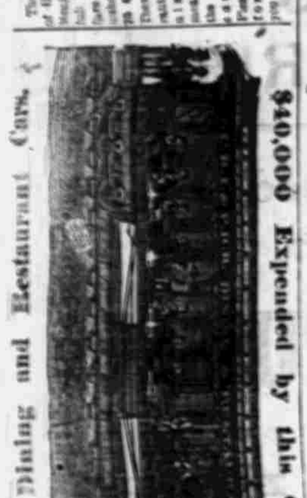
RAILROADS.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC RAILROAD.



A. M. SMITH, Gen. Passenger Ag't. A. KIMBALL, Gen. Supt.

U. P. R. R.

UNTIL further notice trains will leave and arrive at Ogden daily as follows:

DEPART.

Daily Express	8:00 a.m.	Mixed	5:00 p.m.
Freight	8:30 a.m.		

ARRIVE.

Daily Express	6:15 p.m.	Mixed	8:40 p.m.
Freight	2:15 p.m.		

Daily connections made at Ogden with Central Pacific R. R., and with Utah Central road for Salt Lake City and all points in Southern Utah.

At Bryan with stages for Sweetwater mines.

At Cheyenne with Denver Pacific road for Denver, Central City, Georgetown and all points in Colorado and New Mexico.

At Omaha with Chicago and Northwestern, Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, Burlington and Mo. River in Neb., Kansas City, St. Joe and Council Bluffs railroads, and Missouri River line of steamers for all points East and South.

Tickets for sale to all points east at Ticket Office of McCornick & Co., Salt Lake City; also at Union Pacific Railroad Ticket Office in Ogden, at which office berths on sleeping cars can be secured.

TROS. L. KIMBALL, Gen'l Ticket Agent, Omaha.

H. H. CLARK, Gen'l Supt. 480

UTAH CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Pioneer Line of Utah.

On and After June 20th, 1875.

Name of Station.	No. 1 Passenger.	No. 3 Passenger.	Form.
Prove leave	7 00	2 20	
Salt Lake	7 00	4 00	
*Wood's Cross	7 35	4 08	35
Centerville	7 53	4 18	75
Farmington	8 00	4 23	1 00
Kaysville	8 12	4 32	1 37
Arrive at Ogden	9 00	5 40	2 0

Name of Station.	No. 2 Passenger.	No. 4 Passenger.	Form.
Prove leave Ogden	9 40	9 30	
Kaysville	10 11	10 01	1 00
Farmington	10 22	7 11	1 36
Centerville	11 04	7 44	1 80
*Wood's Cross	11 13	7 54	1 75
Arrive at Salt Lake	11 40	8 20	2 00

*Passing places.

MIXED TRAINS

Will be DISCONTINUED on Friday, April 16th, and until further notice.

For all information concerning Freight or Passage, apply to JOHN SHARP, Jr., General Freight and Ticket Agent.

JOHN SHARP, Superintendent.

UTAH SOUTHERN RAILROAD

On and after Dec. 13th, 1875.

Going South.

Name of Station.	No. 1 Passenger.	No. 3 Freight.	No. 5 Freight.	Form.
Prove leave	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Salt Lake	7 00	8 15	3 00	
Little Cottonwood	7 20	8 43	3 25	50
Junction	7 40	7 15	3 50	75
Arrive at Sandy	7 52	7 25	3 15	1 00
Leave Sandy	and 8 00			
Draper	8 18			1 25
Lehi	9 08			1 75
American Fork	9 30			1 90
Pleasant Grove	9 32			2 00
Provo	10 15			2 50
Springville	10 37			2 75
Spanish Fork	10 57			3 00
Payson	11 20			3 50
Santaquin	11 45			4 00
Arrive at Nephi	P. M. 12 00			4 0

Going North.

Name of Station.	No. 2 Passenger.	No. 4 Freight.	No. 6 Freight.	Form.
Trains leave Nephi	P. M. 12 20	A. M.	P. M.	
Terminus	12 37			25
Santaquin	12 57			50
Payson	1 17			1 00
Spanish Fork	1 40			1 25
Springville	2 00			1 50
Provo	2 22			1 50
Pleasant Grove	3 00			2 00
American Fork	3 21			2 25
Lehi	3 37			2 50
Draper	4 22			3 25
Arrive at Sandy	4 37			
Leave Sandy	4 47	8 10	5 00	3 00
Junction	4 51	8 25	5 10	3 25
Little Cottonwood	5 11	8 54	5 40	3 50
Arrive at Salt Lake	5 40	10 30	6 15	4 0

Nos. 1 and 2 will be run daily.
Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6 will be run daily, Sundays excepted.

For all information concerning Freight or Passage, apply to JOHN SHARP, General Superintendent.

JOHN SHARP, Jr., General Freight and Ticket Agent.

Arrivals and Departures of Mails.

ARRIVALS.

East—Through mail, daily ..... 3 30 p m
Alta, daily ..... 5 30 p m
Parley's Park, Big Cottonwood, and Wasatch Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays ..... 5 00 p m
Park City, daily except Sunday ..... 5 00 p m
Summit and Wasatch counties, Tuesdays and Thursdays ..... 5 00 p m
Rich county, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday ..... 5 00 p m
Morgan county, daily ..... 5 00 p m
North—Davis county, daily ..... 11 00 a m
Weber county, daily ..... 5 00 p m
Ogden, semi-daily 11 00 a m & 5 00 p m
Parley's Park, Big Cottonwood and Wasatch, Mondays, Fridays ..... 7 00 a m
Uca, daily ..... 5 00 p m
Corinne and Kelton, daily ..... 11 00 a m
Idaho and Montana, daily ..... 5 00 p m
Boise City and Idaho City, daily ..... 11 00 a m
West—Nevada, California, Oregon, &c., daily ..... 3 30 p m
Ophir, Tooele, Stockton, Jacob City, &c., daily ..... 5 00 p m
Bingham Canyon, daily ..... 5 00 p m
South—From Beaver as distance routes, daily ..... 5 30 p m
Pioche, Star and San Francisco districts, daily ..... 5 30 p m
St. George and points south of Beaver on alternate days ..... 5 30 p m
For Sanpete and Sevier counties, daily, except Saturday ..... 5 30 a m
For Cedar Valley, Fairfield and Tintic mining districts, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays 4 30 am

OFFICE HOURS.

General Delivery open from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sunday, 10:00 to 1:00 p.m.
Money Order and Register department from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Outside door open from 6 a.m. to 10 p m

J. T. LYNCH, Postmaster.

UTAH NORTHERN RAILROAD.

ON AND AFTER

November 1st, 1877.

Trains on this road will leave stations mentioned below as follows:

NORTHWARD.

	No. 1.
Leave Ogden	9.00 a. m.
" Brigham	11.04 a. m.
" Logan	2.55 p. m.
Arrive at Round Valley	6.25 p. m.

SOUTHWARD.

	No. 2.
Leave Round Valley	7.30 a. m.
" Logan	11.15 a. m.
" Brigham	2.40 p. m.
Arrive at Ogden	4.35 p. m.

Gilmer & Salsbury's Stage Line, to and from Montana, connects with trains at Round Valley.

Geo. W. Thatcher, Supt.

THE OLD RELIABLE

FORT WAYNE AND PENNSYLVANIA R.R. LINE

Continuous all rail Route! No Change of Cars! One Road, one Management!

FROM CHICAGO TO

Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, & New York.

GREAT SHORT LINE!

TO BOSTON

Via New York City.

Reaches all Points in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

PULLMAN PALACE CARS

ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.

MAGNIFICENT CARS

Equipped with the celebrated Westinghouse air brakes and Janney's New Patent Safety Platform and Coupler.

ELEGANT EATING HOUSES

With Ample Time for Meals.

3 Express Trains

Leave Chicago as Follows.

8.00 a. m. Special Fast Express Except Sunday.

With the popular vestibule sleeping car.

Reaches Pittsburgh 3.30 a m; Harrisburg 11.45 a m; Philadelphia 4.00 p m; New York 6.45 p m; Boston, 9.15 a m; Baltimore 4.20 p m; Washington 5.00 p m next day.

5:15 p. m. Atlantic express, DAILY,

With Drawing Room and Hotel Car.

Reaches Pittsburgh 12.15 p m; Harrisburg 10.35 p m; Philadelphia 3.35 a m; New York 6.40 a m; special Philadelphia sleeping car on this train, which remains in depot until 7.30 a m, affording Philadelphia passengers a full night's rest.

9:10 p. m. Night Express EXCEPT SATURDAY,

With Drawing Room Sleeping Car.

Reaches Pittsburg 7.00 p m; Harrisburg 1.30 a m; Baltimore 7.45 a m; Washington 8.05 a m; Philadelphia 5.40 a m; New York 10.20 a m; Boston 2.00 p m. Through Baltimore and Washington sleeping car on this train.

FARE ALWAYS AS LOW AS ANY OTHER LINE.

Through Tickets for sale at all Principal points in the west. Ask for tickets via the FORT WAYNE and PENNSYLVANIA LINE.

F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

CHICAGO.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE For CATARRH

A purely vegetable distillation entirely unlike all other remedies.

IN the preparation of this remarkable remedy every herb, plant, and bark is subjected to distillation, whereby the essential medical principle contained in vegetable matter is extracted. What remains in the still is inert, valueless, and totally unfit for use in any organism as shown by the fact that it passes off in the form of a tasteless, odorless, inoffensive compound of woody fibre; all tinctures, saturated solutions, etc., are thus rendered useless.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE

is a local and constitutional remedy, and is applied to the nasal passages by insufflation, thus allaying inflammation and pain, and its cause correcting, cleansing, and purifying the secretions. Internally administered, it acts upon the organs of circulation, across the skin, and through the kidneys the acid poison that has found its way into the stomach and bowels into the blood, which is the cause of catarrh in both directions, and it does not avoid reliable for human ingenuity to devise a more rational treatment.

SURPRISING CURE.

Gentlemen.—About twelve years ago, while travelling with Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Troupe as a tenor singer, I took a severe cold and was laid up at Newark, Ohio. This cold settled upon me a severe attack of Catarrh, which I battled with every known remedy for four weeks without avail, and was finally obliged to leave the most desirable position and return home, unable to sing a note. For three years afterward I was a sufferer from Catarrh. Yet, I am happy to say, I was finally induced to try Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh. I used the gas and throat at a cost of $5. Result, being as I supposed, a cure, I resumed the use of my voice, but found I was not entirely free from Catarrh. The last attack, however, was the last, was terrible. I suffered the most excruciating pain, my throat was so bloated I could not open it, my breath was so fetid I could not endure it, I thought I was fairly in the grip of death. I tried Sanford's Radical Cure, three syringes, continued without relief, they would have rendered me an easy victim. When in this state I accidentally received the use of Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh, very reluctantly, I confess, as I had tried all the advertised remedies without avail. The use of one of the wonderful inhalations gave me the greatest relief. It is hardly possible for me to describe, and when, even with the choking accumulations in his throat, to realize how much relief I obtained from the first application of Sanford's Radical Cure. Thoroughly convinced, I procured and adopted, I trustfully recovered, and as an occasional use of the remedy since, have been entirely free from Catarrh, for the first time in twenty years.

Respectfully yours, W. HOLBROOK.

Waltham, Mass., Jan. 5, 1876.

P.S.—I purchased the Radical Cure of Geo. H. Hodgkins, Druggist, Hanover Building.

Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, all ready for use. Price $1.00 per package. For sale by druggists generally throughout the United States and British Dominions. Ask for it. Take no other. General Agents for Canada, Lyman, Knox & Co., Montreal. Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER

An Electro-Galvanic Battery combined with a highly Medicated Plaster containing the choicest medicinal Gums and Balsams known to modern Pharmacy.

These Plasters have now been before the public for two years, and, notwithstanding the immense number of vendibles in the market, these, like other good things, patent and ordinary plasters, they have steadily increased in sale and met with universal approbation, commendation, and the thousand imitations of which will be seen free of charge to any who desiring them. Improvements, in many ways, have been made, as experience has suggested them, until it is believed that the Plaster is perfection in every respect, and the demand is increasing from every quarter in the land in a single trial. The price is 25 cents, although the cost is double that of other plasters. But, notwithstanding the efforts of the proprietors to make the best plaster in the world for the least money, any similar remedy can be sold, some dealers will be found ready to misrepresent them for selfish motives and endeavor to substitute others. If you ask for

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER

Have it if you have to send to us for it.

Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canada, and by Weeks & Potter, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

JAKE HEUSSER & BRO.,

(Successors to J. H. HAGUE.)

Main Street, First Door North of the Elephant Store, Salt Lake City,

DEALERS IN

GUNS, PISTOLS, AMMUNITION AND FISHING TACKLE.

Practical Gunsmiths.

All work in our line done NEATLY, PROMPTLY, and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SIERRA NEVADA Lumber Association

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

DEALERS IN

LUMBER,

LATH, Shingles, Doors, WINDOW BLINDS, &c.

SUPERIOR

Wood Pumps!

KEPT IN STOCK.

OFFICE AND YARD

One-half Block South of Depot

S. J. LYNN, Supt.

DESERET Carriage & Wagon COMPANY,

SECOND SOUTH STREET

One and a half Blocks East of Main Street,

BUILD ALL SIZES OF FARM AND SPRING WAGONS,

Fully Warranted for One Year.

Repairing in Woodwork, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Prices Reasonable.

J. WALKER, Manager.

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING

EXECUTED IN THE

Highest Style of the Art,

AT

BED ROCK PRICES

AT THE

Deseret News Office.

EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, June 20, 1878.

THE EXPRESS TRAIN.

A PERILOUS RAILWAY RIDE.

Two or three of us had lounged out of the club one night into Stanley's office, to find out the news coming in by telegraph, which the sleeping town could not hear until the paper would be out to-morrow. Stanley was editor of the "Courier." He was scribbling away at a driving speed, his hat on, and an unlighted cigar in his mouth.

You're at it late, Ben?

Accident—sixty lives lost—without looking up.

We seized the long white slips, which lay coiled over the table, and read the dispatch.

Tut, tut!

Infamous!

Nobody to blame, of course.

I tell you the officers of the road where such an accident is possible should be tried for murder! cried Ferrers.

Stanley gave his copy to the boy, and lighted his cigar.

I think you're wrong, Ferrers. Instead of being startled at such casualties, I never travel on a railway that I am not amazed at the security of them. Just think of it! Thousands of trains running yearly on each, with but a minute to space between safety and destruction, the safety of these trains depending upon conductors, telegraph clerks, brakesmen, men of every grade of intellect, their brains subject to every kind of moods and disease and temper. The engineer takes a glass of liquor; the conductor sets his watch half a minute too fast; the signalman falls asleep, and the train is dashed into ruin! It is not the accident that is to be wondered at—it is the escape that is miraculous!

We had all droped into seats by this time. The night was young, and one after another told some story of adventure or danger. Presently, Stanley said: There was an incident that occurred on the Bamster road a few years ago, which made me feel as I do in the matter. I happened to be an eye witness to the whole affair.

What was it, Ben?

It's rather a long story——

No matter. Go on. You can't go home until your proof comes in.

No. Well, to make you understand, about five years ago I had a bad break-down—night work, hard-riding, and poor pay. You know how fast it wears out the machine. The doctor talked of diseases of the gray matter of the brain, etc., and prescribed, instead of medicine, absolute rest and change of scene. I would have swallowed all the nostrums in a drug shop rather than to have left the office for a week.

I'll take country board and send in my work, I said.

No; you must drop office and work utterly out of your life for a month, at least. Talk and think of planting potatoes, or embroidery—anything but newspapers and politics.

Well. I obeyed. I started on a pedestrian tour. Finally I brought up, footsore and weary, in Stockhunt. While there I fell into the habit of lounging about the railway station, studying the construction of the engines and making friends with the men.

The man with whom I fraternized most readily was a skilled mechanic. He had a degree of common sense—a store of certain facts which your young doctor or politician is apt to lack.

Besides, he is absolutely sure of his social standing ground, and has a grave self-respect which teaches him to respect you.

The professional lad just started on his career is uneasy, not sure of his position; he tries to climb perpetually.

I tell you this to explain my intimacy with many of the officials of the road, especially with an engineer named Blakeley.

This man attracted me first by his ability to give me the information I wanted, in a few direct, sharp words. Like most retired men, he knew the value and weight of his words. I soon became personally much interested in him. He was about forty, his hair streaked with gray, with a grave, worn face, which hinted at a youth of hardships and much suffering.

Hower, Blakeley had found his way to the brighter land at last. Three years before he had married a bright, cheerful, woman. They had one child—a boy. He had work and very good wages, and was, I found, high in the confidence of the company. On one occasion, having a Sunday off, he took me up to where his wife and boy lived. He was an exceptionally silent man, but when with them was garrulous and light-hearted as a boy.

In his eyes, Jane was the wisest and fairest of women, and the boy a wonder of intellect. One great source of trouble to him was, as I found, that he was able to go home but once in three weeks. It was necessary for the child's health to keep them in the country air, and indeed he could not afford to have them elsewhere, but this separated him from them almost wholly.

Jane was in the habit of coming with Charley down to a certain point of the road every day, that Blakeley might see them as he dashed by.

And when I found out this habit, it occured to me that I would give Blakeley a great pleasure. How often have I reproached myself for my meddling kindness since.

January 25th was the child's birthday. I proposed to Mrs. Blakeley that she and Charley should board the train which her husband drove, unknown to him, and run up to Harridge, where he laid the night off.

There was to be a little supper. Charlie was to appear in a new suit. Of course the whole affair was at my expense—a mere trifle, but an affair of grandeur and distinction which fairly took Jane's breath.

She was a most innocent, happy creature; one of those women who are wives and mothers in the cradle. When Blakeley found her she was a thin, pale little tailoress—a machine to turn out badly-made shoddy clothes. But three years of marriage, and petting of Charley had made her rosy, and plump, and pretty.

The little Highland suit was bought complete, to the tiny dirk and feather, and very pretty the little fellow looked in it.

I wrote down to order a superior to be ready at eight. Jane and the boy were to go aboard the train at Shore, a queer little hill village near which they lived. Blakeley ran the train from Stockhunt down to Hedge that day.

His wife being in the train before he took charge of the engine, of course he would see and know nothing of her until we landed at Harridge at seven.

I had intended to go down in the smoking carriage as usual, but another fancy, suggested I suppose, by the originator of all evil, seized me.

No need to laugh.

My fancy, diabolic, or not, was to go down on the engine with Blakeley. I hunted up the fireman, and talked to him for an hour. Then I went to the engineer.

Blakeley, said I, Jones (the fireman) wants to night off.

Off! Oh, no doubt! he's taking to drink, is Jones. He must have been drinking when he talked of that. It's impossible, I explained to Blakeley that Jones had a sick wife, or sweetheart or something, and finally owned that I had an unconquerable desire to run down the road on the engine, and that knowing my only chance was to take the fireman's place, had bribed him to give it me. The fact was in my idleness and the over worked state of my brain, I craved excitement as a confirmed drunkard does liquor.

Blakeley, I saw was angry, and exceedingly annoyed.

He refused at first, but finally gave way with a grave civility, which almost made me ashamed of my boyish whim. I promised to be the prince of firemen.

Then you'll have to be treated as one, Mr. Stanley, said Blakeley, curtly. I can't talk to gentlemen aboard my engine. It's different from here on the platform, you'll remember. I've got to order and you obey, in there, and that's all there is of it.

Oh, I understand I said, thinking it required but little moral effort to obey, in the matter of shovelling coal. If I could have guessed what that shovelling coal was to cost me! But all day I went about thinking of the fiery ride through the land, mounted literally on the iron horse.

It was in the middle of the afternoon when the train rushed in to the station.

I caught a glimpse of Jane, with Charley, magnificent in his red and green plaid, beside her.

She nodded a dozen times and laughed, and then hid behind the window, fearing her husband should see her. Poor girl! it was the second great holiday of her life, she had told me, the first being her wedding day.

I had an old patched suit on, fit, as I supposed, for the service of coal heaver; but Blakeley, when I came up, eyed it and my hand sardonically. He was in no better temper, evidently, with amateur firemen than he had been in the morning.

All aboard! he said, gruffly. You take your place there, Mr. Stanley. You'll put in coal just as I call for it, if you please, and not trust to your own judgment.

His tone annoyed me. It cannot require much judgment to keep up a fire under a boiling pot, and not make it too hot. Any woman can do that in her own kitchen.

He made no reply, but took his place in the little square box where the greater part of his life was passed. I noticed that his face was flushed, and his irritation at my foolish whim was surely more than the occasion required. I watched him with keen curiosity, wondering if it was possible that he could have been drinking, as he had accused poor Jones of doing.

It strikes me as odd, interrupted Ferrers, that you should have not only made an intimate companion of this fellow, Stanley, but have taken so keen an interest in his tempers and drinking bouts. You would not be likely to honor any of us with such attention.

No. I have something else to do. I was absolutely idle then. Blakeley and his family for the time, made up my world. As for the friendship, this was an exceptional man, both as to integrity and massive hard sense.

The knowledge that comes from books counts with me but for little, compared with the education given by experience and contact with facts for forty years. I was honored by the friendship of this grimy engineer.

But the question of his sobriety that day was a serious one. A man in charge of a train with hundreds of souls aboard, I felt ought to be sober, particularly when I was shut up in the engine with him.

Just as we started, a slip of paper was handed to him, which he read and threw down.

Do you run this train by telegraph? I asked, beginning to shovel vigorously.

Yes. No more coal.

Isn't that unusual?

I began to think it had little to pay for my grimy hands and face, when we stowed at the next station. One or two passengers came aboard the train. There was the inevitable old lady with bundles, a baby, and the usual squabble about her trunk. I was craning my neck to hear, when the boy ran alongside with the telegram.

The next moment I heard a low exclamation from Blakeley.

Go back, said he to the boy. Tell Sands to have the message repeated. There is a mistake.

The boy dashed off, and Blakeley sat waiting, coolly polishing a bit of the shining brass before him. Back came the boy.

Had it repeated. Sands is raging at you—says there's no mistake, and you'd best go on, thrusting the second message up.

Blakeley read it, and stood hesitating for half a minute. I never shall forget the dismay, the utter perplexity that gathered on his thin face as he looked at the telegram, and then at the long train behind him.

His lips moved as if he were calculating chances, and his eye suddenly sparkled, as if he saw death at the end of the calculation.

What's the matter? What are you going to do? I asked.

Obey.

The engine gave a long shriek of horror, that made me start as if it were Blakeley's own voice.

The next instant we rushed out of the station, and dashed through the low-lying farms at a speed which seemed dangerous to me.

Put in more coal, said Blakeley.

I shoveled it in.

We are going very fast, Blakeley, I ventured.

He did not answer. His eye was fixed on the steam gauge; his lips closely shut.

More coal!

I threw it in.

The fields and houses began to fly past but half seen. We were nearing Sunbury. Blakeley's eye went from the gauge to the face of the timepiece and back. He moved like an automaton. There was little more meaning in his face.

More!

I took up the shovel—hesitated.

Blakeley, we're going very fast. We're going at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

Coal!

I was alarmed at the stern, cold rigidity of the man. His pallor was becoming frightful.

I threw in the coal.

At least we must stop in Sunbury. He told me that was the next halt.

The little town approached. As the first house came into view, the engine sent out its shriek of warning; it grew louder, louder. We dashed up to the station, where a group of passengers waited, and past it without the half of an instant. I caught a glimpse of the appalled faces of the waiting crowd. Then we were in the fields again.

The speed now became literally breathless; the furnace glared red hot. The heat, the velocity, the terrible nervous strain of the man beside me, seemed to weigh the air. I found myself drawing long, stentorious breaths like one drowning. I heaped in the coal at intervals, as he bade me.

I'd have done nothing of the kind! interrupted one of the listeners. The man was mad.

I did it because I was impressed by an odd sense of duty, which I never had in my ordinary brain-work. I had put this mechanical task on myself, and felt a pressure upon me to go through with it at any cost.

I know now how it is that dull, ignorant men without a spark of enthusiasm, show such heroism sometimes, as soldiers, engineers, captains of wrecked vessels.

It is this overpowering sense of routine duty. It is a finer thing than sheer bravery, to my notion.

However, I began to be of your mind, Wright, that Blakeley was mad, laboring under some frenzy from drink, though I had never seen him touch liquor.

He did not move hand or foot, except in the mechanical control of the engine, his eye going from the gauge to the timepiece with a steadiness that was more terrible and threatening than any gleam of insanity would have been.

Yes. There are two special trains on this road this afternoon.

Is it difficult to run a train by telegraph? I said presently, simply to make conversation. Staring in silence at the narrow slit in the gloomy furnace or out at the village street, through which we slowly passed, was monotonous.

No, not difficult. I simply have to obey the instructions which I receive at each station.

But if you should happen to think the instructions not right?

Happen to think! I've no business to think at all! When the trains run by telegraph the engineers are so many machines in the hands of one controller, who directs them all from a central point. He has the whole road under his eye. If they don't obey to the least title their orders, it is destruction to the whole.

You seem to think silent obedience the first and last merit in a railway man!

Yes, drily.

I took the hint and was dumb.

We were out of town now. Blakeley quickened the speed of the engine. I did not speak to him again. There was little for me to do, and I was occupied in looking at the flying landscape.

The fields were covered with a deep fall of snow, and glanced whitely by, with a strange, unreal shimmer. The air was keen and cutting. Still the ride was tame. I was disappointed. The excitement would by no means equal a dash on a spirited horse.

Once he glanced back at the long train sweeping after the engine, with a headlong speed that rocked it from side to side.

You would catch glimpses of hundreds of men and women talking, reading, smoking, unconscious that their lives were all in the hold of one man, whom I now strongly suspected to be mad.

I knew by his looks that he remembered their lives were in his hand. He glanced at the clock.

Twenty miles, he muttered. Throw on the coals, man. The fire is going out.

I did it. Yes, I did it. There was something in the face of the man that I could not resist. Then I climbed for ward and shock him by the shoulder.

Blakely, I shouted, you are running this train into the jaws of death!

I know it, quietly.

Your wife and child are on it.

Ha.

He staggered to his feet. But even then he did not move his eyes from the gauge.

In a minute——

Make up the fire, he said, and pushing in a certain valve.

I will not.

Make up the fire Mr. Stanley, very quietly.

I will not. You may murder yourself and wife and boy but you shall not murder me.

He looked at me. His kindly gray eyes glared like those of a wild beast. But he controlled himself in a moment.

I could throw you out of this door, and make short work of it. But look here; do you see the station yonder?

I saw a thin whip of smoke against the sky about five miles in advance.

I was told to reach that station by six o'clock. The express train meeting us is now due. I ought to have laid by for it at Sunbury. I was told to come. The track is a single one. Unless I can make the siding at that station in three minutes, we will meet it yonder in the hollow.

Somebody has blundered?

Yes, I think so.

And you obeyed?

He said nothing. I threw on coal. If I had had petroleum I would have thrown it on. But I never was calmer in my life. When death has a man actually by the throat it sobers him.

Blakeley pushed in the valve still farther. The engine began to give a strange panting sound. Far off to the south I could see the bituminous black smoke of a train.

I looked at Blakely, inquiringly. He nodded. It was the express.

I stooped to the fire.

No more, he said.

I looked across the clear, wintry sky at the gray smoke of the peaceful little village, and beyond, that black line coming closer, closer, across the sky. Then I turned to the watch.

In one minute more!

Gentlemen, I confess; I sat down and buried my face in my hands. I don't think I tried to pray. I had a confused thought of a mass of mangled, dying men and women, mothers and their babies—of little Charley with his curls and pretty suit—

"There was a terrible shriek from the engine, against which I leaned. Another in my face. A hot tempest swept past me.

I looked up. We were on the siding, and the express had gone by. The hindmost carriages touched in passing.

"Thank Heaven! You've done it, Blakely! Blakely!" I cried.

But he did not speak. He sat there immovable, and cold as a stone. I went to the carriages and brought Jane and the boy to him, and when he opened his eyes and took the little woman's hands in his, I came away.

An engineer named Fred, who was at the station, ran the train into Harridge. Blakeley was terribly shaken. But we went down and had our little feast, after all. Charley, at least, enjoyed it.

What was the explanation? A blunder of the director, or the telegraph operator?

I don't know. Blakeley made light of it afterwards, and kept the secret. These railway men must have a firm brotherhood amongst them.

All I know is that Blakely's salary was raised soon after, and he received that Christmas a very handsome testimonial for "services rendered," from the company.

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