

THE EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, April 6, 1872.

A FIGHT FOR A LOCOMOTIVE.

(Continued.)
 "You know we have discontinued working the Lleyden brick-fields; and it appears that our late manager has allowed the royalty to Earl to fall into arrears for two years. Last week a distraint was made on the premises, and the engine that used to run on our branch line, and was lying in the shed, has been seized and sold for about a quarter of its value. The purchaser has run it a little up the line off our land, and taken up the rails behind it. Now, I want to see the land lies, and then take as many men as you can, together with the Myneid last winter, together with the horses, and pull the engine on the main line after the night mail has passed, and take her with all haste to Nantygolyn station in time to meet the up passenger train at half-past two in the morning. You will then attach the engine to the train and bring her here. Here is the necessary permit to authorize you to do the train, and a letter to the captain of the mine. If, as is quite possible, you meet with resistance, refrain from using any more force in necessary. I wish to avoid any fighting. If you conduct this matter successfully, it is quite probable I may raise your salary, for I have been well satisfied with your conduct in the office. Are you quite sure that you perfectly comprehend my instructions?"

I withdrew to make the necessary preparations. I could not about my anticipated good fortune, and the strange service I was engaged upon. It had all the charm of adventure, for I was not so sanguine as to hope that such a proceeding could be taken entirely without resistance. I determined to say nothing about it to Mary, lest she should be alarmed. I noted, saying that I should be away on important business for the next two or three days, and saying her to keep a good watch on the mine, and some good news to tell her when we next met.

I alighted at Nantygolyn station, and engaged a room at the sole inn the village boasted of. It was still early in the evening, and I started after dinner to walk as far as I could, and hope that about two miles, to reconnoitre. The road ran along the hill-side nearly all the way. A shower had laid the dust, and the wet foliage of the trees that clung to the rock on my right hand, and overhung the path, gleamed lightly in the dying light. Far down on my left ran the brawling river, just colored with the rain, and about across the soft steam from the moistened earth, speaking eloquently in its grave-like odor of the end of the year that was coming so quickly. Autumn is pleasant enough amid the gardens of Kent, but very sad in the moorland hills. The trees are stunted, and the leaves soon flutter slowly downward from their baring branches; and those who have only heard the musical sighing of the wind through the trees of a lowland landscape, can have no conception of the weird-like feeling that steals over one as he listens to the sighing of the gale among the swaying and creaking boughs of the mountain pines and birches, and its fiercer shriek as it sweeps up the ravines and over the desolate moor. The wind was rising, laden with occasional shivers. I reached the brick-field. The state of affairs was worse than I had imagined. The engine had been left on an exposed part of the line, and where the wind whistled, causing the outside rail to be much higher than the other. Inclining at such a sharp angle, it had been exposed to the full force of the wind, and catching it at so great a disadvantage, had tilted it completely over, and it now lay on its side on the embankment, with the hindmost wheels, however, resting, or only partly off, the rails. It was a small and very light engine, and had been originally intended for the Crimen.

It was a wide and lonely place where the brick-yard was situated. It was just where the moorland commenced, and where there was nothing to interrupt the eye as it roamed over the purple flat, strangely lit up in places by crimson gleams and patches of golden brown, as the light of the stormy sunset was reflected from the surface of a pool, or shone on a lighter ground of dead rushes and ling. Beyond all was a long gray line, which could not be mistaken for anything but what it was—the bonny, open sea. If I listened intently, I could even catch, borne on the wind, the faint roar of the surf on the flat sandy shore.

Nothing could be done that night, and on the morrow I mounted a sorry animal, which mine host called a saddle-horse, and rode off to the mines to bespeak the services of a dozen men and three horses—all they had to spare—for 8 o'clock that night, and then back to the station to put all right with the station-master. To disarm suspicion I took a road and made my way down to the now swollen stream. Few fish were there in it for the deadly water from the mines had played sad havoc with the fishy tribe. More time was passed in reverie than in fishing, and tender memories of the past mingled strangely with dreams of the future. How happy Mary and I could be in a little cottage on the bank of the stream, and which I knew was to be had at a low rent. How pleasant to hurry home from business, and find a bright face to welcome me with a kiss and a bonny smile, instead of my lonely bachelor's rooms. Ah, me, would it ever come to pass, I wondered. Surely it must some day; and yet, somehow, I could not look hopefully forward. Perhaps it was the lowering weather, and the dull, spiritless air that everybody wore that depressed me; and it was absurd, yet I felt as if I were going to be hung, or meet with some other accident in this midnight abduction I was engaged in. Vainly trying to shake off the feeling, I retraced my steps to the inn.

At 8 o'clock it was already quite dark. When I reached the bank over the line I saw that the men, by the light of lanterns, had rigged up a temporary crane, and were tugging away at the ropes, trying to raise the fallen engine, and prying away with levers at the screws, working quietly and well. Most of them were brawny Englishmen, imported by Mr. Haywood; the rest were Welshmen, smaller made, but wiry and strong. Steadily the work went on under my directions, and all the while a soft, unpleasant drizzle gradually soaked us through and through. The wind was fitful, and many and mysterious were the sounds that it brought out of the glens. It moaned dimly through the pine woods, showing that the spirit of the storm was abroad, and ere long would be upon us in all its savagery. Suddenly a form flitted by, then another, and another, and three strange men passed by the engine and vanished in the gloom. Other eyes were as quick as mine, and saw them. We instinctively knew that they were the vanguard of the enemy, and that soon we might expect opposition. As we afterward learned, one of the men at the mine had not been able to keep the secret from his Dolly.

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SEWING MACHINE,
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MACHINES IN THE WORLD

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Sales Rapidly Increasing.

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TEETH FILLED WITH PURE GOLD AND
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 Abscesses cured and all diseases of the Teeth
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With Nitrous Oxide, Chloroform, Electricity
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Ladies who wish Teeth Extracted by Chloro-
 form or Hydrate of Chloral must allow a be
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 o'clock p.m.

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PIANOS!

The Arion, the Steinway,

the Chickering, the Little

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Are The

CHEAPEST

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BEST

Of their class. Their reputation is worldwide

We personally guarantee them to give perfect

satisfaction, or we will take them back and re-

turn the money. Give us a call. Send for cir-

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ESTRAY.

I HAVE in my possession a horse colored

Bay Horse, bred in 1861, 8 or 9 years old.

Was advertised with him in the 1st of February. Was

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WILLIAM CORRAL, 2nd Ward.

CALDER BROTHERS.

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AT

RETAIL!

Z. G. M. I.

DRY GOODS

DEPARTMENT.

April, 1872.

DRESS GOODS,

Japanese & Mikado S. stripes,

Silk Warp Stripes,

Jacquard & Bouleard Stripes,

Alexis Silk, Reversible,

Fynas Poplin,

DOLLY VARDEN,

Puian Stripes,

CRAM STRIPE GRANADINE,

CUTON JAPANESE POPLIN,

MATISTES,

JACQUET LAWN,

CHAMBRAYS MARSEILLE,

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MATISTES,

JACQUET LAWN,

CHAMBRAYS MARSEILLE,

CHALM GASPES

BLACK SILKS,

American and

Foreign Makes.

In this line we excel.

WHITE GOODS, &C.,

Bullant, Percales,

42 in Swiss for Overshirts,

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Together with a large variety of newest styles.

BLACK LACE,

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PARASOLS,

FANCIES,

WALKING CANE,

PONGEE, SILK,

GUANACO UMBRELLAS.

LADIES' HDKFS. & CLOVES,

In this line we propose to stand

PREEMINENT!

Our Specialty:

Alexandra Kid and Salt Lake

GLOVES.

LADIES' FANCY TIES,

We shall only keep select Styles and

not repeat.

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We have purchased at the Best Market

A Superb Line.

HOSIERY,

WALKING CANE,

PONGEE, SILK,

GUANACO UMBRELLAS.

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RIBBONS,

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IRON & STEEL

C. H. BASSETT.

RAILROAD SHOPS!

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Of all Descriptions.

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