# **Adventures** of Linemen.

The Dugan denicite is fifty yards from the end of the railroad bridge, but the Dugan front yard streggles all the way down the hillside to the mud flats, where the ducks and the little Dugans wade and sun themselves all the summ r time. The railroad bridge, which is a vinduot more than a mile long, carries the track across the villey far above the shining water, and often the high arcles in the distance are hidden from the little Dugans by the blue smoke that dritts thinly down the velley from the finile where Mr Dugan works. In the mirming the little Dugans carry his dinner-pail as far as the end of the bridge, which gives him a short cut to the mills, although he defies the railway company's rules when he reserts to it.

At the edge of the bridge Dugan always sends his dilldren back to the cabin, for the bank goes down in very precipitous fashion to the river-hed from the high abutments. But Johnny Dugan; the eldest boy, often ventures on the bridge to throw stones at the blue glass insulators on the last telegraph-pole—the top of that pole is almost on a level with the track on the bridge, and its base is eighty feet below, close by the stone abutment. Johnny feels brave to stand where he can glance down the tall white pole to where the Dugan ducks are paddling in the puddles and his own small tracks are visible in the adjacent mud.

Johnny Dugan and the Barry boys had

the Dugan ducks are paddling in the puddles and his own small tracks are visible in the adjacent mud.

Johnny Dugan and the Barry boys had spent many pleasant hours, one April day, throwing atones at the insulators, when they were caught in the act by big Ed Conlin, the telegraph company's lineman, the man of wonderful spurs and leg-straps. No doubt they would have noticed his approach and escaped recognition, as usual, had they not been lost in admiration of Jimmy Barry, who had at last succeeded in breaking one of the insulators. Ed Conlin promptly called on Mrs. Barry, who blarneyed' him wisely, and then on Mrs. Dugan, who happened to be in an irate mood, and so gave him the rough side of the tongue and ordered him off the place. Then Ed vowed that it he ever found Johnny Dugan on the bridge be would throw, him into the Dugans and Western Union. And rule it did—until one May morning after a heavy rain.

The rein had made the gully along the track a roaring torrect of muddy water. The river itself, from previous freshets, was high over the flats. And Johnny was on the und of the bridge, pelting the insulators and keeping an eye on all roads by which any sectionhand or lineman might approach.

Such was the situation when something

which any sectionhand or incman might approach.
Such was the situation when something went wrong with the telegraph that had suffered so many assaults. It suddenly tell toward the bridge, so that the top red cross arm was close to the ends of the ties. There the wires held it. Johnny peered down and made out that the earth had been washed away from the base of the pole by the stream from the ditch. Two of the wires had broken under the strain.

'Hi, Kids!' cried Johnny to his mates, who were hunting for car-seals among the cinders. 'We can get the glasses!'
The others came up to inspect, but the

cinders. 'We can get the glasses!'

The others came up to inspect, but the humming wire and the great white pole that extended from their test to the flat below awed them. Johnny alone was undaunted; greed possessed him wholly as econ as he saw that the top row of insulat orte'were loose and free of wire.

suspected them.

'G't out!' he shouted. 'If I catch you here again, I'll—' But just then he saw Johnny Dugan far out on the tremulous

pole. 'How'd he get there?' said the staring

sectionman.

Big Ed Conlin did not stop to explain.

In three bounds he reached the bridge, looked down, and saw the treacherous water swiring around the base of the pole.

How long would it remain upright?

"Tell him to slide down," said the sec-

Honman
'He's too little. The water might catch
him below and carry him away, said Ed
Conlin. 'Hang on, sonny! Don't be

the children's chorus came faintly down the track.

'I'm going to climb the pole,' said Ed. Coalin, thinking of how Dugan would be coming across the bridge that evening lo-king for Johnny and the others. 'I'm going to climb it if the whole concern goes into the river. You come down the bank and catch him if it falls a rashore.'

Over the bank went Ed Coulin and the sectionman, alongside of Burns, the policeman, who had run across lots to see what the matter was. They scrambled down the soft hillside close to the etone abutment, and out through the water at the base of the pole. There Ed Coulin tightened the cumbrous straps around his legs and glanced up at Johnny Dugan, silent as a squirrel on hie lofty perch with his jacket blowing out like a woeful signal of distress.

"Ed, lad," said the sectionman, "ye'll never get ashore again in that current with them iron togs on ye, if it talls and I think it will."

"With the rope's help, Dungan's boy may," said the lineman. Then Ed sunk his spurs into the, soft wood and went up, carrying the well rope with him, while Burns and the sectionmen waited nervously and watched the debris drift by under the stone arches. Up went the lineman with exasperating dehberation, stopping occasionally to acjust the rope and glance downward.

"He's a cool one," said the sectionman

icoanously to as only the section of the section of

occasionally to adjust the rope and glance downward.

"He's a cool one," said the sectionman to the po'iceman.

"Let's hold the pole up for all we are worth," replied Burna.

Then they braced themselves against the tremblar stick, thinking how futile would be their efforts when its eighty odd feet crashed over and threw Johnny Dugan and the lineman half way out to the first stone pier of the bridge.

After a while Johnny felt the steady movement of the spure, and the men below heard his quaver of fear and Ed Conlin's deep voice telling him not to mind. The pole was pressing against their bruised aboulders, and they struggled mightily against it, and at last its base seemed to be pushing from them through the ocsing mud. Then the sectionman shouted to Ed Conlin to alide.

"He'll never alide without Dugan's boy,' said Burns. "I know Conlin."

The two heard a cry, and Mrs. Dugan came scrambling down the bank. 'Johnny, my darlin'l' she was gasping, and the sectionman, glancing up saw Johnny sliding swiftly down the pole, with rope under his arms, while the lineman, seated on the cross-arms, was paying out the rope. As Johnny neared the waiting arms, Ed Conlin dropped the rope and clasped the alender pole, for the tall shaft had now awang with his weight toward the water and was coming slowly down.

The sectionman grasped Johnny Dugan and threw him far up among the muddy bushes. Then he darted back from the base of the pole, which was tearing up a great hole in the soft bank. It came beavily down with a mighty splash on the sullen water, with the lineman clinging like a cat half way up its white sides; and then, while all except the but was buried in the yellow flood, the sectionman dived out along the side with the rope in his hands.

'Cracky!' said the policeman. 'Is he ever coming up?'

But out of the traphled water. Ed Con-

'Cracky!' said the policeman. 'Is he ever coming up?'

But out of the troubled water Ed Con-

daunted; greed possessed him wholly as secon as he saw that the top row of insulat ore; were loose and free of wire.

'Hud, you hids arraid!' oried he. 'I'm going to get the whole row.'

Johnny secured a short board and carefully laid if from the bridge to the crossarm of the telegraph-pole. He tried his weight on the board and then slid out until he could grasp the pole with his legs and arms. Then he reached for the glass insulators.

'Hi, Johnny, the sectionmen are coming!' sang out Jimmy Barry.

'As Johnny made a hasty swing around the pole to get back to the bridg, his fright at being discovered vanished in greater terror, for the telegraph-pole lurched, another wire snapped, and the big stick swung out until it hung at an angle of sixty degrees toward the river, with Johnny chinging desperately to the cross arm, eighty feet from his frightened companions on the bridge.

Run fellers!' he shouted weakly, and up the track the trio flew.

Run fellers!' he shouted weakly, and up the track the trio flew.

'Git out!' he shouted. 'If I catch you 'Git out !' he shouted weakly and when he saw the boys hurrying away he suspected them.

The London Times notes the Marquis of Queensburys directions for his funeral as follows: The wilk of the late Lord Queensbury has been lodged in Edinburg. The codicil runs as tollows: 'At my 'death I wish to be-cremanted and my ashes put nto the earth inclosed in nothing, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, in any spot most convenient I have loved. Will mention places to my son, Harleyford for choice. I particularly request (no Christain mum meries or tomicoleries to be performed over my grave, but that I be buried as a Conlin. 'Hang on, sonny! Don't be seared!'

Then he rushed through the Dugan cabbagepatch to the well and cut the rope from the spindle, and got back to the bridge before the Barry boy had half aroused the mothers with their elamors.

Out on the bridge, the lineman made a mose and prepared to cast it over the pole. But he thought better of it. 'No, can't do that,' he said, briefly. 'We could

quired, or procession as sales can be car-ried in one person's hand. Failing these places, any place where the stars shall ever shed their light and the sun shall gild each rising morn.

SRAVES ONLY MILLIONAIRES. A Barber Who Makes About \$3,000 a Yea From Four Customers.

mas Whalen shaves four mill day. He makes the round of their residen es every morning and uses his own fast pacer to save time. They all pay him a liberal salary and in three hours each morning he earns more than the average barbar does in four days. Mr. Whalen's clients are P. D. Armour, S. W. Allerton, Marshall Field and N. K.

S. W. Allerton, Marshall Field and N. K. Fairbank of Chicago. They employ him by the year, and his salary continues whether they are in Europe. New York, California or Chicago. His contract calls for a daily shave in Chicago, and if the millienaires' chins are not to be found, Whalen is not the sufferer. His "puln" is said to be of the gentlest, but his fellow barbers declare it is very strong, and besides the salary he gets there is always s

liberal Christmas present.

The scale of salaries paid is as tollows: Mr. Armour, \$75 per month; Mr. Field, \$75 per month; Mr. Allerton, \$50, and Mr. Fairbank, \$35. All of these gentlemr. Farrant, \$30. All of these gentlemen have their private barber shops, and Mr. Whalen has the running of them. He keeps each supplied with the finest razors, shears, strape, soaps, mugs, and other requisites of a first-class tensorial parlor. He knows the turn of every whisker of his patrons, and there is never any kick about rezore with a 'pull.'

His labors begin early. Mr. Armour's His labors begin early. Mr. Armour's home is his first stopping place, though recently, during that gentleman's residence in California, be has not been getting up so early. Mr. Armour has always shaved by six o'clock and often earlier. From there it is only a block to Mr. Field's Prairie avenue mansion, and just across the street, a little to the south, he finds Mr. Allerton ready for his daily scrope. But to reach Mr. Fairbank he must make a big jump to the North Side, and his fast pacer comes in good use. Cars are too uncertain, and Mr. Fairbank cannot be kept waiting or disappointed, and before 9 o'clock Whalen is at the Lake Shore drive residence, ready for Mr. Fairbank to come to the private barber shop. 'Tom' Whelen is one of the best known

barbers in Chicago. He has made a com-petency out of his work, and his income now is by no means beggarly, averaging close to \$3,000 for the year. His last shop was in the Methodist Church Block. This he sold several years ago. He now devotes his attention to the four millionaire customers and several fine horses.

Captain Rankin, of the Galatea, stormtossed on Long Island Sound, hated Captain Frezier of the Norwalk, a rival boat, and Captain Frazier hated him. A writer in Forward tells how the enemies suddenly became friends. The storm, it appears, had broken the Galatea's shaft. The ships came within hailing distance.

'Shall we speak the Norwalk, sir ?' asked the second officer.

'Not if we can help it, sir,' responded the skipper. But the indecision on the Galatea was dismissed by a zigzeg signal coming from the Norwalk's mainmast.

'What's the trouble ?' it read. Then the Galatea signalled the reply. Shaft broken-unmanageable. 'Shall I take off your passengers and

crew?' asked the Norwalk.

Can't tell yet,' was the reply. The next sentence that glimmered from the Norwalk's signal-lights furnished the inspiration for a bymn that has been sung all over Christendom.

It was, 'I'll stand by until the morningubject to your comman

The next night the two rivals rode into port together, the disabled Galatea being towed by the belated Norwalk. After their passengers and cargoes had been discharged, Captain Rankin walked over to the Norwalk's pier, where Captain

Frazier was giving orde 'Goin' up-town, Fraz ?' he asked.

'B'lieve I am, Rankin,' answered Frezier. So the two grazzled sea dogs, who had not spoken to each other for years, stroll-ed up-town arm in arm, firmly reestablish-ing a friendship so long endangered by business rivalry.

A Black Cigar.

The reader who remembers his first cigar, and how it affected him, may be able to sympathise with the young soldier in Cuba who lately narrated one of his war

experiences.
'I had learned to smoke before I entere the service, but was not an extravagant smoker, by any means, and easily fell a Amherst, Feb. 28, Rutus Coatel victim to a job which one of the officers put St. John, Feb. 26, Gertrude Alli

on me. He went to one of the shops,

that description? It is almost as black as ink, and has the strength of a whole smok-ing car, boiled down. There is a tradition that General Grant got sick on one of that that General Grant got sick on one of time kind once. Well the officer casually pulled that eigar out of his pocket one day, and said he would give 'a silver dellar to anybody who could smoke it. Like a fool 1 Windron, Feb. 26, Elizabeth, wite of John Allen, 72.

Windron, Feb. 26, Elizabeth, wite of John Allen, 72.

Windron, Feb. 26, Evangeline, daughter of W. J. took him up. 'Now understand' he said,
'you've got to smoke it to the last gasp.'
'Well, did you?' asked one of the 'listen-

'Yes,' frejoined the young soldier. 'I smoked it to the last gasp—and the first paroxpism. But it cured me. I have never been able to look a cigar in the face

to say that because you have a bad cough you are going to have consumption, but it is safer and better to cure it with Adamson's Betanic Cough Belgin than to let it run. 25c. all Druggists.

Facial Re-emblance

'O'Brien says he isn't going to the dog-show this year. I wonder why?' 'Perhaps he wants to give the dogs a

More Like It, "Laugh and grow fat."
"Pooh! You mean, 'grow fat and geaughed at."

More Suicides—Can be traced indirec More-Suicides—Can be traced indirectly to dis-ordered nerves caused by disordered disestive organs and the conset by disordered disestive and weakness, than from any other cause under the sun. This is proven by statistich. Dr. Von Stan's Pinesppic Tablets come as a universal blessing to mankind. No stomach trouble is too trivial for attention—no case too deep seated that these won-derful Tablets will not ultimately cure—60 in a box, 35 cents.

A Change. B fire we were married, With kue and with wow She would cling round my neck; but She walks on it now,

#### BORN.

Kingsport, Ftb. 22, to the wife of J. Ella, a son. Hallfax, Feb. 28, to the wife of Eward Stairs, a son. Wolfville, Feb. 15, to the wife of M. Brittan, a son Yarmouth, Feb. 16, to the wife of R. McNeil, a son

Luneaburg, Feb. 19, to the wife of Joseph Lowe, a son.
Halifax, Feb. 30, to the wife of Edward Shaw, a Springhill, Feb. 17, to the wife of John Chinholm. a Springhill, Feb. 17, to the wife of Wm. Mane, a Halifax, Feb. 9, to the wife of William Bauer,

son.
Liverpool, Feb. 15, to the wife of Geo. Schultz, a
daughter.
Bristol, Feb. 7, to the wife of Chas. Buchanan, a
son
Springpill, Feb. 16, to the wife of George Porter, a
soo. Campbe iton, Feb. 24, to the wife of Chas. Hersey, a son.

Lunenburg, Feb. 24. to the wife of |Aaron Hebb, a daughter. Springhili, Feb. 17, to the wife of John Lowther, a dau, hter. Kingsport, Feb. 22, to the wife of C. Borden, a daughter. daughter.
Digby, Feb. 16, to the wife of John McKay, a daughter.
Digby, Feb. 16, to the wife of Fred Powell, a daughter.

daughter.
Westville, Feb. 16, to the wife of James Goode, a daughter. Tupperville, Feb. 18, to the wife of John Stevens, a daughter. Granville, Feb. 18, to the wife of E. Miller, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Feb. 16, to the wife of J. Ferguen, a caughter.

St. Peters, C. B., Feb. 22, to the wife of Dr. Bissett, a daughter. Port Maltiaud, Feb. 19, to the wife of Oscar Ted-ford, a daughter. Middle Clyde, Feb. 18 to Ryer, a daughter.

Lean, a daughter.

North Eingelon, Feb. 17, to the wife of Burpee
Ward, a daughter.

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 5, to the wife of George
Haley, a daughter.

St. Peters, B. C., Feb. 16, to the wife of See. Mr.
Calder, a daughter.

Folly Village, Feb. 30, to the wife of David Wildden, twin daughters.

## MARRIED

Truro, Feb. 27, by Rev. Fr. Kinsells, Joseph A sensuit to Evelyn White. debarus, Feb. 20, by Rev J. W. Turbes, Philip E. Hardy to Hester L. Mugenb. debarus, Feb. 20, by Rev. J. W. Turner, D. Wee-ley J. Nichol to Annie Mann. Truro, Feb. 22, by Rev. John Wood, John Mc-Masters to Mrs. Nettie Smith. medale. Feb. 26, by Rev. A. V. Morash. George O'Brien to Elizabeth Anthony. Gabarus, Feb. 20, by Rev. D. Sutherland, Dan D. McLeod to Mary Ann Stewart, Burling on, Feb. 22nd by Rev. Mr. Whitman, Joseph Noel to N. title Burgess. Arcadia, Feb. 21. by Rev. M.W. Bre B. Wyman to Mary E. Landers Pinkney's Point, Feb. 20, by Rev. Fr. Foley, Albert Harris to Catherine Surrette. Tusket Wedge, Feb. 21, by Rev. Fr. Foley, Arthumus Surrette to Magdeline LeBlanc. South Boston, Feb. 14, by Rev. A. D. MacKing John D Macquarice to Mary A. Fitzgerald.

TIE THE COLUMN

restor, Feb. 25, Isaac Shaw, 67, art mouth, Feb. 27, Jane Bolen, 84, mherst, Feb. 28, Burus Coaton, 10-

'Did you ever see a Cuban 'smoker' of at description? It is almost as black as

Moreton, Feb. 58, Evengeline, daughter of W. J. Leilleng, 12.

Shelburne, Feb. 23. Hannah, widow of the late James Butler, 71. Vames Butter, 71, Montreal, Feb 27, Assne'ti C. Bened'ct, widow ch' Rewies Benedict. Hallax, Feb. 27, 4eo. A., son of Joseph and Aligo Ferrier, 10 contlas.

Halifax, Feb. 27, 1900. A., son of Joseph and Aligh Parrier, 19 cenths.

Halifax, Feb. 28, Mabel Marion, daughter of Frank: and Sophia Feelay, 8, Selleville, Feb. 28, Joseph Daniel, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. McNell, 10 days.

Halifax, Feb. 29. Chiford Walloos, son of Clifford and Ellen Bishop, 14 months.

Yarmouth, Feb. 21, Herry an C., son of Prince W., and Emma Nickerson, 19 ye-re.

Halifax, Feb. 27. Florence Delrons, infant child of Joseph and Annie Walte, 2 years.

Halifax, Mar. 1, El'sabeth Muriel, only daughter of John and Selina Williams, 2 years.

Dartmouth, Feb. 28, Margarette, daughter of the late Noel and Lazie Boutilier. 2 years.

Halifax, Feb. 27, Catherine Gladya Victoria, infant. de ughter of C. and John Lynch. 8 months.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC

Travel in Comfort

-ON THE-Pacific Express.

A TOURIST SLEEPER

On above train every Thursday, from MONTREAL-and runs to REATLE, without chance, Druble berth rates from Montreal to Winnepez, \$4.00; to Medicine Hat. \$6.00; Calgary, \$6.00; Vancouver and Seatile \$9.00.

For passage rates to all points in Canada, West-ern Usited Sates and to Japan, China, India, Hawaian Islanda, Australia and Manita, and also-for descriptive adverti-lag matter and maps, write

# Dominion Atlantic R'y.

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thurs'ay and Satu day; arv Digby 10 00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m., arv. at St. John, 3.85 p. m.

## **EXPRESS TRAINS**

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve, Hallinz 6.30 a.m., arv in Digby 13.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12 45 p. m., arv in Digby 13.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12 45 p. m., arv Yarmouth 3 20 p. m.
Lve. Cigby 11.45 a. m., arv, Hallinz 5.50 p. m.
Lve. Digby 11.45 a. m., arv, Hallinz 5.50 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday,
Thursday and Saturday, arv, Digby 8.50 a. m.
Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., Monday, Wednesday,
Thursday and Saturday, arv, Assapolis 4.40

# S.S. Prince George.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. Yarmouth, Feb. 16, to the wife of J. Ferguron, a caughter.

Tupperville, Feb. 19, to the wife of Alfred Messenger, a ron.

Lunenburg, Feb. 22, to the wife of Frederick Velnot, a son.

Springhill, Feb. 17, to the wife of William Matheson, a son.

Campbellion, Feb. 23, to the wife of Frank LeBlanc a daughter.

Staterooms
City Agent.

APCicose connections with trains at DignyTickets 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 informaanalysis.

\*\*The contract of the con

P. GIFKINS, superintendent, Rentville, N. F.

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# Intercolonial Railway

On and after Wonday, Oct. the 16th, 1899 trains will rue daily, (Sunday excepted.) TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN 

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving 8s. John at 17.30 o'clock for Quebec and Mon-real. Fassengers transfer at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Accommodation from Moneton.
All trains are run by Eastern

D. POTTINGER

VOL.

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