SANKEY'S DOUBLE HEADER.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

The oldest man in the train service didn't pretend to say how long Sankey had worked for the company.

Pat Francis was a very old conductor ; but old man Sankey was a veteran when but old man Sankey was a veteran when Pat Francis began braking. Sankey ran a passenger-train when Jimmie Brady was running—and Jimmie after-wards enlisted and was killed in the output act. Custer fight. There was an odd tradition about San-

key's name. He was a tall, swarthy fellow, and carried the blood of a Sioux fellow, and carried the blood of a Sioux chief in his veins. It was in the time of the Black Hills excitement, when railroad men struck by the gold fever were abandoning their trains, even at way-stations, and striking across the divide for Clark's crossing. Men to run the trains were hard to get, and Tom Porter, train-master, was putting Tom Porter, train-master, was putting in every man he could pick up, without reference to age or color. Porter-he died at Julesburg after-

wards-was a great jollier, and he wasn't afraid of anybody on earth.

One day a war-party of Sioux clattered one day a war-party of slow clattered into town. They torn around like a storm, and threatened to scalp every-thing, even to the local tickets. The head braves dashed in on Tom Porter, sitting in the dispatcher's office up-stairs. The dispatcher was hiding under a loose plank in the baggage-room floor; Tom, being bald as a sand-hill, considered himself exempt from scalping-parties. He was working a game of solitaire when they bore down on him, and in-terested them at once. That led to a parley, which ended in Porter's hiring the whole band to brake on freighttrains. Old man Sankey is said to have en one of that original war-party.

Now this is merely a caboose story-told on winter nights when trainmen stalled in the snow drifting down from the Sioux country. But what fol-lows is better attested. Sankey, to start with, had a peculiar

Sankey, to start with, had a pecunar name. An unpronounceable, unspell-able, unmanageable name. I never heard of it; so I can't give it. It was as hard to catch as an Indian cur, and that name made more trouble on the pay-rolls than all the other names put together. Nobody at headquarters ld handle it ; it was never turned in twice alike, and they were always writing Tom Porter about the thing. Tom explained several times that it was Sitthat Sinclair was engaged to Miss San-ting Bull's ambassador who was drawing that money, and that he usually signed the pay-roll with a tomahawk. But nothe pay-roll with a tomahawk. But no-body at Omaha ever knew how to take

The first time Tom went down he was called in very solemnly to explain again about the name; and being in a hurry, and very tired of the whole business, Hang it, don't bother me any more Tom spluttered :

about that name. If you can't read it, make it Sankey, and be done with it." Tom at his word. took actually did make it Sankey ; and that's how our oldest conductor came to bear name of the famous singer. And

more I may say: good name as it was-and is-the Sioux never disgraced it. Probably every old traveller on the system knew Sankey. He was not only always ready to answer questions, but, what is much more, always ready to answer the same question twice; it is which makes conductors grayheaded and spoils their chances for heaven-answering the same questions over and over again. Children were apt to be a bit startled at first sight of Sankey—he was so dark. But he had a

very quiet smile, that always made them friends after the second trip through the sleepers, and they sometimes ran about asking for him after be had left the train. Of late years-and it is this that

hurts-these very same children, grown ever so much bigger, and riding again to or from California or Japan or Aus-

Sankey loved to breast the winds and the floods and the snows, and if he could get home pretty near on schedule, with everybody else late, he was happy: and in respect of that, as Sankey used to say, Georgie Sinclair could come nearer gratifying Sankey's ambition than any runner we had. Even the firemen used to observe

that the young engineer, always neat, looked still neater the days that he took out Sankey's train. By-and-by there was an introduction under the atalpas ; after that it was noticed that Georgie began wearing gloves on the engine-not kid gloves, but yellow dogskin-and black silk shirts; he

bought them in Denver. Then—an odd way engineers have of paying compliments — when Georgie pulled into town on No. 2, if it was Sankey's train, the big sky-scraper would give a short, hoarse scream, a most peculiar note, just as they drew past Sankey's house, which stood on the brow of the hill west of the yards. Then Neeta would know that No 2 and

where in again, and naturally Mr. Sinclair, where in again, and all safe and sound. When the railway trainmen held their division fair at McCloud, there was a lantern to be voted to the most popular conductor—a gold-plated lantern with a green curtain in the globe. Cal Stewart and Ben Doton, who were very swell conductors, and great rivals, were the favorites, and had the town divided over their chances for winning

But during the last moments Georgie Sinclair stepped up to the booth and cast a storm of votes for old man Sankey. Doton's friends and Stewart's laughed at first, but Sankey's votes kept pour-ing in amazingly. The favorites grew frightened; they pooled their issues throwing Stewart's vote to Doton but it wouldn't do. Georgie Sinclair, with a crowd of engineers-Moore Foley, Bat Mullen, and Burns came back at them with such a swing that in the final round up they fairly swamped Doton. Sankey took the lan a thousand votes, but I undertern by

stood it cost Georgie and his friends ot of money. Sankey said all the time he didn't want the lantern, but, just the same, he always carried that particular lantern, with his full name, Sylvester Sankey ground into the glass just below green mantle. Pretty soon-Neeta being then eighteen-it was rumored that Sinclair was engaged to Miss Sa

It goes yet by just that name on the West End ; for never was such a winter and such a snow known on the plains and in the mountains. One train on the northern division was stalled six weeks that winter, and one whole coach was chopped up for kindling-wood.

But the great and desperate effort of the company was to hold open the main ne, the artery which connected the vo coasts. It was a hard winter on two coasts. It was a hard winter on trainmen. Week after week the snow trainmen. Week alter weekwhe snow kept falling and blowing. The trick was not to clear the line; it was to keep it clear. Every day we sent out trains with the fear we should not see them again for a week.

Freight we didn't pretend to move ; local passenger business had to be abandoned. Coal, to keep our engines and our towns supplied, we were ob-liged to carry, and after that all the brains and the muscle and the motivepower were centred on keeping 1 and 2, through passenger-trains, running. Our trainmen worked like Ameri-

cans; there were no cowards on our rolls. But after too long a strain men become exhausted, benumbed, indifferent—reckless even. The nerves give out, and will power seems to halt on indecision—but decision is the life of the fast train.

there ; by the holy poker it's snowing The air was dark in a minute with whirling clouds. Men turned to the windows and quit talking; every fel low felt the same—at least, all but one— Sankey, sitting back of the stove, was making tracings on his overalls with a piece of chalk

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

You might as well unload your passengers, Sankey," said Neighbor. "You'll never get 'em through the vinter. And it was then that Sankey pro-

igain

sed his Double Header. He devised a snow-plough which com bined in one monster ram about all the

good material we had left, and submitted the scheme to Neighbor. Neigh-bor studied it and hacked at it all he ould, and brought it over to the office. t was like staking everything on the last cast of the dice, but we were in the state of mind which preceeds a desperate venture. It was talked over for hour, and orders were finally given by bouble Header and get against the snow as quick as it could be made ready. All that day and most of the night

Neighbor worked twenty men on San-key's device. By Sunday morning it was in such shape that we began to take heart 'If she don't get through she'll get

killed. And with a volley of jokes between back again, and that's what most of don't do," growled Neighbor, as he and Sankey showed the new ram to the enginthe cabs, and a laughing and a yelling between toots, down went Sankey's Double header again into the Black eers

They had taken the 566, George Sinclair's engine, for one head, and Burns's 497 for the other. Behind these were Kennedy with the 314 and Cameron with the 296. The engines were set in with the 296. The engines were set in the big rotary from the West End with a dozen cars of coal behind it. Mile like pack-mules. Over the pilots and stacks of the head engines rose the tremendous ploughs which were to stacks ackle the toughest drifts ever record- through the drift Sankey was aiming ed, before or since, on the West End. The ram was designed to work both dead against him, at forty miles an Under the coal each tender was hour. Each train, in order to make the

ways. Under the coal each tender was loaded with pig-iron. The beleaguered passengers on No. 1, 'side-tracked in the yards, watched the preparations Sankey was making to clear the line. Every amateur on the train had his camera snapping at the ram. The town, gathered in a single great mob, looked silently on, and lis-the town, gathered in a single great mob, looked silently on, and lis-the town of the siver the difference of the siver the mob, looked silently on, and lis-

great mob, looked shently on, and his tened to the frosty notes of the sky-scrapers as they went through their preliminary manœuvres. Just as the final word was given by Sankey, in charge, the sun burst through the fleety low for the sky-the whistle to the poor fellows in the blind pockets behind. But the track was at the worst. Where there was no charge, the sun burst through the fleety could be a sufficient to show there were whiskers; oil itself clouds, and a wild cheer followed the ram out of the western yard-it was

good luck to see the sun again. Little Neeta, up on the hill, must have seen them as they pulled out; The s surely she heard the choppy, ice-bitten screech of the 566; that was never forscreech of the solo; that was hever for-gotten whether the service was special or regular. Besides, the head cab of the ram carried this time not only Georgie Sinclair but her father as well. Sankey could handle a slice-bar as well as a punch, and rode on the head engine, where, if anywhere, the big chances hovered. What he was not capable of in the train service we never knew, because he was stronger than any emergency that ever confronted Bucking snow is principally brute

force ; there is little coaxing. Just west of the bluffs, like code signals between a fleet of cruisers, there was a volley of sharp tooting, and in a minute the four ponderous engines, two of them in the back motion, fires white and throats bursting, steamed wildly into the canon. Six hundred feet from the first cut

Sinclair's whistle signalled again; Burns and Cameron and Kennedy answered, and then, literally turning the monster ram loose against the dazzling mountain, the crews settled themselves for the shock.

At such a moment there is nothing to

cab took up the cry-it was the wildest Through they went and half-way eross the bridge before they could beek their monster catapult. Then at 1 half-full they shot it back at the cut -it worked as well one way as the

The thing is done," declared Sankey. Then they got into position up the line for a final shoot to clean t eastern cut and to get the head for clean the lash across the bridge into the west end of the canon, where lay another moun-

tain of snow to spilt. " Look the machine over close, boys," said Sankey to the engineers. "If no-thing's sprung we'll take a [[u!] head acrossible gorge-the bridge will carry anything-and buck the west cut. Then after we get No. 1 through this afternoon Neighbor his baby cabs in here and can get keep 'em chasing all night; but it's done snowing," he added, looking into the leaden sky. He had everything figured out for the

wood gorge. At the same moment, by an awful

misunderstanding of orders, down cam

master-mechanic-the shrewd, kindly old man. There's no man on earth like Your desires resemble restless children, who are always asking for some-thirg, as they surround their mother; The more you give them, the more ima good Indian ; and for that matter none like a bad one. Sankey knew by a military instinct just what had to be done and how to do it. If he had lived portunate they will be .- St. John of the Cross. he was to have been assistant superin-tendent. That was the word which leaked from headquarters after he got

ALMOST IN DESPAIR. The Condition of Mrs. John Sshott, of

SURPRISE

SURPRISE

Orangeville. SUFFERED FROM A BURNING SENSATION IN THE STOMACH-FOOD BECAME DIS

TASTEFUL AND SHE GREW WEAK AND DESPONDENT. From the Sun, Orangeville Ont. The Sun is enabled this week through

the courtesy of Mrs. John Shott, a lady well known and much esteemed by many of the residents of Orangeville, to give the particulars of another of those cures that have made Dr. Williams' Pink a household remedy throughout the civilized world. Mrs. Shott, in conversation with our reporter, said : "About three years ago, while living in Ingersoll, I was a great sufferer from dyspep-sia. The trouble first began with severe headaches, dizziness and somesevere headaches, dizziness and some-times voniting. Next I suffered con-tinually from a burning sensation in my stomach; food distressed me; I did not sleep well at night; lost flesh and be-the time continuelly does I was continually doccame very weak. oring but it did me no good. was gradually growing worse and des-I was gradually growing worse and des-paired of ever being well again. One day a friend who called to see me strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She spoke so highly of them snow there were whiskers; oil itself couldn't have been worse to stop on. It was the old and deadly peril of fight ing blockades from both ends on a single that I decided to take her advice, and soon discovered that they were not The great rams of steel and fire had like the other medicines I had been done their work, and with their com-mon enemy overcome they dashed at aking and that I had at last found some thing to help me. I continued using each other frenzied across the Blackthe pills for perhaps a couple of months when I found myself fully restored to health. I have always since enjoyed my meals with relish and have had no return of the trouble. With my experwood gorge. The fireman at the first cry shot out the side. Sankey yelled at Sinclair to jump. Bnt George shook his head: he never would jump. Without hesitating ience I feel certain that if other sufferan instant, Sankey caught him in his arms, tore him from the levers, planted a mighty foot, and hurled Sinclair like ers will give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills fair trial they will find a certain cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enrich and nourish the blood and strength the a block of coal through the gangway out into the gorge. The other cabs were already emptied; but the instant's nerves. It is thus that they cure such troubles as dyspepsia, kidney ailments, delay in front cost Sankey's life. Berheumatism, partial paralysis, heart troubles, St. Vitus' dance and the ailfore he could turn the rotary crashed into the 566. They reared like mountain lions, and pitched headlong into the gorge; Sankey went under ments that make the lives of so many women a source of misery. These pills women a source of misery. These pills never fail to drive away pain, bring a glow of health to the whole body and He could have saved himself; he chose to save George. There wasn't time to do both; he had to choose, and nake despondent men and women bright, active and strong. Do not take bright, active and strong. Do not take any pills without the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 he chose instinctively. Did he, maybe, think in that flash of Neeta and of whom she needed most-of a young and a stalwart protector better than an old and a failing one? I do not know; I know by addressing the Dr. Williams Medi-

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tralia, will ask when they reach the West End about the Indian conductor. But the conductors who now run the overland trains pause at the question, checking over the date limits on the margins of the coupon tickets, and, handing the envelopes back, will look children and say, slowly, "He isn't running any more.

I.

If you have ever gone over our line to the mountains or to the coast you may remember at McCloud, where they change engines and set the diner in or out, the pretty little green park to the east of the depot with a row of cetalpatrees along the platform line. It looks ke a glass of spring water. If it happened to be Sankey's run and

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a regular West End day, sunny and de-lightful, you would be sure to see standing under the catalpas a shy, dark-skinned girl of fourteen or fifteen years, silently watching the preparations for the departure of the Overland. And after the new engine had been

backed, champing down, and harnessed to its long string of vestibuled sleepers; air hose had been connected the and the air valves examined ; after the engineer had swung out of his cab, filled his cups, and swung in again; after the fireman and his helper had disposed of their slice-bar and shovel, and given the tender a final sprinkle, and the conductor had walked leisurely forward, compared time with the gineee, and cried, "All Abo-o-o-ard !

Then, as your coach moved slowly head, you might notice under the receding catalpas the little girl waving a parasol, or a handkerchief, at the out-going train—that is, at conductor San-key; for she was his daughter, Neeta Sankey. Her mother was Spanish, and died when Neeta was a wee bit. Neeta and the Limited were Sankey's whole world

When Georgie Sinclair began pulling the Limited, running west opposite Foley, he struck up a great friendship with Sankey. Sankey, though he was hard to start, was full of early-day stories. Georgie, it seemed, had the faculty of getting him to talk; perhaps because when he was pulling Sankey's train he made extraordinary efforts to keep on time-time was a hoby with Sankey. Foley said he was so careful of it that when he was off duty he let

None of our conductors stood the hopeless fight like Sankey. Sankey was patient, taciturn, untiring, and, in a conflict with the elements, ferocious. All the fighting-blood of his ancestors seemed to course again in that struggle with the winter king. I can see him yet, on bitter days, standing along-side yet, on bitter days, standing along-side the track, in a heavy pea-jacket and Napoleon boots, a sealskin cap drawn snugly over his straight, black hair, watching, ordering, signalling, while No. 1, with its frost-bitten sleepers be-bind a protexp structure of the bitter

cans;

rolls.

hind a rotary, struggled to buck through the ten and twenty foot cuts, which lay bankful of snow west of Me-Cloud.

Not until April did it begin to look as if we should win out. A dozen times the line was all but choked on A dozen us. And then, when snow-ploughs were disabled and train crews desper-ate, there came a storm that discount-ed the weat bliggered of the mounted the worst blizzard of the winter. As the reports rolled in on the morning of the 5th, growing worse as they grew thicker, Neighbor, dragged out, played out, mentally and physically, threw up The 6th it snowed all day, his hands. and on Saturday morning the section men reported thirty feet in the Blackwood canon.

It was six o'clock when we got the It was six o'clock when we got the word, and daylight before we got the rotary against it. They bucked away till noon with discouraging results, and came in with their gear smashed and a driving-rod fractured. It looked as if we were beaten. we were beaten. No. I got into McCloud eighteen

hours late ; it was Sankey's and Sinclair's run west.

clair's run west. There was a long council in the round-house. The rotary was knocked out; coal was running low in the chutes. out; coal was running low in the chutes. If the line wasn't kept open for the coal from the mountains it was plain we should be tied until we could ship it from Iowa or Missouri. West of Medi-

cine Pole there was another big rotary working east, with plenty of coal be-hind her, but she was reported stuck fast in the Cheyenne Hills. Foley made suggestions and Dad Sin-

clair made suggestions and Dad Sin-clair made suggestions. Everybody had a suggestion left; the trouble was, Neighbor said, they didn't amount to

anything, or were impossible. "It's a dead block, boys," announced

be done. If anything goes wrong eternity is too close to consider. There comes a muffled drumming on the steam-chests—a stagger and a terrific impact -and then the recoil like the stroke of a trip-hammer. The snow shoots into the air flity feet, and the wind carries a cloud of fleecy confusion over the ram and out of the cut. The cabs were

buried in white, and the great steel lik frames of the engines sprung knitting-needles under the frightful blow.

Pausing for hardly a breath, the ignalling again began. Then the backing; up and up and up the line; and again the massive machines were hurled

screaming into the cut. "You're getting there, Georgie," exclaimed Sankey, when the rolling and lurching had stopped. No one else could tell a thing about it, for it was

now and snow and snow; above and behind, and ahead and beneath. Sinclair coughed the flakes out of his eyes and nose and mouth like a baffled collie He looked doubtful of the claim until the mist had blown clear and the quivering monsters were again recalled for dash. Then it was plain that San-

a dash. Then it was plain that San-key's instinct was right; they were gaining. Again they went in, lifting a very avalanche over the stacks, packing the banks of the cut with walls hard as ice. Again as the drivers stuck they raced in a frenzy, and into the shriek of the wind unearthly scrape of the over-

loaded safeties. Slowly and sullenly the machines were

backed again. "She's doing the work, Georgie," cried Sankey. "For that kind of a cut she's as good as a rotary. Look everything over now while I go back and see how the boys are standing it. Then we'll give her one more, and give it the hardest kind."

And they did give her one more-and And they did give her one more and another. Men at Santiago put up no stouter fight than they made that Sun-day morning in the canon of the Black-wood. Once and twice more they went

wood. Once and twice more they went in. And the second time the bumping drummed more deeply; the drivers held, pushed, panted, and gained against the white wall—heaved and stumbled ahead -and with a yell from Sinclair and San-key and the fireman, the Double Header

"It's a dead block, by's, everybody shot her nose into the clear over the bad done "We are beaten unless we Blackwood gorge. As engine after en-ean got No. 1 through to day. Look gine flew past the divided walls, each

they pulled him out with a rope; he wasn't scratched; even the bridge was not badly strained. No. 1 pulled over it next day. Sankey was right: there was no more snow; not enough to hide the dead engines on the rocks: the line as open. There never was a funeral in Mc-

only what he did. Every one who jumped got clear. Sinclair lit in twenty feet of snow, and

failing one?

Cloud like Sankey's. George Sinclair and Neeta followed together; and of mourners there were many as there Every engine on the ere neople. vision carried black for thirty days.

His contrivance for fighting snow has ever yet been beaten on the high line. is periloas to go against a drift be-

ind it-something has to give. But it gets there-as Sankey got here-always; and in time of blockade nd desperation on the West End they

till send out Sankoy's Double Header hough Sankey—so the conductors tell he children, travelling east or travellng west-Sankey isn't running any ore.

The next story of this series will ap-ear in our issue of August 30.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

That all Things are to be Referred to God as to our Last End.

I have given all; I will have all reurned to me again; and I very strictly equire thanks for all that I give. This is that truth, by which all vain

lory is put to flight. And if heavenly grace and true harity come in, there will be no envy nor narrowness of heart, nor will self-ove keep its hold.

For divine charity overcomes all, and If thou art truly wise, thou wilt re-joice in me alone, thou wilt wilt re-joice in me alone, thou wilt hope in me alone; for none is good but God alone Luke, xviii, 19.] Who is to be praised bove all and to be blessed in all.

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