

AN EXCITING RAILWAY RIDE

Thrilling Experience of a Wartime Paymaster.

In the autumn of 1863 I was ordered as a paymaster in the United States Army to take \$100,000 from Cincinnati to the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga. Wheeler's cavalry was at that time anywhere and everywhere between me and my destination, and, of course, if we happened to meet any of the detachments it would be a great gain to the Confederacy and a great loss to the United States.

I reached Nashville safely and deposited the safe containing the money in the bank. In the evening it was taken out through the back door, sent to a train of freight cars standing in the yard of the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad and stowed away under the coal in the locomotive's tender. There were but half a dozen cars, and these were empty. Tim Sullivan, an enlisted man in the 11th Ohio infantry and a locomotive engineer who had been running on the road since the capture of the country and knew the track well, was to carry me through. He was recommended as perfectly reliable, and as I did not care to trust any one else with the secret I doffed my uniform, put on a pair of overalls and acted as fireman.

When we pulled out of the Nashville station the locomotive headlight showed several men standing together beside the track watching our departure. Sullivan looked at me, and when I asked him if anything was wrong he replied, "Dunno." The truth was he suspected our secret was out. I felt very uncomfortable and wished my superiors had not sent me without a guard.

A week's rain had ceased and left a clear sky, a bright moonlight night, so that we could see almost as well as in daytime. We had no sooner left the outskirts of Nashville than Sullivan put on enough steam to run at forty miles an hour. It was a thrilling ride through a hostile country. We did not meet an obstacle or a suspicious circumstance till we had passed more than half our journey, when we began to go down grade for several miles, with the prospect of having to do as much up grade after reaching bottom. We had made about a mile of the decline when a brakeman shouted:

"There's a train behind, comin' like lightning."

"How do you know?" asked Tim.

"Seen it in the moonlight."

"Was a headlight?"

"There ain't no headlight. It's freight cars; must have broke loose."

"Well, there's a switch at the bottom. We'll have to make it before they catch us."

He looked up to the first switch and threw the handle wide open. The engine made a jump, and before we could say "Jack Robinson" we were tearing down the grade at sixty miles an hour. We hadn't far to go, but the question was whether the locomotive would stick to the rails. She swayed and pitched and shuddered and shook like a ship in a gale. We shot over a bridge and out where we could look behind, and there was the cursed train coming like the wind.

"How far to the switch?" I asked.

"About two miles and a half."

"Will we reach it in time?"

"Dunno."

We were now on a straight track and could see the switch light at the little station at the foot of the grade and the moonlight gleaming on the rails straight as a pair of arrows for miles.

"What's that standing on the track near the top of the grade?" I asked.

Tim put his head away out of the cab window and looked. When he took it in, his face was as white as the snow. He held in a hoarse whisper:

"It ain't standin' on the track. It's comin' for us."

"Great heaven! What does it mean—a train behind, another in front?"

"Some one's bound to smash us up. There's no engine on either train. They've caught us in this scouted out country and give us the choice of being crushed behind or in front."

"But we may reach the switch in time to avoid both."

"Whoever's done this job has been smart enough to lock the switch so that no crowbar will open it. We're done for."

Just then above the rattle there was a sound behind us as if a hill had toppled over, and, looking backward, we could see tons of mud and stones pouring over the trestle. In about a minute there was a crash, and the coming freight cars were piled in a heap at the landslide. The rain had loosened a bank, and we had shaken it off.

"Any chance now at the switch?" I asked.

"Not unless they have left one end unlocked, which they haven't."

Tim reversed his engine as he spoke and whistled down brakes. We came to a stop within a quarter of a mile of the bottom. The train coming in front dashed past the station and began to rise, soon losing its speed, and when within a hundred feet of us we stopped it with a log we had put across the track. Then we boarded and took possession of it.

We found the switch locked and spent half an hour opening and getting it free. Just as we got on a speed up the grade faster than a horse could go a company of Confederate cavalry dashed into the station.

Some one had blundered.

SNAPSHOTS AT NOTABLES

Elmer E. Brown, New Head of New York University.



Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, who will be installed chancellor of New York University on Nov. 9, has been United States commissioner of education since 1908. Last April he was elected successor to Chancellor H. M. MacCracken, who resigned about a year ago.

Dr. Brown will be the seventh chancellor of the university. He is a native of Chautauqua county, N. Y., and is fifty years old. He was educated at the Illinois State Normal University, the University of Michigan and the University of Halle-Wittenberg.

His life has been that of an educator, serving first in public schools in Illinois and Michigan and afterward as professor of science and art of teaching in the University of Michigan and University of California.

Jim Lewis' Understudy.

James Hamilton Lewis, once a member of congress and now an attorney in Chicago, was on one occasion candidate for an elective position in the northwest. At that time Lewis was famous for his "black-whiskers" of which he had a rosette and flaming abundance. One day an acquaintance of Lewis dropped into a hotel and asked the clerk:

"Don't that Jim Hamilton Lewis ever there reading that newspaper?"

"No," explained the clerk, "but a fellow who looks so extraordinarily like him that Lewis' opponents have hired him to sit around in hotel lobbies and create the impression that he is Lewis."

Lewis coined the famous idea, "if you can't praise me in the newspaper, please roast me, but never leave my name out altogether."—New York Tribune.

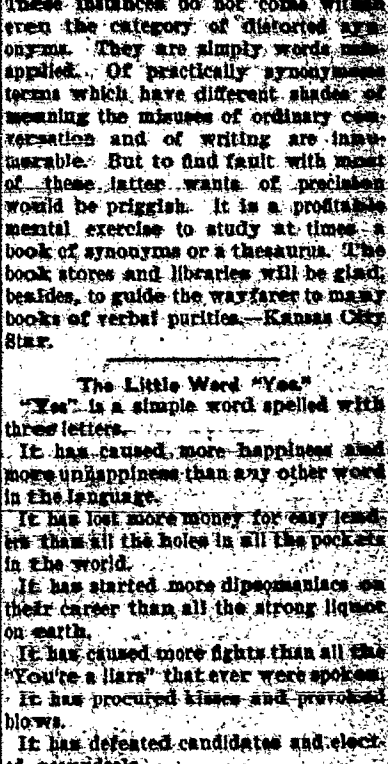
Mr. Earle, Financial Expert.

George Hussey Earle, Jr., the regular Republican candidate for mayor of Philadelphia, long ago established a reputation for business acumen. In his native city he has been called "receiver general" and "business doctor." He has a record of some fourteen financial institutions pulled out of difficulties and made solid.

Mr. Earle was born in Philadelphia fifty-five years ago and is a lawyer by profession. Educated at Harvard, he began the practice of law in 1878 and soon won a conspicuous place. In the early nineties, however, he retired from the law and devoted himself to business. One of his conspicuous successes was the rehabilitation of the Real Estate Trust company. This institution closed its doors in August, 1906, with a shortage estimated at \$13,000,000. In two months and a half he was discharged as receiver, more than \$9,000,000 having passed through his hands. He refused a fee of \$200,000 for his work, stating that \$50,000 would be ample. He thus assumed the presidency of the trust, which is again one of the leading banks in the city.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Anderson, Yale's Promising Punter.



Speaking of punters, if Anderson, one of the candidates for Yale's back field, can be cured of his nervousness and deliberation in getting the ball away he will likely be a second Ted Coy. He is little more than a professional in form yet in position, but after he has taken a snap backward with one foot and turned partly around to send the ball flying down the field in the most amazing way. So much valuable time is lost, however, that he would be almost at the mercy of the opposing forwards of a strong team. If he can get enough accuracy and the ball off quickly and better generally accepted style he will be a power in Yale's back field.

Johnny Sullivan Returns to Yale.

John Sullivan, world famous amateur American boxer, who rode two winners in the American Derby, is to return to the turf. During the last four years he has been living on his ranch in the Gallatin valley, Montana.

"For three years," said he, "my partner Fred August Belmont was fighting a year's struggle of the century for the win and money. My partner would not have it any other way."

Philippine News & Events.

The name of Epifanio de los Santos does not appear in the list of applicants for the Philippine senate, but he is not in Manila. The news of his return is not in Manila. He is not in Manila. He is not in Manila.

Smart Sayings.

Lord Palmerston's reply to the anti-slavery members who asked him, "How do these two hens in 'Oxford'?" is a specimen of his rather brilliant wit: "Oh, only one. That's why hens are so scarce there."

Mr. Disraeli's comment upon a portrait of himself, "is it not handsome and so like?" exhibited a characteristic not common with unflattering artists: "Twenty years in Parliament."

On the Golf.

Little Harry Williams, what is a splinter? "Mother," he said, "my dear, is a word to be envied. Don't don't tell your mother I said so."—Lloyd's Mercury.

Easy.

About the easiest thing in the world is to make splendid plans for the investment of the money one has not yet succeeded in getting.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Milton's Opinion.

Milton was once asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the elements of trigonometry. He replied: "No. One trigonometry is sufficient for a woman."

Phillips Now a Baseball Man.

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Dr. E. Brown's Daughter.

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You Who Get Hungry Between Meals

Don't deny yourself food all the time. When that mid-morning emptiness strikes, satisfy it with These biscuits. Each crisp soda cracker is for thirty minutes more of life in the morning. So, children at recess— They're more nutritious than bread. You can't get dry—or "jumpy"— unless Elizabeth's biscuits are always on hand. Delicious.

W.B.

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