

# THE EVENING NEWS.

THURSDAY, May 28, 1872.

RUNNING A TIME-TABLE.

A BRAKEMAN'S STORY.

I have been a "railroad man" for a great many years—have the experience gone, grown grey in the service. I am here, however, in all my experience. I never saw a road that was the equal of the Valley Air Line, upon which I was, at the time of the incident about to be related, a brakeman.

The Valley Air Line was one of those roads that spring up suddenly out of the imaginations of a few men. One can see that it sprang from their purpose, for if they had in them the power to grow anything, it was never put in the Valley. There was, as nearly as I can now remember, no capital stock which was nearly paid up; a little town and village credit, and a large amount of preferred stock, first and second mortgage, etc. So the result was the road was built in a manner which was unique, roofed with pine bridges and culverts, going down hill together in the worst possible manner, because the worst was the cheapest. The iron was a light and frail mass, manufactured in England especially for the American market, while the rolling stock had been worn out in service on other roads and sold to the Valley Air Line on credit and long time.

The reader will see from this truthful statement that the Valley was not the safest road for travelers in the country. It was not. Innumerable were the accidents we had, and it is a wonder to me that none were serious. While we had many narrow escapes, we still managed, through sheer luck, slow time, and great care, to get on without breaking bones; but I positively assure you that time did not accustom us to the road, and we never ran into the depot at night without fearing thankful that we were alive. When I say we, I mean the conductor, engineer, brakeman, fireman, and myself. He who the accident was, I do not know; but I do know they ought to have been as thankful as the road men that their bones were in good condition to allow them to walk from the depot to their homes. Ignorance may have been perfect bliss to them, however.

The engineer of our train—the Light Express—was one of the most sober, careful, thoughtful, and industrious men that ever handled a throttle. He possessed more than the ordinary share of thoughtfulness, prudence, and caution, and it was owing to this and some great degree of good fortune that we.

A few moments before the train was to start one morning, Gardner, the engineer, called me to his cab. He appeared unusually downcast that morning, though at best he was by no means a "fellow."

"Bob," said Gardner, after a few seconds' talk about general matters, "Bob, I want you to be very careful today. I know you're a good fellow, and always do your duty well; but today I want you to do more. I want you to stand by your break every second of the trip—not to leave it for a moment, and when I signal I want you to see them up so you never did before, and promptly, too. See how you will do it for me?"

Was too astonished to speak for a second, and then I asked: "Why, what under the sun is the matter with you, Gardner? You know the brakemen are nearly worn out that it is impossible to set them up; and you know, too, I know it all, Bob, and that is the reason why I want you to be careful. I am going to try and make the time-table to-day of it, if possible, if you do so. I feel just as though something was going to happen, and I am more than half sorry that I promised; but I'll do it, though. Now, promise me, Bob, and off to your brakeman."

I promised, and took my post, not a little nervous at Gardner's words, looks, indications.

We left the depot and went rattling on over the iron. Passengers looked at each other in surprise, and wondered what under the sun was the matter with the Valley—if it had suddenly awakened from its long sleep, and now proposed to be a railroad in earnest.

When the conductor came through the train and came along by me, I asked:

"What is the matter with Gardner, this morning?"

"Oh," was the reply, "he and this old man have had a blow out this morning. You see our train never makes connections—passengers always lay over, and, of course, they growl. This morning the old man called us into the office, and the whole thing was out. Gardner talked like a fool, and as he grew excited, he ran out to the road in the condition it was. He told them the time-table as made up was fast even for a first-class road, and if we undertook to run it, a frightful accident could not be avoided.

Then Gardner said it was criminal to run the road as it was. Supp. Brown was very angry. He fairly boiled over. He declared that there was no better road in the country, and that Gardner was a coward who ought to go on a gravel train, and if he didn't make the time he would have him there, too.

The road was losing its business, and there had got to be a change. Brown also said that in Valley Creek, where he lived, he had always noticed that the train slowed and lost time there to lose the connection. Gardner replied to this, that at the Creek there was a down grade, the bridge was unsafe, and he was obliged to slack up for safety. More than this, the track passed through the play-ground of the Creek school, was not used in, and they could not go through at a rapid speed without danger.

Then Brown burst out with an oath, that if the parents did not want their children run over they must keep them off the track. It would be a good thing to run over one or two of them, as it would teach them a lesson. Of course, he didn't mean this, but he was "hot" you see, and did not know what he did say. He added, that Gardner's family lived near the road, therefore there's no reason for delaying. To have a chance to chat with him as he went through. This set Gardner's anger on fire, and he then and there declared that he would make time, let the consequences be what they might, and if disaster happened, Brown must assume the responsibility. You see he is keeping his word, but the old fellow feels bad enough."

We dashed on over the frail iron at a frightful speed. You could almost hear the bars crackle as we went. The cars surged from east to west, forcing passengers to cling to their seats. Not for a second did I have my breath. To be continued.

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