

THE RAILWAY AND NAVIGATION

newspaper man would have had a good story of his capture from the Indians.

"We next hunted round to see who struck the lights and found a *ti-ti-ti* man. He was a very good swimmer. He took to walk across the bridge and found it washed away; knowing our train was coming, he tried to try and stop it."

"He had no lantern, but managed to find a match in his pocket."

"Just as he turned to walk in our direction, we saw him. He was a very big fellow. He struck his match which the wind blew out, but I saw it, and the Indians saw it. We were all very much surprised."

BOO SLAUGHTERS WITH A VENGEANCE.

Frank Fry, a man of about 54 years of age, of medium height, told the next story.

He was formerly an engineer on the Southern Pacific and used to run a train from Los Angeles to San Francisco one day and return the next. He said:

"You may have heard of the peccaries, which are very much like hogs, and

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FOUND ENGINEERS.

On the keen lookout for something to write, your correspondent made his way into the engine house of a great railroad. He found plenty of material for his purpose and hopes his enjoyment will be shared by his readers.

Night smoking engines were standing at several stations, and the firemen were busy making up the trains. Others were standing near one of the engines, seemingly with nothing to do.

It took but a glance to tell they were engineers, and I approached with the idea of making a few remarks.

"We've got no stories to tell you here," said one of the men. "We never hav

hair-breadth escape, and always run out time."

"But some time or other you must have met with some interesting episode while on the road, some fast run, narrow escape, where, but for your presence of mind, the train would have been wrecked. Can't you recall any?"

I pride myself on being a good interviewer, let me say.

"Say, boy, we can tell a few yarns, said an old engineer. "Here you come, telling us to make 'yourself comfortable on this engine, and you fellows just sit down somewhere, and we'll kill time by telling stories. We'll just light our pipes and make ourselves comfortable for awhile. Now, shall I begin

Pipes were lit and all waited for the first story. The teller waited for a moment.

"I've got it, boy."

"Some years ago I was an engineer of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, and was attached to the mail train running from Topeka to Santa Fe, a distance of about 750 miles.

"My part of the trip was from Santa Fe to El Cason, the junction, where I would rest a day and then bring the rest of the trip back.

"The country down there is very mountainous and wild and is made dangerous by a number of circumstances, chief among them being the washouts that frequently take place in the Spring

"The time of my story was in the Spring and the usual wet weather had

"Well, we left Santa Fe early one Tuesday morning—I remember it was Tuesday, because the fireman, who was my nephew, was to be married two days later, and that was a Thursday.

The train was composed of one sleeping car, drawing-room car, two baggage cars, the mail car and two passenger cars. The train was well filled.

"We made good time, and all went well until about noon, and we were about getting through the Rotan mountains. Suddenly Jim—that's the fireman

could make out in the distance. I glanced in the direction he pointed and saw a

long line of mist that seemed to be rolling down the hilly land right in our track.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

"I could not make out what it was from the engine and so told Jim to go back into the cars and see if he could find out what it was.

"When first I saw this mist it was good three miles off and when Jim had gone back I looked again and saw it was gaining rapidly on us. I couldn't make out what it was and so kept watching it.

"Sometimes I fancied I could hear a roaring noise coming from it. We were going about thirty-five miles an hour

"Suddenly Jim came rushing back and cried out:

"It's washout. The water from the melted snows has rushed down the mountain and is after us. It's tearing everything before it and is overhauling us fast. The Superintendent says go ahead and stop for nothing."

"I had my hand on the lever at the time and to jerk open the throttle was the wisest I could do. With a terrific rebound the engine sprang forward, jerking the cars behind it."

"From that moment began a race for life. On we went at a terrific pace, sixty miles an hour were soon left behind, but the water gained on us fast. Coal was poured into the furnace to make the fire fiercer, and we struck a seventy-five-mile

"It was a question whether we could reach hilly ground in front of us before

the avalanche reached us. It was but a quarter of a mile behind us, and was tearing up the track as if it were made of straw. More coal and more water were put on and an eighty-mile an hour speed was attained.

But not a short distance to go, and the water was only 900 yards behind us. Its speed, however, was lessening, and, well, to make the story short, we reached the hill safely. The engine was eased up, and the train stopped.

"The passengers had been terribly jolted and frightened, many of the ladies had fainted, but we soon got all right again and we finished the journey in safety."

Jack Jones told the next story. He said:

"Boys, many people think that an engineer does not have much to do, and that he has an easy job with very few hardships. They think that we have but to sit in our cab and let the engine run between stations and can almost go to sleep.

"I was driving a train filled with passengers over the Baltimore and Ohio Road. The road led through the Alleghenies, where, you know, there are a number of trestle bridges over the many little rivers of that part. It was a terrible night; the rain poured down in torrents and the wind howled.

"I was keeping a sharp lookout for the signals, which were very difficult to

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"I thought I saw a little burst of flame."

see, the night was so thick. We were going along at a fair speed and were approaching one of those bridges.

"It stood over a precipice about ninety feet high, at the base of which ran a very rapid river.

"Suddenly I thought I saw ahead about twenty yards off, a little burst of flame about the size of a match when it is first struck. It flickered just a moment and then went out. What could it mean? Someone must be right on the track.

"Thoughts flashed through my mind like lightning, and then as quick a thought I shut off steam and put the brakes on. The train slid for some distance to the bridge.

"Both the engine and I got down

and the first thing we discovered was that the bridge had been washed away

We had stopped just in time or we