

ILLUSIONS OF THE TRACK

Experiences that Curl the Hair of Locomotive Engineers.

CASE OF A PIG AND A RED SHIRT

Harmless Objects that Simulate Parts of the Rail—The Phantom Flagman and the Axe.

I wonder what was the first, instantaneous sensation of that Canadian engineer who ran down Jumbo in the fog. Probably no engineer ever saw a strange shoe, but shoes, strange and otherwise, are the portion of every man who stands at a locomotive throttle. He must get used to them and stand them as best he can—find some occupation with less nervous strain to it. Most of them in the business get hardened to the unexpected, which is always happening on the rails.

One of the worst starts I ever had was due to a large, lazy pig who had got on my mind. Nothing will slide a train more easily and destructively from the rails than this pest. The particular specimen had a habit of burrowing alongside the track and it was a fair presumption that sooner or later he would find something to interest him between the rails and somebody would go "down the bank."

I was coming down the hill one day at high speed. The attention of the engineer was attracted by a comforting sight of piggy in his accustomed place, when, as I popped around the curve, a bright red flag assaulted my anxious gaze. The connection between that flag and the pig was only a bit of mental aberration on my part, but it was very vivid. I grabbed the whistle cord, but before I could even screech for brakes I saw that the flag was only a red flannel shirt, which the good woman of the shanty to which the pig belonged had hung on an improvised clothesline between the telegraph poles. That may not sound like much of a scare, but it represents a type that turns the railroad man's hair to a delicate ash color.

Amended Rules. Railroad men have supplemented the rules with additions of their own, for the sake of convenience and to expedite the work. When a man is sent out to flag he gets instructions. Perhaps he is told to let all regular trains pass but to stop everything else; then he understands that his conductor will have his train in the siding when those trains arrive.

A freight train had occasion to cross to the other track, but there wasn't time to cross ahead of the limited, and the man went ahead with orders to let the limited by and hold everything else until he should be called in. I was freeman on the limited that night, and the place I write of was in the middle of a twenty-mile run, where the engineer made a practice of "ketching" up any little time he could get.

I heard a sudden exclamation as George, my engineer, shut off and snapped on the air. I stepped to the gangway and caught a glimpse of a fellow waving a red light frantically as we flew by. In another instant we rounded the curve and there was a headlight, right in our face and eyes. George "horned" or over and I thought he would surely pull the sand lever by the roots, but in spite of all that headlight came up on us like a comet. Of course, we thought the other fellow was crossed over on our track or he wouldn't have flagged us; it didn't make any difference that he had no right to be there, there he was. George yelled for me to "git off," but a single happy glance at the ground satisfied me with my chances where I was.

A moment later we rolled past the engine and half the train—which was on its own track. The freight conductor climbed up on our engine and asked George if that blanked fool had flagged him. George sputtered and stammered with nervousness before he found his tongue, but when he did that conductor heard something that was well worth listening to. Such a salvo of verbal pyrotechnics—George expressing himself about the conductor and he about the flagman—once heard but once in a lifetime.

Harmless Scow. A newly located watchman's shanty—looking exactly like the end of a boxcar—set my scalp to tingling one night. There had never been anything there but the river before and when the headlight glared on that very substantial structure I was sure my call had arrived. Another time a toolbox in a tunnel, partly covered with overclothes and a coil of rope, started me for the step, under the impression that it was a rock fallen from the roof. But these are mere, harmless scares which help to keep one awake. The engine gets by them before they can get you back in your seat again, breathing "anathema maranatha" against the thoughtless idiot who was the cause of it all. Then there are the other kind.

I was poking up a long hill one night, when a red light suddenly showed up, followed at once by another, indicating that the caboose of the preceding train was just ahead—and I was coming up to it with astonishing rapidity. I yelled to my freeman to jump and we had barely landed in the ditch when six cars and the caboose of the train ahead climbed all over our engine. The train had broken in two and this was the rear section that had trundled down the hill on top of us.

Are Railroad Men Superstitious? Frequently I have been asked if railroad men are superstitious. I think not, though they might be pardoned if they were.

One night, after the meeting, Fred Jones asked, with fairly well disguised indifference, if "any of you fellows" had seen a mysterious flagman at night near the old stone house, this side of "Oldendor's Hill." Two or three of the men looked around quick and sharp, as though the question reminded them of something, but nobody admitted that he had.

"Darn funny," said Fred, puffing away at his cigar like a "mog" on a grade. "I've seen 'im twice, 'n danged if c'n make it out." In response to careful pumping Jonesy told me that on two occasions, on the night trip, a fellow had sprung out from behind the ruins of the old stone house and flagged him—not with a lamp, although it was night time, but with a flag. He stood both times, but no man was to be found, nor was there any occasion for flagging. On the second occasion his conductor hinted with railroad frankness that Jonesy was "dopey," so Jonesy said he would disregard the fellow's signal if he ever saw him again. As to details, he remembered only that both nights were brilliantly moonlight and that a good breeze was blowing.

About two months later, along in the fall, after a heavy rain, Jonesy ran into a bad rock-slide a quarter of a mile beyond the old stone house. His freeman was killed, but he escaped with a sprained ankle. He came hobbling up to me a day or two later as I was offing 'round and said: "Wal, I done it."

"Done what?" "Run by that stone house flagman I was tellin' ye about; wonder if they'll think I'm dopey now?" He went on to tell me that the same fellow flagged him the night of the accident, but, with his good name in mind, he dropped her down a notch, breathed defiance at the spook through his teeth and

went through the cut "fall on end," only to pile up on the slide a moment later.

Too Much Moon.

One night, a long time after that, I was killing time on a clearance. The moon was about full, pretty well down in the west, and there was a stiff breeze from the same quarter. I remembered Jonesy's flagman and decided he would never have a better chance to get caught. I shut off and let her roll on approaching the stone house. Waving shadows on the track, cast by trees and bushes on the bank above, suggested a possible solution of the mystery. I kept my eyes fastened religiously on the spot Jonesy had described and presently saw there was something there. Gradually the thing took form, until, when within a train length, I could have sworn that a man was in front of me waving a flag. I put on brakes, slowed right down and gave an answering "toot-toot," but he paid no attention. Then I crawled out on the run-board and looked at the moon, which was just visible above the bank at my right. As the moon, myself and the man came into line he became more indistinct and I observed that a small pine tree on the bank was also coming into line with us. When the line was complete the flagman spread out and lost form.

Next time I saw Jonesy I told him about it and he exclaimed: "Wal, I'll be danged!" On his next day off Jonesy dead-headed to the station near the stone house and tramped four miles with an axe. The spook flagman never bothered him nor any one else thereafter.

Misplaced Confidence. A ludicrous case of misplaced confidence in the evidence of his own eyes was that of Pete Schufeldt, a crabbled, contrary "Lehigh Valley Dutchman." Pete had enjoyed a ten days' involuntary vacation through being "outlited" by his conductor and crew in regard to an open switch and he hurried to get it fixed.

Coming east shortly afterward in a dense fog and carrying white flags they crossed over at a water-plug and left some cars on a siding. They backed on to the train again and while the freeman took water Pete got down to oil. He found a warm wedge on the front driving box on his side and pulled it down a bit. While he was under her the conductor passed and told him to call the flag when he was ready to go. Pete got his tallow pot, gave the wedge a good dose of cylinder oil, put the pot on the run-board, finished oiling and climbed into the cab. He was in the very act of reaching for the whistle-cord to call the flag when he saw what looked like the target of an open switch right ahead of the engine. It was really the staff of the white flag, helped out by the tallow oil, which he had forgotten and left on the run-board. But the heavy fog, aided and abetted by the shimmer of the safety valve and escaping steam from the cylinder cocks, obscured his vision and distorted his perspective.

Here was a chance to get square with that "schmard" conductor. A local was following them pretty close and a few minutes' delay would "lay her out" and necessitate an explanation from the conductor as to how he came to leave that switch open. Pete sat down comfortably in his cab and awaited developments.

When the conductor came up fuming Pete told him with fine sarcasm that if he was in a hurry he had better close that gate in front of the engine. During the interchange of courtesies which followed this shot the conductor noted the absence of the tallow pot and asked Pete if he had had it. The conductor referred in a scornful manner to Pete's cranial device and told him he couldn't see the switch from that way.

"Ish dot so," roared Pete, foaming with righteous indignation. "Better you git your eyes fixed. Vat you call dat, hey?" and he pointed triumphantly ahead, just as the freeman reached up and lifted the tallow pot down from the run-board.

Of course, the supposed open switch target disappeared and Pete was being trying to explain ever since.

MRS. MARY GREGOVICH.

Of Phillipsburg, Montana, Tells How She Was Cured of Dandruff. Mrs. Mary Gregovich, of Phillipsburg, Mont., under date of November 28, 1899, writes: "I had typhoid fever this summer, consequently was losing my hair terribly, and my head in places was perfectly bald. Newbro's Herpicide had just come into use in Phillipsburg and the doctor strongly recommended it to me. After three or four applications my hair stopped falling out and is coming in again quite thick. I used to be troubled greatly with dandruff, of which I am now quite cured." Kill the dandruff germ with Herpicide.

Diaz Congratulates Buffalo. BUFFALO, May 22.—The following telegram from President Diaz of Mexico was received today by Mr. Buchanan, director general of the Pan-American exposition: "Permit me to be one of the first to present my congratulations through you to the worthy people of Buffalo, and justly to felicitate them upon their activity in inaugurating the first exposition with which American civilization salutes the twentieth century."

Advertising Comment

Fable No. One. Once there was a man who started to build a house. He hit each nail a single blow and was much surprised to find that one day he did not drive the nail home. As he made his headway whatever he asked his neighbor across the way, who had a beautiful house, how he built it. "Oh," said the neighbor, "I just kept hammering away at it."

Fable No. Two. Once upon a time there was a great war and one of the generals directed his gunner to fire a shot at a big fort. He was much surprised to find that the fort did not tumble down. He made himself famous by tearing down the forts of the enemy, how he did it. "Oh," said the successful general, "I just kept firing away at them."

Fable No. Three. Once upon a time a very hungry woman sat down to a well filled table. After eating one mouthful she stopped and was much surprised that her hunger was not much lessened. She complained to the lord of the manor about the poor quality of the food, saying it would not satisfy hunger. She was asked how much she had eaten. "One mouthful," said the woman. "Do you expect one mouthful to appease your hunger?" asked the host. "The way to satisfy my hunger is this, I keep on eating until I am filled."

I have put these fables here for the purpose of showing the foolishness of some people. If my readers are inclined to say that there are no people so unreasonable as those mentioned in these fables, I must disagree with them.

The man who thought he could drive a nail home with one blow has a brother in business, who became very indignant at this paper because one insertion of his ad did not sell a lot of goods for him.

The general who thought one shot from a gun would destroy a fort is first cousin to a fellow who accused me of misrepresentation because he said I claimed this paper was a good advertising medium, and once he put an ad in for a single insertion and did not sell a thing.

The woman who was so surprised because one mouthful did not satisfy her hunger has a sister who wrote me the other day something like this: "I am very much disappointed because my half-inch ad, which I had in your paper one time, has not made any sales. I expected better things from your journal."

The people who expect the single insertion of their ad will cause the public to rush their way all at once, are simply ignorant of the first principle of advertising. It is the "single insertion" people who are always sure that advertising doesn't pay. Sometimes I feel that it would be wise to refuse all such business, as it simply wastes the success of the regular advertisers do not seem to teach these people anything.

ANTEDEATES FOURTH OF JULY

Celebrating the First Declaration of Independence in America.

STIRRED BY FIGHTING AT LEXINGTON

The Mecklenburg Outburst for Freedom Set the Pace for Northern Colonies—Legal Holiday in North Carolina.

That there was a prior Declaration of Independence to that of July 4, 1776, will be surprising information to the general mass of people in the United States and elsewhere. It is certainly a record not included in text books of standard American histories. In Charlotte, N. C., however, a Declaration of Independence from Great Britain was drawn up and signed more than a year before the United States of America's first Fourth of July, and May 20 is still a legal holiday in the state of North Carolina, while in Charlotte it is a day of great celebration, with parades, meetings and patriotic speeches.

The history of the Charlotte or Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence as accepted before its assembling, urging a firm stand.

What the committee had originally decided to do is not clear, but about this time they reached the North Carolina community the echo of "the shot that was heard round the world," from the engagement at Lexington on April 19. That was decisive. The whole assemblage was stirred to its depths by the news. The old account of what occurred says: "The speakers addressed their discourses to the spectators as well as to the general committee and those who were not convinced by their reasoning were influenced by their feelings and all cried out: 'Let us live independent! Let us declare our independence and defend it with our lives and fortunes.'

High Resolves. A committee composed of the men who had planned the whole proceedings was appointed to draw up resolutions. These read: I. Resolved, That whosoever directly, or indirectly abets, or in any way, form or manner countenances the invasion of our rights, as attempted by the Parliament of Great Britain, is an enemy to his country, to America, and to the rights of men.

II. Resolved, That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us with the mother country, and absolve our-

elves from all allegiance to the British Crown, abjuring all political connection with a nation that has wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties and inhumanly shed innocent blood at Lexington and Concord.

III. Resolved, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; that we are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing people under the power of God and the General Congress; to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor.

IV. Resolved, That we hereby ordain and adopt as our rules of conduct all and each of our former laws, and that the Crown of Great Britain cannot be considered hereafter as holding any rights, privileges or immunities amongst us.

V. Resolved, That all officers, both civil and military, in this county be entitled to

exercise the same powers and authorities as heretofore; that every member of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer and exercise the powers of a justice of the peace, issue process, hear and determine controversies according to law, preserve peace, union and harmony in the county, and use every exertion to spread the love of liberty and country until a more general and better organized system of government be established.

VI. Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by express to the President of the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia, to be laid before that body.

There was some discussion and after sitting in the court house all night, neither sleeping, hungry, nor fatigued, the delegates adopted the resolutions about 2 o'clock on the morning of May 20, and led by Abraham Alexander, chairman, appended their signatures to the document.

Sending the News North. A few days later Captain James Jack of Charlotte was dispatched with the account of the proceedings to the continental congress at Philadelphia. According to the Charlotte version the president of congress returned a polite answer to the address which accompanied the resolutions, in which he highly approved of the measures adopted by the delegates of Mecklenburg, but deemed the subject premature to be laid before congress.

At this identical time congress was preparing a petition to the king, which was signed by every member on July 8, 1776, stating in part: "We have not raised armies with the ambitious design of separating from Great Britain and establishing independent states."

The original Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence is not now in existence. That, together with all the records of the general committee which signed it, was burned in April, 1800, in the fire which destroyed the house of John McKnitt Alexander, the secretary of the general committee and the custodian of all its records. After the fire he prepared a copy of the Mecklenburg Declaration for his friend, General William R. Davie. This copy,

which is now in the archives of the University of North Carolina, has admittedly errors in the text and omits the sixth resolution. Mr. Alexander added a certificate vouching for its substantial accuracy, but qualifying his statement with the proviso: "That the foregoing statement, though fundamentally correct, may not literally correspond with the original record of the transactions of said delegates." \* \* \*

Poetical Criticism. That there were those in North Carolina who did not sympathize with the work of the convention is attested by a curious poem in the Mecklenburg Censor, which was printed about that time:

"When Mecklenburg's fantastic rabble, 'Renowned for courage, sword and gabble, 'In Charlotte met in giddy council, 'To lay the Constitution's ground-still, 'By choosing men both learned and wise, 'Who clearly could with half closed eyes, 'See mill stones through a spy or plot, 'Whether existed such or not; 'Who always could at noon define, 'Whether the sun or moon did shine, 'And by philosophy tell whether, 'It was dark or sunny weather; 'See sometimes when the wits were nice, 'Could well distinguish men from mice, 'First to withdraw from British trust, 'In Congress they the very first, 'Their independence did declare."

"When the royal governor of North Carolina heard of the resolutions adopted May 20, 1776, he addressed the executive council upon the late most treasonable publication by a committee in the county of Mecklenburg, explicitly renouncing obedience to his majesty's government, and all lawful authority whatsoever." Five days after this address the governor wrote to Earl Dartmouth: "The Resolves of the Committee of Mecklenburg, \* \* \* surpass all the horrid and treasonable publications that the inflammatory spirit of this country has yet produced."

Although the original document is lost, there is abundance of proof of its formulation and adoption in personal statements and writings preserved from the early years of the nineteenth century.

Some years ago an old woman of Adams county, Illinois, was deprived of her farm by her son-in-law and was obliged to go to the poorhouse. She died recently and her son has had the following epitaph engraved on her tombstone:

Robust of all her earthly possessions, By one who made such great provision, He's worse than a rascal, thief or knave, He sent my poor mother to a pauper's grave.

In that grand morn when the trumpet shall sound, My mother will rise from this pauper grave, Her robes shall be white, without spot or shade, But when she is called, Not far from hades.

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is the wine for Americans. Its purity and bouquet commends it to them.



OLD MECKLENBURG COURT-HOUSE. AUTOGRAPHS OF THE SIGNERS OF THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION.

Alfred Blain, John Brainerd, John Polk, John Alexander, David Beale, John Alexander, Rev. Alexander, John Puffer, Peter Jones, Richard Barry, Wm. Kenner, Benjamin Patton, John Good, John Davidson, D. William Graham, John Hamilton, Kaufman, David, Henry Jones, John Harris, Ezra Alexander, Will Morrison, James Haris.

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Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is the wine for Americans. Its purity and bouquet commends it to them.

Advertisement for Wine of Cardui. Includes a portrait of a woman and text: 'A Household Treasure. Millerstown, Ohio, July 2, 1900. Wine of Cardui has been a household treasure with us. When I married Mrs. Snapp my friends ridiculed me and asked me why I married a dead person. They said she would not live until fall. She then weighed less than 100 pounds. Now she weighs 145 pounds. She has three boys, the last weighing 9 1/2 pounds at birth and the other two 10 pounds each. That was her exclusive medicine and I am so well pleased with what it has done for her. We are willing to do you all the good we can for suffering humanity. W. H. SNAPP. Mrs. Snapp has health and children, instead of waiting a slow death amid the gloom of a barren home. Instead of her own cry of pain breaking the silence of a darkened sick room, the prattle of her three children let sunshine into her heart. No wonder her husband writes of Wine of Cardui as a 'household treasure'. The Snapp family owe to Wine of Cardui all in life worth living for. A healthy mother is the foundation of a happy home. For fifty years WINE OF CARDUI has made happy mothers of sick and emaciated women. Thousands of women have written grateful letters with the same joyful ring as this letter from Ohio. The letters tell of freedom from those dragging monthly pains and of complete cures of the worst cases of falling of the womb, 'white' and the terrible headaches and backaches that follow menstrual disorders. They show that suffering the pangs of female ills is unnecessary when Wine of Cardui can be secured. Why do you suffer when such testimony is placed before you? Druggists sell \$1.00 bottles. For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms: 'The Ladies' Advisory Department,' The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.'

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