A RAILROAD YARN.

"It's about 17 years now since I became visitor to mills, and I would not go back to it for $10 a day. You have really no idea of how it wears on a man. Some days it bothers them more than others, but it weakens your nerves every or time.

"When I was operator eight degrees, or so, this road, I thought I was the biggest man in Missouri. I took to smoking 12 and upward and weighed 175 lbs. I had a well developed nervous system and stood it all one year. A few months of summer work brought symptoms, nothing serious, but the general run of my nerves I began to realize just how fine it is to be a man with a body built right and give instructions. The first is the man who has plenty of health but put to it to live. There are times when some instrument or other, and it's often a case of Hobson's choice. The instrument is a man who has lost health and take the middle of summer and hot spots, and those who get advantage man about the rest very well.

"One night the cool was fifty but with them when I came on duty. I was dead tired, but thought I should get on the passenger train enough without delay. There seemed to be a train on every siding into the main line at the end of the week and more between stations. I walked like a lunatic. It was in the old days of wood and water, so I had to stop at every station and water the engine. Well, this night I reached a siding, which was a mile long, and I was tired to the point of insanity. The school master of the road was a man who was known as an iron man. He was an old hand at the business, and an affair of this kind brought his nerves almost to the point of insanity. He added nearly 100 per cent to my agony of mind. He would sit down and look the train down over and over to devour the final orders with his eyes, then jump up with a gesture of despair and say, 'My gosh, that's too late!' Then he would pace up and down the floor, repeating to himself, 'That's too fast, too fast. They'll settle us sure as the world' meaning always to pass over the train ahead and other train. I would have surrounded with the awful strain of nervous suspense. I confidently believe that nothing but lack of courage and the cautious instinct kept me from ruining out and jumping off the bridge into the river, 75 feet below.

"I felt absolutely certain that some of those men would be killed. Had look trains down exactly the forces might need by no each other's footfalls in time to pass, but I was sure the over on the second station of the double header would go into the wreck all over and do so sure as fate. It has become fashionable nowadays to disbelieve in a physical nervous system. I don't know anything about that, but I do know that it would behove us to be of those who use to use. We allow our nerves are settled. I should prefer to take my chances with the old fashioned style of practitioner.

"Suddenly both wings opened with a snap! The chief looked at me with a perfectly indescribable expression and went to the switchboard without a word. We took home without another word or sound. The trains had struck and the pilot by marriage had broken the wheel down. We stared for the track and now looked in half way up the mountain. I gave up the last parts of hope at this and only waited on it a kind of dull wonder to hear the extent of the casualty.

"The 25 or 40 minutes that elapsed after the wire called until we got the official report of the collision seem to me now as nearly as a dream. We sat in stupor at the wire mechanically, getting only by the force of habit, and using the circuits as they were made up to the clerk. He kept thinking at the switchboard and in a perfect agony of uncertainty.

"At length the Kansas City operator called, and my heart bounded almost as I connected him, for I knew from his voice that he had survived the wreck. I think he must have understood my feelings, for the first words he sent engaged a short wrangle by repeatedly circuited to the following, one at least, and kept on endeavoring until they fell to the ground and until the original issue of them. The operator was down in time and all hands are off with annual wounds, a few broken, but the Engineer was dead, impaling."—New York Herald.

Testimonial Free Consultation.

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