

TRACK TALES AND TRUTHS.

Instructive Lessons Drawn from the National Report.

AN APPEAL FOR SAFETY APPLIANCES.

Elaborating in Siberia and Palestine - Marvelous Tales of Ties at Agents - Collaring in a Pass - Other Tales.

The last report of the Interstate Commerce commission, which was recently published in detail, presents many instructive figures.

The number of railway corporations in the United States on June 30, 1890, was 1,707, 74 of which corporations receive 80 per cent of the total amount paid by the people for railway service.

The fact is interesting that 791,301 men are employed in running the railroads of the country, which carried last year 402,489,855 passengers and 615,411,617 tons of freight.

The most suggestive figures, however, are those which relate to passenger accidents as related to the cost of carrying. The railway corporations received per mile for each passenger carried last year 2.167 cents. The cost of carrying per passenger was 1.917 cents. Put in another form this means that for each passenger on a train one mile was \$1.08, 011 and the cost of running was .80384 cents.

As promoters of graveyards the railroads are a melancholy success. During the year ending June 30, 1890, 369 brakemen were killed and 7,841 maimed while engaged in coupling cars. The total number of railroad employees killed during the year was 2,451, and the number injured 22,350.

"This is a cruel and largely a needless sacrifice," says President Harrison in his last annual message. "The government is spending nearly \$1,000,000 annually to save the lives of shipwrecked seamen. Every steam vessel is rigidly inspected and required to adopt the most approved safety appliances. All this is good, but how shall we excuse the lack of interest and effort in behalf of this great number of young men who in our land commerce are being sacrificed every year by the continued use of antiquated and dangerous appliances. A law requiring every railroad engaged in interstate commerce to equip each year of a given per cent of its freight cars with automatic couplers and air brakes would very soon and very greatly reduce the present fearful death rate among railroad employees."

This is the third urgent appeal of the president to congress for legislation to diminish this shocking slaughter of human lives, and it is to be hoped his appeal will be heeded by the present congress.

THE SIBERIAN RAILROAD. A report has just been submitted by Colonel Nicolai Voloshinoff of the Russian army, discussing in detail the possible routes for the projected trans-Siberian railway, and giving extremely valuable data respecting the navigability of the various Siberian rivers. Three are singled out as most feasible. The first is an all-rail route, 4,994 miles long, from Slatkai to Vladivostok, estimated to cost \$1,000,000,000, equivalent to about \$170,000,000 a second route is from Tomsk to Stretensk, utilizing sixty miles of navigable water across lake Baikal, thus saving nearly 200 miles of railroad. From Stretensk the line would continue to Vladivostok, making a total of 13,722 miles of track costing 122,000,000 rubles or \$61,000,000. The third line would coincide with the second, except that it involves the construction of the road around the southern end of lake Baikal, in addition to an extension down the Amur to Jernyevka, 480 miles, and from the Amur to Vladivostok, making 2,600 miles, estimated at 218,000,000 rubles, or \$109,000,000. The losses which Russia would sustain in the event of war without such a communication with the Pacific would unquestionably so far exceed this first cost as to render it insignificant in comparison. It is not only the military needs of the empire which in this case coincide with those of commerce, and the trans-Siberian road will do infinitely more than the Suez canal toward developing Asia as a whole, and bring Asiatic commercial life into touch with that of European centers in the west.

VILLARD AND THE TICKET AGENTS.

Henry Villard, the railway magnate, while in Seattle visited most of the railroad offices in the city, says the Times. He walked up to the ticket office of the Northern Pacific, said "Villard" briefly, and said to Ticket Agent Johnson, who had not the slightest idea that he stood in the presence of the highest officer of his road: "Give me a ticket to Boston over the Canadian Pacific."

IN A QUICKSAND.

Says a locomotive engineer according to the New York Tribune: "I once had an interesting experience with a quicksand. My engine ran off a low bridge near River Bend; about 100 miles east of Denver, and fell into a small creek filled with quicksands. A wreaking train came up to the bridge, but the engine had entirely disappeared. The railroad officials ordered it raised, but it could not be found. We sounded with rods to a depth of sixty feet, but not a trace of the discover of the engine, which had vanished as completely as if it had never existed. "Four years after it was found at a depth of over 100 feet and was raised. We then ascertained there was scarcely a bit of iron on it, the breaks were few and after a little tinkering it was put on the road again. The sand had kept out the air and prevented the iron from oxidizing."

A LIVELY RUNAWAY.

Locomotive runaways are not uncommon. Two engines once collided on a track of the Boston & Maine railroad in Trenton. The shock opened the throttle valve of one of them. The engine ran into the basement, emitting clouds of steam and smoke, but now comparatively harmless. "Thank you, that I, too, am enjoying myself exceedingly well," and Hugh

DRIVEN TO MARRIAGE.

Everybody declares that Hugh Colewood ought to be the happiest man in Greenville. He was young, handsome, and well educated; then, just as he was preparing to fight his way to fame with poverty arrayed against him, he had suddenly been made the sole heir to the fine old estate of his eccentric aunt, Miss Betsy Colewood, recently deceased. What more was necessary to the happiness of a gay young fellow like Hugh Colewood? Nothing, it seemed to the envious bachelors. However, there were conditions, or one, at least, in his aunt's will which caused him no little uneasiness. He must love and marry the girl of her choice, one whom he had never even seen.

Hugh Colewood caught up his aunt's letter to him and read it again and again, hoping to find some little loophole of escape from the galling condition. But it was there in the merciless black and white. "I have not given you the pleasure of meeting any ladies but Mrs. Thurston and Miss Wayne."

"So you are Miss Wayne's cousin? I do not remember hearing Mr. Cranston mention you. I did not expect to have the pleasure of meeting any ladies but Mrs. Thurston and Miss Wayne."

"How unkind in Mr. Cranston not to prepare you for this meeting," and there was a roguish gleam in her eyes which Hugh did not see. "I had, up to date, regarded Mr. Cranston as one of my very best friends, but for ignora me so utterly when he knew I would accompany Cousin Ethel here, looks like downright intentional neglect."

"You have not given me the pleasure of knowing your name," said Hugh, both amused and pleased with his pretty driver. "Oh, I'm a Wayne, too," she answered, laughing. "Ethel Estella Wayne variously nicknamed, as you will observe, and I am your aunt's daughter. You cannot help loving her."

"I could not rest in my tomb peacefully and know that Ethel was not mistress of my estates, and you, dear boy, the master. My lawyer, Mr. Cranston, will arrange for you to meet Ethel, as he is one of her guardians. You know how thoroughly I despise old bachelors, therefore I give you warning that I will not allow you to inhabit my houses and lands as one of that disagreeable crusty order."

"So had written the eccentric spinster. Hugh nibbled the ends of his mustache impatiently as he pondered on the conditions which the will imposed. Hugh loved the Colewood estates, and could not bear to think of giving them up. Now, if he will not be specified whom he must marry, but left the selection of a wife entirely to himself, Hugh believed that he would have enjoyed the romance of looking for a bride. He picked up his hat and rushed from his room, going up to the hotel where Mr. Cranston was waiting. He ranged some business matters with Hugh.

"Hello, Colewood! Have a seat," said the lawyer, scrutinizing the flushed face and nervous manner of his visitor. He was just wondering to himself if the unexpected good fortune had turned young Colewood's head, when his visitor remarked: "You are aware of that one peculiar feature in my late aunt's will, Mr. Cranston?"

"Light at once dawned upon the lawyer and there was a twinkle in his eyes. However he asked, indifferently: "To what peculiar feature do you refer, Mr. Colewood?" "The one that absurdly commands me to marry a girl that I have never seen."

"Oh, that?" returned Mr. Cranston. "You are a lucky fellow, Colewood. That's the best part of the fortune. It's the most exasperating part," Hugh cried, desperately. "How can a fellow love and wed to order?" "Well, it's a deal of time and bother and expense, and it's quite possible, therefore, that men now living may be able to travel from London to Calcutta, a distance of nearly 5,000 miles, with no more water travel than across the Straits of Dover and the Bosphorus."

"I'm sure she won't suit me, sir. The estates can go to charity for all I care. I don't love any woman, and I love my freedom yet a while. I don't want to be thrust upon any woman for the sake of a fortune, and I don't know Miss Wayne carries two straws about the absurd condition in my aunt's will."

"It is very likely, although Ethel had the greatest respect for the late Miss Colewood and was very careful to honor all her wishes, but you cannot retain them without complying with her wishes. You have never met the girl whom your aunt has chosen. Perhaps it will be a girl who is quite as agreeable to you as the one you are opposed to. I shall not give her the opportunity," said Hugh, nettled at the lawyer's words.

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ATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRIES. By Purchasing Goods Made at the Following Nebraska Factories. If you cannot find what you want, communicate with the manufacturers as to what dealers handle their goods.

AWNING AND TENTS, CONFECTIONERS, PHOTO ENGRAVERS, RUBBER GOODS, SADDLERY, HARNESSES, ETC., and many other categories of goods and services.

CHASED BY MOUNTAIN LIONS. on the long reach of smooth ice below the canon. The first morning that promised a fair day, Louis, the elder brother, concluded to visit the traps set along through the canon. Accordingly, supplying themselves with the necessary provisions, they set out, following up the Niobrara river to its source near Powder river mouth. Thence, crossing over a narrow gulch, they struck the valley of Powder river, down which they continued some forty or fifty miles. Here they left the main valley to follow up a small tributary to its head in what is known as the Panther mountains. Crossing the back of these mountains they struck the course of Robbins' creek, an affluent of Tongue river, down which they continued to its mouth at the foot of Tongue river canon, the scene, not far from this date, of a desperate battle with the Sioux Indians. Here the river crossed the canon, and the precipitous walls of the mountain, to continue its solitary flow to the turbid Yellowstone. They at once set about getting ready for the winter's business. The dwelling which they constructed was partly dug out and partly built—that is, a portion of the front was logs. It was against the side of a perpendicular bluff on the north side of the creek, and close to the river. The valley here was all on the northwest or left shore of the river, but like all these streams it alternated with every creek in the channel. Along all the streams of this region the beaver and other abound. Besides these smaller species of the beaver family are numerous and the beautiful silver fox is not infrequently caught. Of larger game, while the beaver was measurably disappearing, the antelope, black-tailed deer and elk, or moose, feed in the foothills of the mountains. Of dangerous game, such as bears, grizzly and cinnamon, and wolves, there is no scarcity. The mountains themselves hereabouts were named because they were the favorite haunts of numbers of mountain lions, or panthers, which latter name they received from Bridger, the famous scout, and such as he, men from the mountains of Virginia, whose similar beasts bore that name. He had spent during the months of November and December they had remarkable success in trapping otter and beaver. They were congratulating themselves upon a season that should surpass anything in their father's experience. But on Christmas eve a cold wave set in with terrible severity. That night the surface of the river froze as solid as granite and as smooth as glass. This weather lasted for several days, so that the brothers were fearful to venture to any great distance from the dugout. Consequently, only the traps in the immediate vicinity were visited. While they were thus confined within their dugout, they were busy in preparing a pair of skates apiece from the antlers of the elk they had killed. They made them very strong, albeit not so artistically, perhaps, as the products of the east. They were first class skates, however, and answered to their complete satisfaction. They tried them thoroughly on the ice in front of the dugout, chasing each other and racing