

SECOND SEVENTY-SEVEN.

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

It is a bad grade yet. But before the new work was done on the river division, Beverly Hill was a terror to trainmen.

On rainy Sundays old switchmen in the Zanesville yards still tell in their shanties of the night the Blackwood bridge went out and Cameron's stock-train got away on the hill, with the Denver flyer caught at the foot like a rat in a trap.

Ben Buckley was only a big boy then, braving on freights; I was dispatching under Alex Campbell on the West End. Ben was a tall, loose-jointed fellow, but gentle as a kitten; legs as long as pin-bars, yet none too long, running for the Beverly switch that night. His great chum in those days was Andy Cameron. Andy was the youngest engineer on the line. The first time I ever saw them together, Andy, short and chubby as a duck, was dancing around, half dressed, on the roof of the bath-house, trying to get away from Ben, who had the fire-hose below, playing on him with a two-inch stream of ice-water. They were up to some sort of a prank all the time.

June was usually a rush month with us. From the coast we caught the new crop Japan teas and the fall importations of China silks. California still sent her fruits, and Colorado was beginning cattle shipments. From Wyoming came sheep, and from Oregon steers; and all these not merely in carloads, but in solid trains. At times we were swamped. The overland traffic alone was enough to keep us busy; on top of it came a great movement of grain from Nebraska that summer, and to crown our troubles a rate war sprang up. Every man, woman, and child east of the Mississippi appeared to have but one object in life—that was to get to California, and to go over our road. The passenger traffic burdened our resources to the last degree.

I was putting on new men every day then. We started then breaking on freight trains; usually they work for years at that before they get a train. But when a train-dispatcher is short on crews he must have them, and can only press the best material within reach. Ben Buckley had not been breaking three months when I called him up one day and asked him if he wanted a train.

"Yes, sir, I'd like one first rate. But you know I haven't been breaking very long, Mr. Reed," said he, frankly.

"How long have you been in the train service?"

I spoke brusquely, though I knew, without even looking at my service-card just how long it was.

"Three months, Mr. Reed."

It was right to a day.

"I'll probably send you out on 77 this afternoon," I saw him stiffen like a ramrod. "You know we're pretty short," I continued.

"Yes, sir."

"But do you know enough to keep your head on your shoulders and your train on your orders?"

Ben laughed a little. "I think I do. Will there be two sections to-day?"

"There're looking eighteen cars of stock at Ogallala; if we get any bogs of the Beaver there will be two big sections. I shall mark you up for the first one, anyway, and send you out right behind the flyer. Get your badge and your punch from Carpenter—and whatever you do, Buckley, don't get rattled."

"No, sir; thank you, Mr. Reed."

But his "thank you" was so pleasant I could not altogether ignore it. I compromised with a cough. Perfect courtesy, even in the hands of the awkward boy that ever wore his trousers short, is a surprisingly handy thing to disarm gruff people with. Ben was undeniably awkward; his legs were too long, and his trousers decidedly out of touch with his feet; but I turned away with the conviction that in spite of his awkwardness there was something to the boy. That night proved it.

When the flyer pulled in from the West in the afternoon it carried two extra sleepers. In all, eight Pullmans, and every one of them loaded to the ventilators. While the train was changing engines and crews, the excursionists and down the platform. They were from New York and had a hand with them—as jolly a crowd as we ever hauled—and I noticed many boys and girls sprinkled among the grown folk.

As the heavy train pulled slowly out the hand played, the women waved handkerchiefs, and the boys shouted themselves hoarse—it was like a holiday, everybody seemed so happy. All day, as I saw the smoke of the engine turn to dust on the horizon, was that I could get them over my division and their lives safely off my hands. For a week we had had heavy rains, and the bridges and track gave us worry.

Half an hour after the flyer left, 77, the fast stock-freight, wound like a great snake around the bluff, after it. Ben Buckley, tall and straight as a pine, stood on the caboose. It was his first train, and he looked as if he felt it.

In the evening I got reports of heavy rains east of us, and after 77 reported "out" of Turner Junction and pulled over the divide towards Beverly, it was storming hard all along the line. By the time they reached the hill Ben had his men out setting brakes—tough work on that kind of a night; but when the big engine struck the bluff the heavy train was well in hand, and it rolled down the long grade as gently as a curtain.

Ben was none too careful, for half-way down the hill they exploded—torpedoes. Through the driving storm the tail-lights of the flyer were presently seen. As they pulled carefully ahead, Ben made his way through the mud and rain to the head-end and found the passenger-train stalled. Just before them was Blackwood Creek, bank full, and the bridge swinging over the swollen stream like a grape-vine.

At the foot of Beverly Hill there is a siding—a long siding, once used as a sort of cut-off for the upper Zanesville yards. This side track parallels the

main track for half a mile, and on this siding Ben, as soon as he saw the situation, drew in with his train so that it lay beside the passenger-train and left the main line clear behind. It then became his duty to guard the track to the rear, where the second section of the stock-train would soon be due.

It was pouring rain and as dark as a pocket. He started his hind-end brakeman back on the run with red lights and torpedoes to warn the second section well up the hill. Then walking across from his caboose, he got under the lee of the hind Pullman sleeper to watch for the expected head-light.

The storm increased in violence. It was not the rain driving in torrents, nor the lightning blazing, nor the deafening crashes of thunder, that worried him, but the wind—it blew a gale. In the glare of the lightning he could see the oaks which crowned the bluffs whip like willows in the storm. It swept quartering down the Beverly cut as if it would tear the ties from under the steel. Suddenly he saw, far up in the black sky, a star blazing; it was the head-light of Second Seventy-Seven.

A whistle cut the wind; then another. It was the signal for brakes; the second section was coming down the steep grade. He wondered how far back his man had got with the bombs. Even as he wondered he saw a yellow flash below the head-light; it was the first torpedo. The second section was already well down the top of the hill. Could they hold it to the bottom?

Like an answer came shorter and sharper the whistle for brakes. Ben thought he knew who was on that engine; thought he knew that whistle—for engineers whistle as differently as they talk. He still hoped and believed—knowing who was on the engine—that the brakes would hold the heavy load; but he feared—

A man running up in the rain passed him. Ben shouted and held up his lantern; it was his head brakeman.

"Who's pulling Second Seventy-Seven?" he cried.

"Andy Cameron."

"How many air cars has he got?"

"Six or eight," shouted Ben. "It's the wind, Daley—the wind. Andy can hold her if anybody can. But the wind; did you ever see such a blow?"

Even while he spoke the cry for brakes came a third time on the storm.

A frightened Pullman porter opened the rear door of the sleeper. Five hundred people lay in the excursion train, unconscious of this avalanche rolling down upon them.

The conductor of the flyer ran up to Ben in a panic.

"Buckley, they'll telescope us."

"Can you pull ahead?"

"The bridge is out."

"Get out your passengers," said Ben's brakeman.

"There's no time," cried the passenger conductor, wildly, running off. He was panic-stricken. The porter tried to speak. He took hold of the brakeman's arm, but his voice died in his throat; fear paralyzed him. Down the wind came Cameron's whistle, clearing now in alarm. It meant the worst, and Ben knew it. The stock-train was running away.

There were plenty of things to do if there was only time; but there was hardly time to think. The passenger crew were running about like men distracted, trying to get the sleeping travellers out. Ben knew they could not possibly reach a tenth of them. In the thought of what it meant, an inspiration came like a flash.

He seized his brakeman by the shoulder. For two weeks the man carried the marks of his hand.

"Daley!" he cried, in a voice like a pistol crack, "get those two stockmen out of our caboose. Quick, man! I'm going to throw Cameron into the cattle."

It was a chance—single, desperate, big yet a chance—the only chance that offered to save the helpless passengers in his charge.

If he could reach the siding switch ahead of the runaway train, he could throw the deadly catapult on the siding and into his own train, and so save the unconscious travellers. Before the words were out of his mouth he started up the track at topmost speed.

The angry wind staggered him. It blew out his lantern, but he flung it away, for he could throw the switch in the dark. A sharp gust tore half his rain-coat from his back; ripping off the rest, he ran on. When the wind took his breath he turned his back and fought for another. Blinding sheets of rain poured on him; water streaming down the track caught his feet; a silvered the track behind him, and, falling head-long, the sharp ballast cut his wrists and knees like broken glass. In desperate haste he dashed ahead again; the head-light loomed before him like a mountain of flame. There was light enough now through the sheets of rain that swept down on him, and there ahead, the train almost on it, was the switch.

Could he make it?

A cry from the sleeping children rose in his heart. Another breath, an instant floundering, a slipping leap, and he had it. He pushed the key into the lock, threw the switch and snapped it, and, to make deadly sure, braced himself against the target-rod. Then he looked.

No whistling now; it was past that. He knew the fireman would have jumped. Cameron, too? No, not Andy, not if the pit yawned in front of his pilot.

He saw streams of fire flying from many wheels—he felt the glare of a dazzling light—and with a rattling crash the ponies shot into the switch.

The bar in his hands rattled as if it would jump from the socket, and, lurching frightfully, the monster took the siding. A flare of lightning lit the cab as it shot past, and he saw Cameron leaning from the cab window, with face of stone, his eyes riveted on the gigantic drivers that threw a sheet of fire from the sandal rails.

"Jump!" screamed Ben, useless as he knew it was. What voice could live in that hell of noise? What man escape from that cab now?

One, two, three, four cars pounded over the split rails in half as many seconds. Ben running dizzily for life

to the right, heard above the roar of the storm and screech of the sliding wheels a ripping, tearing crash, the harsh scrape of escaping steam, the hoarse cries of the wounded cattle. And through the dreadful dark and the fury of the babel the wind howled in a gale and the heavens poured a flood. Trembling from excitement and exhaustion, Ben staggered down the main track. A man with a lantern ran against him; it was the brakeman who had been back with the torpedoes; he was crying hysterically.

They stumbled over a body. Seizing the lantern, Ben turned the prostrate man over and wiped the mud from his face. Then he held the lantern close, and gave a great cry. It was Andy Cameron—unconscious, true, but soon very much alive, and no worse than badly bruised. How the good God who watches over plucky engineers had thrown him out from the horrible wreckage only He knew. But there Andy lay; and with a lighter heart Ben headed a wrecking crew to begin the task of searching for any who might by fatal chance have been caught in the crash.

And while the trainmen of the freights worked at the wreck the passenger-train was backed slowly—so slowly and so smoothly—up over the switch and past, over the hill and past, and so to Turner Junction, and around by Oxford to Zanesville.

When the sun rose the earth glowed in the freshness of its June shower-bath. The flyer, now many miles from Beverly Hill, was speeding in towards Omaha, and mothers waking their little ones in the berths told them how close death had passed while they slept. The little girl did not quite understand it, though they tried very hard, and were very grateful to That Man, whom they never saw and whom they would never see. But the little boys—never mind the little boys—they understood it, to the youngest wren on the train, and fifty times their papas had to tell them how far Ben ran and how fast to save their lives. And one little boy—I wish I knew his name—went with his papa to the depot-master at Omaha when the flyer stopped, and gave him his toy watch, and asked him please to give it to That Man who had saved his mamma's life by running so far in the rain, and please to tell him how much obliged he was—if he would be so kind.

So the little toy watch came to our superintendent, and so to me; and I, sitting at Cameron's bedside, talking the wreck over with Ben, gave it to him; and the big fellow looked as pleased as if it had been a jewelled chronometer; indeed, that was the only medal Ben got.

The truth is we had no gold medals to distribute out on the West End in those days. We gave the best we had, and that was a passenger run. But he is a great fellow among the railroad men. And on stormy nights switchmen in the Zanesville yards, smoking in their shanties, still tell of that night, that storm, and how Ben Buckley threw Second Seventy-Seven at the foot of Beverly Hill.

The next story of this series will appear in our issue of May 24.

SOME TREASURES OF THE VATICAN PALACE.

There is an old and beautiful book in which the various chapters begin, "Last night said the moon." I am thinking of beginning my paper the same way. "Last night I looked upon the Vatican Palace" (I believe the moon did once, by-the-by, and saw a white haired man kneeling, who wept as he prayed). It has troubled me much how to cram into a few scant pages the centuries of history and art accumulated there. When your mind wanders back from the Portone di Bronzo, up the broad, sunlit stairs of honor as high as the stairs go (they are mean enough at the top, and the rooms under the eaves have brick floors), through all the courts and loggias and galleries, from the hall of the throne, the Anticamera Pontificia, and the plain, modest rooms used by the Holy Father, down to the stables at the back where the golden coaches are kept, you begin to wonder if a volume could convey any adequate notion of that place.

The rooms are said to number eleven thousand. Palace is grafted upon palace, wing added to wing, and the sprinkling goes sprawling one beyond the other, or out at the sides, as the requirements or new ideas of each age dictated. Now, in themselves, they make almost a city—a city built as the old builders build, in stone and iron, travertine and marble, blocks and masses; art never ignored or forgotten, yet strength valued as much as beauty. Since it could not be valued more, at times the question will suggest itself whether there is not much in the Vatican that has passed entirely out of memory. Some of these arched doors are shut and the bolts rusted; some of the narrow dark stairs unused. Not ten years since two adventurous, high-spirited lads, sons of a pontifical officer, and eternally in mischief—they had the whole Vatican for their play-ground—broke accidentally, during one of their usual marauding expeditions, into a place where the dust of centuries lay on the piled-up arms and quaint old armor accumulated therein. When, teeming with excitement, they took their tale to headquarters, no man appeared to remember what their treasure-trove was or might have been, or even to know its existence; and was hastily closed again, to avoid contention with the Italian Government upon the question of ownership.

The art treasures in the Vatican are, no doubt, its chief glory, though it boasts so many others that you scarce venture to be too positive in the assertion. Yet what a collection! When you have enumerated them all, the glory of their assembled majesty and perfection over-powers you. What is there left in this world to do that has not been done unsurpassably there? If the Vatican were to be burned down—God preserve it!—the highest, noblest, and most comprehensive manifestations of human genius in art would be destroyed, and the only school closed

from which no man ever yet graduated thinking he had learned all.

The Pinacoteca is in itself a history of painting. Nothing makes one realize better the incredible step made in those twenty or thirty years of Italy's great triumph, the blossoming of her wonder-flower of art, than two canvases of Raphael's in that same Pinacoteca. One is his "Assumption of Mary," a lovely picture, yet still in the manner of those who went before him—exquisite faces finely finished, but a little flat in spite of excellent drawing and good color; sombre garments carefully painted and fluted with gold after the Byzantine fashion; the flowers in the tomb treated in the smooth, laborious, yet infinitely truthful style of those early observers; and the Umbrian landscape—a beautiful one—in the same way. In the next room, in the full light, in all its modern plasticism, vividness, and reality, stands Raphael's last expression in color—the "Transfiguration"; and though, personally, you may love the picture less than you admire it, no one comparing those two canvases can deny that between them a great race has been run toward the goal of nature and the winning of truth.

The development is simply immense. Even in the disposition of the double region, as it were—the upper glorified figures and lower groups distinctly human—there is a sort of similarity in the motive; but the "Assumption" is still purely Fifteenth Century—that dear, beautiful, mystic Fifteenth Century! The "Transfiguration" belongs to the school that counts no limit of time. So many influences must have gone to work the change that it would be hard to analyze them; whether the study of the classics, the literature of the age (always reflected in and reflecting the art), or the titanic creative genius of Michael Angelo, who, it may be, contributed as well as Dante to make Raphael what he was. Certain it is that when Raphael painted the "Transfiguration" and that exquisitely beautiful "Madonna di Foligno" beside it, he said the last Amen for art. The transition is so complete that the painter had gone forth from the dim studio to paint in the broad sunshine and blowing air.

About the Stanze there is so much to say and so much has been said already, that it seems vain even to attempt it. In my humble opinion, there are four pictures here worth all the gold that could never buy them. They are the "Disputa," with its wonderful figures of Christ and Mary and the Earth, then which we have had nothing more beautiful since; the school of Athens, with its sober, thoughtful groups (such astonishing students!—they are all thinking) then that glorious epic of Constantine in battle, and the "Deliverance of Peter by the Angel," one of the simplest, most dramatic and finest frescoes ever put on a wall. As for the Anagni, it would be difficult to single out anyone. The "Miraculous Draught" is an exquisite picture, dreamy and poetic in its lovely vistas of sky and lake and shore. Tennyson and Rossetti and our great prose-poet, Ruskin, have descriptive measures like that landscape.

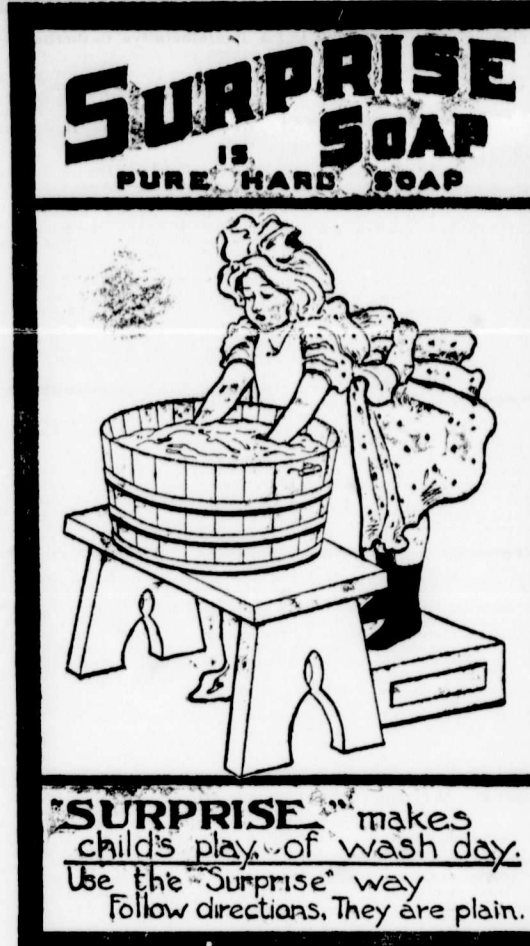
There is only one thing in the Vatican more wonderful than Raphael's work there, and it is Michael Angelo's Sistine. The man, in his passion for truth and his abhorrence for weak art, had grown crazed about anatomy; and the "Last Judgment," extraordinary as it is and eminently fitted to inspire dread and fear, will never be loved or remembered with hope as Oragna's in the Compo Santo at Pisa. But turn to the vaults—turn to that mass of ceiling which the master seems to have painted the whole of himself, the very substance of his genius, and you will forgive him for ever repelling you. Like Raphael's "Transfiguration," this is for Michael Angelo his supreme expression. You can never master its infinite intricacy and complexity; but you will grow to know some part of it, and marvel at the immensity of the great enterprise, architectural and statuettes as well as pictorial.

To me first loomed out the prophets and sibyls; all grand conceptions—too grand for human life or common thought. And when one day I found a picture which wiped out the rest of the Sistine, so that I could never see but that.

There may be others better; I know only one—the "Creation of Man." The magnificent figure, strong as that of an athlete and perfect as the classics, reclines upon native earth on the very summit and edge of a great mountain. Michael Angelo's idea, perhaps, was that he was created there where he was nearest heaven, and whence at a single glance he could command all his dominion unrolled beneath his eyes. The poet may have wished, too, to signify by the mountain-top that this was the Lord God's crowning work.

So man lies upon the sword, solitary and heroic. One limb is doubled up to rise, the elbow sustains the vast bulk and the other arm; the left—he has not strength enough yet to use the right, which will be the chief weapon of his power—is reached out Godward. But the faint fingers drowse in their effort, and the beautiful head hangs languidly even as it turns and seeks to lift toward the face of the Father in its expectancy of life and hope. The lips are fast closed; he has no speech yet. And Michael Angelo has made it clear that of its own volition, in spite of its large mould and superb magnificence, this thing cannot even raise itself from the ground. His creed, it was the great realist of the Sixteenth Century, and who almost worshipped the human body for what it meant to him of strength and power! His philosophy, who was one of the most rugged and deepest thinkers of his age! His avowed made in here in color, as it is again and again in verse, of utter weakness and utter helplessness: "Unless Thou givest aid!"

The form of the Eternal, a venerable man upborne by angels, floats through the air with great swiftness towards the mountain-top. The wind of rapid motion is in the hair and beard, among the angels, and swells the mantle which envelops the whole group like a cloud. Did the painter imply a moral meaning in the haste with which He comes?



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And now let us go to the Treasury proper. Here you are admitted only by favor, but, if you are so minded, you can spend a pleasant morning among the church vestments, church vessels, church books gloriously illuminated. Here is kept the Golden Rose—a small bush of golden roses in reality—and the centre of one unscrews and is full of some precious mixture—hard, myrrh and frankincense, or some such Eastern combination—that leaves its fragrance upon you for hours if you but touch its receptacle. Here also is that magnificent regalia, the robe of crimson velvet, fur-lined, the heroic sword and kingly crown, that you think would have well become Arthur of England, but which no prince has been found worthy to receive at the Pope's hands in our own day. This is the Dalmatica of Papa Leone, worn by emperors during their coronation Mass, and in which Rienzi vested himself over his armor.

After having written, you are more conscious of what you have left out. But your intention from the beginning was merely to indicate briefly how much and of what value the Vatican contains. Perhaps when you have said and seen all, one thing, the best and highest, yet remains. It is, after the city is all wrapped in gloom and slumber one light yet burning there where the "White-haired Man" of Anderson still keeps his hallowed vigil to work and to pray.—Gabriel Francis Powers, in the Irish Catholic.

BABY CONSTIPATION

Can Be Cured Without Resorting to Harsh Purgatives.

Constipation is a very common trouble among infants and small children—it is also one of the most distressing. The cause is some derangement of the digestive organs, and if not promptly treated is liable to lead to serious results. The little victim suffers from headache, fever, pain in the stomach and sometimes vomiting. While in this condition neither baby nor baby's mother can obtain restful sleep. If proper care is taken in feeding the child and Baby's Own Tablets are used, there will be no trouble found in curing and keeping baby free from this disorder. Mrs. T. Guymer, London, Ont., says: "My baby was a great sufferer from constipation. She cried continually, and I was about worn out attending her. I tried several remedies, but none of them helped her till I procured some Baby's Own Tablets. These tablets worked wonders, and now she is in the best of health. I can now go about my work without being disturbed by my baby's crying. I consider Baby's Own Tablets a great medicine, and would advise mothers to keep them in the house for they will save baby from much suffering by curing and preventing the minor ailments common to infants and small children."

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