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dreamy eyes bespoke their Spanish origin, chattered and laughed over the fun and frolic of the balle which they had come down from El Moro to attend the night be-Pennsylvania furnishes the hero as well fore. Their escorts, bashful and awkward, occupied a bench at the opposite side of the room and contentedly smoked their cigaras the narrator of this story, for the story is not mine. It was told to me by Mr. S. the famous "Ten Strike" were sizing up their losses over by the ticket window, and V. Derrah, who was a bashful, beardless youth when he wandered into the west and struck the "New Santa Fe Trail" at Trincursing Victoria and his devilish Apaches, idad. He began his railroad career when whose bloody raids into that part of New Mexico had made life in the Black Range this tale begins, and he began at the bottom. country altogether too unpleasant for them The merry clicking of the telegraph instru-ments in the adjoining room could be heard,

The rules governing the actions of railway employes in this country are almost unidorm-they ought to be perfectly so. The rules are made to cover everything, but emergencies, and a good "emergency man" -a man who is brave enought to

break a rule-is a valuable man to a railroad Outside the wind blew in fitful gusts, the snow sifting in through the crevices in doors company. I remember a rule that said if your train breaks in two keep going until and windows, only to last a brief moment in that stifling atmosphere. Through the small multioned windows could be seen the flickeryou are sure that the rear section, the detached part of your train, has stopped. A man on our division started down a long hill looked back and saw that his train had long intervals of Commercial street. Diag inparted. He immediately set the air on the cars that were still coupled to him; the rear section smashed into him, of course, and which marked the News office, where Editor Newell nightly prepared the mental pabulus, on which the "unterrified" of that day fea and waxed fat. Near the bridge, which spans the "Picketwire" stood peg-legged Pete's dance house, and the sounds of revely made splinters of two freight cars. He broke a well known rule. But if he had urdertaken to outrun that train he would have lost his life, as well as the train and engine, for a car let loose on a hill will run faster than a locomotive. There have been hundreds of instances where frightful acciand debauchery borne upon the night wind mingled weirdly and gruesomely with the dismal creaking of the old windmill that for hundreds of instances where trightful acci-dents have been averted by the quick wit of an emergency man. A great many good storles remain untold because the men who hold the secrets know that their publication would embarrass those responsible for them. Often the most careful man will make a mistike at the beso many years held sway upon the opposite bank of the stream. About 1 o'clock I turned to the telegraph

and occasionally the sleepy operator would volunteer some cheerless information as to

the whereabouts and prospects of "No. 104.

WIND BLEW, SNOW FLEW.

The incident related here, however, seems to have made no great difference with the young hero. Some nen seem born to tale use of the right of way. I agreed to rail coading. He is just now one of the trusted lieutenants of the gentlemany, schol-ary freight traffic manager of the Missouri Pacific railway, stationed at Salt Lake. He talks better writing than the writer writing and here is the tale: The "63" was Murphy's pride; a swift,

California express No. 104, cast-bound, was reported four hours late at Walkee and at Las Vegas It lost thirty minutes more. A motiley crowd was gathered in that room, and as the minutes were off for an eight, with a clear mote, A motiley crowd was gathered in that room, and as the minutes were into hours, and the reports from the delayed train became more discouraging. It was as the stat daylight would still find us in Trinidad. A roaring fire blazed in the mammoth stove that stood in the mid-

CUTTING A HOLE IN THE NIGHT. was provided with a telegraph box, and every

train crew was required to carry an operator After dashing through Iron Springs, the and a portable insrument. Thus if a train shrill scream of the whistle had hardly died got off its time the operator would "cut in" away until the old man "shut her off," and at the first siding and report to the dispatcher slowed up for water at Timpts. I was quite for orders. Sometimes when the snow was overcome by fatigue and the strange ex-deep and the operator too short to reach perience of the trip, and, while Murphy



because the men who hold the secrets know that their publication would embarrass these responsible for them. Often the most careful man will make a mistake at the be-ginning of his career, which if published, would make his whole life a failure. Some-times by a single move, in the face of a great emergency, a young man places him-self under the sure line of promotion. The incident related here, however, seems to have made no great difference with the

talks better writing than the writer writes, and here is the tale: One dark, stormy night, in the winter of 1881-82, the writer sat in the waiting room of the old Santa Fe depot at Trinidad, pa-tiently watching the hands of the clock as they slowly crept toward the point on the dial that indicated midnight. Californis express No. 104, cast-bound, was reported four hours late at Wallace and at the waiter signals of warning or safety was reported four hours late at Wallace and at the wave were off for an eighty-mile dash

troubles in the coal regions, hairbreadth train to a full stop at the little depot. I escapes from collisions and falling bridges, found the operator sitting inside calming only telegraph station between Trinidad and we were about to repeat in fact what I was know by whose orders I had been flagged. Without looking up from the been flagged. Without looking up from the message he was sending, he calmly informed me that he had MURPHY OPENS HIS THROTTLE. hung out the signal on his own responsi-

blilty and that no one that he was aware of had given him any orders.

QUICK-WITTED OPERATOR.

judge, with rosy cheeks and big brown eyes that looked right at you without flinching. Something in his countenance told me that would not stand too much stirring up, and, though I was bolling mad, I curbed my anger somewhat and remarked: 'Look here, young man, when you get through

"Before he had time to reply I heard the whistle and distant rumble of an approachlog train, and rushing to the door, looked down the track, and there, just coming round the curve, I saw the reflection of a headlight, which, coming nearer and nearer, finally stopped altogether, and I knew a north-bound train was taking the siding at the south end of the yard. Then the situation suddenly flashed upon me. "I was being held for a north-bound

freight train which evidently had not been protected against the midnight express. "I excitedly thrust my hand in the pocket of my blouse and drew out my orders. Al-though the words seemed to swim before my eyes, there could be no mistake as to heir meaning.

"'Midnight express, Eng'r Murphy, will meet extra, engine 106, cond'r Grey, at Onskake

(Signed.)'

"Merciful God! Had not that red light which I dared not run by, stopped me at that little station away up there among the Pennsylvacia hills, the midnight express, with its load of living freight, would have met and crashed into the heavy north-bound in imagination the crushed and bloody corpores intermingled with the debris of that terrible wteck. Then my brain seemed to collect my scattered senses. While thus engaged the young operator came up and coolly inquired: 'Well, old map, have you found out what I flagged you for?" his hand in a grasp that nearly crushed in and replied: "I knew something awful would happen tonight; but tell me how it all occurred.

WHY THE LIGHT WAS PUT OUT.

"Who was to blame? Well, now, I don't care to answer that. When the superin-tendent had us up on the carpet the dis-patcher furnished his order book, and there was the copy of a message to the operator at Onakake to 'flag and hold north, Conductor

"He was a young lad of about 17, I should had not received such a message, conse-udge, with rosy cheeks and big brown eyes hat looked right at you without flinching. Grey and I were all right, for our orders quently he couldn't have repeated it back. region. He has just disposed of his apple Grey and i were all right, for our orders were straight, and we took out our runs as usual the next day. The Onakake operator, poor devil, was fired, but between you and me I thought him innocent, and believe to this day that that third trick, man doctored this day that that third trick, man doctored nonkeying with that instrument, I will be pleased to hear you explain why you have taken it upon yourself to hold a passenger train without orders to do so."

erang, and the displacence was not tren "The officials suppressed this affair as much as possible, and I doubt if a half-dozen of the 300 passengers on the midnight express ever knew how near to eternity they ^c censured.
^c The officials suppressed this affair as much as possible, and I doubt if a half-dozen of the 360 passengers on the midnight express ever knew how near to elemity they were on that awful Friday night.
^c What became of the young operator at Ringtown, and who was he? Well, now, 1^c it is agent for the Sofa's truth. He is fast working his way up the railroad ladder and will some day get to the top. Just now hit is agent for the Santa Fe at Trinidad, and his name is J. P. Firmu (now chairman of the Colorado-Utah Traffic association).
^c A sparrow flew into the Olekson shops in Scrauton the ether day, and getting near one of the wheels, was sucked in. A work-man saw it, and supposed that it was instantly killed, as the wheel was revolving at the rate of 130 revolutions a minute. When the machinery was shut down at noon a gentle chirp was heard from the wheel, and when one of the workmen looked the spirrow was there alive. It had clung to the strengthening rod inside the wheel, and was so dazed it could not fly. It was picked up and placed on a table where it recovererd in a short time and flew away. The wheel made 31,000 revolutions while the bird

ever, in order to keep my seat, and, rub-

which my friend of the footboard had been regaling me? Who can tell? I can't, for

Murphy had gone and the hostler had al-eady taken charge of the old "63." CY WARMAN.

Millions of bottles of Cook's Imperial Champagne, extra dry, have been drank, always leaving a taste for more.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

At Madrid soup is made of grasshoppers. Japanese smoke 2,000,000 cigarettes daily. Brazil furnishes 80 per cent of the world's offee.

Penmarch lighthouse, on the Brittany coast, with his 10,000,000 candle power electric light, 180 feet above sea level, and visible sixty miles away, is a monument to Marshal Davoust, duke of Auerstadt, his daughter having given the French govern-

village of Crown Point, a town in the upper part of New York. It was in the course of a skirmish near Wood crzek, at the time of the French invision in August, 1758, that he was captured by the Indians and tied to this tree. While the flames were searing his flesh he was saved by Captain Molang, a French officer, who rushed through the crowd, scattered the firebrands, cuffed and upbreided the Indians and re-leased their victim. Putman was taken to Was the copy flag and hold north, Conductor Onakake to 'flag and hold north, Conductor Grey, for orders,' which was underlined to show that it had been repeated back, and had the usual operator's 'O K' in the left-hand the usual operator's 'O K' in the left-hand the usual operator's 'O K' in the left-hand the usual operator's 'O K' in the left the conversing than even the highly colored re-Ther, "The operator swore point blank that he id not received such a message, conse-nently he couldn't have repeated it back."

But as between \$3,000 and \$4,000 from his peach beat the crop. His father, from a much smaller apple

A sparrow flew into the Dickson shops in ha Colorado-Utah Traffic association). A long, shrill shrick from the old "63" as she went thundering down Anderson hill was clinging to it, and the sparrow had traycaused me to start and grasp the reverse eled a little more than seventy-three miles. lever, in order to keep my seat, and, rub-bing my eyes, looked out at the dancing lights, and I knew that we were in the La Junta yards. But the story of the midnight express; was it real, or a dream, that grew out of the thrilling narratives of life on the rail, with which my friend of the footboard had been realing me? Who can tell? I can't for Washington street when a tuber form on were sold for \$1, or at the rate of 4½ cents a meal. The food was cearse and service homsiy, but it was sufficient and he has con-tinued to beard there ever since. He obthined to board there ever since. He ob-tained a room for \$1 a week. As the result of his labor and economy from October 1 to March 20 he has been able to buy two suits of clothes and put \$75 in the savings bank. He now has \$125 in the bank and hopes "to have cash enough by next spring to start a little business of my own" of the same ittle business of my own"-all on a wage of \$1 a day.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises sores ulcers sait rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilbiains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Kuhu & Co.

The Indiana on the Yakima (Wash.) reservation complain that some of the squaw mon who used to be employed in doing the thrashing on the reservation have revenged themselves, because of the employment of a steam thrasher, by putting barb wire into the bundles of grain, thereby wrecking the