

KIDNAPPED GUARD.

'Me ever see the Rio Grande? A few I've seen it pretty much from Brownsville to the Colorado line. But I'm not hankering to see it any more—at least not where it marks the end of Uncle Sam's land. 'Yet there was a time when the Rio Grande was the prettiest stream I ever saw. And the place where I saw it last and welcomed it as I never before did a river, was the place where it's at its worst, where it's dust dry ten months in the year and flooding the country the other two. 'It was while I was running an engine on the Mexican Central. That's not a bad job now, and it was better then. You get your pay in gold, and you pay your living in silver, and if ever a man can save money that is his chance. That's what took me there, and the same thing tempted the rest of the boys, for, with the exception of the brakemen, all the train crews were American born. The Mexican is good in many ways, but he isn't up to running an engine or punching tickets,' says Frederick F. Thompson in the Los Angeles Times. 'It was a good job, all right, but it had its drawbacks. One of these was the trick the Mexican government has of locking up the American part of the train crew whenever there is an accident. If they locked them up when they are to blame, it would not be so bad; but down they lock you up and then forget about you. In the course of a year or two they may remember you, and when they have satisfied themselves that the accident was an accident and not a piece of cold blooded dexterity on your part they let you go. But they don't apologize, and you don't get pay for lost time. So an engineer's job isn't pure joy down in Diaz land. 'I didn't know about these drawbacks when I took the job. But once I had it, I wasn't going to back out, and besides, I figured on not having any accidents. For year it was all right. Then it had to come. I was running on the north division of the road, from Matetzuma, to Paso del Norte—it is Juarez, now. Charley Robinson was my conductor, and Bill Elkins was firing. We had made the run to Ojo Caliente and were just pulling out when Robinson jerked the air break like mad. I knew something was up, but I couldn't see from my side of the cab. I wasn't waiting to look, though, and the way I handled the old machine to bring her to a stop was shameful. Just as I succeeded, Elkins called out from the foot-board where he had swung himself. 'Too late, Dick. We've done it.' 'I knew what that meant. My first idea was to jump and run. But where could I run to? We were a hundred miles from the border, and I knew there was no chance. There wasn't time to think twice. In half a jiffy a swarm of police and soldiers who are always about the stations, were in the cab and all over the tender. They had Elkins and me on the platform in a minute and looked as though they were going to shoot us at once. Then another company or two of soldiers came up with Robinson. He told me how it was. A Mexican full of tequila had made a run for the train as we pulled out. He tried to jump on the step, but his legs tangled up, and he went under the wheels before Robinson could get to him. 'We expected to be lugged off to jail, but one thing saved us for the time. There wasn't a man in Ojo Caliente who could take the train on. So the captain commanding the soldiers didn't know what to do. Finally, at Robinson's suggestion, he telegraphed for authority to let us finish our run under a guard of his men. That seemed the only way out of it, and after the wires were kept busy for half an hour, the order came for us to go ahead. Six soldiers climbed into the cab, and sat, some on the tender and some on Elkins' seat with their guns pointed unpleasantly at us as we pulled out. A big batch were scattered through the train to keep watch of Robinson. 'I don't think the fellows in the cab enjoyed their ride much, but I know Elkins and I enjoyed it still less. Instead of going home at the end of the run, we were going to jail; and from what I knew of Mexican jails there would be no joke about it, especially when it might be years before we got a trial. 'It was a 40-minute run to San Jose, the next station, and in those 40 minutes Elkins and I did some tall thinking. 'It's pretty tough to take the machine so close to the river and not be able to get across,' yelled Bill, as he took a rest from shovelling coal. 'I'd make a run for it if there was a chance, but there is no show,

with these cusses watching like they are,' 'I knew there was no show, once we had stopped in Paso del Norte. But, somehow, Bill's words put an idea into my head. When we got to San Jose I climbed down and made a bluff at looking over the engine. The station agent was an American, as they were, then, all along the line. While I was pretending to look at the wheels and to test things generally, I signalled to him and Robinson to come up. When they came, you would have thought they were leading a review of the whole Mexican army, there were so many baggy-breached soldiers tagging along. There was one good thing for us about those soldiers, though, and that was that they didn't savez English. Still I wasn't taking any chances, and I kept on with my bluff of looking over the engine, until Robinson and the agent wondered what I wanted. 'Something wrong with the old girl, to night,' I said finally, pointing in at the tracks. 'The agent bent down to look, but Robinson understood that something was up. 'Wha, are you driving at?' he asked. 'Why, there's something wrong,' I said again. 'She don't work the way she usually does. I had a hard time making her slow down for the station. Seems to me as if she wants to run away. 'Robinson and the agent looked at me, and I could see that they were beginning to understand. 'What is it; throttle or brakes,' asked the agent. 'Well, it's kind of a combination of both,' I said. 'It's hard to put on brakes, and when they are on, the shoes don't seem to bite right. And the shut off is working harder than sin. I'm almost afraid she'll run away. I never had an engine do it with me, but I'm feeling, somehow, as if this one would. It wouldn't matter much, if the switches were right.' 'I looked at the agent, and I saw that he knew what I was driving at. 'Might be a good thing for some people if she did run away,' said Robinson. 'Yes,' answered the agent, 'and the switches will be right. They're all United States up the line, aint they?' 'Every blessed one,' I said. 'Then I'd bet on the switches,' he answered. 'We didn't waste any more time talking but went into his den and commenced working the telegraph key. I saw him at it as we pulled out. 'Between San Jose and Paso del Norte there was only one stop, and that was at Samalyuca, 30 miles from the river. We were late because of the accident, and I was pushing her along to pick up some of the lost time. The soldiers had got a little used to the motion of the engine, and though they didn't like it they weren't looking so scared when we struck a curve. I felt better, too, because there was less danger of their guns going off by accident. 'I kept up my bluff that there was something wrong with the engine, and got one of the soldiers to help me with some bogus repairs. Bill had heard what I said at San Jose, and he was on. When we got near Samalyuca I made believe that I couldn't shut off steam. I pulled at the throttle, but didn't release the spring catch and so, of course, it wouldn't budge. Then I called to a couple of soldiers, and they came and pulled, too, but it didn't do any good. Finally I sent off steam and brought her up, but we had run by the station and had to back in. 'Did she run away with you?' asked the station agent, as I climbed out of the cab. 'He was a bright young fellow, and there was a look in his eyes that showed me he knew was up. 'She pretty nearly did,' I answered. I'm afraid she will, next time.' 'She won't hit anything if she does,' he replied. 'I caught a message to San Jose that said the track was clear.' 'Then I'm pretty sure the old girl will get fractious when she get near the river,' I said. 'She's United States make, and she seems to want to go to her old stable.' 'Robinson came up and we talked, and he and Elkins grinned at each other. 'I've fixed the air brake,' he said. 'The soldiers can pu' at it all day without making it work.' 'Good boy!' I answered. 'If she don't run clear home it will be because she hits something that stops her.' 'It is 30 miles from Samalyuca to Paso del Norte, and from the station there it's another mile to the station in El Paso, and half way between the two stations is that make believe river, the Rio Grande. 'The running card allows an hour and 20 minutes to Paso del Norte, but we were behind time, and I slammed her along. I was getting anxious as the time came for putting the scheme through. I began wondering what the soldiers would do when they found out what was up; whether they would let us run away with

them, or whether they would get excited and shoot. But I decided to take the chance, anyhow, and, to keep them occupied, I went at the old bluff of getting them to help me with the engine. Bill joined in this game, and hooked the fire rake into a rig at the back of the tender, and got three of the soldiers to pull on the rake. I pretty nearly laughed when I saw what they were doing. It seemed as though as a five year old kid would have known better. But the Mexicans took it all seriously, and Bill and I kept them busy. 'They were so occupied with their monkey work that they didn't notice how close we were to Paso del Norte. I did, though, and I looked out ahead mighty sharp to see that the track was clear. I was sure it would be as far as the station. What worried me was whether it would be from the station to the United States. 'Just before you get to the depot there is a curve in the track. As we struck that I let the old girl out a bit. The two soldiers who were helping me had their heads below the cab window, and the three who were pulling at Elkins' fire rake had their backs turned and couldn't see where we were. But the other fellow, who was sitting in Elkins' seat, caught sight of the station as we seemed to jump out of the ground. He gave a yell like a frightened coyote and leaped at me. I had hold of the throttle and pulled her open another notch. Then I pretended to be trying to shut her off, but with the same trouble I had had at Samalyuca. I called to the soldiers to help me, and they tugged as they had done before. This time they couldn't do anything, for I had jammed a cold chisel at the bottom of the lever, so that an elephant could not have moved it. 'But the soldiers thought I was in earnest in trying to stop, and did their best to help. Elkins' men pulled at the fire rake until the sweat ran down their faces, and mine worked as they never had before. 'It was all over in less time than I can tell it. We were going a good 45 miles an hour, and in a second we were past the station. The nervous perspiration was running down my face, as I peered ahead. It was dark, and all I could see showed white. But how would it be in the yards on the other side of the river? 'Then another fear came to me. Suppose we should hit a street car or a carriage, as we raced through the town! The law required us almost to creep from Paso del Norte to El Paso; if there should be an accident, now I should be a murderer. What was a short period of unjust confinement to taking such a chance of killing innocent people? 'In a second I kicked out the chisel which blocked the lever, and grabbed the throttle. As I did so the engine gave a lurch, and then came the rumble, which told me we were on the threshold which led to the bridge and to the United States. We were saved in spite of ourselves. 'The rest is simple. When we pulled into El Paso there was a crowd of 200 railroad men there to meet us. The officer commanding the troops stormed and swore but he could do nothing, else. He would have liked to take us back by force but was powerless, for the railroad men were armed. He appealed to the police, but again could do nothing, for the extradition laws contain nothing to cover the kidnapping of the Mexican army. 'While the officer raged, Robinson, Elkins and I were taken in charge by the railroad men. They took us to the city and kept us safe until the train for the north pulled out. We went with it, and have never been back. But we are still on the black list of the Mexican government, and that's why I don't care to see the Rio Grande again. 'An English professor of languages, on returning from India, remarked upon the paucity of objectionable phrases among the British working classes when compared with the abundance supplied by the Orientals of similar rank. To prove this, he gave a case which came under his own notice. He had dismissed a man-servant for dishonesty, and the next morning, at six o'clock, he sought an interview with his former master. He flourished a carving-knife, with which he plainly intended to emphasize his remarks. When he found it impossible to gain admission, he sat under the window, and the 'swearing' process began. He cursed the professor along the genealogical tree back to the first ancestor of his race. Then he dwelt upon every detail of his anatomy, from the top of his head to the end of his toes. 'For three consecutive hours he sat and swore,' says the professor, 'without once repeating a phrase.' Laura—Her father cast her off without a penny when she married without his consent. Claire—How did they manage? 'Oh, they published two volumes of their love-letters.'

In Regulation Attire. The good spirits and good nature of soldiers are proverbial. They are always ready for anything in the way of fun, and even in the very moment of death they are not insensible to a humorous situation. Tommy Atkins has a sort of ponderous humor of his own, of which he may be not infrequently unconscious. Donan Doyle has told several good stories of the lighter side of the war in South Africa, and Julian Ralph supplements them with others quite as good. Mr. Ralph relates an anecdote to illustrate soldierly good humor, even at the expense of personal comfort. The troop had been greatly annoyed by swarms of insects, and to cap their sorrows a small army of locusts put in an appearance. Tommy had been vainly brushing away and trying to dodge the pests, all to no purpose, until finally catching one and closely examining it, he called out to his mates in a rich cockney dialect: 'Blame me if the bloomin' butterflies aint in khaki!' A SPRAINED ANKLE is not an uncommon accident. Pain-Killer relieves and cures almost as if by magic. The greatest household remedy. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c. Frima Facie Evidence. An English lord of the manor was returning home one night, when he found a country bumpkin standing by the kitchen door with a lantern in his hand. 'What are you doing here?' the lord asked, roughly. 'I've come a-coortin', sir,' was the reply. 'A-coortin'? What do you mean by that?' 'I'm a follower o' Mary the kitchen maid. 'Is it you habit to carry a lantern when you are on such errands?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Nonsense!' retorted the master, angrily 'You'll talk such stuff to me! Be off with yourself! Courtin' with a lantern! When I was young I never used such a thing.' 'No, sir,' said the yokel, moving rapidly away. 'Judgin' by the missus, I shouldn't think ye did.'

The Cause of Hay Fever It's a microbe that floats in the air, gets into the throat and lungs, develops rapidly, excites inflammation, &c. The cause is as simple as a thistle in the finger. Extract the thistle, away goes the pain. Destroy the Hay Fever germ—you get well. That's why Catarrhose acts so marvelously in Hay Fever. Its fragrant vapor to you Hay Fever cure, but to the microbe death. Catarrhose is as quick to act on these microscopic organisms as lightning. Prevents as well as cures, and is always successful. Druggists, 25c. and \$1.00, or Polson's & Co., Kingston, Ont.

BORN. Truro, June 10, to the wife of F. McClure, a son. Hants, June 12, to the wife of L. Harris, a son. Digby, June 20, to the wife of E. Nichols, a son. Halifax, June 19, to the wife of John Troy, a son. Halifax, June 20, to the wife of W. Tanton, a son. Bridgewater, June 17, to the wife of L. Mitchell, a son. Lunenburg, June 18, to the wife of H. Kirby, a daughter. Amherst, June 18, to the wife of G. Quigley, a son. Colchester, June 1, to the wife of B. Deaymond, a son. Yarmouth, June 10, to the wife of G. Haines, twin girls. New Glasgow, June 6, to the wife of Chas. Warman, a son. Bridgewater, June 16, to the wife of Rev. B. Giles, a daughter. Caledon, June 8, to the wife of Hon. C. Alexander, a daughter. Colchester, June 11, to the wife of C. Morrill, a daughter. West Head, June 9, to the wife of G. Smith, a daughter. Bedford, June 17, to the wife of Henry DeWolfe, a daughter. Berwick, May 23, to the wife of F. Kinsman, a daughter. Shelburne, June 16, to the wife of Charles Taylor, a daughter. Lunenburg, June 11, to the wife of M. McLean, a daughter. West Falmouth, June 15, to the wife of Chas. Amiro, a daughter. Smith's Cove, June 18, to the wife of K. Cossabomb, a daughter. Cambridgeport, June 9, to the wife of John Manselton, a daughter.

MARRIED. Windsor, June 18, Chas. Stewart, Annie Mosher. Aylesford, June 8, David Radolph, Mary Pico. Boiestown, Estelia Norrad, to Archibald Lyons. Carlisle, June, Robert Clendinning, to Rita Sharpe. Halifax, June 18, Frank Phillips, to Josie S. Allen. Tracadie, June 18, Wm. Austin, to Mary Walsh. St. John, June 18, Byron Langley, to Helen Flagler. Bath, Me., June 12, Thomas Darkie, to Miss Fulton. Boston, Mass., June 15, Chas. W. Reid, to Ella Brewster. Charlottetown, June 18, Geo. Worth, to Phoebe Reid. St. John, June 12, Joseph McConnell, to Annie M. Lacey. Whitehead, June 12, Chas. Parry, Mrs. Sophie Lundy. North Sydney, June 21, James Lever, to Adelaide White. Five Islands, May 21, John A. Hannah, to Sarah R. Taylor. Bath, Me., June 19, Frank Emery, to Amanda Brooks. Windsor, June 14, R. F. Eggar, to Frances G. Ouseley. Wilnot, June 13, Capt. John L. Read, to Nellie Wilson. Summerside, June 12, W. E. Brooks, to M. C. Adams. St. John Co., June 17, John D. Thompson, to Bessie Currie. Clark's Harbor, June 4, Rupert Lamrock, to Lydia Crowell. Boiestown, June 19, Frank Calhoun, to Bessie Spencer.

Clam Point, June 18, Herbert Nickerson, to Lois Atkins. Digby, June 8, Wentworth VanTassel, to Mercy VanTassel. St. John, June 22, Douglas R. Helmsley, to Jennie Patterson. Kings Co., June 19, George B. Sillip, to Phoebe E. Vanwart. North Sydney, June 20, John MacAskill, to Katie Morrison. Hop's River, June 17, T. A. Driscoll, to Marguerite J. Brennan. River John, N. S., June 19, George A. Tacker, to Nora Nelson. Oxford, June 19, Henry D. Fountain, to Mary Westheroe. River John, N. S., June 12, John Morgan, to Euphemia McKay. Charlottetown, June 12, Silas Murley, to Marguerite MacFiber. Upper Miramiquiboit, June 19, Michael Fleming, Haldah Lemont. Roxbury, Mass., June 6, Kenneth Matheson, to Isabella MacNeill. Clark's Harbor, June 12, Wm. D. Atwood, to Maggie Nickerson. Hyde Park, Mass., June 6, Daisy Forsythe, to Beverley M. Chittack.

DIED. Hants, June 1, Sarah J. Green. Boston, Duncan MacAskill, 58. Hants, June 8, John Best, 84. Boston, June 14, Richard Mont. Truro, June 16, W. A. Dewar, 64. Halifax, June 21, Bessie Marks, 35. Halifax, June 21, Nettie Warren, 15. Springhill, June 15, Sam S. Brine, 3. Halifax, June 22, George Lohmer, 41. Springhill, June 12, Mrs. Mary McMillan, 5. Springhill, June 14, May L. Crane, 14. Fairville, June 23, Terence Collins, 74. Lunenburg, May 20, M. ry Conrad, 23. Bear River, June 10, Burton Chute, 73. Tranket Wedge, Mr. James Richard, 76. Greenwood, June 10, J. E. Miller, 72. Prospect, May 29, Jonathan Pisco, 79. Springhill, June 8, David Arsenian, 7. Colchester, June 9, Christy Ballie, 61. Cardigan, June 3, Edward Stewart, 74. Bear River, April 29, John C. Miller, 80. Young's Cove, June 10, Robert Mills, 72. North Tryon, June 17, Adam M. Elder. Charlottetown, June 19, Harold Damerell. East Point, June 8, Mrs. Mary McMillan, 79. Montague, June 18, Capt. Donald McLeod. North Sydney, June 21, Mary J. Gunn, 12. Melrose, Mass., May 31, Clara B. Steves. Boston, June 16, Mrs. Melvina Ridley, 65. Fairview, June 21, Joseph Demars, 63. Springhill, June 12, Joseph Demars, 63. Yarmouth Co., June 10, Mr. Simons Smith, 69. Springhaven, June 10, Katie B. Harber. Roxbury, Mass., June 7, Mr. Harris Landers, 77. Grand Tracadie, June 19, James N. McDonald, 65. Roseberry, Belfast, June 13, Capt. Roderick McCrae, 52.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE. From St. John. Effective Monday, June 10th, 1901. (Eastern Standard Time.) All trains daily except Sundays. DEPARTURES. 6:15 a. m. Express—Flying Yankee, for Bangor, Portland and Boston, connecting for Montreal, Woodstock and points North. PARLOR CAR SERVICE TO BOSTON. 9:10 a. m. Suburban Express, to Wolford. 1:00 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesdays and Saturdays only, to Wolford. 4:30 p. m. Suburban Express to Wolford. 6:15 p. m. Montreal Short Line Express, connecting at Hamilton for Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and Chicago, and with the "Imperial Limited" for Winnipeg and Vancouver. Connects for Fredericton. Palace Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Montreal. Palace Sleeper St. John to Lewis (opposite Quebec), via Megantic. Fullman Sleeper for Boston, St. John to Madam Jol. 8:30 p. m. Boston Express, First and second class coach passengers for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Train stops at Grand Bay, Riverbank, Ballentine, Westfield Beach, Lingley and Wolford, connects for St. Stephen, Moncton, Woodstock (St. Andrews after July 1st) Boston, Fullman Express to Montreal Express attached to this train at Madam Jol. 8:20 p. m. Fredericton Express. 10:00 a. m. Saturdays only. Accommodation, making all stops as far as Wolford. ARRIVALS. 7:20 a. m. Suburban, from Lingley. 8:20 a. m. Fredericton Express. 11:20 a. m. Boston Express. 12:35 p. m. Montreal Express. 12:35 p. m. Suburban from Wolford. 3:10 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesday and Saturday only from Wolford. 7:00 p. m. Suburban from Wolford. 10:30 p. m. Boston Express. C. E. E. USEFUL. P. A. Montreal. A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R. St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Suburban Express for Hampton..... 6:30 Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7:00 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Ficton..... 7:00 Express for Sussex..... 11:45 Express for Sussex..... 12:30 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 17:45 Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene..... 18:00 Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene..... 18:00 TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 6:00 Suburban Express from Hampton..... 7:15 Express from Sussex..... 8:25 Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11:00 Express from Halifax and Ficton..... 11:00 Express from Halifax and Ficton..... 11:35 Suburban Express from Hampton..... 12:05 Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 12:15 Daily, except Monday. All trains arrive by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Mon. ton, N. B., June 6, 1901. G. D. CARVILL, C. T. A., 7 King Street St. John, N. B.