## In the Track of a Runaway.

BY EDWARD J. JEIDELI

On the books and time-tables of the company, "the Mixed Pickle," as the men along the line irreversity called her, was known as Passenger Train no. 27." She was made up of a com-bination baggage and smoker, two conclus and four hamigrant cars, the courted and four numberent cars, the intro precessarily even more dilapitated and tottering than the former lier augine, No. 420, a smallest adark considering the weight of the stem cars, was remarkable chiefly for her tropende anonex-stack-big at the top and amail at the bottom, and nor persistent inclination to lose control over the cars on a down grade and to nail them at nothing more than a snais snao up-grade.

thom at nothing more than a smars pace up-grade.

Nevertheless Dolan loved her for he had opened and shat her throutle fully ten years; land driven are through prairie fires and into snowdrifts; stood by her when she crashed through the rar of the mail, and more than one had folt safe and secare in her cab while the conductor and the rest of the crew wore figuring off the masked men who had held her up. Her bolts were loose, and she creaked when she started and manned when she stopped. started and mouned when she stopped. But Dolan understood her, and when she would seem more sore than usual, But Dolan understood her, and when she would seem more sore than usual, he would give her an extra dose of oil, and an extra twist or the wrench here and there, and she would acknowledge the kindness by puffing more resolutely and clauging her piston less plantityly. And because Dolan understood her so well old 426 continued to have "The Mixed Pickie" day after day, leaving at 0.16 with unvarying regularity and arriving with unvarying regularity from two to three dours late. Her running time, although solregularity from two to three dours hate. Her cubing time, although solemnly chronicled in fat black type upon the time-table, was largely a matter of conjecture, from all of which it may be gathered that one panting little engine is no match for seven big, beavy lumbering cars, and the rails light and in bad condition besides. No. 27's starting point was a town

of very slight prominence, and she brought up with a lerk and a jar of overworked machinery some eighty miles hence, at a place of equalty ques tionable importance, Withal, No. 27, like most mized trains on deck thy one horse Western roads, was a profitable onterprise, and though hearthy cursed by those who ran her, she was as for yently blessed by those who ordered

her running.
I rode on "The Mixed Pickle" because I rote on "The anixet Press" because my business was urgent, and to have writed for a better and more comfortable train would have entailed a day of several hours. Through Dolan's courtesy and his knowledge of the circ cumstance that I was acquainted with the road superintendent, I was per-mitted to ride in the cab.

nitted to ride in the cab.

Dolan had-barely reached the ground and started to fill the cups on the right side piston slide when Sam Eas-ton, the telegraph operator, white ild-eyed, rushed out upon the sta-

and wild-yed, usuled out upon the sta-tion platform and shouted;— "For God's sake, Dolani get 'en-a-goingi Tapero's a cray lunatic be-hind you on a C., B. and Q. compound, running her wildeat for all she's worth! West cray is the capt Kicked the fireman off! Wire's just in! For Hanyen's sake, got a reging!" leaven's sake, got a-goingi" "Can'ti" gasped Dolan; "ain't coal-

Heaven's sake, got a-going?

"Can'ti" gasped Dolan; "ain't coald yet."

"You've got tol The compound won't leat mor'n a few miles. Better run for it than lose your train standing still! Pull out, man! Pull out! Here she comes: For God's sake, pull out!"

About three niles up the track, around a wide, sweeping curve, there came into sight the form of a sway-lug, swiftly moving locomotive, her headlight reflecting thin rays upon the rails which but a few seconds before were dark and lost in the gloaming. Quick as thought the fireman drew the rubber hose and Dolan jumped into the cab, and throwing over the reverse lover, backed for the train. He struck her with a jot that made the car windows rattle and the weary allowing were changes serceed, and searcely allowing the brakeman, who did the coupling, to get clear of the track, he opened the throtte wide.

Luckliy we were on a rather steep dewn grade, and "The Mixed Pickle" got under way quickly. Our steam gauge showed 113 pounds, the safety blew off at 135, and the fireman began to ply his shovel with a vin that made his fingers swell and his hands bliser. Swaying and jolting and jumpling, we went thundering down that hill, increasing our speed at every yard, and straining old 426 as she hada't been the firing sounded like a death rattle and fifting sounded like a death rattle and foring of fier cab quivered and sounded like a death rattle and ring of her cab quivered and

Dolan!" I coughed into his car.
hy didn't they throw the compound

"Ain't h switch for twenty miles to throw 'er'" he answered twice before I could understand, for the recking and the racet were so prodigious that speaking and hearing were difficult operations.

wouldn't care," he added in jorks Wouldn't care," he added in jorks "I a main't fives befind. Only finming grants—most of 'em-but human beings they be, jost the same. See his acgaining."

she's a-gaining."

I stepped down between the engine
and the tender, and taking a firm grip
on the grab-rails, lenned far out and
looked backward. Thore, less than a
mile behind "The Mixed Pickle," rushed
the spark-spitting compound. Fury
symbolited, and I functed I could see her mad engineer lean out of the cah. and I prayed as I was looking, for the innocent and helpless in the train. I had hoped to see her smokestack emit clouds of white steam, which have indicated that her stroke was not cut and that she would therefore not cut and that sits would therefore soon exhaust her steam supply; but instead of clouds of steam the com-pound breathed only a thin, blush va-pour, which proved that she was out close to the centre and was safe for a corel lower why.

close to the centre and was safe for a good, long run.

"She's gaining!" I shouted to the fireman, and his energy increased. "She's gaining!" I screamed, as I climbed back into the cab, and Dolan's

face twitched a bit and grow a bit

"Wouldn't care!" he Jorked out, "if it warn't for the people behind. The omen and the children."

Our ur steam-guage now showed 185 inds of pressure. Dolan had nursed his engine going down the hill, and as we struck the level he opened the throttle wide again and our speed remained unchanged.

The compound, I argued, no matter how carefully nursed by the madman in her cab, was sure to give out before long, her firebox being unfed, and her rate of speed one that must inevitably shake her fire to pieces. At the same time I knew that even un-der the given conditions she had some chance of beating us, 420 being half her size and badling seven crowded cars besides. Yet the possibility of a cars besides. Yet the possibility of a crueli A dare not contemplate, so frightful did it seen, with the timmigrant cars erowded with non, women and children to their fullest capacity and more. Daraness was settling and that darkness added to the horor of the scene, which, my offorts to the conteary notwithstanding, my imagination was releatlessly conjuring up before my mind's eye.

The minder that had carried us along after the rush down lill was spent, and the burden of panting old 420 thus multipled, our speed was sensibly slackening. The steam-guage too, indicated a sinking of the pressure and when, the water in the boline house of the pressure and when, the water in the boline low. See if she's a-gaining now!" Dolan 'See if she's a-gaining now!" Dolan 'yiled, and again is stepped down and leaned far out. The compound was not gaining; we were holding our own. Her headlight had goine out -shaken out ovidently, so prodigiously illd she rock—and the volume of sparks than shot upward from her stack betokened that her fire was more loose than before.

I returned to the cab had reassured Dolan. He smiled grinly and poluted to the guage. The fresh water in the bolier was quickly turning steam, and the pressure was rishey. Things looked favorable. The chances were no longer against us.

I was mumbling a fervid "Tannis God!" when the fireman, his face very white and very drawn, poked his head into the cab and blurted out, in access of agan;—

"Dolan coal's out!"

Dolan turned and his lips moved, but he articulated nothing. For an instant he remained motionless and speechless, and then at the top of his voice he shouted;—

"The baggage! Use the baggage!" We understood, With an agility and crash I dare not contemplate, so frightful did it seem, with the immi

stant he remained motionless and speechless, and then at the top of his voice he shouted;—
"The buggage! Use the buggage!"
We understood, With an agility and a edicity born of desperation, the fireman and I made our war over the wavay ling, pounding, stambling tender, to the front platform of the baggage are and broke open the door. In a second the situation was explained to the buggage master, and we begand the fireman, the buggage master, his assistant and I—to heare over into the tender every bit of buggage we could lift or love. The light trunks and the light baxes of morehandises went first, and as soon as there was enough of them together the fireman clambered back on to the tender, grinkled them with lubricating oil, cut them up with an axe, and stuffed them into the fire had sugged and

Meanwalle the fire had sagged and our speed was again decreasing. We worked desperately, indefatigably,

Biting heavy trunks and merchandlescases as the gh they were hand-satchels and boxes, and throwing them over into the tender as though they were included piper and hollow. When the baggage car was practically emptied and every movable stick of baggage was other already consumed or awaited consumption in the

tender, I returned to the ong tender, I returned to the ongine, and once again leading out, looked back. It seemed to me that the compound was nearer than befere and gaining, but I could not tell positively. It all events, sine was still a good half-mile to the rear I entered the eab to

events, she was still a good half-mile to the rear I entered the eab to look at the gauge, and found that the pressure was rising.

Old she was doing nobly, but it was evident that she could not continue much forger. A strong pungent older, enhanating from somewhere be neath the cab, told a story of hot bearings, and the cylinders were split they water as the thanks moved in ting water as the piscens moved in and out. Her trembling had grown so and out. Her trembing had grown so violents that the water gauge cooks would come open on their own account as often as they were shut on Dolan's, and her reverse lever was straining on the eatch that hold it closs up to the centre. Her boiler was covered on the catch that hold it close up to the centre. Her boiler was covered coplosely with perspiration, and the gauges on the patent eccentric lub-ricator in the cab showed that all the cluster gaps.

ricator in the case the oil was gone. We reached an up-grade and wore slowing visibly. Dolan unbooked the reverse and gave her more stroke, but still site slowed. I was about to leave the cab again to see how the compound was doing, when Dolan arm.

"Look!" he reared, pointing ahead, the Treighti"

Two or perhaps three miles up the appeared two tiny moving the tail lights of the fast treight. She should have been fully ten miles shead of us, even though we ten miles shead of us, even though we were far ahead of our schedule, but she had evidently broken down some-where on the road between Black Gulch and Pine Hill, or had gottan stuck somehow and was behind time.

I felt a chill come over me, and ther my head grow hot and throbbed. A lunatic on a wildest compound a half-mile behind and the fast freight oblivious of everything, pounding along at a moderate speed, two miles aheadi It meant death to the imm.grants or death to us, and I knew that Dolan's

lecision would mean the latter.

I half determined to jump, and hoped the fireman would do the same. Dolan, I know, would not, so long as old 426 s wheels were still grinding of the ralls. I looked out of the cal-window and saw the telegraph poles fly past us, and I abandoned all ideas

of Jumping.

I grew dizzy. A nervo racking fear assailed me. I believe, in fact, that fear made me loce my senses for a moment, at least my thoughts jumble, and the fireman says I assumed an attitude of supplication. Of this I was not conscious. All that I do remember is that I suddenly heard Dolan second.

not conscious. All that I do remember is that I suddenly heard Dolan scream;—
"Cut off the rear carl Don't stand there, you fool. Cut off the rear carl Move, for Heaven's sake, movel" It was an inspiration. His words had a magical effect; in an instant his meaning finshed upon me.
"Pull the bell-cord," he continued, "and I'll shut off steam and as the cars bump draw the pin, Movel Movel.
I failly slid off the cab, and with feverish haste crawled over the tender and Jumped upon the "aggage-car platform. How I ever managed to make my way through that train, filled with panic-stricken praying, weeping foreigners, who crowded and immed and choked the alsies, I do not know. I do remember striking men and knocking women right and left and trampling upon children. Once, I recoliect, the train struck a sharp curve and inrelied frightfully, and I fell in a heap on top of a woman who held a child close to her bosom and was praying between sobs in a foreign tongue.

praying botween sobs in a foreign tongue.

At last, after what seemed ages of suspense, I reached the last car, the conductor following close behild me. It was desorted, the hamigrants, who had perceived their danger, having sought refuge in the cars ahead. I threw myself down flat upon the platform and firmly grabbing the guard rail with one mand I reached for the pin with the other.

"Pail the cord!" I shouted to the conductor. Dolan shut off steam and the cars at once bunded together, releasing the strain on the pln. I gave a mighty pull, but I was too slow. The pin remained fast, and from the slight bound forward I knew that Dolan had again opened the throttle wide.

"Pull it again!" I shouted frantically, "Pull it again!" Once more the cars came togethion.

I reached way over and half raised my-self with the heave. I feit a burning self with the heave, I feit a burning sensation in my sorm and shoulder, and when my hand shot upward it hald in its grip the dust-covered, rusty pin. I was too weak to rise, and there I remained prostrate upon the platform.

At once a sep opened between the train and the an supled ear. From youds, ten yours, twenty, thirty, land less than one-quarter of a mile behind I could see the thundering. mile bolled I could see the thundering, leaping compount tearing away on the ribrating raise with unchecked fury. The conductor pulled me to my feet, and with a wages sensation of a racing pulse and difficulty in breathing, leaned against the door. The car had dropped further and further to the rear till its contear became industries to the darkness. in the darkness. Sundenly it rese into the air-rose like 2 southeast boing in extreme agons—and ere the reser berations of the crash had died away. it toppled over on its side and apon it crishing and rending it, tumbled the

it toppled over on its suce and apon it, conshing and reading it, tumbled the ponderous C. B. and Q. compound, coveloped in a cloud of hissing, sizzing steam, e ginstly noshapely mass of overheated, twisted, distorted from Tane conductor jumped for the bell rope and gare the signal to stop. Dolem nawered with a long grim how from the whistie, and I could hear the grinding noise if the brakeshoes as they were pressed tightly against the grinding hoise if the brakeshoes as they were pressed tightly against the officially known as "Passenger Trait No. 27." came to a full stop. Less than two hundred yards ahead were the twinking tall lights of the fast reight, whose engineer was whistling or "brakes," so that the crow could go back and ask the "Mixed Pickle" what it was all about. Faithful old 420 was sending a thin, slekly little stream of steam upward from her safety, and her cylinders were covered with big drops of water, that looked for all the world like tears. And sitting on the little step between engine and tender I found Dolan his head buried in his hands, and saying nothing

THE POPE AS A WIT.

While his beautiful character ple him first in the esteem of millihearts, nevertheless the present Pope owes a great deal of his popularity to talents not generally known—his firm hold on the world of arts, letters and society. Save that of the master pain ters, he has as many gifts as Leonar do da Vinci. Like him a flue mathe matician, musician, art critic orien mattichan, musician, art critic. oriental schoint, with a general culturdeep and broad, he is one of the best
of the living chess players. His knowledge of books, with all their strange
and carloos detail, reminds one of
such shuman phenomena as Maginabecchi and Pie di Mirandoia. Well he
might make the world wonder, as he
did the children in Goldswith's "Village," how one head could contain it
all.

In society, from the earliest diarist's recollection, Leo. XIII. has been note as a wit. It is said that he has the as a wit. It is said that he has the greatest power of repartee of any man in Europe. It is an odd thing to remind one that "the greater the saint the greater the homorist." This ims so generally passed into a first principle by students of men that one can understand why the wisest theologians are given to doubt the sanctity of any man who does not enjoy a joke. Perlaps Emerson was not aware that he was uttering an old Catholic truth when he said, "You need never despair of the salvation of any man who can see a joke."

aware that he was uttering an old Catholle truth when he said; "You need never deepair of the saivation of any finan who can see a joke."

Tacce-who have lived near his holiness or have associative tics with him know a volupe of stories of his wit. It is said that he never lost the mastery of any situation — grotesque, painful, awkward or ridiculous. He has always enjoyed a reputation for this alone, and woo betied the unlucky wight who crossed conversational raphers with the aim of putting him in a worse case.

His itunor is of the sublime kind, it never wounds or stugs, it raises a laugh, but always to lift the heart of a call height not before known. Only oftee in all these contex drolatings does not help the context of a call height not before known. Only oftee in all these contex drolatings does does he appear to have made a retert that stabbed, and then the victum richly deserted it.

A worthy American, one of the man tham Rome, and he took extravamn methods of helphig Propaganda Fide with his wealth. He had done many genorous things, and the Pope had rewarled him with medals and orders galore; for once a year this convert made a prilgrinage to lione, where he was kindly received by the lody Father as a son, and generally, until the orders were exhausted, each time was bestowed with some freshhoner. On such occasions all three brave metal pieces were extanced to the rich American's breast.

'I'll scon end that," the Pope remarked to a confidant who was at his side during the love. "Next time I shall give him a saufflor." White he did, and a beautiful fewed by the colleges with a side during the lower than was gratted underse man in the state of the duding and and was gratted underse man in the state of the duding and and was gratted underse man in the state of the state of the duding and and was gratted underse man in the state of the state of the state of the state of the duding and and was gratted underse man in the state of t

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chure: "ppeared, and only with all its modal," but with the sanitable attached to his waistonet.
"The next time," the Pope said, with a comical sigh, "I shall present him with a marble-topped table. It is the only thing that I can think of the can't tie to his waistonet."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A NEW SEMINARY.

A NEW SEMINARY.

Preparations are in active progress for the opening on September 12 of the Diocesan Seminary in New Orleans for the education of young pricate to serve in the Lousland diocese. Extensive repairs are being made to the old seminary building, which was known in the early sixtles as "Lo Grand Seminario do Bouligny." Rov. Father Landry, C.M., will be the president of the seminary and will at the same time retain his position as pastor of St. Stephen's church. Only two members of the faculty have yet been appointed, namely, the professors of moral and dogmate theology, who will be, respectively, the Rev. Father Hurley, C.M., and the Rev. Father Hurley, C.M. and the Rev. Father hishols, C.M. The Lousland students will be recalled from St. Charles and St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where they are now studying. There will be about seven of these.

A DIFFERENCE.

A DIFFERENCE.

We find this significant paragraph in the current statement of the direc-tor of the consus; Tae attempt to estimate the strength of a religious de omination by the number of sittings in the churches is hiso misleading since in the Roman Catholic churches the same edition is used by different worshippers at different hours of Tao following year the American the day; while in the Protestant turned up again and was granted churches generally the scatting capa-audience, when to the Holy Father's lety of an edilice-exceeds the average consternation the faithful son of the



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