## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC OHRONICLE.

## THE RUN OF NO. 700.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

ten." "That'll be fast goin', and—" "But you're not afraid of fast rid-

"Is it me, then, that'll be afraid to run? I was with General Grant at Vicksburg, and the General said to me: "Sergeant Donegan, are you hurt'-"

"Yes, I have heard of the Vicks-burg episode, Donegan. Be ready for Texas at 6.45. I will rely on

you." Fast trains usually rolled thun Fast trains the slumberous d Fast trains usually rolled thunder-ously through the slumberous depth of Wingo valley, but the special train to-night crashed through the little village and was gone before the startled village folk knew what had occurred. The occupants of the special car caugh there and there the twinkle of lights of the small hamlets by the waveide

special car caught here and there the twinkle of lights of the small hamlets by the wayside. "I wonder what's got the Ser-grant to-night?" mutcred the lanky fireman as he glanced from the fluc-tuating steam guage to the stolid face of the engineer. "I've shoved coal enough in her to run her in and I'm blessed if he ain't workin' or both sides of the hill." The 700 never faltered. Down into the valley roared the special, burst-ing through a tunnel and whisking over a trestle 200 feet from the lit-tle creek below. As the door of the firebox opened and the blinding glare shone on the car behind them, the old engineer glanced back over his shoulder and wondered if the passengers liked the pace he was cutting out for them. Then fastening his eves on the glittering rails which stretched, like two streaks of livid fire fifty feet in front of the ponder-ous locomotive, he seemed oblivious of all the outside world. The 700 wgs doing nobly. When she swayed to a curve the man at the throttle swayed systematically, and every throb of the mighty machine was felt and noted by its master.

der of the plain people, known as the "Cannon Ball." was to the de-spatchers just No. 2. This train did not have the special card, with or-ders to avoid the flying special, and now they were between stations, both trains rushing to sure de-struction.

now they were between stations, both trains rushing to sure de-struction. The despatcher saw it all. He look-ed about the room and his head swam. A supreme effort kept the man from swooning. Then he arose, holding to the table for support, and with a voice that sounded to him strange and far away, he said : "No. 2 has not the special card and will collide with the special about-about the Obion bridge!" The despatcher sank into his chair, white and dizzy and sick. The effect of his words on the assistant superintendent and the chief de-spatcher was indesortbable. They knew it was true. He was a cool, careful man who spoke only when it was necessary, and then always to the point. In a moment's deathly silence each saw before him the two trains in collision, the great en-gines only a mass of broken iron and twisted flues, and cars telescop-ed, and piled one upon a hother, bruised bodies buried under the de-bris. Each heard the hiss and roar of escaping steam, the cries for help and the shrieks of the dying. Both were railroad men of long experience and buck the dreadful silence. The despatcher had been in bad accidents. The sharp click of a telegraph soun-der broke the dreadful silence. The over from the shock of the discov-ery, and now he was trying a hope-less thing-to get an answer from despatcher had been the first to re-cover from the shock of the discov-ery, and now he was trying a hope-less thing-to get an answer from an office that had been closed for months. He was trying, to raise Obion, a "blind station." Obion office was as vain now as a straw to a drowning man, but as eagerly clutched at. There was nothing to do but to wait, and while waiting the horor of the awful blunder grew more burdensome every minute so that it was just a spark of con-solation to hear the sounder ticking out-"O-b, O-b, O-b." It was a pathetic cry for help which a man in deadly peril makes, though he knows there is none to hear. "Yes, if they left them telegraph instruments here when they took the operator away after the factory put down." Postmaster Hutchins was explaining to the usual group of

obstator away after the factory put down." Postmaster Hutchins was explaining to the usual group of nightly loungers at the village store, which served as a post office, rail-way station, and general meeting place for after-supper loungers. "But it don't keep up that tarnal tickin' like it used to do," said one apeular "Dennessee" former former bit

"But it don't keep up that tarnal "But it don't keep up that tarnal tickin' like it used to do," said one angular Tennessee farmer from his nail keg by the door. "That's cause it's cut out," re-plied Hutchins, who in addition to being postmaster, was justice of the peace, township' road supervisor, school committee man and keeper of the pound. Hutchins was looked up-on as being about the most know-ing man in the valley, and his tech-nical term in regard to the tele-graph instrument quieted all of his hearers' except the farmer who had just spoken. He had a curlosity to know more and he turned to the postmaster and asked : "How'd do you mean 'cut off?" "Why, do you see they cut the of-fice off the wire, when the operator ain't about, and there ain't been one here for nigh on two months. If I throw this thing down here, it'll cut this office on to the wire with all the other towns between here 'n Mem-phis." Suiting the action to the words the 'squire' swung down the old-fashioned swing cut out with a snap, and instantly the dust-coated telegraph instrument started a mer-ry clicking as il glad to be once more in touch with the world and feel the flow of the mystic fluid throwyh its magnetic coils. "It's funny you never' learned to telegraph, bein' about and hearin' that so much," said the farmer.

"It's funny you never learned to telegraph, bein' about and hearin' that so much," said the farmer. "Well, you see the operator didn't seem to care to have anybody fool-ing around the thing, although he

"T neard the Cannon Ball whistle Trimble road crossing," muttered Hutchins, more to himself than to the by standers, "and you can see the headlight coming around the Neck, down the valley," he argued to himself. Then aloud in a con-vinced tone. "They can't meet here, cause the spur switch is spiked down."

cause the spir switch is spiked down." Hutchins rushed out to the track with his red lantern. If Sergeant Donegan had been on his seat-box instead of leaning over the fallen fireman he would have seen a tall man in his shirt 'sleeves standing in the middle of the track swinging a red lantern, the moon-light throwing his gigantic shadow across the rails. He might have caught a fleeting glimpse of a head-light through the cottonwood trees over the other side of the Obion river.

over the other side of the Obion river. When Hutchins reached the track all hesitation vanished. Back of him across the river he heard the roar of the on-rushing Cannon Ball. In an instant more she would come from behind the screen of trees and on to the bridge. In front of him, but a quarter of a mile away, loom-ed up the Cyclopian eye of the spe-cial train, the headlight quivering and dancing like a great ball of fire, and the open box of the firebox lighting up the engine with a flare as bright as a noonday sun. Hut-cins saw through both cab windows, and to his horor both were occu-pied.

pied. "It's a runaway engine," thought Hutchins, but he swung his red lan-tern far out across the rail. Down tore the flying mouster, and it look-ed as if the man on the track would bore the hying mouster, and it look-ed as if the man on the track would be ground to pieces before he could move. As the locomotive came within a length of the man he leap-ed aside and with a mighty swing threw the heavy lantern through the cab window on the engineers side. There was a crash of broken glass, a deafening roar, a whirlwind from the rushing wheels, and the special had passed Obion. As the little group of men at the station looked towards the bridge they saw the Cannon Ball burst out from the grove and start on the bridge. Scarcely a quarter of a mile separ-ated the trains now. Then they heard the unearthy shriek of two whistles, saw a flying crowd of Schreey it quitter of a mile separated the trains now. Then they heard the trains now. Then they heard the tunearthly shrick of two whistles, saw a flying crowd' of steam, heard the crouching of powerful drive-wheels and saw showers of sparks flying from the rails under the two monstef engines, while the smokestacks belched two volcances of living fire and cinders.
"No, he wasn't a railroad man at all, at all, but he threw a red lamp straight trough me window, an' here's me sut head to show for his aim." Sergeant Donegan was gxplaining to a group of blue-overalled, oil-stander me.
"Did you plug the 700 sergeant?" asked a young man in the group.
"Did 1? I reversed her, got on me air brakes, and give her sand, and then she slid along widin a wheelbarry's length of No. 2."
"Old man Rich? Oh, yes; he was pullin' No. 2, and he reversed his mill so quick he stripped her clane." "Cost me a dollar an' six bits! I'm going to put a bill in for it anyway."
Squire Hutchins was very much surprised when, a week later, he got



ments. As desighted in business. It was a hundred times more fascinat-ing to him than hunting, fishing, yachting or any other of the ordin-ary recreations. He lived plainly and unostentationsly, and induged in no aristocratic airs. He was call-ed Wilbur far oftener than he was called Mr. Landon. He was sitting on his broad plazza one Sunday afternoon enjoying a cigar, his sole luxury, and chatting with an old friend, when the con-versation took a serious turn and the friend at last asked: Wilbur, hew long are you going to continue this busy life of yours? I am sure I don't know. A man has got to do something to amuse, himsel. Yes, but what is to be the end of it all? You are building up an im-mense fortune with no capacity yourself to enjoy it and nobody to leave it but your wife, who will probably live no longer than you will.

leave it but your wife, who will probably live no longer than you will.
I sometimes think of that and rather regret that I have cultivated no tastes for anything but business. Are you sure you could be interested in nothing else? How about travel-a trip around the world for instance!
It would be a bore.
Well, some sort of collecting ! There is great facination in securing things that other people have not got and cannot get, and great fun in the search for them. There is Walters, for instance, with the finest collection of pictures in the country, Lenox with a library which might be the pride of a nation, Smithson with his magnificent museum of natural history, and lots of collecting with great enjoyment to themselves.
Bosh! What good is it all? Then what do I know about such things? I should have everything to learn and it is pretty late to begio. The shoemaker should stick to his last; that is my motto.
Jid you ever think of politics?
I never voted in my life but once or twice. What would my vote count for anyway? I never could afford to waste time hanging around the pol's.
A m satisfied to leape all that to those who fancy it.

I am satisfied to leape all that to those who fancy it. But I meant, of course, something above mere voting. How would you like being governor of the State, for instance?

State, for instance? Well, I suppose if I were governor it would afford scope for some of my business skill. But what satisfac-tion would there be in it? Simply the honor and the satisfac-tion of wielding power. This latter is really what you enjoy in business. I don't think I should care to be governor.

is really what you enjoy in business. I don't think I should care to be governor. Well, what would you say to a seat in the United States Senate, where you are associated with a few score of men of your own stamp-men who have made their millions? That might be congenial. But it is utter nonsense to talk to me about it, What chance would I have for an election to the Senate, even if I aspired to it! And then what qualifications do I possess? I smile to this of my perhaps sitting in the seat once occupied by Daniel Webster or Henry Clay and trying to make a speech Bah, let's talk about something rational. But, my dear Wilbur, there are lots of men in the Senate who can no more make a speech than you can. Often those who do have their speeches written for them by their secretaries. But in this age it is not oratory that counts. Your sound business sense would be most valu-able in a body which has to leris

business sense would be most valu-able in a body which has to legis-late for the prosperity of the coun-

I don't know that I should mind

<section-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> St. Croix Soap Afg. Co. st. station, N. B.

<text>

ting convention. And so in due time the legislature And so in due time the legislature met and Landon was elected senator on the first ballot. He gave a grand banquet to the members. and to his workers, and did himself credit in the little speech of thanks which he made, for he did not pretend to be surprised at the honor done him. He admitted candidly that he had every-thing to learn, but he expected to master it speedily, as he had every-thing else in life. How much better and more honor-able thus to secure a United States senatorship than to buy legislators after they are elected, as a notable western sen.tor was recently alleged to have done.-J. E. S., in the De-troit News-Tribune.

WEBSTER'S GOOD PUN.- While Mr. Webster was once addressing the Senate on the subject of inter-nal improvements, and every senator was listening with close attention, the Senate clock commenced strik-ing; but instead of striking twice at 2 p.m., continued to strike without cessation more than forty times. All eves were turned to the clock, and Mr. Webster remained silent until the clock struck about twenty, when he thus appealed to the chair : "Mr. President, the clock is out of order! I have the floor!" To say that a long and loud laugh from every senator and person in the aug-ust chamber was indulged in is a faint description of the merriment

Society Directory

Saturday, October 26, 1901

T. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Seigneurs and Notre-Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY. --Estab-lished March 6th, 1856, incorpor-ated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexan-der street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wed-nesday. Officers : Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vic?, T. J. O'Neill : 2nd Vice, F. Casey : Treasurer, John O'Leary: Corres-ponding Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Recording-Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

A.O.H.-DIVISION NO. 2.- Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. Président, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street ; Medical Adviser, Dr. Huch Lennon, 255 Centre street, tele-phone Main 2239. Recording-Se-cretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hi-bernia street,-to whom all com-munications should be addressed ; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary ; E. J. Coller, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League - J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A O.H., DIVISION NO. 8, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame, street, near McGill. Officers : Al-derman D. Gallery, M.P., Presi-dent; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-Secretary, 1528F Ontario street; L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Com-mittee; John O'Donneil, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIE-TY organized 1885.—Meets in its-hall, 157 Ottawa street. on the first Sunday of each month. at: 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Advisor, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.SS.R.; President, D. L. O'Neill, Screetwart, J. March J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's Leagues J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SO-CIETY.-Meets on the second Sun-day of every month in St. Pat-rick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Com-mittee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father Mc-Grath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. An-P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. An-toine street, St, Henri.

C.M.B.A. of CANADA, BRANCH. 26,-(Organized, 13th November, 1883.-Branch 26 meets at St. Pat-rick's Hall, '92 St. Alexander St. rick's Hall, '92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the trans-action of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each. month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch. may communicate with the follow-ing officers: Frank J. Curran, B. C.L., President; P. J. McDonach. Recording Secretary; Ino. H. Feeley, jr., Treasurer.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.-Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn. President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street: M. J. Ryan, treasurer 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sun-day of every month, in St. Ann's-Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3,30 p.m.

be well. An excellent beast may be a egg until it is half a pint of tle strong camp a sprain or se Castor oil, p mustard are

good liniment, doses of quinin oil, castor oil

-oil, castor oil mustard, sulp water and vari wa have tried i Should any r be severely bur portion with li water; then wr ting. Allow i four hours or n healing oil or s be well. An excellent

Descendant of a royal line, Which gave to land both a I offer tribus humble and And tendered one who he

Sati rday ()

REV. P. F.

Died Dee

Your people dear, your dearly Will never see pleasant vo Resounding in the laugh a lAh, little to friend, whe ning.

'Ah! Father, k

true, we ye The good you told, and o cross, That great heart benea Was filled with who caused

'And who shall ''He named 'And bless'd r 'as Christ d And who shall soul for he 'Always at har day, at c feast.

-Christ rest the ed his littll And peaceful re-terred in ki -Oh! may the p lov'd be lis And gain him t which he w

Montreal, Sej

Honseh

SIMPLE RE are called upon in times of sic

are often remin there are very f a supply of sin ready for eme medicine chest ties in the h-housewife shou housewife shou use its content necessary in th doctor is miles are expensive 1 be a place for tles and packag it may be noth upper shelf in They can be for time, which is bottles are left the windows a the house. The home me contain a bott good liniment.

felt and noted by its machine was Sergeant Donegan glanced at his special cards as they slid by a sta-tion, and saw that they were four minutes behind their schedule. "We will make that up on the next thirty minutes' run if all goes well," thought the engineer. "We shall pass Obion in two minutes and she'll show her mettle on the level stretch beyond."

<text><text><text><text><text>

seen to care to have anybody hol-ing around the thing, although he did teach me the call so I could send for him when they wanted him; it was 'O-b,' stood for Obion and I could tell it the minute they begin to call.'' to call

could tell it the minute they begin to call." The farmers drifted into general conversation, most about the condi-tion of the tobacco crop and the prospect for cotton, and the matter of the telegraph instrument was for-gotten. In a few minutes Squfre Hutchins electrified the little crowd by silpping off the counter and 'ex-elaiming excitedly, "By God, that's our call ! O-b, O-b, O-b," beat-ing time with his finger. "I wonder what the devil they want with this office; they know there's no operator here." "There's some kind of a train com-ing dow the valley," said a sandy looking youth who had just come in. "I saw the headlight when I came across the track." "The Cannon Ball is due here in three minutes," said Hutchins con-suiting a big silver watch, "are you sure you saw a headlight down the valley?" "Certain," said the boy, "I 'lowed ""Any car don't run at night : be-

softee the pro-ratin was watch rest. As each to reported the card, and many on for the ser-ers, fired and rasistant su-chief despatch the special of matrix the ser-sers, fired and rasistant su-chief despatch assistant su-assistant su-chief despatch assistant su-chief despatch assistant su-chief despatch assistant su-be assistant su-assistant su-stant su-assistant su-assistant su-assistant su-assistant su-assistant su-assistant su-assistant su-stant su-assistant su-assistant s

ust chamber was indulged in is a faint description of the merriment this exquisite pun produced.

Mankind is more indebted to in-dustry than ingenuity; the gods set up their favors at a price, and in-dustry is the purchaser.

without the alignest macoun-fort. Surprise scap will not in-jure the hands, because nothing but the purest ma-terials enter into its making. That's why it is known from coast to coast as a

PURE, HARD SOAP.

And that's why it is called "A perfect Lamping Sonp." There are other pleasant surprises for you in Surprise Soap.



Laaves Monitesi dally at 9 a m , reaching To-robo at 4 do u m , Hamilton 6.40 p m , London Dir.p m , Detroit 8 do m (Central lime), and Oblege at 7.25 following morning. A Cato Parlor Car is attached to this train, serving tuncheon a la carte at any hour during-ties day convenient to passengers. SAVES THE HANDS Surprise scap makes them soft and smooth, allowing the housewife to take up fine sewing or other light work without the slightest discom-fort.

PAST SERVICE Between MONTREAL AND OTTAWA. Dast trans is re Montreal daily, sreept Sur-field S5 is an and 40 pp nu, striving al Ottawa to the service of the service of the service of the local trains for all C. A. R. points to Ottawa is vide of pu daily.

Picturesque Pan-American Route to Buffalo.

CITY TICKET OFFICES, St. James Street and Bonaventure Station 7 8t. Jam

These who never retract their opinions love themselves more than they love truth.

Rise to take leave while you he speaker not when the con los has languished, lest you o go because you are bored. are

mustard are common to nee Many houseke borax in other C. A. MCDONNELL, Accountant and Liquidator 180 ST. JAMES STREET, ...Montreal... Fifteen years experience in connec-tion with the liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing-Books and preparing Annual Reports for private firms, and public corpora-tions a specialty. TELEPHONE 1182

known or appr uses. Nothing if a rough jagged it with a solut er and keep clo solution arou troubled with common and a base of habyho borax with eig apply it to the For common su-jution used as ing will scone e purifying and upon which it. There should old muslim and old muslim and on which it. There should of muslim and to sacks made to be used for time, and time little one is su shas an attack "SHORT ST chiropodist." short shoes a come to me w wonder how wonder how wonder how wonder how to war shoes gradly surpris short stocking growing nall about as quick mothers are of trespect, partice ing schelidren. which the diffe-grown confuses is that the sto of the boy or aftry towns in