engineer, says Mr. Thaddeus S. Dayton, writing in Harper's Weekly.

On a fast train the danger threatens and is gone in a fraction of a second. He goes on to tell of some of those "close calls" which every engineer must reckon as part of the day's work.

There are a few cases, we are told, when Providence steps in and averts a disaster which seems inevitable. The most remarkable instance of this sort happened many years ago on a railway in eastern Missouri.

The story was told recently in the official organ of the Order of Railway Conductors. One summer morning a twelve-car train containing the members of a Sunday school was bound for a picnic at a point about fifty miles distant.

Although the sky was cloudless when the excursion started, the train had not proceeded more than half way when a thunderstorm broke. The rain fell in torrents. The engineer was worried for fear the terrific downpour might cause a washout or a spreading of the rails, and he slowed down to about 35 miles an hour.

As the train swung around a curve and approached a small station which it was to pass without stopping, the engineer, peering through the broken curtain of rain, saw that the switch just ahead was open. It meant a terrible disaster. He closed his throttle and put on the brakes in an instant.

"Better stick to it," he shouted to his fireman. "I mean to," was the answer, "God help us all!" His last words were drowned by a terrific crash of thunder which came simultaneously with a flash of lightning that seemed to strike the ground just ahead of the engine.

The next thing they knew they were past the station, still riding safely on the main line rails. The train came to a stop, and the engineer and conductor hurried back to discover what had happened and how the train had passed the open switch. They found that the lightning had struck squarely between the switch and the rail and had closed the switch.

QUICK WITTED HEROISM. More often the story of a close call is "a tale of quick-thinking heroism." We are told of an engineer whose presence of mind saved scores of lives in Newark, N. J., one December day a few years ago:

"A freight train was going up a steep grade about half a mile from the station when the couplings broke between the third and fourth cars from the end, and they began to roll down hill at a terrific speed. A long passenger train had just arrived and was standing directly in the path of the runaway cars. The engineer of the passenger train saw the approaching danger and realized in a flash that the on-rushing cars must be stopped at all hazards before they reached the station, otherwise there would be a terrible loss of life. He uncoupled the engine, sprang into the cab and opened the throttle. The big engine bounded forward like a spirited horse struck with a whip. At the last moment before the collision the engineer shut off the steam and jumped. He landed unhurt in a heap of cinders. The engine crashed into the runaway cars, and an instant later there was nothing left of the locomotive or the cars but a mass of wreckage. At least a hundred lives were saved by the engineer's prompt action."

THE BROKEN DRIVING ROD. "Occasionally a fastening of one of the great driving rods will break. Then at every revolution of the wheel to which the other end is attached, the great steel bar, weighing several thousand pounds, will come, "swinging like a Titan's fist," beating three hundred strokes a minute.

No disaster comes so unexpectedly and is so much dreaded as this. Almost invariably it happens when the engine is running at high speed. When a driver breaks it is a miracle if the men in the cab escape with their lives. If they do survive, and by their heroism succeed in stopping the train and avoiding a wreck, despite the rain of blows from this huge fall of steel, their acts bring forth a greater measure of praise than almost any other form of bravery that the railroad knows.

"Only the other day one of the driving rods of a passenger locomotive broke while the train was running more than sixty miles an hour down the steep grades of Pickering Mountain. In an instant the whirling bar of steel had smashed the cab and broken the controlling mechanism, so that it was impossible to bring the train to a stop by ordinary means. The great locomotive lunged forward like a runaway horse that had thrown its rider. In some way, however, the engineer, had escaped injury. He crept to the opposite side of the cab and climbed out through the window upon the boiler to try to reach some of the controlling apparatus from the outside. He was working himself astride the scorching boiler when suddenly the engine struck a curve, which it took at terrific speed. The

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Mrs. THOMAS L. WALKER, Wallingford, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

shook half threw the engineer from his perilous position, but he saved himself by grasping the bell rope. Then he worked himself down along the injured side of the swaying locomotive to where he could open one of the principal steam valves. A cloud of vapor rushed forth with a tremendous roar. Although robbed of its power, the locomotive did not slacken speed until it reached the bottom of the grade. Then little by little the threatening of the great driving rod, which was pounding the upper part of the engine to pieces, grew slower, and finally it stopped. No one was killed or injured, and not a passenger in the long train knew until it was over of the danger that had been avoided so narrowly. If it had not been for the bravery of the engineer one of the worst wrecks in the history of railroading might have resulted."

AN EXTRAORDINARILY CLOSE CALL. One of the most extraordinarily close calls that an engineer ever had occurred on a Western Railroad last year, says Mr. Dayton:

"A heavily loaded 'flier' was sailing along one night at between sixty and seventy miles an hour, approaching a broad river that was spanned by a drawbridge, which was sometimes open and sometimes closed. The train was supposed to come to a halt and the engineer to find out. If all was well he would sound the whistle and proceed slowly. On this night, however, the long train rushed on the bridge with undiminished speed. Fortunately, the draw had just been closed and nothing happened.

"The engineer's failure to stop at the bridge was the first intimation that the fireman had of anything wrong. He ran around to the engineer's side of the cab, shut off the steam and applied the brakes. He found the engineer fallen forward, senseless, with an ugly gash in his head. Beside him lay the stone which had inflicted the wound. It was afterwards established beyond question that in some inexplicable way this stone had been picked up by the engine itself while moving at its great speed and hurled into the cab. If the draw had not been closed that night when the 'flier' rushed across the bridge there would have been another accident which would have added to the story of railroading a mystery almost as deep as any connected with the navigation of the sea."

Such things as these make the engineers fatalists. According to Mr. Dayton, all of them believe that they will die when their time comes, and there isn't much use of worrying about it. Mr. Dayton concludes with the story of an engineer on a Southwestern railroad who firmly believed that he bears a charmed life."

SAVED BY A CYCLONE. "Several years ago he was hauling a long train of refrigerator cars loaded with fruit from California and running on express time. It was toward the close of a hot mid-summer day. The track stretched for miles straight away over a level plain. In the distance a storm seemed to have broken, and the engineer observed that it seemed to be moving diagonally toward him. In a few minutes he dashed into a torrent of rain, and then, preceded by an ominous hub, he heard the roar of the cyclone. A broad, shallow river spanned by a wooden bridge lay ahead. Peering through the darkness, the engineer fancied that he saw the funnel-shaped cloud embrace and obliterate the bridge. The next thing that he knew was that he was sailing through the air, and his last thought was that he would land in the river and could not swim.

"When he recovered consciousness he was lying in a wheat field five hundred feet from the track amid the debris of the woodwork of the engine. Much to his surprise, he was still alive. He struggled to his knees and saw his fireman crawling toward him. When the storm lifted they made their way to a track and thence to the river. A mass of wreckage almost dammed the stream. In its indescribable

confusion they recognized what had been their train. The cyclone had torn the cab free and carried it and its occupants to safety. They were the only ones of the train crew who escaped.—Star.

When the Storm Clouds Gather. Every cloud has an open secret written upon its face, which may be read by any one who will give himself a little trouble. There are two distinct types of clouds, Stratus and Cumulus. The first is of sheet-like formation, the second possesses a heaped up appearance. When these two types merge, a storm is brewing. The union of these two forms the storm cloud.

There is no term more misused in general than cyclone. Such a storm is associated with destruction of life and property, with a general leveling of buildings, and is considered decidedly out of the ordinary. As a matter of fact the ordinary storms which move over the United States are cyclones. They come from the northwest and from the southwest, usually passing off toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

It might be thought, in view of the fact that we are becoming more and more familiar with what may be termed weather knowledge, that such popular errors would correct themselves, but just as the cloud is more or less of a mystery to most persons, at least so far as its significance is concerned, so the proper way to describe a storm seems almost wholly misunderstood.

Storms are divided into three classes, cyclone, hurricanes and tornadoes. Hurricanes enter the United States from the south or south-east, usually occurring from July to October in this part of the world. They originate in the eastern parts of the Caribbean Sea, travel by a curved track, northwest ward at first, gradually changing more to the north and northeast ward in the Gulf and Atlantic States, until they, too, join the great path in New England by which storms leave this country. In the central portion of the hurricane the wind usually blows from sixty to eighty miles an hour. It is in cities and towns they work their chief destruction. When we read of a wind so severe that plate glass windows of stores are shattered, that here and there a tree falls before its fury, we may set it down as a hurricane. Cyclones, ordinary storms, may be a thousand miles in diameter. Hurricanes are somewhat less, say six hundred or eight hundred miles.

The tornado is the most dangerous of all, although there is no severe storm unaccompanied by a degree of peril. In the United States tornadoes occur most frequently in the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys, although there are few States east of the Rocky Mountains which do not receive occasional visits from them. They form in all parts of the temperate zones under different aspects being known at sea as water spouts, and in deserts as sand storms.

Small tornadoes are called fair weather whirlwinds, when they happen in fair weather on the lake or on land under suitable conditions. In a dry atmosphere they are known as white squalls, because a small white cloud at a great height is all that is visible. A family of tornadoes may be produced from the same cloud, as many as fifteen tubes having been observed at once at such a time.

Some years ago when Frederick V. Colville of the Department of Agriculture at Washington in company with D. T. McDougal of the New York Botanical Garden, was in Mexico seeking a location for a desert botanical laboratory for the Carnegie Institution of Washington, he made a special study of the barrel cactus. Happily for the investigation there was at hand in the person of Mr. Coville's guide an intelligent Papago Indian—one who, from old time practice, was able to show how deftly and quickly the traveller in the desert may quench his thirst. He first picked out a cactus a little over three feet high and twenty inches in diameter. He then sliced off the top and exposed the white interior, raising the top from the plant as if it were a lid on hinges. Inside could be seen a pulpy structure, evidently saturated with water, although it was noticeable that the water did not exude from the pulp when the top was made. The guide then cut a stake about three inches in diameter at the blunt end and began to mash the flesh of the cactus into a pulp.

By this means he made in the top of the cactus a sort of bowl and soon had collected a suitable quantity of this pulp. Then taking it up hand, full by handful he squeezed out the water into the bowl and tossed the useless pulp away. The flavor of the water was slightly salt. Our store has gained a reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1909 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Madigan.

NEARLY MAD WITH SICK HEADACHE

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