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THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

When at morning you start on the journey of life,
With your heart full of hope and your pocket
of gold,
When the air seems with sunshine and happiness
rife,
You think you can never grow weary and
old.
The path lies before—the ascent is but slight,
And the soft springy turf with fresh dew
drops is pealed,
When your spirits are bright and your foot-
step is light,
It's a very nice way is the way of the world.
When surrounded by friends you stride gaily
along,
And each weaves for the other green gar-
lands of love,
While you lighten your journey with laughter
and song,
'Twill be sunshine, you think, till the end of
your days,
What prospects of bliss are before you un-
furled,
While the storm's "impends, ere you're left
by your rear."
It's a very smooth way is the way of the world.
But, ah, when the tempest overtakes you at
last,
When clouds and thick darkness the pros-
pect enfold,
When you wrestle in vain with the force of
the blast,
Till it leaves you exhausted, and naked, and
cold.
When the path you were climbing is shattered
and cleft,
And sharp extending crags all around you
are piled,
When your friends have all left, and of fortune
you're left,
It's a very hard way is the way of the world.

A CONFIDENCE GAME.

Jack Gildero's last season at Newport
effectually cured him of his one beset-
ting weakness. Throughout all his
bachelor life he had been a most uncon-
scionable flirt. Since that memorable
epoch in his career when he first emerged
from roundabout jackets and frills, into
the more consequential dignity of a coat
with a genuine boot-jack tail, he had
been an object of admiring interest to
the ladies, and had, at the age of twenty-
five, become the hero of more hairbreadth
escapes from matrimony than could be
reckoned by any three of the most des-
perate lady-killers in Jack Gildero's
acquaintance.
He was much to be pitied, perhaps, for
this unfortunate propensity, for, al-
though it is undoubtedly a pleasant
thing to know that your charms are ir-
resistible by the feminine heart, it is
also very disagreeable to have at your
heels an army of furious rivals, who are
only deterred by the conventionalities
of polite society from skinning you
alive, and then extorting you raw. Be-
sides, Jack had finally obtained a bad
name among his acquaintances, and cau-
tious mothers with marriageable daugh-
ters began to eye his advances with sus-
picion, while prudent fathers and guar-
dians forbade their wards from anything
like intimate relations with the young
rascal, in blissful unconsciousness of the
fact that they were thus only providing
a more enticing bait for the very trap
which the dear creature had been only
too ready to fall into before.

So when people heard that Jack was
ready caught at last, that he was actu-
ally and undeniably engaged to Nellie
Trent, they shook their heads doubtfully.
Yet it was really so, and when "society"
became convinced of it, it opened its
eyes and wondered.

Evidently, an astonishing transforma-
tion had been worked in Jack. He was
attentive, tender, devoted. To all ap-
pearances he had become what he pro-
fessed to be—Nellie Trent's most abject
slave. He had fallen heels over head in
love with several dozens of women be-
fore, but never so deeply as now.
Generally, he had succeeded in re-
covering his balance before to his own
affections, at least; but at last, for the first time
in his life, Jack was in earnest. At any
rate, he said he was, and although he
had said that a great many times on
previous occasions, the statement had
never had quite such solid foundation
upon truth as in the present instance.

Yes, he really loved Nellie, and he
would certainly have gone on loving
her, and would have married her, and
made a good husband of her, had it not
been (to use his own language, subse-
quently expressed) for that "busted
Jeremy Diddler in petticoats" who
wheeled him out of his affections and
his money, and played the very deuce
with him generally.

I will tell you how it was.
He saw her first upon the piazza of
the Ocean House one morning when he
sat with Tom Aldine, listening to the
music, and enjoying a Partage cigar.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Jack. "Who
is that?"
"That," replied Tom, looking in the
direction indicated—"that's the latest
arrival—Miss Madge Leon, I believe.
Stunner isn't she?"

A lithe young girl, not more than
twenty at the most, with a figure like
Hebe, stood, at the far end of the long
piazza. A mass of luxuriant dark hair,
bound up in simple braids, and adorned
with a single tulle bow, framed a face
which might have belonged to St. Agnes,
so full of purity, faith, and truth, did it
appear. A pair of deep brown eyes,
swimming with delight at their owner's
little slipper tapped the measure of the
music on the piazza floor, were fixed in-
tently upon the leader of the band, and
over the lady's superb shoulders fell a
light lace shawl, which a delicate blue-
veined hand found necessary to arrange
at intervals as it fell carelessly from its
proper position.

"Do you know her?" queried Jack,
earnestly.

"No. Found out her name from the
register in the office. Her governor is
here with her—kind of a fancyful chap—
diamond pin, you know, and all that
sort of thing."

"Oh, thunder!" said Jack, in the in-
tensity of his feelings. "Who does
know her? I must get acquainted, you
know. She's the handsomest woman I
ever saw."

"Now, look here," said Tom, removing
his cigar, "go slow. It don't look nice
for a fellow in your position to be run-
ning round after strange women. If
you cut any capers with Miss Leon, I'll
punch to Nellie."
"Stuff!" cried Jack, jumping up ha-
stily. "I shan't flirt, so you needn't be-
gin to preach. When I've made Miss
Leon's acquaintance, you will be glad
enough to do the same thing."

"You're engaged, and I ain't."
To this Jack vouchsafed no reply, but
went into the house to turn up Nellie
and make inquiries. Unfortunately,
Nellie could not help him. No one
seemed to know the beautiful stranger,
or to have learned much about her, ex-
cept that she was travelling with her
father, an elderly gentleman, answering
very well to Tom Aldine's epitomized
description. But although Jack finally
despaired of getting into Miss Leon's
graces by any of the conventional meth-
ods, his luck, always famous, had not
deserted him. A golden opportunity
was thrown in his way the very next
morning.

He was strolling down to the beach
for his daily constitutional dip in the
surf, when a clatter of horse's hoofs, and
a little scream behind him, caused him
to look around, to see Miss Leon de-
scending the hill on horseback at a rapid
pace, with her saddle-girth broken, and
her own pretty self just disappearing
over the cliff's edge.

"By Jove!" thought Jack, "here's a
chance."

In an instant he had caught the bridle,
and was assisting the lady to the
ground. It was a very trying moment
for the young rascal, as he held her
plump figure in his arms, and felt, for a
brief second, his heart beating against
his own. She clung to him in a delig-
hently terrified way, too, and as she slipped
to the ground, Jack had a glimpse of a
ravishing foot and an ankle—Oh, Chris-
topher Columbus!

When the lady had regained her feet,
she looked flushed and pretty.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir,"
she said.

"Don't mention it, I beg," replied
Jack, in his politest manner. "What
shall we do with the saddle?"

"If you will help me up again," she
said, smiling. "I will not be so awk-
ward."

"But the girth is broken, m—ademoi-
selle." She looked so bewitching as she
stood there, rosy and dimpled, that Jack
came very near saying "my dear!" but
an afterthought saved him.

"Oh, dear," she cried, with a look of
real distress. "I can't walk home in these
long skirts."

"No," said Jack, looking at her
critically. "I'll tell you what we can
do, though. The saddle will stay if you
don't ride faster than a walk. I will
help you on again, and, if you will let
me, I will lead the horse."

"But it will be so much trouble," she
said.

"Not a bit. Nothing will give me
greater pleasure,"—which was true.

He took the horse to a great stone by
the roadside, and easily lifted his lovely
charge into the saddle again. Then he
grasped the beast's bridle, and led him
slowly back toward the hotel, while
Miss Leon clung tightly to the mane.
In this way they climbed the hill, and
advanced along the Bath Road, the lady
praising in her thanks, and Jack making
himself as agreeable as he knew how.

His new acquaintance, however, re-
quired a great deal of attention.
First her foot refused to stay in the
stirrup, and Jack was repeatedly re-
quired to fix it. Then the saddle began
to slip again, and so Jack gave his hand
to the lady to steady her, and she clasped
her little, soft fingers so tightly around
his digits that his arm thrilled clear up
to the shoulders.

During the entire journey she kept up
a continual fire of witty pleasantry and
naive nonsense, which soon reduced
Jack to a state of utter imbecility.
When they reached the hotel he would
have stood on his head at her command,
and the lady herself was quite well
aware of it.

It was somewhat provoking that Nel-
lie should be standing on the piazza with
Tom Aldine as Jack led Miss Leon's
horse to the hotel steps, although the
look of evident chagrin on Tom's face
was almost a compensation for Jack's
annoyance on Nellie's account.

"Nellie needn't look so troubled," mut-
tered Jack, to himself. "I haven't fallen
in love with Miss Leon yet, by a long
way."

The romantic introduction of that
morning was the commencement of a
very intimate and familiar acquaintance.
It was the most natural thing in the
world for Jack to meet Miss Leon, ac-
cidentally, of course, on the beach nearly
every day. Then, the evening hops at
the hotel furnished further opportuni-
ties for ripening their friendship.

Jack could not be expected to dance
with Nellie all the time, and Miss Leon,
although perfectly aware of Jack's en-
gagement, seemed to do her very best to
monopolize his attentions as far as pos-
sible. In this, she appeared in a fair way
of succeeding.

Poor Nellie looked on in silence, but
gradually fell into a pitiful habit of
crying herself to sleep nights in the
privacy of her room. She loved Jack,
and had been happy in the thought that
he was really fond of her. It was cruel
to be obliged to stand helplessly by and
see her golden castles tumble slowly to
the ground. But she came of a family
renowned for indomitable pluck, and she
would have given her ears before betray-
ing the first evidence of pain to the
pretty rival who was so successfully be-
sieguing Jack.

As for Tom Aldine, he, too, watched
Jack's unfortunate infatuation silently,
and although he made no remark, he
still did what he could to offer Nellie
his sympathy. She was never without
a partner at the hops if Tom could help
it, and many were the long strolls and
drives they had together when Jack was
occupied elsewhere with the bewitching
Miss Leon.

One hot afternoon, Jack found him-
self on Purgatory Cliff, with an umbrel-
la and an odd volume of Tennyson in

his hands. He had really had no idea
of meeting any one there, and had come
for a moment of quiet reading, when
he could enjoy the boundless lookout
over the blue sea.

But, singularly enough, as he turned
a jutting corner of rock to gain his fa-
vorite seat, his eyes fell upon the pretty
figure of Miss Leon, sitting in the shade,
with her feet drawn up under her, and
with her hat tossed carelessly off, to al-
low the breeze full liberty with her
abundant wealth of hair.

She was not aware of his approach
until he had advanced quite close to her.
"And what are you doing here?" he
asked, pleasantly. "Dreaming of fortu-
ne, a lover, or of far-away countries—
which?"

"Neither. I've been dreaming, but
dreaming of nothing," she replied, turn-
ing toward him.

"Then you are just in the mood for
listening to my reading," he said, taking
a seat beside her. "I will bore you with
a little poetry, if I may. If you don't
want me to do so, you know, you must
say so, and send me away."

"Oh, I do want you to read," she ex-
claimed, eagerly. "Nothing could be
more delightful! Is it Tennyson? And
full of pictures? Do let me look at the
pictures!"

She placed her hand upon his arm
and bent her head to look over his shoul-
der at the book which he held in his
lap. Her floating hair swept his face,
her sweet breath mingled with his; her
damask cheek almost touched his own.

He certainly was not to be greatly
blamed if he yielded to the temptation
offered by this extraordinary opportu-
nity to kiss a very pretty woman. He
turned his head, and his lips met hers in
a tender salute, which was all the sweet-
est of being brief.

Miss Leon gave a frightened little
scream, and started up hastily.

Almost at the same moment a loose
stone, dislodged from the rock above,
caused Jack to look up. His eyes fell
upon Tom Aldine, with Nellie Trent
upon his arm, standing upon the verge
of the hill, and looking down at him.

Nellie's face was white as marble, and
both herself and Tom seemed rooted to
the spot in amazement.

I think all parties took in the situa-
tion at a glance, and arrived simultane-
ously at the same conclusion.

Miss Leon blushed, Jack hung his
head sheepishly, and the intruders, after
standing motionless for an instant, with-
drew as silently as they had come.

That night Jack received a package
at the hands of one of the hotel waiters,
with the intimation that it was from
Miss Trent. It contained his letters, his
engagement ring, and a number of little
keepsakes which he had given Nellie at
different times.

He could not mistake the meaning of
all that, and he tossed the package of
letters savagely into the fire, remarking
to himself that they burned with more
"vim" than they read. He tried to see
Nellie, and explain; but his card was
coolly returned to him, and his efforts
were in vain. Feeling desperate, miser-
able, and ugly, he sought Miss Leon on
the following morning, resolved, since
he was in for it now, to go the whole
figure while he was about it.

He found that charming little lady in
his account, but he was quickly disabused
of that idea.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" she
cried. "What shall I do? Such a dread-
ful misfortune!"

"Is it a bad one? Have you got to go
home? Or has Miss Jones got a new
bonnet precisely like yours?" asked
Jack, with sarcastic pleasantry.

"Now, don't be provoking," she re-
plied, putting her red lips and looking
up through her tears. "It's worse than
anything that could happen. It's per-
fectly dreadful. Father will kill me
when he knows of it—I'm sure he will!"

Jack felt a valorous spirit rising with-
in his breast, and assured her that if it
came to killing, she would find at least
one faithful champion to protect her.

"Tell me all about it," he said. "Can
I help you?"

Then, with many sobs and heartfelt
paroxysms of tears, she unburied her-
self of the fact that her father had left
Newport for Boston on the previous
day, leaving in her keeping a wallet
containing the sum of five hundred dol-
lars. She had put the money carefully
away in a bureau drawer, where, as she
thought, it would be quite safe. This
morning Mr. Leon had written to her
with a request to send the money to
him immediately by express. She had
opened the bureau, and found the money
gone.

"Stolen!" exclaimed Jack.
"Yes, and I—I don't know what—
what I shall do."

"Poor little girl!" said Jack, tenderly.
"If it is gone, it's gone, and it can't be
helped, so don't break your heart over
it any more. There isn't much use in
looking for the thief in this big hotel."

This was evident, but not very conso-
latory, and was only cause for a fresh
flood of tears, more agonizing than the
last.

"Father will kill me when he hears
about it. You—you don't know him.
He's a terrible man."

"Hush!" said Jack. "I can help you
out of your trouble very easily. If you
will please me by accepting my check
for the amount, your father can pay me
when he comes back. I will intercede
for you then, and besides, if it is not
convenient for him to pay it at once, it
is no great matter. Any time within a
year will do."

She brightened up instantly.

"I couldn't think of accepting it from
you," she said.

"Nonsense," he replied, taking a pen
from the table, and proceeding to fill up
a blank check. "Say nothing about it."

"How can I ever pay you for your
kindness?" she asked, as she took the
paper from him. "It cannot be meas-
ured by the dollar."

He took her hand between his hands,
crushing the flexible features together
so as to give them all an impartial kiss,
saluted her, laughed, and left her. Why
the deuce he didn't ask her to marry
him then and there, and so cancel the

debt forever, was something he could
account for afterward only on the theo-
retical of a special dispensation of Provi-
dence.

Early next morning there was a ter-
rible rumprum in the office of the "Ocean."
Two of the boarders had suddenly and
clandestinely decamped, leaving their
bills unpaid. Two large trunks, which
they bequeathed to the proprietors of the
house as memorials of their visit,
were found to contain fine assortments
of old scrap-iron. The landlord was
furious, and scolded the clerk. The clerk
was savage and ugly. No one seemed
to know precisely how the delinquents
had made their escape, although it was
thought that at least one of them, a
lady, had left for New York on one of
the Sound steamers the night before. At
about seven in the morning Tom Aldine
burst into Jack Gildero's room in a
state of intense excitement.

"She's gone!" he cried to Jack, who
was engaged in dressing for breakfast.
"They've both gone."

"Who is gone?" asked Jack, brushing
away at his hair.

"Miss Leon and that old swindler who
passes himself for her father."

"Gone! Where?"

"To the deuce, I hope," said Tom,
digging his hands into his pockets with
an air of desperation. "They were both
a couple of old operators, you know. She
swindled me out of two hundred dol-
lars, besides expending for ice-cream and
carriage hire. She has broken up my
engagement with Nellie, and made an
egregious fool of me generally. For
God's sake don't tell of it until I'm out
of the way. I'm going home to-night,
and if you catch me in Newport again
within five years, I'll promise to swallow
every bathing-house on the beach."

He was not so utterly crushed but
that he had still pluck enough to make
an attempt, the following autumn, to
regain his lost position in Nellie's good
graces. On her return to the city, two
months after the unfortunate events
herein related, he wrote her a very
humble letter, full of penitence and self-
accusation. It was answered by one
from Tom, assuring Jack that as Miss
Nellie Trent was soon to become Mrs.
Thomas Aldine, it was utterly impos-
sible for her to comply with Jack's sub-
missive petition. In the meantime, the
happy pair hoped ever to be regarded as
true and earnest friends, etc., etc.

For the satisfaction of the reader, it
may be as well to add that Jack has
since taken a grim pleasure in learning
that Miss Leon, alias Smith, alias Jones,
alias Brown, with the unprincipled
scoundrel who assisted her, is now weep-
ing her pretty eyes out in the peniten-
tiary, as the result of some one of her
many confidential "operations."

Modern Toys.

Few persons have any idea of the
amount of capital employed in the
manufacture of toys, and of the sci-
entific ability that is devoted to their
production. It is true that we have been
told over and over again of the fortunes
that have been realized from some cheap
and successful toy, such as the return
ball. But these cases are in general re-
garded as exceptional; perhaps, in a
measure, apocryphal. But when we
consider the steady and heavy trade
that is carried on in what may be called
the staple articles of toy trade, we must
see at once that toys form an important
feature in the manufacturing industry
of the world. Even such minute and
subordinate departments as the manu-
facture of dolls' eyes furnish business
for wealthy firms, and give employment
to hundreds.

But it is not all from its mere com-
mercial importance that this subject claims
our attention. Those who have read
the delightful little work by the late
Dr. Paris, "Philosophy in Sport. Made
Science in Earnest," a work which has
been extensively used by more recent
compilers without a word of acknowl-
edgment, must have been struck with
the extent to which scientific principles
enter into the construction of even our
ordinary toys. The kite, the spinning-
top, the common leather sucker, and
others, form the most striking and lucid
examples of many of the fundamental
principles of science, and have been
used for purposes of instruction by the
best teachers, both in their lectures and
their writings. No man ever succeeded
more perfectly in making science popu-
lar than the late Dr. Faraday, and those
who have read his published lectures
will remember that no man ever used
common toys more skillfully as illustra-
tions. Of late years, the tendency has been
to embody the highest mechanical and
scientific knowledge in the construction
of toys. Chemistry has been laid under
contribution for serpents' eggs, magic
photographs, magic ferns, and other
strange devices, while mechanics have
given us various automatons and amus-
ing objects.

The influence of this tendency upon
the minds of the youth of the present
day can hardly fail to be beneficial. The
little girl may not tear the dress of her
doll, or the boy may not study the me-
chanism, but when it is worn out, his
brother may possibly take it up and fol-
low out its interior arrangements, and
in any case, it impresses upon both a
true sense of the capabilities of me-
chanical science.

Fifteen Follies.

First—To think that the more a man
eats, the fatter and stronger he will be-
come.

Second—To believe that the more
hours children study at school the faster
they learn.

Third—To conclude that if exercise
is good for the health, the more violent
and exhausting it is, the more good is
done.

Fourth—To imagine that every hour
taken from sleep is an hour gained.

Fifth—To act on the presumption that
the smallest room in the house is large
enough to sleep in.

Sixth—To argue that whatever remedy
cures one of the most immediately better is
"good for the system," without regard
to more ulterior effects. The "soothing
syrup," for example, does stop the cough
of children, and does arrest diarrhea,
only to cause, a little later, alarming
convulsions, or the more fatal inflamma-
tion of the brain, or water on the brain,
at least, always portraits of the disease.

Seventh—To commit an act which is
felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping
that somehow or other it may be done
in your case with impunity.

Eighth—To advise another to remedy
which you have not tried on yourself, or
without making special inquiry whether
all the conditions are alike.

Ninth—To eat without an appetite, or
continue to eat after it has been satiated,
merely to gratify the taste.

Tenth—To eat a hearty supper for the
pleasure experienced during the brief
time it is passing down the throat, at
the expense of a whole night of disturbed
sleep, and a weary waking in the morn-
ing.

Eleventh—To remove a portion of the
clothing immediately after exercise, when
the most stupid drayman in New York
knows that if he does not put cover on
his horse the moment he ceases work
in winter, he will lose him in a few
days by pneumonia.

Twelfth—To contend that because the
dirtiest children in the street, or high-
way, are hearty and healthy, therefore
it is healthy to be dirty; forgetting that
continuous daily exposure to the pure,
out-door air in joyous, unrestrained ac-
tivity, is such a powerful agent for
health, that those who live thus are well,
in spite of rags and filth.

Thirteenth—To presume to repeat
labor in life, without injury, the indis-
cretions, exposures, and intemperances
which in the flush of youth were prac-
ticed with impunity.

Fourteenth—To believe that warm
air is necessarily impure, or that pure,
cold air is necessarily more healthy than
the confined air of a close and crowded
vehicle; the latter, at the most, can only
cause fainting and nausea, while enter-
ing a conveyance after walking briskly,
lowering a window thus while still ex-
posed to a draft, will give a cold infalli-
bly, or an attack of pleurisy or pneumo-
nia, which will cause weeks and
months of suffering, if not actually
death within four days.

Fifteenth—To "remember the Sab-
bath day" by working harder and later
on Saturday than on any other day in
the week, with a view to sleep late next
morning, and staying at home all day to
rest, conscience being quieted by the
plea of not feeling very well.

German Hospital Trains in France.

A correspondent of the Chicago Jour-
nal, writing from Frankfurt-on-the-
Main, says:

On Sunday morning, the 22nd inst., the
first actual hospital train started for
Metz, in order to empty the hospitals in
the vicinity of their severely wounded.
Formerly, all wounded soldiers were
transported in ordinary goods wagons,
a little straw being all the bed they
were provided with, and without ade-
quate care during the journey. Although
hospital cars were much in use in
America during the war, these things
were not known in Prussia in 1866.

In 1867 a commission appointed to re-
form the field sanitary service adopted
the principle of hospital trains. No
further steps, however, were taken
toward bringing it into actual existence.
The Minister of Commerce indeed caused
two hundred fourth-class passenger
cars on the State railways to be altered
for this purpose by the removal of the
seats, etc., so that the entire car formed
one large room. Doors were placed fore
and aft, and the persons were joined by
bridges so that communication was es-
tablished throughout the whole train.

Professor Virchow, of Berlin, first con-
ceived the idea of using a number of
these cars for the purpose of emptying
the hospitals in France of the badly
wounded. His proposition met with
ready support from the Ministry of Com-
merce, and thirteen wagons were imme-
diately placed at the service of the Ber-
lin *Hilfsverein*, for which the latter gave
4,000 talers to fit them, up in a proper
form. Within six days the wagons were
ready, and the 120 beds were provided
with mattresses, sheets, blankets, etc.,
from the society's hospitals.

The single cars are so built that on
each side of the central way there are
four posts the length of a bed distant
from each other. Between each post
two litters or stretchers are hung by
means of India-rubber bands, in order
to modify the jolting of the cars, so that
each wagon, therefore, has three beds
above and three below right and left of
the central way, or, in all, twelve beds
to each. Within six days the wagons were
ready, and the 120 beds were provided
with mattresses, sheets, blankets, etc.,
from the society's hospitals.

In addition to the above-mentioned
ten hospital cars, there was a cooking
car, provided with every requisite;
another which served as a provision
magazine, in order to render the train
independent of external aid; even a
great water-butt was carried along.

A third car was provided for the direc-
tor of the train, a third of it being por-
tioned off as a director's room, while the
other part is occupied by necessary medi-
cines, instruments, etc., and two beds. In
addition to these, two other cars were

joined to the train, one serving as a
utensil depot and the other for the ac-
commodation of the necessary personnel.
Professor Virchow and three other phy-
sicians accompanied the train; there
were also eight attendants, six sisters of
mercy, and five volunteer *Krankenträger*
from the upper class of the gymnasium.
Two cooks completed the arrangements.

Railroad Signals.

The varieties of the "toot" of the lo-
comotive, and gyrations of the arms of
the conductors by day, or lanterns by
night, are about as intelligent to most
people as first-class Choctaw. The fol-
lowing will give the reader a correct
idea of their significance:

One whistle—"Down brakes."
Two whistles—"Off brakes."
Three whistles—"Back up."
Continuous whistles—"Danger."

A rapid succession of short whistles is
the entire alarm, at which the brakes
will always be put down.

A sweeping parting of hands on level
of eyes, is a signal to "go ahead."
A downward motion of the hand, with
extended arms, "to stop."
A beckoning motion of one hand, "to
back."

A lantern raised and lowered verti-
cally is a signal for "starting," swung
at right angles or crossways, the track
"to stop," swung in a circle, "to back
the train."

A red flag waved upon the track must
be regarded as a signal of danger. So
of other signals given with energy.

Hoisted at a station is a signal for a
train "to stop."

Stuck up by the roadside, it is a sig-
nal of danger for the train ahead.

Carried unfurled upon an engine, is a
warning that another engine or train is
on its way.

A CAPITAL JOKE—And all the more
palatable because it is true, and can be
v