The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER. He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot is a fool; he that dare not is a slave. EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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—:POETRY:—

Nobody Knows But Mother.

BY H. C. DODGE.

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the house together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender pray'r,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father,
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love
Nobody can—but mother.

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

The frightful accident on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad reminds me of a story of olden times. At the time it was told I remember it had been snowing steadily all day long, not in a boisterous, tempest uous way, but quietly and persistently, as if the feathery flakes that were rapidly piling themselves one upon the other on the frozen ground had come for a long stay. Toward night the wind began to rise, and when the darkness settled down a moderate winter's storm was raging.

We were waiting in the little station at L——for the down train, telegraphed an hour and a half behind time, and were endeavoring to keep warm around the small airtight stove which served as the only heating medium in the low-studded apartment L——is a place of little importance except as a railroad centre, for here two trunk lines cross each other, and it is also the point where locomotives are changed on different trains. With the exception of the bustle and excitement incident to a junction station, there was but little to attract a tourist, and the few natural charms the place possess ed at that time were hidden beneath the soft covering of snow. So the weary waiters were forced by dearth of amusement, as well as the storm, to while away the time as best they could in the dingy depot. The different time tables were perused, the different advertisements scrutinized, all to no purpose, for the hands of the monotonous ticking clock crept around the dial with that tardy pace peculiar to railroad timepieces when waiting for a belated train.

The conductor who was to take charge of the express train came to warm his hands by the little stove, and soon the party was increased by the engineer, whose machine could be dimly seen far down the track, ready for its expected charge

'Bad night, Bob,' said the conductor. 'Better come in and warm up. She won't be here for an hour yet.'

The engineer made some reply, and joined the circle around the stove. He was a man of slight build, drooping shoulders, and perhaps not up to the average height. Rather effeminate at first sight, until one noticed the square, firm chin, the quick, steady eye, and the lines about the mouth which showed that beneath that calm face and quiet manner, lay the will both to do and dare. He had been selected especially to run this night express on account of the danger of the position, for the down train was frequently, late and the lost time must be made up before reaching the end of the road to meet connections. Time and again nothing but the coolness and judgment of the engineer had brought this train to its destination in safety and Bob Jennings, as he was called had been remarkably fortunate, and had never met with a serious accident. The running of the two trains up to L——and back to the city, constituted his day's work. The position was a responsible one, the remuneration and the 'job' as they termed it, was looked upon with eyes of envy by Bob's fellow engineers.

After some minutes passed in conversation between the engineer and the conductor, the latter suddenly remarked;

'How was it, Bob, you happened to get the express? The Superintendent of the Portland & Ogdensburg helped you to it, didn't he, on account of the affair up in the mountains? Tell us all about it.'

'Yes—yes,' spoke up several who had overheard the conversation. 'Let us hear the story by all means.'

'Well, boys,' said Bob, 'it ain't much of a yarn, howsomever, I'll tell it.'

'Twas when I was running on the Mountain road, which hadn't been agoin' more'n a couple of years. You may perhaps be acquainted with the line. She runs through the White Mountain Notch, and is built on the side of the hills. How they ever had the spunk to start such a road beats me, for at first sight it seems next to hopeless to get around some of them short curves, to say nothing of the big upgrade. Near Crawford's is that spider-like curve, Mountain Cut. We lived in Portland then, Nell and I. She is my wife, and we were as happy as could be. The only drawback was that every other night I had to take the late express up to Fabyan's and come back next day on the accomodation. Nell used to be afraid to have me go, particularly as the road was new and accidents would happen in spite of all that we could do I kept telling her it was safe enough, and the pay was good, so I'd better stick to my place for a while, though, to tell the truth, I didn't like the route, 'twas so awful gloomy. No big towns to go through, only now and then a little village, and they would be as dark and quiet as a graveyard when we struck them at night. Summers it wasn't so bad: Winters were awful. Well, one night in January, when it was my turn to stay in Portland, the Superintendent sent for me and said

'Bob, there's a party of Directors as wants to go through the mountains to-night, and they're going to start about 10 o'clock. I'll have to send a special, but I haven't an engineer that I can trust. Now it's your night off, I know, but if you'll pull the throttle for them follows I'll make it all right with you.'

'Well,' says I, 'I'll go of course, but it's goin' to be a bad night on the mountains.'

'That's so, Bob,' said the super, 'but I know I can rely on you, and the Directors say they must get through somehow.'

'So I went back to the little cottage and told Nell as how I'd got to go. She took on very queer like and seemed distressed to have me go away, though she never acted like that before.

'It's an awful night, Bob,' says she, 'can't they send some one else? I don't like to have you go.'

'Nonsense,' says I, 'the storm won't hurt me, and I'll be back again to-morrow. The super's promised to do the square thing, and it will come out all right'

'She seemed a little reassured, and I got out my great coat and muffler, and in 'em I prepared to start out.

'Well, Bob,' says my wife, 'if you must go, why you must,' then she added thoughtfully, and there was the queerest look passed over her face, 'be careful at that Curve Mountain Cut.'

'I scarcely heard what she said, but bidding her good-bye, was soon on my way up to the roundhouse. It was a wild night, and no mistake; seems to me I had never seen it blow harder or snow faster. Once or twice I had to turn my back to the blast to keep from blowing over. Well I was soon aboard my machine, and backing out from the station, hitched on to two cars which were to make up the train. As 10 o'clock approached, the Directors began to arrive, pompous-looking men, with plenty of money, and feeling all their importance.

'Them fellers,' says I to myself, 'feel their steam, but I don't suppose they'd look at an engine in the same way that I would.'

'Dan was on the watch for the signal to start, and when the clock struck ten we turned on the steam and off we started. I've seen some pretty bad nights, but that one was the worst I ever remember. The storm to-night is hard enough, but it don't begin to blow as it did then. Why, every now and then we would get a blast that would make the whole machine tremble. Portland is a pretty country about Portland, as it is pretty level, we took the full force of the wind. As we got further inland it wasn't so bad, and by the time we were forty miles out it turned to a summer gale, and was pouring torrents.

'And now comes the singular part of the story. We had the right of way, and our dispatcher was to keep the whole line up to Fabyan's open for us, my instructions being to stop only at North Conway for water. So I gave her the throttle, and we bowled along at a good rate of speed, making perhaps, thirty to thirty-five miles an hour. As we went whistling through Sebago Lake station, I had a kind of feeling come over me that there was something wrong. I didn't notice it at first, but every now and then it would come to me that all wasn't right. I allers examine my machine before I start, give her a good oilin', look well to the bolts and parallel rods, try the levers and such; and so I knew when we left Portland, old 49 was in perfect working trim. Yet the feeling grew on me until it was a steady thing. I tried to shake it off, but it wasn't no use. I felt it in my bones that something was up,

"Now you gentlemen will laugh at me for being a fool, and I shouldn't blame you, for we was agoing along all right; every thing from the water guage to the cylinders was a workin' in good time, and I knew it was only my imagination, but, to tell the truth, I began to feel uneasy. I had been an engineer for ten years, and had been through some pretty tough scrapes, without blowin' for brakes, and the boys all said as how I had a good deal of pluck. Now I began to lose all confidence.

"Bob," says I to myself, 'this won't do. You're gettin' nervous, and all for nothin'! You've no business to be superstitious at your time of life. Brace up, old boy!'

"Twa'n't no use, however, I could have stood up in court and sworn that there was a kink somewhere, Well, meanwhile we was sliding along, and pretty soon reached North Conway, where we was to give the machine a drink. "Dan," says I to my fireman, "there's something the matter with this machine, and I don't know what it is."

"What makes you think so?" says Dan

"I can't tell," I replied; "she works all right, but I feel it in my bones."

"Guess you're thinkin' of your wife," returned Dan with a laugh.

But while we were gettin' in the water I took a lantern and went all over the engine. I looked at every part of her, rapped the bars, knocked wheels, tried her at every point, and couldn't find nothin'.

"Pshaw!" says I, 'I'm a fool. She's all right."

"And I tried to think no more about it, but the feeling was there all the same, and do the best thing that I could I wasn't able to throw it off. Well, we had got a pretty good distance in the mountains, and with that light load 49 didn't make nothin' of the up-grades.

"Perhaps, gentlemen, you have never been through the hills in winter. It's somewhat different from summer, I can tell you. The mountains loom up dark and solemn, and with their snow-covered sides they seem kinder like big glum giants that have turned to stone standing guard over the valley. The silence and desolation sorter awes one, and it don't seem right to go shrieking and screaming along their sides in the dead o' night. This time it was worse than ever. The wind swept down the valley with a roar that could be heard above the rush of the train. It whistled and yelled at the cab windows, and blew the rain and sleet so hard agin the winder frame I could scarcely see the short distance lit by the headlight. The great trees rocked to and fro and seemed to hold out their arms in warning. It was a solemn place for any one; and I felt it, particularly as I had this awful weight of anxiety on my mind that had been a-growin' stronger and stronger each minute.

'We had passed Bartlett's, goin' through there at a pretty good jog when, like a flash of lightning, the remembrance of what my wife had said came to me: 'Be careful at that Curve Mountain Cut!'

"That set me to thinkin." Could this be a presentment of some disaster? Was there something the matter with the cut?

'Nonsense,' says I. 'I'm a natural born fool. If anything was wrong the train two hours ahead would have found it out and signaled me at Bartlett's. I'll think of it no more, but tend to business.'

'But, in spite of me, 'Be careful at the Curve Mountain Cut' kept comin' into my head, even the wind seemed to shriek it. I pictured to myself a broken rail and a yawning gulf on each side. What a terrible accident it would make: what a frightful chasm in which to plunge! Then I remembered Nell, and the queer look that came over her face when she gave me that singular caution. 'Be careful at the Curve Mountain Cut.' We was nearin' the cut sure enough. On the up-grade 49 was making about twenty miles an hour and in less than ten minutes we would be past the cut, or—I caught my breath, for at that moment those warning words flashed into my mind once more.

'If I'm ever to be cured of such stuff,' says I to myself, 'now's my chance. What could Nell know about the cut? I'll put her through at full speed.'

'A tall white birch that stood on a spur of the mountain was the land mark which showed me that we was comin' to the straight piece which led through the cut. I put my hand to the throttle to pull open the valve, when—

'Well, gentlemen, I don't suppose you'll believe it, but as sure as I'm standin' here, my wife's voice seemed to whisper in my ear: *'Not that one Bob—the brake!'*

'It gave me such a start that before I knew what I did I opened the Westing house for all it was worth, and the train came to a stand-still in less than two length. Not waitin' to answer any questions from Dan, I jumped off the cab, and rushed up the track nearly to the cut and walked along until I nearly reached the other side. Not a thing was out of place every rail secure, and the cut was all right so far as I noticed

'Idiot!' cried I, 'so much for your foolish nonsense. This freak will cost you your job!'

'By this time the conductor and brakeman, with a number of passengers, come out to see what was the matter. 'How the boys would laugh,' I thought; I should never hear the last of it. I was just going to sneak back to the cab when I noticed something peculiar, which seemed like the trunk of a tree blown down right acrost the rails. Going a few steps further I noticed that it was not a tree, but a huge stick of timber deliberately placed acrost the rails, and fastened down in such a position as would surely throw a train from the track, and down a fearful precipice of some hundreds of feet on the left among the rocks.

'I tell you boys it made my hair stand on end. In two minutes that whole train and them Directors would have gone off the edge of that cliff, and not one would have lived to tell about it.

'What's the row, Bob?' says the conductor.

'Row enough, says I, 'look at that I reckon I pulled her up just in time.'

'Still going a few steps further on we discovered five ruffians, fully armed, three of whom we succeeded in capturing, and in breaking up as dangerous a gang of robbers as ever infested the mountains.

'Well, you never saw a more grateful set of men than those pompous Directors were after that, and when we got to Fabyan's they telegraphed the Super as how I was to stay with them during the excursion, and I went to all the sights in Montreal with 'em, just as though I had been one of the regular party. Not content with that they gave me an elegant gold watch and chain, the President of the road, who happened to be among 'em, making a neat speech. I tell you, a peep into the jaws of death will put rich and poor on the same level—nothing like it to take the bigness out of them.

'Well, the boys made a lion of me when I got back to Portland, and Nell never seemed so glad to see me That night's work was the making of me, for the Super gave me a show, and I finally got this job. I never told the boys why I stopped the train, for I know they would laugh at me, and I don't think I told my wife it for a long time. One day, however, she came to me and said:

'Bob, I had a queer dream about you the night of that affair at the curve. I dreamed that I was on the engine with you somewhere, an' was going at a frightful rate. Way in the distance I saw what seemed to be a big log across the track, and you thought by gettin' good head way you could jump it. I knew, of course, you couldn', so when you started to open the throttle I said: 'Not that one, Bob—the Brake!' Then I woke up.'

'I told her, then, the whole story, and gentlemen, whenever I hear a similar yarn and I've heard a number of 'em, I don't turn up my nose and say 'nonsense!' That's exactly what our grandfathers would have said a few years ago about talking a thousand miles by telephone, or about the telegraph of to day. Who knows but there may be more in one's feelings than most people think for least-wise, minding my own feeling saved my neck that night. There comes the express, good-night.

SAID TO BE TRUE

During the summer and fall of 1863 I was with my regiment at Camp Dennison, O. Two companions, including my own, were sent after General Morgan when he made his famous raid through the Northern States After a week's scouting, fighting and on picket duty we returned to camp. This being the first soldering for some of the boys, several of us returned sick, and were sent across the railroad to the general hospital.

In a few days after I was sent there my regiment was sent to Fort Laramie, I, with some others, was left behind at the hospital. It was there I saw and knew the soldier who ate glass. It may seem to your readers perfectly absurd to talk about a human being eating glass and still living. Yet it was a fact. I have forgotten the soldier's name and to what regiment he belonged, but I remember that his disease was opthalmia, or sore eyes. He and I were in the same ward, and I saw him every day for several months. Many a time have I seen him take an eight-by-ten pane of glass in one hand and a piece of bread and meat in the other. He would take a bite of bread, then a bite of glass, chew it all up together and swallow it.

He always had to be paid for his glasseating. Visitors to the hospital, who had heard of him, would make up a dollar or two, and he would eat a pane of glass or a tumbler for them. The hospital doctors would often come in and watch the operation, and when he was done and seemed to enjoy his lunch they would sometimes say: 'For goodness sake, man, what kind of stomach have you, any way?'

He said he had always done the same thing since he was a child, and had never experienced any inconvenience or harm from it. The doctors promised to buy his corpse from his friends after he died and pay a good price for it, just to examine his stomach. But he would not sell in that way. He offered to take $1,000 for his cadaver when he was done with it, but they would not accept the offer. He may be living yet for all I know. I left him there when I came away in November 1863.

All that I have written is fact, witnessed by hundreds of soldiers and hospital visitors.

Settling a Debt.

This story comes from Harrisburg: A married pair became indebted, it is claimed, to a certain grocer to the amount of $35 or $40. The bill had been sent several times for collection, but never paid. One day or evening, the grocer was sent for and found his customer's handsome wife at home. She invited him into the parlor, or private sitting-room, and they were in the midst of a friendly chat when the jealous husband broke in upon them and in a supposed towering passion demanded satisfaction. The lady, of course, went into hysterics, the husband raved and swore and the frightened grocer made apologies and explanations which were not accepted by the "injured" husband. The matter, as the story goes, "was compromised by the cancelling of the grocer's bill," and peace once more reigns in that household.

The Hebrew Standard suggest that sensational preaching is nothing but the pulpit touching its cap to the stage. Rather it is the performance of an actor who has mistaken the pulpit for a stage.

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