

Runaway Locomotives.

"Wild engines? Well, yes, I have seen a few in my day," said an old engineer to a writer. The subject had been brought up by the discussion of the peculiar actions of a runaway engine.

"You see, I have been engineering now for 28 years, and in that time I have seen many curious accidents, many narrow escapes and many horrible deaths, but—"

"The first one that I knew of happened just after the St. Louis and San Francisco road was built. I was at Canon City with my train. On the track ahead of me stood a freight train, which was on the side track.

"The engineer and fireman left the engine to get orders. Without warning the locomotive started backward. The switch had been left open. The men on the train saw it coming and scattered.

"The engine demolished the first three box cars and was badly damaged—so badly damaged that a careful examination failed to determine what had caused the runaway.

"I will tell about another accident near here, which happened about nine years ago on the Stone line division. Engine No. 27 was standing at East Louisville. The fireman and engineer were in the office. She was headed toward Anchorage.

"Suddenly and without warning the wheels began to spin around. For an instant the old machine stood still, then with a most leaping forward like a spirited horse it had suddenly freed itself from the rein. I was standing near the end of the depot farthest from the engine. My fireman had up a fall head of steam on No. 107.

"I leaped to my feet and brought her up. I boarded without her being slowed up. We threw the throttle wide open, and Bill filled the furnace. Then began a race that I shall never forget. The engineer of the runaway and I, both standing on the platform, with mouths wide open, staring in astonishment at the vanishing engine.

"As I passed them for an instant my heart stopped beating. Catching my breath, I turned to yell to the operator, but he was too far behind. I turned and looked at No. 27. She seemed to be going faster and faster. I looked at my bill. His face was pale as death.

"Our eyes met, and he muttered 'No. 1,' I nodded my head and turned away. My old horse was rolling from side to side. For an instant I stood against as I thought what would happen when No. 1, the wild engine met. I was startled by a muffled yell: 'By God, we must do it, and turning saw Bill working away like a man at the furnace.

"I leaped on the lever, pulled out the throttle to the last notch, and the iron horse seemed a life as I leaped forward in answer. We could feel her pulse throb and beat, and her breath came short and thick, as like a thoroughbred race horse, she strained every nerve and muscle to overtake that steaming, flying, treacherous ahead.

"Our faces were set and determined as we worked to save the lives of those on the fast train, which was thundering to the doom—no certain death and destruction unless we stopped that engine.

"Clifton, Ga., Crossed Hill had been passed. On our thundering, gaining slowly but surely on the crazy machine in front.

"When we passed the operator on our old ride he stood for some seconds talking with the deserted engineer, when, remembering No. 1, he rushed to his instrument. She must be stopped at Anchorage. He dropped helplessly in the chair when the words came back. 'No. 1 just pulled out.'

"When we were going 60 miles an hour, what was to be done? We lived a year in the next few minutes. As we struggled up the grade to Ormsby's we gained perceptibly on the flying runaway.

"There is a long side track there. I heard the whistle of No. 1 as she passed Lakeland, and my heart stood still. Three more minutes and we would see men and women crowded, mangled and scalded, and probably buried by God's will. I suffered and prayed for the help that came. A section gang were working near the switch. They had left it open.

"When we were heard thundering along the boss started for the switch. As he reached it the runaway dashed into the switch. He turned it, and we dashed by on the main track. The wild engine for an instant stopped on the wheels of one side, and I prayed that it might turn completely over.

"My prayers were not answered. As it settled back we came abreast of it. Bill leaped for his and hundreds of other lives. It was a breathless moment. He caught with one hand to the handle of the cab and swung for one breathless second and then mounted into the cab. I looked forward, and again my hair rose. I ended and my heart ceased to beat, for within a few hundred yards around the curve thundered the fast train. I reversed my engine and waited.

"She seemed to rise in the air like a spirited steed checked while at full speed by the cruel curb. Struggling to go forward, she swung from side to side, the wheels spinning backward while the momentum carried her forward. The fast train still came on.

Death of Wild Animals

The circumstances that attend the illness and death of wild animals are perhaps less well known than any other part of their history. Yet when we consider that animal life, though in some species of great duration, is naturally brief and liable to an untimely end, it is not surprising that the subject of the last days of the nobler sorts of beasts has a certain pathetic interest.

No doubt all animals, from the healthy and natural lives they lead to strange powers of self cure in case of accident. Those whose profession it is to prepare the skeletons of wild beasts, large and small, for museums and laboratories speak with surprise of the number of injuries and fractures which the bones exhibit, but which have set themselves in a rough but effective fashion.

"The animal is 'chaperon' of accidents' in his final days, and in some cases the bones which die with him are locked together on the mountain side to the locusts which impale themselves upon the barbed wire of the Transvaal farms, or the circles which remind their wings upon the thorns of the mimosa. Death violence seems to be the rule in the lower forms of animal life, changes of season. Only to the largest quadrupeds, has human fancy conceived the boon of a natural and perhaps painless death, where the remote, untrodden jungle, where the elephants go to die still among their 'undiscovered countries.'—London Spectator.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's tribute to Dr. Holmes in the Boston Commonwealth. Dr. Holmes has the pleasure of knowing what a thought of some of his work by the generations after that which it was first written. It is hard to think of a man, still as young as he is, born only seventeen years after Shelley. This generation is celebrating Shelley's centennial as if he belonged to the past. But we all count Dr. Holmes as presently belonging to our own time.

The writer of these lines could not but notice, in a recent visit to England, how Dr. Holmes has attained there a form of success which in his lecture on Dr. Watts he spoke of as most desirable. To be the writer of the hymns of a great people makes a poet sure that his words are on the lips and in the hearts of thousands who know no poetry but his.

"I tell you this cheese business ain't what it used to be," said a man whose habit of slightly skimming the milk before he sent it to the factory had been detected by means of the milk test.

A handful of whole flax seed stirred into wheat bran soap and morning will sometimes cure a cow's cough.

If a farmer owns 6,000 pounds of milk to the creamery in thirty days, containing 300 pounds of butter fat, and he delivers 12,000 pounds of milk during the same time, containing 450 pounds of butter fat, what do honor, truth and justice require in the apportionment of dividends?—Hoard's Dairyman.

In spite of the best care and treatment, a milk cow persistently declines in health and flesh, it is a sign she has some ailment and her milk is unfit for use.

The price of beef cattle has not been what breeders hoped it would be. Why not try drying and these and butter making for a change?

Probably there are no meadows in the world so good as those in England or so old. Yet from the early Anglo-Saxon times old meadow has been distinguished from 'pastures' and has always been so.

Two-thirds of what is now established meadow land still shows the marks of ridge and furrow, and from the great time required to make a meadow ten years at least on the best land, a hundred on the worst—men have always been reluctant to break up old pasture.

The ancient meadows, with their great trees and rich turf, are the sole portion of the earth's surface which modern agriculture respects and leaves in peace. Hence the excellence of the meadows of England and the envy of the American.—London Spectator.

Years ago the great apostle of pessimism noticed that Jane was the favorite month for marrying and committing suicide. As he thought one was as bad as the other, it seems evident that he believes one cause would account for the frequency of both occurrences in "the month of roses" and "the month of may." Whether this is the fact or not, it is certain that there are generally more suicides in June than during any other month of the year, and few of them are committed on rainy or what are known as dark and unpleasant days.

The Fourth of July, Thanksgiving day, Christmas and New Year's day, as well as the numerous anniversaries, are also favorite times for committing suicide. To these may be added the anniversary of one's birth or marriage.—Chicago Journal.

Reform begins at home. If swallows fly lower than usual, expect rain. The wearing of green veils is said to be injurious. The cotton gin was the work of Eli Whitney in 1793.

Postal cards are now made to be used as blotting pads. Farinello, the wonderful male soprano, was the son of a miller. It is rare indeed to find a blue-eyed person who is color blind.

The middle verse in the Bible is the eighth verse of the 118th Psalm. The most costly of the metals is didymium, which sells at \$4,500 a pound. Twenty million acres of the land of the United States are held by Englishmen.

More United States vessels visit the Mexican ports than those of all other nations combined. Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive to strip them off 'tis being flayed alive.—Cooper.

The Mind About Exhausted.

With figure swathed in white cloths and face covered with lather it was difficult to form a correct notion of the appearance of the man who occupied the first chair in the corner barber shop. To the most casual observer it was a big, rank-looking fellow.

"My dear child," he exclaimed, "don't you know that will make you sick?" "Not in your maternal line?" was the confident response. "Not me?" "What used to it and at your age," he moaned.

"Smoked ever since I was reamed," ejaculated the lad, expectorating copiously to emphasize his independence. "And your parents allow it?" "What's them?" "Why, your mother."

"Ain't got no mudder." "Poor boy! And your father?" "Ain't got no father either." "No father! Well, let me give you some good advice, my boy; smoking at your age stunts the growth and produces deadly diseases. It will kill you. Do throw away that wretched cigar."

"Not any! Yer off yer nut, Whiskers. Smokin's good; yerrens' pretis. You oughter 'a' tried it."—Detroit Tribune.

For many years Mr. R. F. Thompson, of Des Moines, Iowa, was severely afflicted with chronic diarrhea. He says: "At times it was very severe; so much so that I feared it would end my life. About ten years ago I chanced to procure a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It gave me prompt relief, and I believe cured me permanently, as I now eat or drink without harm anything I please. I have also used it in my family with the best results."

The great search light on top of Mount Washington, which is now in successful operation, by the intense beam of light it projects has enabled people to read course print at the Fabyan House, seven miles distant.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures them, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. N. Snyder.

Eight thousand five hundred red, 6,000 white, 4,200 blue, 1,800 green and 800 yellow incandescent electric lights were used for street displays along the line of march of the Knights Templar parade in Denver recently.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Itch, Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Old, Piles, Scabies, Sore Nipples and Pruritis. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

Sheridan's Condition Powder! KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS Strong and Healthy; Prevents All Diseases. Good for Molting Hens. It is a certain cure for all diseases of chickens, such as cholera, diphtheria, etc. It is a certain cure for all diseases of chickens, such as cholera, diphtheria, etc. It is a certain cure for all diseases of chickens, such as cholera, diphtheria, etc.

A School-Room Champion. It was a pretty tough crowd of boys that attended the schoolhouse at Farmworth Corners in the winter time. I was a fair sample, and I was such a bad boy that I had been sent away from home and placed in care of my uncle at the Corners before father could manage me. By dint of repeated strappings (Uncle George kept me in respectable bounds) got a good deal of work out of me around the farm.

I must have been about fifteen years old the winter that Miss Angie Arnold came to teach in that district. As I think of now I realize that she must have been a pretty little thing with her big blue eyes and wavy brown hair. But my farmer boys had no regard for beauty, and the trouble was that poor young thing was scandalous. She had been educated at a normal school somewhere in the central part of Illinois, and to tell the truth, she did go to us boys in a theoretical sort of way. The boys seemed to get it into the first day of school that it would be an easy matter to run things that winter. The boys always had fun the winter, especially Rodney Blackley, whom we called "Rob" for short.

It wasn't many weeks before the poor girl had lost all control of the school, and "Rob" Blackley was practically master of the situation. The only fellow among us who did not seem enthusiastic over the fun was Newton Ellis. We called him "Newt." "Newt" had said once or twice that he thought the boys were carrying the thing too far. One noon "Rob" slipped into the school room while Miss Arnold was out and wrote some lines on the blackboard that were decidedly out of place, to say the least. After school had been called Miss Arnold looked appealingly at "Rob" and asked him if he wrote the stuff on the board. There was no use in his denying it, for his long, scrawly hand was unmistakable.

"Yes," yelled "Rob." "I put it on the board, and ain't afraid of it, neither." "Will you go and rub it out?" "So, I won't." The little teacher sat down by her desk. She hid her face in her hands and burst into tears.

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There was no more school that day and no more trouble the rest of the year. Rod's father took him out of school and set him to work on the farm. It wasn't long we had to hear of Newt Ellis. I guess it couldn't have been more than three years later that Newt and the little school teacher were married. That is the only romance Farmworth Corners ever had. To-day Newton Ellis is number one among the "well-fixed" farmers of that section.—Chicago Tribune.

An enthusiastic young bride from Memphis, while on her wedding journey, climbed to top of Mount Vesuvius and looked down into the crater, adding one more name to the list of foolishly courageous women.

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Reciprocating His Benevolence.

The benevolent old gentleman was plainly from the suburbs—possibly far out. It was equally plain that he was horror-struck at the sight of a street and a casual observer it was a big, rank-looking fellow.

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New Spring Goods

AT S. E. PHILLIPS, 103 Clinton Street, Louthers & Green's Block, JOHNSTOWN, PA. DRESS GOODS. Consisting of Black and Colored Shallice Silks, Satin Silks, Velvet and Velveteens in all colors, Black and Colored Henriettes, etc., 25, 30, 35, 40 and \$1.25 per yard. We have a full line of all the New Weaves, such as Bedford, Corda, Chevron Bars and Cheques, etc.

Cotton Dress Goods. Folia-du-not Ouling Cloth, Canton Cloth, Chintzes Ladies' Spring Jackets. A full line of Domestic. We guarantee all our Kid Gloves. Call and see us. S. E. PHILLIPS.

It is to Your Interest TO BUY YOUR DRUGS AND MEDICINES JOHN N. SNYDER. BIESECKER & SNYDER. None but the purest and best kept in stock, and when Druggists become inert by standing, as certain of them do, we destroy them, rather than impose on our customers. You can depend on having your PRESCRIPTIONS & FAMILY RECEIPTS filled with care. Our prices are as low as any other first-class house and on many articles much lower.

The people of this county seem to know this, and have given us a large share of their patronage, and we shall still continue to give them the very best goods for their money. Do not forget that we make a specialty of FITTING TRUSSES. We guarantee satisfaction, and if you have had trouble in this direction, give us a call. SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES. In great variety. A full set of Test Lenses. Come in and have your eyes examined. No charge for examination, and we are confident we can suit you. Come and see us. Respectfully, JOHN N. SNYDER.

Nothing on Earth Will MAKE HENS LAY. A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Itch, Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Old, Piles, Scabies, Sore Nipples and Pruritis. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

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A. H. HUSTON, Undertaker and Embalmer. WE SELL GROUND BAKING POWDER. A GOOD HEARSE and everything pertaining to funerals furnished on short notice. South Turkeyfoot Street, Somerset, Penna. Oct. 19-21-22. PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT DECEMBER 3, 1901. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. DISTANCE AND FARE. Johnstown to Altoona: Milton, Pa. 11.19; Harrisburg, Pa. 17.00; Philadelphia, Pa. 22.00; Baltimore, Md. 27.00; Washington, D.C. 32.00. WESTWARD. Altoona to Johnstown: Altoona to Johnstown, Pa. 1.00; Altoona to Philadelphia, Pa. 2.00; Altoona to Baltimore, Md. 3.00; Altoona to Washington, D.C. 4.00. BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD. Somerset and Cambria Branch NORTHWARD. Somerset to Altoona: Altoona to Somerset, Pa. 1.00; Altoona to Philadelphia, Pa. 2.00; Altoona to Baltimore, Md. 3.00; Altoona to Washington, D.C. 4.00. SOUTHWARD. Altoona to Somerset: Altoona to Somerset, Pa. 1.00; Altoona to Philadelphia, Pa. 2.00; Altoona to Baltimore, Md. 3.00; Altoona to Washington, D.C. 4.00.

W. A. Duffin, 215 N. Water St., Pittsburgh, Pa. GIVE YOUR BOYS A USEFUL PRESENT. Press and Outfit. \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00. W. A. Duffin, 215 N. Water St., Pittsburgh, Pa. TRIED and TRUE! CATARRH CURE! Quick and Sure! VOGEL'S CATARRH CURE. SOLELY PREPARED BY PETER VOGEL, SOMERSET, PA. SMELL WELL! BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, INFLUENZA, ETC. Cures Free by PETER VOGEL, SOMERSET, PA. DR. SELLERS' NEVER FAILS! SOLELY PREPARED BY DR. SELLERS, PITTSBURGH, PA. YOU CAN FIND THIS IN ALL THE DRUGGISTS AND CHEMISTS OF THE CITY AND COUNTRY. SEND FOR PRICE LIST. Telephone No. 305, 120 Water St. and 153 First Ave. PITTSBURGH, PA.

CURTI K. GROVE, SOMERSET, PA.

BOGGERS, SLEIGH, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS, AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK. Furnished on Short Notice. Painting Done on Short Time. My work is made out of thoroughly seasoned Wood, and the best of work, and finished with the most approved and durable materials. Employ Only First-Class Workmen. Repairing of All Kinds in My Line Done on Short Notice. Prices REASONABLE, and Work Guaranteed.

All Work Warranted. Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. Do Work-work, and furnish best of Work. Remember the place, and call in.

CURTIS K. GROVE, (East of Court House) 604 MARKET, PA. Jacob D. Swank, Watchmaker and Jeweler. Next door west of Lutheran Church, Somerset, Pa. Having opened up a shop in this place, I am now prepared to supply the public with clocks, watches and jewelry of all descriptions, as cheap as the cheapest. REPAIRING A SPECIALTY. All work guaranteed. Look at my stock before making your purchases.

AMERICAN HOTEL. Owned and Operated by S. P. SWEITZER, Cumberland, Md. This hotel is first class in all its appointments, remodelled and refurnished, and the finest location in the city, at the foot of Baltimore street, street cars pass the hotel every few minutes. Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well furnished. The hotel free of charge. Directly back of the hotel is a small farm.

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