## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

## MILLION - DOLLAR THE FREIGHT-TRAIN.

## BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

It was the second month of the strike, and not a pound of freight had been moved; things looked smoky on the West

general superintendent happened The general superintentiant happened to be with us when the news came. "You can't handle it, boys," said he, nervoasly. What you'd better do is to turn over to the Columbian Pacific."

Our contracting freight agent on the coast at that time was a fellow so errat-

const at that was nicknamed Crazyhorse wired that he had secured a big silk shipment for New York. We were parlen," mused Neighbor, as the slight figure moved across the flat, "big name—small boy. Well, Bartholomew, We had no engineers, no firmen, and alyzed.

We had no engineers, no hrmen, and no motive power to speak of. The strikers were pounding our men, wreck-ing our trains, and giving us the worst of it generally; that is, when we could-out give it to them. Why the fellow you'll know something more by to-mor-row night about running an engine, or a whole lot less; that's as it of it generally, that is, when we could not give it to them. Why the fellow displayed his activity at that particular uncture still remains a mystery. Perhaps he had a grudge against the road ; haps he had a gruage against the road; if so, he took an artful revenge. Every-body on the system with ordinary rail-road sense knew that our struggle was to keep clear of freight business until we got rid of our strike. Anything valu-able or perishable was especially un-

''Well, don't say I want to get the boy killed, Neighbor,' I protested.
''I've plenty to answer for. I'm here to run trains-when there are any to to run trains-when there are any to But the stuff was docked and loaded and consigned in our care before we knew it. After that, a refusal to carry it would be like hoisting the white flag; and that is something which never yet run ; that's murder enough for me. needn't send Bartholomew out on my flew on the West End. account.

'Turn it over to the Columbian," said the general superintendent; but the general superintendent was not looked up to on our division. He hadn't enough Our head was a fighter, and he sand. Our head was a marker him. gave tone to every man under him. "No," he thundered, bringing down his "pot in a thousand years! We'll sand.

how.

the train into the out freight-house. The result was that by morning we had a new train made up. It consisted of

fourteen refrigerator-cars loaded with

oranges, which had come in mysteriously

that the silk would be held for the present and the oranges rushed through. Bright and early the refrigerator-train

was run down to the ice-houses and twenty men were put to work icing the

There was a lantern-jawed conference

body for 1 and 2 who at least knew an

man in sight was bartholonic Markow Markow He was very busy polishing the 44. He had good steam on her, and the old tub was wheezing as if she had the asthma.

wiped her battered dose as deferenti-ally as if she had been a spick-span,

the night before. It

scheme into a cocked hat.

was announced

it knocked our

his, "not in a thousand years! We'll move it ourselves. Wire Montgomery, the general manager, that we will take And wire him to fire Crazycare of it. -and to do it right off." And bere the silk was turned over to us azyhorse was looking for another job. the only case on record where a freight hustler was discharged for get-

There were twelve car-loads; it was insured for \$85,000 a car; you can figure how far the title is wrong, but you never can estimate the worry that stuff gave can estimate the worry that stuff gave us. It looked as big as \$12,000,000, worth. In fact, one scrub-car tink, with the glory of the West End at heart, had a fight curve the with the glory of the west End at heart, had a fight over the amount with a sceptical hostler. He maintained that the actual money value was a \$120,000-000; but I give you the figures just as they went over the wire, and they are what

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twenty men were put to work length of oranges. At 7 o'clock McCurdy pulled in the local passenger with engine 105. Our plan was to cancel the local and run him right out with the oranges. When he got in he reported the 105 had cours a time, it knocked our rigl What bothered us most was that the strikers had the tip almost as soon as we had it. Having friends on every road in the country, they know as much in the round hence in the round hence about our business as we ourselves. The minute it was announced that we should move the silk they were after should move the slik they were alter us. It was a defiance, a last one. If we could move freight-for we were al-ready moving passengers after a fashion -the strike might be well accounted beaten. Stewart, the leader of the local con-

tingent, together with his followers, got

body for 1 and 2 who at least hew an injector from an air-pump. It was 8 o'clock. I looked into the locomotive stalls. The first—the only man in sight was Bartholomew Mullen, man in sight was polishing the 44. He "You don't show much sense, Reed," said be. "You fellows here are break-ing your necks to get things moving, and when this strike's over if our boys and when this strike s over in our spi-ask for your discharge they'll get it. This road can't run without our en-gineers. We're going to beat you. If The 44 was old ; she was homely ; she was rickety ; but Bartholomew Mullen gineers. We're going to beat you. If you dare try to move this stuff we'll ave your scalp when it's over. You'll never get your silk to Zanesville, I'll promise you that. And if you ditch it and make a \$1,000,000 loss, you'll get

It was plain that the master-mechanic hated to do it; it was simply sheer necessity. "He's a wiper," mused Neighbor, as

ly I felt the fill going soft under the drivers—felt the 44 wobble and slew. Bartholomew shut off hard and threw the air as I sprang to the window. The the air as I sprang to the window. The peaceful little creek ahead looked as angry as the Platte in April water, and Bartholomew walked springily away. "I took him in here sweeping two years ago. He ought to be firing now, but be bottoms were a lake. Somewhere up the valley there had the union held him back; that's why he been a cloudburst, for overhead the

hates them. He knows more about an engine now than half the lodge. They'd better have let him in," said the master-mechanic, grimity. "He may be the means of breaking their backs yet. If sun was bright. The beaver was roar-ing over its banks and the bridge was out. Bartholomew screamed for brakes looked as we were against it-and I give him an engine and he runs it, I'll never take him off, union or no union, strike or no strike." "How old is that boy?" I asked. hard. A soft track to stop on, a torrent of

storm water ahead, and ten hundred thousand dollars' worth of silk behind -not to mention equipment. I yelled at Bartholomew and motioned for him to jump; my conscience is clear on that point. The 44 was stumbling "Eighteen; and never a kith or a kin that I know of. Bartholomew Mul-

along, trying, like a drunken man, to hang to the rotten track. "Bartholomew!" I yelled: but he

was head out and looking at his train, while he jerked frantically at the air happens. If he gets killed, it's your fault, Reed." He meant that I was calling on him lever. I understood : the air wouldn't work; it never will on those old tubs when you need it. The sweat pushed for men when he absolutely couldn't "I heard once," he went on, "about "I heard once," he went on, "about a fellow named Bartholomew being mixed up in a massacre. But I take it he must have been an older man than out on me. I was thinking of how much the silk would bring us after a bath in the Beaver. Bartholomew stuck to his levers like a man in a signal-tower, but every second brought us closer to open water. Watching him, our Bartholomew-nor his other name wasn't Mullen, neither. I disremember just what it was, but it wasn't Mul-

to set to open water. Watering initial intention only on saving his first train-heedless of saving his life—I was really a bit ashamed to jump. While I hesi-tated, he somehow got the brakes to set; the old 44 bucked like a bronco. It wasn't too soon. She checked her train nobly at the last, but I saw no-thing could keep her from the drink. I caught Bartholomew a terrific slap

"Give him a slow schedule and I'll and again I yelled; then turning to the gangway, I dropped into the soft mud on my side. The 44 hung low, and it give him orders to jump early; that's all we can do. If the strikers don't ditch him, he'll get through, somewas easy lighting. Bartholomew sprang from his seat a It stuck in my crop-the idea of putting the boy on a pilot engine to take all the dangers ahead of that particular

second later, but his blouse caught in the teeth of the quadrant. He stooped quick as thought, and peeled the thing uick as thought, and peeled the thing over his head. But then he was caught with his hands in the wristbands, and the dinary dub thinks what he should have all the dangers ahead of that particular train; but I had a good deal else to think of besides. From the minute the silk got into the McCloud yards we posted double guards around. About 12 o'clock that night we held a coun-cil of war, which ended in our running the train into the out freicht house abutment. Pull as he would, he couldn't get

specting fish would be caught in that yellow mud. I realized, too, the in-stant I struck the water that I should saw our hind lights bobbing. We yellow mud. I realized, too, the in-stant I struck the water that I should have dived on the up-stream side. The climbed down and ran back. He had in the round-house. "What can you do?" asked the superintendent, in desperation. There's only one thing I can do. Put Bartholomew Mullen on it with the 44, and put McCurdy to bed for No. 2 to-night," responded Neighbor. We were running first in, first out; but we took care to always have some-hold for 1 and 2 who at least knew an the pier. I felt it was all up with Bar-tholomew as I scrambled out; but to my amazement, as I shook my eyes open, the train crew were running forward, and there stood Bartholomew

on the track above me looking at the refr@erators. When I got to him he explained to me how he was dragged in and had to tear the sleeves out of his blouse under water to get free. The surprise is, how little fuss men

make about such things when they are busy. It took only five minutes for the conductor to hunt up a coil of wire and conductor to nunt up a con or wre and a sounder for me, and by the time he got forward with it Bartholomew was half-way up a telegraph-pole to help me cut in on a live wire. Fastas could be a constant of the set of the s I rigged a pony, and began calling the McCloud dispatcher. It was rocky ally as if she had been a spick-span, spiker-driver, tail-truck mail-racer. She wasn't much—the 44. But in those days Bartholomew wasn't much; and the 44 was Bartholomew's.

I retorted. What was the use of more? I felt uncomfortable; but we had determined to move the silk: there was inching more to be said. When I went over to the roundhouse and told Neighbor the decision he said never a word, but he looked a great deal. Neighbor's task was to supply the motive power. All that we had, uncrippled, was in the passenger service, because passengers must be moved —must be taken cover a more of neuronal deal. was left of us back six miles to a siding, I made it my first business to explain to Neighbor, nearly beside himself, that Bartholomew was not only not at fault, but that he had actually saved the train by his nerve. "I'll tell you, Neighbor," I sugthis: gested, when we got straightened around, "give us the 109 to go ahead To On

flag-men furious, and not even Bartholomew wanted to face an inquiry on a yard wreck. On the other hand, he couldn't affords to be caught by Foley, who was chasing him out of pure ca

I saw the boy holding the throttle at a half and fingering the anxiously as we jumped through the frogs; but the roughest riding on track so far beats the ties as a cushion that when the 109 suddenly stuck her paws through an open switch we bounced against the oof of the cab like footballs. I grabbed

a brace with one hand and with the other reached instinctively across to Bartholomew's side to seize the throttle he held. But as I tried to shut him off he jerked it wide open in spite of me, and, turned with light size it bl

lightning in his eye. "No!" he cried, and his voice rang hard. The 109 took the tremendous shove at her back and leaped like a frightened horse. Away we went across yard, through the cinders, and over ties. My teeth have never been the ties. the same since. I don't belong or engine, anyway, and since then I have kept off. At the moment I was con-vinced that the strain had been too much-that Bartholomew was stark crazy. He sat bouncing clear to the roof and clinging to his levers like a But his strategy was dawning on me;

in fact he was pounding it into me. Even the shock and scare of leaving the track and tearing up the yard had not driven from Bartholomew's noodle the most important feature of our situ-ation, which was, above everything, to

keep out of the way of the silk-train. I felt every moment more mortified at my attempt to shut him off. I had done the trick of the woman who grabs the reins. It was even better to tear up the yard than to stop for Foley to smash into and scatter the silk over the coal-chutes. Bartholomew's de-cision was one of the traits which

ponies of 44 tipped over the broken abutment. On we bumped, across frogs, through

Pall as he would, he couldn't get free. The pilot tipped into the torrent slowly: but, losing her balance, the 44 kicked her heels into the air like lightning, and shot with a frightened wheeze plump into the creek, dragging her engineer after her. The head car stopped on the brink. Running across the track, I looked for Bartholomew. He wasn't there; I knew he must have gone down with his engine.

engine. Throwing off my gloves, I dove just as I stood, close to the tender, which hung half submerged. I am a good bit of a fish under water, but no self-re-anywhere but I was on the engine with

current took me away whirling; when I came up for air I was fifty feet below stood if I should of shut off. Bartholomew ran to the switch to examine it. The contact light, green, still burned like a false beacon ; and lucky it did, for it showed the switch had been tampered with and exonerated Bartholomew Mullen completely. The attempt of the strikers to spill the silk right in the yards had only made the reputa-tion of a new engineer. Thirty min-utes later the million dollar train was turned over to the eastern division to wrestle with, and we breathed, all of us, rood bit easier.

Bartholomew Mullen, now a passen-ger runner, who ranks with Kennedy and Jack Moore and Foley and George Sinclair himself, got a personal letter from the general manager compliment. ing him on his pretty wit; and he was good enough to say nothing whatever about mine.

We registered that night and went We registered that night and went to supper together—Foley, Jackson, Bartholomew, and I. Afterwards we dropped into the dispatcher's office. Something was coming from McCloud, but the operators, to save their lives, couldn't catch it. I listened a minute; it was Naichber. Naw Naichber in't couldn't catch it. I fistened a influte, it was Neighbor. Now Neighbor isn't great on dispatching trains. He can make himself understood over the poles, but his sending is like a boy's sawing



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must be taken care of first of all. In order to win a strike you must have

public opinion on your side. "Nevertheless, Neighbor," said I, after we had talked a while, "we must e silk also.

Neighbor studied; then he roared at his for

Send Bartholomew Mullen here." He spoke with a decision that made me think the business was done. I had never happened, it is true, to hear of Bartholomew Mullen in the department of motive powers; but the impression the name gave me was of a monstrous fellow, big as Neighbor, or old man Sankey, or Dad Hamilton. "I'll put Bartholomew ahead of it," muttered Neighbor, tighly. A boy walked into the office.

walked into the office. "Mr. Garten said you wanted to see

me, sir," said he, addressing the master

'I do Bartholomew," responded Neighhor

The figure in my mind's eye shrunk in a twinkling. Then it occurred to me that it must be this boy's father who was wanted.

"You have been begging for a chance to take out an engine, Bartholomew," began Neighbor, coldly; and I knew it was on. "Yes, sir." "You want to get killed, Bartholo-

mew Bartholomew smiled, as if the idea

was not altogether displeasing. "How would you like to go pilot to-morrow for McCurdy? You to take the

Mc-

44 and run as first Seventy-eight. Curdy will run as second Seventy-eight. "I know I could run an engine all right," ventured Bartholomew, as if

Neighbor were the only one taking the chances in giving him an engine. "I know the track from here to Zanesville.

I helped McNeff fire one week." "Then go home, and go to bed, and be over here at 6 o'clock to-morrow morn-And sleep sound; for it may be your last chance.

"Neighbor couldn't give me any-body but a wiper," said Bartholomew, in a sort of a wouldn't-that-kill-you tone.

The unconscious arrogance of the boy quite knocked me, so soon had honors changed his point of view. Last night changed his point of view. Last night a despised wiper; at daybreak, an en-gineer; and his nose in the air at the idea of taking on a wiper for fireman. And all so innocent! "Would you object, Bartholomew," I suggested, gently. "to a train master

I suggested, gently, "to a train-master

for fireman?' I don't-think so, sir."

'Oh yes, sir-if Neighbor doesn't

care. smiled. He didn't know who Neighbor took orders from ; but he thought, evidently, not from me. "Then run her down to the oranges,

Bartholomew, and couple on, and we'll order ourselves out. See ?" order ourselves out. See ?" The 44 really looked like a baby-car-

The 44 really looked like a baby-car-riage when we got her in front of the refrigerators. However, after the nec-essary preliminaries, we gave a very sporty toot and pulled out; in a few minutes we were sailing down the val-ley.

ley. For fifty miles we bobbed along with our cargo of iced silk as easy as old shoes; for I need hardly explain that we had packed the silk into the refrig-erators to confuse the strikers. The great risk was that they would try to alteb us.

ditch us. I was watching the track as a mouse would a cat, looking every minute for trouble. We cleared the gumbo cut west of the Beaver at a pretty good west of the Beaver at a pretty good clip, in order to make the grade on the other side. The bridge there is hidden in summer by a grove of hackberry, I had just pulled open to cool her a bit when I noticed how high the backwater was on each side of the track. Sudden-

around, "give us the 109 to go ahead as pilot, an run the stuff around the river division with Foley and the 216." "What'll you do with No 6?" growled Neighbor. Six was the local

passenger, west. "Annul is west of McCloud," said I, instantly. "We've got this silk on our hands now, and I'd move it if it tied up every passenger-train on the division. If we can get the infernal stuff through,

Junction, Neighbor had made up his

mind my way. Mullen and I climbed into the 109, and Foley with the 216, and none too good a grace, coupled on to the silk, and, flying, red signalt, we

to the silk, and, flying, red signalt, we started again for Zanesville over the river division. Foley was always full of mischief. He had a better engine than ours, anyway, and he took satisfaction the rest of the afternoon in crowding us. Every mile of the way he was on our heels. was throwing the coal and distinctly remember.

It was after dark when we reached the Beverly Hill, and we took it at a lively pace. The strikers were not on our minds then; it was Foley who bothered. When the long parellel steel lines of

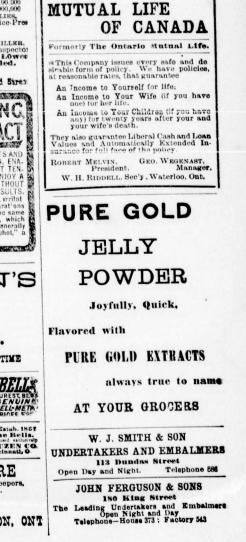
the upper yards spread before us, flash-ing under the arc-lights, we were away cured him. Before this he had been rather delicate but since using the Tablets, he has been much better in every way. I can sincerely recom-mend the Tablets to all mothers with above yard speed. Running a locomo-tive into one of those big yards is like shooting a rapid in a canoe. There is

od-sort of uneven. However, though I am not much on sunning yards, I claim to be able to ake the wildest ball that was ever

thrown along the wire, and the chair was tendered me at once to catch Ne extraordinary passes at the Mc Cloud key. They came something like

Business in Force over the monomous Hox, JNO. DRYDKN. GEORGE GILLES, Preeldent. Vice-Pree H. WADDINGTON, Secretary and Managing. L. LEITCH, JAS. GRANT, D. WRISMILLER, Supt. Treas. Inspectio Over 53,900,000 prid in losses. Lower rates. Lesses promptly settled. OITY AGENT A. W. BUEWELL - 476 Bichmond Strey AFTER SHAVING To Opr.: Tell Massacree [that was the word that stuck them all, and I could perceive Neighbor was talking emphatically ; he had apparently forgotten Bartholomew's last name and was irying to connect with the one he had disremembered the night before]—tell Massacree [repeated Neighbor] that he is al-1-1 right. Tell hi-m I give 'im double mileage for to-day all the way through. And to-mor-BND'S EXTRACT day all the way through. And to-morow he gets the 109 to keep. NEIGHBOR. BABY'S OWN TABLET'S. Positive Cure for hot Weather Ail-ments. In the hot weather the little ones suffer from bowel troubles, are nervous, COWAN'S weak, sleepless and irritable. Their vitality is lower now than at any other season. Prompt action at this time **AO20** often saves a valuable little life. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the AND HOCOLATE. world for little ones at this time. They speedily relieve, promptly cure, and give sound, refreshing sleep. The Tablets should be in every home where THE BEST. TRY IT NEXT TIME Tablets should be in every hole where there are little ones during the hot weather months. Mrs. P. Ferguson, 106 Mansfield street, Montreal, says : 'I have found Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine I have ever used for chil-HAVERABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826 BELLER HAVE FURNISHED 35.000 HER UBURGH, SCHOOL & OTHER UBURGH, SCHOOL & OTHER UBURGH, SCHOOL & OTHER MENDELLY & CO., GENUNG WEST-TROY, N. V. SELL-META CHIMES, ETD, CATALOGUE & DELOCE ESP dren. My baby was attacked with dysentery and was hot and feverish. I gave him the tablets and they promptly WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY Hatab. INST Church, Peal and Chime Bella. Buperio Opper and L Inst. To used reducting Write for Galages to E. W. VANDEUZEN CO. Buckeys Bell Foundry, Chechant, O

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