Beaver & Gephart

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One Square South of the New Post Office, one half Square from Walnut St. Theatre and in the very business centre of the city. On the American and European plans. Good rooms from 50cts to $3.00 per day. Remodeled and newly furnished.
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ON A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

"In the summer of '78 I was promoted to passenger engine 49, the same we are in now. It was, and is still, one of the fastest engines on this line. The road had been built only four or five years, but was already doing a good freight and passenger business.

"The division that I ran over was a long one—a hundred and twenty miles. The "boys" called it the ridge, because it was up-grade from both ends to nearly the middle. The grade was pretty heavy for a part of the way, so when there happened to be a long train an extra engine, called the 'helper,' was ordered out to help the regular engine up the grade. At the top was a tank and a side track where the 'helpers' uncoupled. It was the duty of 49 to take the west-bound express over this division.

"One evening there happened to be several coaches of excursionists beside the regular train, and consequently an extra engine, but not the regular 'helper,' as it happened, had been ordered up to help me over the grade. I felt rather uneasy when I saw 'No. 14' back down and couple in front of me.

"No. 14 was a very good engine, as good as any one on the road for power, weight and speed, but she was in charge of an engineer whom I distrusted, Dick Rogers, a large heavy-built and head-strong man, much too fond of liquor. He went on his 'sprees' when off duty, and so had been allowed to keep his place; but it was whispered among the 'boys' that he had had touches of tremens already.

"You can never quite trust a man with an appetite for liquor; put that down in black and white.

"I became more uneasy when I mounted Dick's engine to talk a minute and compare watches; for I detected the smell of whiskey in his breath, and saw that his face was red and his eyes blood shot.

"At length 'All aboard!' was given, the gong struck, and we pulled out. Side-tracks, streets, houses and signal lights were soon passed. As we got out on the main line, we quickened speed and soon were going up the grade at a rate of about thirty miles an hour.

"The west-bound express made but two stops in the entire distance to the 'summit.' We made these all right on time. Everything was working as well as usual. It had grown dark; and as the forward engine prevented my seeing the track ahead, I leaned back after a time on my cushion. My own son, Johnny, was firing for me then.

"Poor boy! He was only nineteen. I didn't want him to go on the road, but he begged so hard that I took him on to fire for me. Well, I sat watching him as he now and then replenished the fire, and listening to the drum-like sound of the exhaust. You know that noise, so unvaried and continuous, tends to quiet and benumb the senses. I must have sat so for a minute or two.

"Suddenly, Johnny called out to me: 'Ain't you running faster than usual, father?' he shouted.

"I started and looked out. The engine was swaying violently; and though I could see but little in the darkness, I knew that we were on the level stretch and getting near the side track, at the summit where No. 14 was to unhook from us.

"What did Dick mean by not slowing up? I at once shut off, then sprang on the air brake.

"There was a rapid slackening of speed, for a few minutes—then a sharp and a shrill hiss!

"The rubber hose had burst; the vacum brakes were useless and, the speed at once quickening again, we went tearing past the side track, and entered on the long stretch of down grade beyond, where, with the patent brake burst, the effort of both engines would be needed to stop or hold the train.

"Angry and astonished that Rogers could be so utterly careless, I bade Johnny set the tender brakes, and opened the front window of the cab, to shout to the foolhardy man ahead. Meantime the train conductor, or some one else, was pulling furiously at the bell-cord from the rear of the train. The instant I had opened the sash I knew by the sound of the forward engine that she was plunging ahead under full pressure of steam. Twice I shouted, at the top of my lungs.

"But the roar was too heavy. Then I whistled 'down brakes.' As if in response, a wild laugh rose from the front engine; then a jar seemed to go through the train; and I felt we were going faster than ever. I blew again—louder and longer than before. This time it was answered by three shrieks from the other whistle, followed by a number of the most awful yells that ever came out of a human throat!

"I knew then what was the cause of the reckless speech. Rogers was drunk, crazy drunk, and was running away with us down a seventy-foot grade! And we were powerless to stop him!

"What a situation. Yet this was not the worst! As we had not stopped at the summit, we were now running ahead of time, and were liable to run into a train coming up the line. It was of no use to reverse my engine against the whole force of the train, and that of the other engine besides. Once more I blew the signal for 'down brakes.'

"Just then a light shone ahead. It was the lamp of the station where we usually passed an up-freight. The head light of the freight was not there! For an instant I felt faint and sick. I saw the danger from which it seemed there could be no escape. The freight usually reached the station before we did; but we were so much ahead of time that it had not arrived. Yet it could not be very far away, and with our heavy train running at lightning speed, crowded with passengers as it was, a collision must occur!

"For an instant I felt paralyzed Then it occurred to me that perhaps the freight might be a little behind time, and possibly had not yet passed the next station below. That was our only chance for life. With trembling hands I tore a leaf out of my memorandum book, and upon it wrote:

"For heaven's sake, clear the line! We've lost control of the train—Williams."

"Wadding this up with a lump of coal in my handkerchief, I had just time to throw is as we swept by the telegraph office at the station. By good luck it hit the door, and I saw it open as we rushed out of sight. If the freight had not yet passed the next station below, it could be ordered to the side track there, and so clear the road for us.

"Just then, through the open window, I saw Rogers' fireman—a slight little fellow—coming along the running-board beside the boiler of our engine.

"For God's sake!" he cried—though I could scarcely hear him above the roar—"Stop her! stop her! Rogers is blind drunk! He'll kill us all!"

"I saw now that our only chance for life was to board Rogers' engine, overpower him and get control of it. It was a life and death business. But one man had better die than a whole trainful.

"By this time the conductor and brakeman had come forward, but were so excited and alarmed that they were good for nothing to help me. They clung to the platform-rail of the express car, behind the tender, and shouted: "Stop her! stop her!"

"Boys," I said to Johnny and Jim (Rogers' fireman), "we must get aboard that other engine and knock Rogers down. Take the coal sledges and come after me."

"The prospect of a hand-to-hand conflict with a madman was a terrible one. But I dared not stop to think of my own chances. The heavy bar which reached from my own engine to the other was about six feet long, and the only way to cross over was to get astride the bar and slide along on it. I led the way, first throwing my wrench over on the tender; then I cautiously got down on the bar and began to work my way across. It was a desperate act, and the tremendous swaying and jerking nearly threw me off several times. But I kept a tight grip on the bar and got across, climbed up the tender, and made my way across the coal.

"There stood Rogers, steadying himself, as the locomotive leaped and bounded on, with his back to me. He had not seen me; and I determined to wait an instant till he opened the fire-door again, then knock him down and tie him—for I was no match for him physically. I heard nothing of Johnny or Jim, but dared not turn to look for them.

"Suddenly, as I stood there poising myself to spring on Rogers, we swept like lightning around the curve and—Merciful Heaven! Less than a mile down the track gleamed the headlight of the freight.

"Rogers saw it, too, and the awful danger broke through the crazing spell of the liquor. With a strange, scared cry he settled back upon his cushion limp and helpless.

"But I scarcely noticed him. There was not a moment, even for disabling him. With one bound I was in the cab and blew the whistle, then threw back the reversing lever. The shock of the reverse steam almost lifted the engine from the track and me from my seat. The big drivers spinning around on the rails looked like circles of living fire, and enveloped the engine in a perfect shower of sparks. Nobly now did old 14 struggle and groan, as if herself conscious of the terrible danger.

"'Twas vain! As well we might have tried to stop an avalanche or oppose a flood. Nearer and nearer we came to that dreaded light.

"Onward we drove, and in another moment I saw that to stop was impossible, that the collision would come. Instinctly I closed the throttle and turned to jump. Then I thought of those I was leaving to their awful fate. If I stuck to my post, I could perhaps lessen the shock and save many lives—even if I lost my own. Better one home desolate than a score, and again I threw back the reversing lever, bracing myself to meet the shock, when suddenly, I saw the headlight deflect—dart to one side!

"Could it be?

"Yes, praised be God for His mercy to us that night, the freight was going on the side-track at L station; and seeing the danger its engineer had barely time to quicken up and get his train off the main line when, with diminished speed, we ran by.

"To stop the train and pull Rogers off the engine was my first duty. This done I went back to my own engine, which I found in charge of Jim alone. "Where's Johnnie?" was my first anxious question.

"Alas! the hardest blow was still in store for me. Johnny, poor boy, in trying to cross, on the connecting bar, to help me overpower Rogers, had been thrown off. I knew in a moment that he must have been killed; for we were running seventy miles an hour. I was obliged to go on. But two hours later the station-folks found him, seven miles back, lying mangled and dead at the foot of some rocks a few yards from the track."

Why the Drummer was not Drumming.

Among the stories told at the Twenty-fifth reunion was the following good one: One of the drummers, while the regiment was on the move, had a penchant for foraging on his own account, and the chickens had to roost high to escape his far-reaching hands. Whenever night overtook them this drummer had a good supper provided for himself. On one occasion he had raked in a couple of turkeys and had put them into his drum for convenience in carrying. When the regiment was halted for the night, the colonel immediately ordered dress parade, and the drummers were expected to beat up. The forager made his drumsticks go, but the quick-eyed colonel noticed that he was not drumming.

"Adjutant," said the colonel, "that man isn't drumming. Why ain't he drumming?"

The adjutant stepped up to him, saying, "Why ain't you drumming?"

"Because, said the quick-witted drummer, "I have got two turkeys in my drum, and one of 'em is for the colonel."

The adjutant went back and the colonel asked, "What is it?"

"Why, he says he has got two turkeys in his drum, and one of 'em is for the colonel."

Up to this point the conversation had been carried on sotto voice, but when the adjutant reported, the colonel raised his voice so that all could hear, "What! Sick is he? Why didn't he say so before? Send him to his tent at once."

A Saloon Keeper's Gains.

"I have made a thousand dollars during the last three months," said a saloon keeper, boastfully, to a crowd of his townsmen.

"You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener.

"What is that?" was the quick response.

"You have made wretched homes—women and children sick and weary of life. You have made my two sons drunkards," continued the speaker, with trembling earnestness; "You made the younger of the two so drunk that he fell and injured himself for life. You have made their mother a broken hearted woman. Oh yes, you have made much—more than I can reckon up, but you'll get the full count some day—*you'll get it some time!*"

A Chinese Compositor.

A Chinese compositor can not sit at his case as our printers do, but must walk from one case to another constantly, as the characters needed cover such a large number that they can not be put into anything like the space used in the English newspaper office. In setting up an ordinary piece of manuscript the Chinese printer will waltz up and down the room for a few moments and then go down stairs for a line of lower case. Then he takes the elevator and goes up into the third story after some caps, and then out into the woodshed after a handful of astonishers. The successful Chinese compositor dosen't need to be so very intelligent but he must be a good pedestrian. He may work and walk around over the building all day to set up a stickful, and then half the people in this country couldn't read it after, all.

An Army Experience.

How an Old Veteran Escaped Annihilation and Lived to Impart a Warning to Others.

A pleasing occurence which has just come to our notice in connection with the New York state meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic is so unusual in many respects that we venture to reproduce it for the benefit of our readers.

Captain Alfred Rensom, of New York, while pacing in the lobby of the armory, previous to one of the meetings, suddenly stopped and scanned the face of a gentleman who was in earnest conversation with one of the Grand Army officers. It seemed to him that he had seen that face before, partially obscured by the smoke of battle, and yet this bright and pleasant countenance could not be the same pale, and death like visage, which he so dimly remembered.

But the recollection, like banquo's ghost, would not "down" at command and haunted him the entire day. On the day following he again saw the same countenance, and ventured to speak to its owner. The instant the two veterans heard each other's voices, that instant they recognized and called each other by name. Their faces and forms had changed, but their voices were the same. The man whom Captain Rensom had recognized was Mr. W. K. Sage, of St. Johns, Mich., a veteran of the 23d N. Y. Light Artillery and both members of Burnside's famous expedition to North Carolina. After the first greeting was over, Captain Rensom said:

"It hardly seems possible, Sage, to see you in this condition, for I thought you must have been dead long ago."

"Yes, I do not doubt it, for if I am not mistaken, when we last met I was occupying a couch in the hospital, a victim of 'Yellow Jack' in its worst form."

"I remember. The war seems to have caused much misery since its close than when it was in progress," replied the Captain. "I met old comrades frequently who are suffering terribly, not so much from old wounds as from the malarial poisons which ruined their constitutions."

"I think so myself. When the war closed I returned home and at times I would feel well, but every few weeks that confounded 'all-gone' feeling would come upon me again. My nervous system, which was shattered in the service, failed me entirely and produced one of the worst possible cases of nervous dyspepsia. Most of the time I had no appetite; then again I would become ravenously hungry, but the minute I sat down to eat I loathed food. My skin was dry and parched, my flesh loose and flabby. I could hold nothing on my stomach for days at a time, and what little I did eat failed to assimilate. I was easily fatigued; my mind was depressed; I was cross and irritable and many a night my heart would pain me so I could not sleep, and when I did I had horrid dreams and frightful nightmares. Of course, these things came on one by one, each worse than the other. My breath was foul, my tongue was coated, my teeth decayed. I had terrific headaches which would leave my nervous system completely shattered. In fact my existence, since the war, has been a living death, from which I have often prayed for release."

"Couldn't the old surgeon do you any good?"

"I wrote him and he treated me, but like every other doctor, failed. They all said my nerve was gone and without that to build upon I could not get well. When I was at my worst, piles of the severest nature came upon me. Then my liver gave out and without the use of cathartics I could not move my bowels at all. My blood got like a stream of fire and seemed literally to burn me alive."

"Well you might better have died in battle, quick and without ceremony."

"How many times I have wished I had died the day we captured Newberne!"

"And yet you are now the picture of health."

"And the picture is taken from life. I am in perfect condition. My nerve tone is restored, my stomach reinvigorated, my flesh is hard and healthy; in fact I have new blood, new energy and a new lease of life wholly as the result of using Warner's Tippecanoe. This remarkable preparation, which I consider the finest tonic and stomach restorer in the world has overcome all the evil influences of malaria, all the poison of the army, all traces of dyspepsia, all mal-assimilation of food, and indeed made a new man of me."

The Captain remained silent for a while evidently musing over his recollections of the part. While he again raised his head he said;

"It would be a godsend if all the veterans who have suffered so intensely and also all others in the land who are enduring so much misery could know of your experience, Sage, and the way by which you have been restored."

And that is why the above conversation is recounted.

Couldn't Fool the City Editor.

"Would you be kind enough to publish a notice of our Sunday school?" asked a grave gentleman of the city editor of the *Brooklin Eagle*. "And you might incidentally speak of me as the superintendent." "Certainly," replied the city editor, opening his note book. "What is the amount?" "I should think half a column enough," replied the grave man. "Oh! I don't begrudge the space; but how much will coyer the total loss?" "I don't understand you," said the grave man. "Well, when did the directors make the discovery?" exclaimed the city editor, impatiently. "Did you confess? or did they examine the books?" "I am at a loss to know what you mean. I am the superintendent of a Sabbath school, and I'd like a notice in your Sunday issue," explained the grave man. "How am I going to write a notice without the facts?" demanded the city editor. "I want the name of the bank, the amount of the loss, the way it was discovered, and the amount of your bond. Give me those and I can fill in about your being prostrated by the blow and the surprise to a large circle of friends." "I greatly fear that we are at cross purposes," said the grave man, mildly. "I am a respectable citizen!" "Ah," exclaimed the city editor. "That's one point. Never ever suspected before. Always led a life of probity and was the trusted custodian of untold wealth. Fell in an evil hour. How much? What's the amount of your last defalcation?" "My good sir," protested the grave man, "you entirely misapprehend me I am not a defaulter!" "Not a defaulter!" ejaculated the city editor, leaning back in astonishment. "What are you clamoring around here after a notice for? Git now!" and the city editor grabbed the grave man by the collar and elbow and shoved him down stairs. "Who was he?" asked the managing editor. "A snide!" retorted the ruffled city editor. "He came around here trying to play himself off for a Sunday school superintendent, when he didn't know the first principles of the racket. He may act it off on some young man, but he couldn't play it on me for a cent!"

Items of Interest.

South Carolina has 613 lunatics in her asylums.

Neal Dow, the temperance reformer, is 80 years old.

Five hundred artists now have studios in New York City.

This country uses 30,000,000,000 clothes pins yearly.

Massachusetts courts imposed 48,876 sentences last year.

Sawmills were first used in Europe in the Fifteenth century.

The Chinese written language consists of 100,000 characters.

The cost of the German Army now reaches $116,000,000.

Chicago has 59,271 pupils and 1,178 teachers in her schools.

One of Boston's dog-catchers killed 4,052 canines in five years.

California exports a large number of bees to France every year.

Knights of Labor lodges are increasing all over the country.

In 30 years England's daily papers have increased from 14 to 179.

Chicago contributed $40,000 for the sufferers from the Ohio flood

Of the 1,500,000 Masons in the world one-half are on this side of the Atlantic.

Odd Fellows of America and Great Britain expended last year $4,000,000 in relief.

Snowbanks along the Central Pacific tracks will have to be dislodged with powder.

A horse trotted a quarter of a mile on the ice, at Portland, Maine, in thirty six seconds.

During the part year there were fifteen hundred and seventeen murders in the United States.

Petroleum wells to the number of 2,890 were put down in 1883, against 3,260, in 1882, and 3,852 in 1881.

France offers $10,000 reward to any one who economically applies electricity to the heating of dwellings.

Young wife: 'Dear, why are you eating so much more of my cake than usual to-night? Is it nicer than it was last night?' Young husband: 'I—my darling—I—well, to tell you the truth, I bet Toozle $5 that I weighed more than he did, and we are going down to the store to settle it to night.'

HUMOROUS.

There are numerous new styles of parasols displayed this Spring, but all will be worn just high enough to take out the eyes of reckless pedestrians.

"There is a sudden advance in leather," remarked the youth who dived out of the front door as the irate parent's boot reached after him.

'Mr. Jones,' said little Johnnie to that gentleman, who was making an afternoon call, 'can whisky talk!' 'No, my, child, how ever can you ask such a question!' 'Oh! nothing, only ma said whisky was beginning to tell on you.'

It was getting very, very late, but the rash young man with a rich tenor voice begged her to name one more song. 'Then sing 'The morning's freshly breaking, away, away, away!' He didn't know the song, but acted at once on her timely suggestion.

'Yes, sir,' said the politician to the caucus manipulator, 'the office should seek the man, and not the man the office.'

'Exactly,' said the c. m.

'But in this case when the office starts out to seek the man———'

'Yes, sir.'

'I want you to fix it so that I will be the first man that it will find.'

'I didn't like your prayer very much this morning,' said a deacon to the minister.

'No?' answered the minister, 'and what was the matter with it?'

'Well, in the first place, it was too long, and aside from this it contained two or three expressions which I thought were scarcely warranted.'

'I am sorry, deacon,' the good man responded, 'but it might be well to bear in mind that the prayer wasn't addressed to you.'

Once upon a time a traveller arrived at a hotel and found all the rooms engaged. Here was a sad case. But his ready wit did not desert him. He went into the gentleman's room, and standing in the middle of the floor, said: Gentlemen, I am glad to see so many of you here to-night. I am a book agent, and I want to show you—" Before he could utter another word, the whole company had taken to the woods, and he had his choice of apartments.

A Mistaken Theory.

It is a general idea that if a child has a fall striking its head, and shows tendency to sleep thereafter, every effort must be made to keep it awake. Now, according to one of our best physicians this theory is a mistaken one, and much harm is done in trying to prevent sleep. Rest is what the brain of the sufferer wants more than anything else, and what might have passed off in a few hours, may result in inflamation and terminate in death. Do not feel frightened, mothers, if your boy rolls down stairs, bumps his head with force, and then shows a disposition to sleep; lay him on the bed, loosen his clothes, and apply thin cloths wet with witch hazel or water to his head. Keep his feet and limbs warm with irons, or bottles filled with hot water. Darken the room, and keep it as quiet as possible, and when the doctor comes nature will have aided him in his treatment by her "sweet restorer," sleep.

Preaching and Practice.

'See here, Mr. Blank, what are you going out to-night for?' asked Mrs. B. with a threatening look.

'Big political meeting to-night,' explained Mr. B. apologetically.

'Political meeting, eh?' echoed Mrs. B. 'You have been going to political meetings every night for five weeks, and if it had not been for me you would have worn your boots to bed every time.'

'But just think how nice it woule be if I should get nominated for something! Think of the loads of money I could rake in and the nice furniture and new clothes and sealskin sacques and—'

'That will do,' interupted Mrs. B 'I have heard that before. You made a speech last night at a ward meeting I see.'

'Yes,' responded Mr. B., with pardonable pride.

'And I see by the two or three lines notice of it in the newspaper that the burden of your remarks was 'the office should seek the man and not the man the office.' Now, you just take off that overcoat; sit right down, and if any office comes and knocks I will let it in.'

He sat.