THE MAN AT THE LEVER.

SOME INTERESTING STORIES OF RAILWAY ENGINEERS.

Thrilling Hairbreath Escapes of Local Drivers—Heroism and the Public—How One Feels in Time of Danger.

Apropos of the sad fate which befell Jack Burt, G. T. R. engineer, of this city, on Tuesday last, says The London Free Press of Friday, by being literally crushed to death in the yard here, and whose funeral took place to Mount Pleasant Cemetery Thursday afternoon, it may not be amiss at this time to recall some of the dangers which the "man at the lever" experiences, as did poor Burt during a lifetime spent in the railroad service. Many will remember perusing the recital some two years ago of the manner in which an engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway had remained at his post after the forward truck of his engine had left the track and both connecting rods had been broken. When the train had been brought to a standstill it was found that had the engineer jumped, as his fireman had done, when the break occurred, the whole train must have been badly wrecked with an attendant loss of many lives. Nine-tenths of the people who read the item, it is safe to say, did not stop to consider the heroism of that engineer, and the raising of a small purse for his benefit was perhaps thought by many to be a sufficient recompense for the risk he ran. No one, however, can, after giving the subject a moment's thoughtful attention, fail to appreciate the heroism of the man who, with his hand upon the throttle, stood resolutely at his post while the broken rods on either side of the locomotive were being whirled around like a couple of mighty flails at every revolution of the ponderous wheels. The connecting rods are the strong bars of steel used to couple the rear driving wheels, which are located directly under the seats occupied by the engineer and fireman, with these propelled by the crank. When the rods broke they must have literally carved the sides of the cab from the locomotive. The feelings of a man standing between two such engines of destruction may perhaps be imagined; they cannot be described upon paper. But occurrences of this kind are so common in this age of accidents that they have ceased to excite wonder. A man may jump into the water and save a drowning woman or child and he will at once and deservedly become a popular hero, but the engineer who, at the risk of his own life, sticks to his locomotive and prevents the maiming of half a hundred people, is usually well rewarded with the satisfaction of knowing that is he still alive. But then this is all in keeping with the idea that the engineer is a dare-devil sort of a fellow, anyway, and is always ready to take just such risks for the mere fun of the thing. He is also supposed to be very romantic, if the stories about engineers who have married the girls who came out on a broken bridge at dead of night and swung a red lantern wildly to and fro as the engine shrieked around a curve only a few feet distant, can be relied upon as true.

As a matter of fact the engineer of to-day is the least romantic person in the world. He is practical, if anything. The knowledge of the responsibility resting upon him is alone sufficient to dispel all sentimental feelings the moment he enters his cab. He is sober, domestic, industrious, as a rule intelligent, and frequently cultivated. This is due in a large part to the salutary influences exercised upon the craft by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the one laborers' organization that has been until recently officially recognized by capitalists. In conversing with a couple of the engineers who attended Burt's funeral Thursday, some curious facts were learned regarding railway accidents and narrow escapes. Said one of them, a gentleman well known to the travelling public, "I had a very narrow escape some years ago while running upon an Eastern road. It was on a very dark night, and we were trying to make up some time we had lost and the engine was being run for all she was worth. My fireman had broken the headlight and we were in consequence compelled to run without one. Well, we had just reached the bottom of a steep grade when I saw, right in front of us, sparks ascending from the stack of an approaching locomotive which was also without a headlight. I yelled to my fireman to jump, at the same time whistling for brakes and reversing my engine. After I had done this I knew that to remain longer would be suicidal and I jumped. I had hardly struck the ground when the locomotives came together with a horrible crash and both reared right up in front like a couple of ferocious horses. Then the cars came on with such force that both trains were shivered to pieces and lay all in a heap, with the front ends of the engines on top. The crew on the train which ran into us had seen what was going to happen in time to jump and save themselves, and the most serious injury received was a broken leg by my fireman."

The following story of another almost miraculous escape was told by an engineer who has since adopted a business attended with not so much personal risk: "I was running an engine on a branch road down in ——, the track of which ran almost parallel with an old canal. One evening as we were running up from the junction to the inland terminus of the branch I noticed some canal horses browsing along the track and I said to my fireman: 'Bill, we'll have to keep a pretty close watch for those horses when we come down or they'll give us trouble.' We had no means of turning our engine 'round at the end of the road, you know, and we had to run down to the junction backwards. Well, we were delayed some in getting started on our return trip, and when we got back to the place where the horses had been seen it was pretty dark. I had just told the fireman to keep a sharp look-out and was reaching for the whistle when I saw the tender begin to heave right up over us. Before we had time to jump, or even think what we were doing, the engine was thrown from the track, and she never stopped until we had run down a pretty steep bank and into a corn field twenty yards away, dragging one of the passenger cars after us. Then the locomotive, with the steam still turned on full head, toppled over on her side. How we ever got out I don't know, but not a man on the whole train received so much as a scratch."

Instances were related by others where fireman and engineer had been crushed to death by the tender, which owing to a collision at the rear of the train, had been shoved right over the cab like a socket and pinned the unfortunate occupants against the head of the boiler, where if they were not lucky enough to be killed outright they were slowly roasted to death. Engineers who have been in serious accidents state that, as a usual thing, the sensation, when the impending catastrophe is realized, is something akin to that experienced by a soldier when he enters a battle—he has a clear appreciation of his danger yet he entertains no thought of shirking his duty or trying to save himself at the expense of others. If, after he has set the brakes, turned on sand and reversed his engine there is yet time to jump and save himself, almost any engineer will seize the opportunity to make his escape. In fact he would be very foolish not to do so because he could do nothing more to avert the calamity if he remained. But there is only about one case in a thousand where a man would have time to do all this before the crash came. Running at the rate of 40 miles an hour, if he saw an obstruction a quarter of a mile ahead—and it is seldom that danger is seen so far away as that—he would have but twenty seconds in which to do all this work, to say nothing of getting out from behind his reverse lever and jumping from the cab.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

A Timely Chestnut.

Exchange.

A careful reading of The New York Sun nowadays recalls the old story of the boy who was found by the roadside battering the much mutilated remains of a woodchuck against a big rock. "What in the world are you doing with that woodchuck, boy?" said a passer-by. "I'm killing him," said the boy. "Killing him? Why, he's dead long ago." "I know that," said the boy, continuing his battering operations, "but he hit me when I was getting him out of the wall, and I just want him to understand there's a punishment after death."

CROSS AND WHITE.

The Case of the Roughers Arrested in Toronto to go to the U. S. Supreme Court.

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 18.—One of the counsel for Cross and White, respectively ex-President and Cashier of the State National Bank of this city, left here yesterday for Washington with a copy of the record in the case and a petition for a writ of error, to be presented to one of the Justices of the Supreme Court. Cross and White, who were arrested in Toronto, were convicted of forgery in the Supreme Court at Raleigh last July. They appealed to the State Supreme Court, on the ground that the State could not try them, they having, as officers of a National bank, committed the offence. The Supreme Court sentenced them to long terms of hard labor on the public roads. The case was argued in the Supreme Court, which fully sustained the lower Court. White, who has for many weeks been in jail here for lack of bail, has at last given it and is at large. The case involves, in a very broad sense, the question of State rights, and this deepens public interest in it.

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

SISTER AURELIA.

In the hospital she was only known by the name of Sister Aurelia, the most faithful of the nurses; the most ardent in her work of helping the miserable. There were a few who knew her story, among them Dr. Fordyce, the principal physician who had been strangely attracted by this beautiful, stately woman who had given up the world to minister to the poor and sick.

Hers was not an unusual story. She had been engaged to be married, until one day she found out that her lover's allegiance had been stolen from her by another, and that other a little orphan cousin whom she had taken to her home out of pity.

But Aurelia Graye did not repine at her fate; she gave her lover his freedom, and after he had married the cousin, she had come to the hospital to find in work a Lethe for memory.

A little child from the fever ward had become her special charge, and she fought nobly with death for the child's life. All her love seemed to be centred in this little one, for whom she had begun to feel almost a mother's devotion.

Her unceasing care was already beginning to tell on her own constitution, but still she would not give up her charge to another.

At last came the crisis—the hour which was to decide whether Ann would live or die; and to Dr. Fordyce it looked as if that hour would also decide whether Sister Aurelia should live or die, for she seemed to have knit her life so closely to that of the sick child that death to one would be death to both.

Hour followed hour; the slow watches of the night were called off one after another by the distant church clocks—2, 3, 4.

For hours Ann lay as if already dead, so white, so still, her eyes closed, and the fluttering breath so faint that more than once Dr. Fordyce had held his small pocket glass before her lips, and could only tell that she lived by the almost imperceptible dew that gathered for an instant on its surface.

As the clock struck 4 the faintest flush, like the first blush of morning reflected on far distant snow, stole into the white cheeks; the pale lips parted ever so little for the slow regular breathing, and a warm, pearly dew broke out upon the brow and temples. The child slept profoundly, her breathing grew stronger and the faint flush upon her cheek deepened as in a new morning of life.

Dr. Fordyce moved toward Aurelia, and softly laid his hand on hers.

"You have saved her life!" he said, in the deep, rich tones so familiar to the nurse's ear. "Thanks to your unceasing care, she will live."

"Thank God! Thank God! I love the child!" murmured Aurelia, and she raised her eyes, swimming in tears, to the young physician's face.

It was not a handsome face, though strong and manly; but to Aurelia it seemed like the face of Lancelot to Elaine—"the godliest that her eyes had ever rested on."

There was moisture in the young physician's eyes, too, as they met Aurelia's tearful gaze; and his hand closed on hers with a warm and sympathetic clasp, and for several minutes they remained with clasped hands, and only started away from each other at the sudden movement of little Ann.

Both nurse and doctor bent anxiously over the sick child, but she had only moaned in her sleep and was still wrapped in profound slumber.

Then Dr. Fordyce told Aurelia what she was to do when Ann awakened, and as he turned away she looked up at him again and their eyes met in a long, tender, sympathetic gaze that set the nurse's pulses in a wild thrill and it was well that little Ann Brown was quite out of danger now, for Sister Aurelia almost forgot the child—for a few minutes.

After that, the crisis of the fever being passed in safety, little Ann had nothing to do but get well, which she proceeded to do in the most wonderfully rapid manner.

Sister Aurelia took Ann away as soon as she was well enough to leave the hospital; and it was then that the long night-watching and fasting days began to tell on herself. She fell ill of the same fever, and Dr. Fordyce attended her. He did not wait to be sent for; but came, and almost took up his abode there, and after a long and desperate struggle he won Aurelia back from the dark valley into which she had seemed so often slipping away from his entreating, beseeching grasp.

But he did win her back, and she grew well and strong again.

"Well, I am here again, living and well," said Aurelia, with a slight laugh, the first time she was able to come down stairs. "Is is the second time I have come back from the gates of death! I am not to die yet, it seems—then I must be kept here for something. I wish I knew what it was. I want to do my duty."

"Aurelia!" murmured Stephen Fordyce, as he sank down on the cushion at her feet and clasped her two slender hands in his. "I will tell you what that duty is if you will promise to do it.

"I promise!" murmured Aurelia, her lovely pale face quivering with emotion, her smiling lips parted in a tender smile, though her eyes were moist with happy tears.

"It is to be my wife, Aurelia—my own loved, cherished, worshipped wife! Tell me, darling, will you?"

"If it is my duty I will try to do it; and when duty is pleasure who wouldn't be good and happy, too?"

The proud head bent forward and the lovers kissed each other in token of a troth that death could never dim.

Messrs. Northrop & Lyman are the proprietors of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost "every ill that flesh is heir to," is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. If you have not purchased a bottle, do so at once, and keep it ready for an emergency. Its cheapness, 25 cents per bottle, places it within the reach of all. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every house.

Pleaded Ignorant.

It was at a church fair in a Massachusetts town which has given a governor to the Commonwealth, and among the miscellaneous articles for sale on one of the tables was a patent hook for lifting kettles from the stove. The clergyman of the parish stood accidentally beside this table, when he was approached by a Harvard student who was lending to the occasion the light of his countenance.

"What is that thing for?" the student asked, taking hold of the utensil mentioned.

"I believe that is a pot-lifter," the clergyman answered.

The youth regarded it curiously a moment in silence.

"Will you kindly tell me," he said at length, "how you lift a jack-pot without it?"

The clerical gentleman blushed for the want of reverence shown to his cloth, and then, recollecting himself, said that he did not understand the question.

FOR WAR OR FOR PEACE?

THE KAISER'S COMING SPEECH AWAITED WITH INTEREST.

The Movements of Russian Troops Occasioning Uneasiness in Germany—The Alleged Purpose of Alexander's New Loan—Emperor William's Breslau Ball.

BERLIN, Nov. 18.—The Emperor's speech at the opening of the Reichstag on Thursday is awaited with exciting interest arising from the revival of the war alarm. The speech, however, will probably be suffused throughout with a spirit of optimism which ought to extinguish the war scare. The prospects are that the session will be pacific and uneventful. Brisk party encounters are likely to occur over the colonial policy, the Progressists and Socialists combining in hostile criticism. The Centre will join with the Nationalists and Conservatives in support of the Government, especially in relation to the slave trade blockade.

In regard to the movements of Russian troops, The Cologne Gazette in a semi-official communication says: "The scope of the new Russian military orders cannot be accurately known until war experts having clear data on the matter can pronounce upon it. The reasons published at St. Petersburg for the redistribution of the army feebly try to conceal the truth, but in Berlin they are estimated at their true value. The fact that Russia is pushing fresh divisions toward the frontier of Germany demands keen attention, although men of business need not discover in these movements any immediate threat against European peace."

Other papers show the same uneasiness, although they concur in considering it improbable that Russia will openly hasten forward her war preparations at the very moment when she is appealing for a new loan. Nevertheless the money market does not like to see Russia borrowing money. The Bourse in Paris does not consider the loan an unmixed evil, since it arranges to use one third of the whole amount for conversion. This fact modifies the hostility to the loan in Berlin. Still no subscription list will be opened in Berlin and Frankfort. On the contrary the semi-official press advises investors to unload on Paris.

It is hoped that the re-opening of the French market to Russian loans will facilitate the sales of German holders. The Post issues a warning against the investment by Germans in Russian bonds. The paper concludes that the purpose of the loan is to strengthen Russian credit and encourage a belief that her permanent policy will be pacific, so that she may are long raise a large loan designed for war purposes. Already during the week large amounts of Russian stock have been transferred in Paris, where the buyers appear to be influenced by other than business ideas. A spirit akin to the mad excitement relative to the Panama Canal speculation incites the French investors to risk their money in favor of their beloved ally.

The German and English consular authorities in Zanzibar are about to issue similar proclamations forbidding German and English subjects to contract with slave owners for a supply of slave labor. This edict will be difficult of enforcement, as there are a number of ports and stations where the status of the men hired for work is doubtful.

An odd incident occurred on the Emperor's visit to Breslau. The Emperor congratulated Burgomaster Friedenburg on the result of the recent election, when the Progressists were defeated by two Free-Conservatives and one National-Liberal. His congratulations seemed to be awkwardly received. The Emperor afterwards asked, and the reason learned that Friedenburg was a local leader of the Progressists.

Ex-Empress Victoria and the Princesses left for England at 7.30 this morning. On Friday they went to Potsdam and spent a long time at their devotions near Emperor Frederick's tomb in the Friedenskiche.

Don't Be a Lackey.

The wife of a diplomat gives a laughing account of the discussion she had with her husband on account of Mr. Chamberlain and Miss Endicott. Noticing upon several occasions, when her husband happened to be talking to Miss Endicott, that he bowed and departed almost immediately after Mr. Chamberlain joined them, she remonstrated, saying: "I wish you would not click your heels like a lackey and depart whenever Mr. Chamberlain appears."

"My dear," replied her liege lord, "if you were a man talking to a pretty girl upon whom you imagined you were making an impression, and she should suddenly become wholly distrait, replying to your remarks at random, as she smiled over your head to some one else, I tell you that you too would click your heels like a lackey and depart whenever that disturbing element appeared.

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Young Mr. Johnsing (in swell Cheste nut street boarding house)—Am yo' d-lady of dis yeh-ho'din' house?

Miss Purplebloom (genteelly)—I'se de daughter of de mistress of dis 'stablishment, sah.

Young Mr. Johnsing (crossing one knee stylishly)—Well, I'se lookin' for er large airy room over wif alcove an' bathroom attachin, an' fust class fixins with southern exposure an' gentility. I'se willing to pay as much as two dolla's a week.

Miss Purplebloom (with a slight sniff)—Am de room fo' yo'self?

Young Mr. Johnsing—Hit am.

Miss Purplebloom—Well, I'se berry sorry indeed, sah, but we don't take Zubus.

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