

GABLE ENDS.

HANDCAR 249.

Number 249 ?

Thar she lies by the frog,
Painted yellor an' brown
Like a blame Injun dog ;
Looks better you say,
She's ahead uv 'em all,
Thar's no han'car kin tech her
This side Montreal.

Eh ! wuz you on the gang,
When she got on thet gait
When the track got afire ?
Hol' on pard jest wait ;
Hi ! Noskay, this dude
Sez he worked on the line,
When the boys made that run
On ole 249.

Do I drink ? Well, sometimes,
I don't mind ef I do ;
Clear rye, can't be beat ;
Here's lookin' at you ;
Now I tumble ; you're him
With the tape an' the reel
On th' Engineer's staff
When we wuz layin' steel.

Thar wuz four thousand cords
Went up in thet blaze,
An' the bush wuz like hell,
Full of cinders fer days,—
Them Dagos thet worked
In Dean Lake gravel-pit,
An' their cursed smudge fires
Wuz th' startin' uv it :

Jest how, I dunno,
Can't locate th' spot
I run th' steam shovel,
An' Lord !—it wuz hot :
Nine yards to a car,
Till I heerd someone shout
“ Th' woods is afire, Bill,
You'd better git out.”

I got, none too soon,
An' climbed onter th' dump,
An' my boots wuz all scorched,
An' my throat in a lump ;

Then th' ties 'gun ter smoke,
An' we shovelled an' cussed,
In th' heat an' th' smoke,
Dunno which wuz th' wust.

Then th' Chief, him thet's dead,
God care fur his soul,
Comes up quiet, an' said,
“ Boys, we've got in a hole ;
Number seven is due
An' th' wires is all gone,
An' we've got ter stop her.
'Ere's a han'car : jump on.”

Now, as you kin b'leeve
We kinder hel' back ;
War'nt skeered, jest ter git
A squint down th' track ;
An' we saw th' red flame
Shootin' out 'cross th' rails,
Fur th' cordwood hed took
An' t'wuz blowin' great gales :

Then, ez you kin imagine,
Things looked purty sick ;
An' th' Chief says “ Come on, lads
Play trumps or no trick ; ”
An' somebody grumbled,
“ One twenty a day
Fur this kind uv labor
Ain't extry much pay.”

By this time the track
Buckled up on th' ties ;
Th' spikes tuk ter drawin'
An' rails gun ter rise ;
When we heerd a faint rattle
Away down th' line,
An' I sez “ Fur ten dollars
Thet's 249.”

An' it wuz ; we cud see 'em
A pumpin' like steam ;
When the fire blowed acrost
They wuz gone like a dream ;
But they kept her a humpin',
An' traveled thet fast,
'Ere a bad place cud ditch 'em
T'wuz over an' past.

They come in breathin' hard,
No wind left ter speak,