

CAUGHT BETWEEN TRAINS.

Awful Experience Of Young Girls on a Railroad Trestle.

As a result of a terrifying experience on a railroad trestle a young woman has lost her reason and has been committed to the New York State Insane asylum.

On the night of March 10 a party of young people started to walk over a railroad trestle which crosses an arm of the Hudson river near Dutchess Junction. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Pelequin, Nellie Grennan and her sister Mamie, and Susie and Josetta Lauzon. Mrs. Pelequin carried a lantern. The trestle is 50 feet above the water and about 100 yards long.

The little party had about reached the middle span when suddenly Mrs. Pelequin stood still, with a peculiar startled gesture.

"Hark!" she cried, raising high above her head the lantern.

Suddenly out into the air shrieked a warning whistle.

It was the Albany express, south bound, bearing relentlessly down upon them.

They could see the glaring headlights of the engine as it came around a curve in the road.

Oliver Pelequin looked back to measure the distance they had come. He saw it was impossible to retrace their steps.

"The other track!" he shouted loudly. "Get on the other track and stand still!"

He literally lifted Susie Lauzon, who seemed to be paralyzed with terror, in his arms and flung her on to the other track. The others followed.

The same instant there was a whistle from the other direction back of them.

At the sound a hoarse cry went up.

The local train!

Those on the trestle seemed to hear their death warrant. Mrs. Pelequin's lantern showed their faces drawn and pale. Only an

instant before they had been laughing.

Nellie Grennan was heard to give a groan; then she threw herself toward the edge of the trestle.

Any death was better than this one. "Drowning was preferable a thousand times."

"Stop!" shouted Mr. Pelequin, divining her intention.

The little childish figure stood an instant wavering on the edge of the trestle. Into her ears roared the rumble of the oncoming trains one bearing down from the north, the other crashing along from the south.

"Stop!" shouted Pelequin. "Lie down—lie close between the tracks!"

He flung the girl nearest to him, who still happened to be Susie Lauzon, upon her face on the narrow board between the heavy iron rails.

"Gather your skirts in." For God's sake don't move," he cried hoarsely. And they obeyed like dumb driven cattle.

Mrs. Pelequin flung her lighted lantern from her. It landed in the path of the advancing Albany express.

Beneath those prostrate figures the trestle shook and swayed from side to side as though rocked by some mighty storm.

The roar and rumble was like terrific thunder breaking above their heads.

"A thrill went through my body," said Susie Lauzon, describing it afterward, "when the engine first touched the trestle. Every part of my body tingled to the vibrations."

"I heard it above the terrific sickening roar. I drew my hands slowly down the sides of my dress, not daring to move. I longed to speak, but I knew none could hear!"

Were the others there near me How I longed to know!

"The engines were upon us," "The trestle shook and shook. I thought it was going to break."

"Every now and again something seemed to graze my shoulder, my back, my arm. Then there would be a rush, and again what must have been the step of the car would seem about to sweep me out of existence."

"I felt I could not lie there another second. I must raise my head."

"Oh, the first dread moment of the stillness that followed!"

"The first horrible outlook after I dared to raise my head!"

"I heard Mr. Pelequin's voice calling to his wife. She lay silent, with arms rigid at her sides."

"Mr. Pelequin bounded forward, and in the darkness I caught what his eyes had seen. A little flame was making way up her dress. Scorching, bruised, bleeding, her husband lifted her in his arms. The engine of the Albany express crashing against her little lantern had caught it up and hurled the burning oil and broken glass upon her prostrate form."

"One by one we called the names of our companions. Mr. Pelequin and I were the only ones unhurt. In the darkness we heard the groans and sighs of the others."

"Nellie is covered with blood!" we heard her sister Mamie cry."

After the women had been carried to Brynnesville by the operator and his assistants, Nellie Grennan went from insensibility into delirium. Mrs. Pelequin, Josetta Lauzon and Mamie Grennan had been wounded by the steps of the cars, but none of them seriously. Nellie Grennan had received a scalp wound, but far more serious had been her shock and fright. For days she raved of the roar, the rumble, the dash, the wind, the trembling palpitating trestle.

and shipped in crates. A good many die on the way, and anyhow they might just as well be killed when they are caught so that only the legs need be shipped.

The French-Canadians, who coral most of the frogs which come to us from Canada, are more accommodating. They ship only the legs as you see them here. But they're too hasty themselves. They pack the legs too soon after killing the frog and while the flesh is still warm. That causes it to spoil, and we lose a good deal that way. They ought to let it cool naturally before they begin packing.

But why do they leave this piece of back sticking in the legs? It's quite ornamental, but doesn't look as if it would be good picking for a hungry man.

Good picking? You couldn't get enough meat off that piece of back to fill a hole in a baby's tooth. It's pure waste. They leave it on to make weight. Frogs' legs are bought and sold by the pound and that spinal sample makes a good deal of difference when you have several hundred dozen pair of legs. Sometimes they put in whole frogs! that is both pairs of legs and the back; that's all there is to a frog and there's nothing but bones to the back and the front pair of legs. There are tricks even in the frog leg trade.

Most of the frogs from this part of the country are natives of Jersey but they are a picaresque product of the effete east; mere babies alongside of the whoppers sent in from the west. The legs that come from the Missouri frogs look like chicken drumsticks. Some of the frogs from the banks of the Big Muddy weigh two pounds, and a half of that goes to a pair of hind legs, which would make a pretty fair meal for a man with not too hearty an appetite.

(Continued on page 3.)

FROGS' LEGS.

A Ton a Day Consumed Now—Those From Canada the Best.

One ton of frogs' legs a day! That is the size of the June supply for New York city. As the season lasts from April 1 to October 1 the frog eaters ought to be able to jump well enough to live things up when the melancholy autumn days set in.

Frogs' legs come to town in various ways. Some of them arrive attached to the frogs to which they belong. Others come independently; simple frogs' legs unadorned. They don't even have any skin to conceal the pale beauty of their complexion. The only unnecessary way, is a monument to the thrift of the canny Canadian.

But let us begin with Master Froggie while he is still on the na-

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Mrs. Chas. E. Jones, Haverhill, Que., writes:—"For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I would take shaking spells and a dizzy swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall to spring, his medicine did not help me."

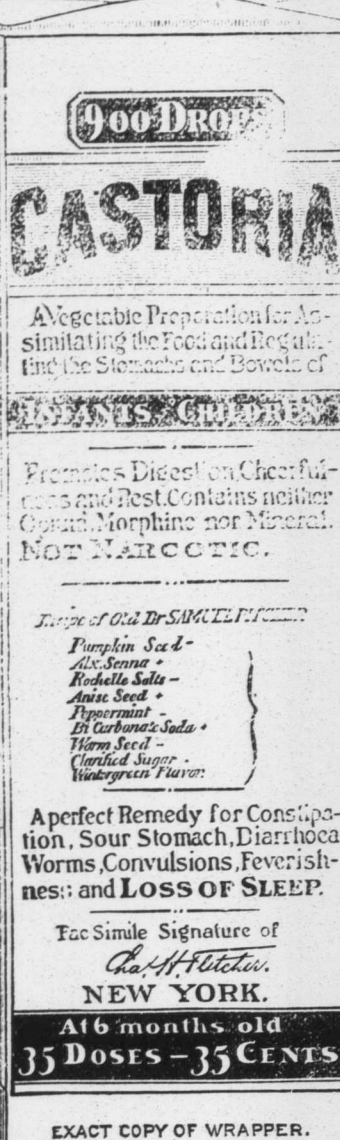
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Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Company, Toronto.

Canadian frogs are the best. Frogs from the south come early in the season, but the meat is too soft. It's like everything else from the south, it is hard to keep them. The southerners are lazy, too, or not up-to-date. They ship the whole frog instead of just the hind legs, the ornaments they wear are two rather splay feet and half a spinal column, which same nest of bones, by only part worth anything.

Lots of these frogs come from the lower Chesapeake and around Baltimore. They are packed in grass-

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