

The Bedford Gazette.

BEDFORD, PA. THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1870.

VOL. 65.—WHOLE No. 3,357.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

1870. A FAMILY 1870.
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The Bedford Gazette.

THE WARNING AT THE BRIDGE.

In the year 1861, I was superintendent of the Howrich and Rocky River Railroad.

It was a line that done a good run of business, connecting as it did a great city with a flourishing back country, and we run a pretty good number of trains over the rails in the course of twenty-four hours.

The daily trains were every hour, but after nine in the evening there was only one train until the steamboat accompaniment of half past three in the morning.

This intervening train was the Belport mail. It was made up at Belport, and ran as far as Clinton, express all the way.

Belport was the large city of which I have spoken, and it was there my office was located, for the business of the road was all settled and arranged at that end of the line.

Of course I give fictitious names, and the reader need not expect to find Belport on any railway map.

12:30 train, or the midnight mail, as it was more frequently designated, was run by Earl Rogers, a young man of seven or eight and twenty, who had been employed on the road for several years.

He was the best engine driver on the corporation, and for that reason he had been elected for the train, because there was a better lookout required by night.

Earl taken all in all, was one of the finest fellows I ever saw.

Frank, handsome, generous to a fault, and very well educated.

He had fallen into the vocation of an engineer more for his love of excitement and danger than anything else, perhaps; and if there was any particularly perilous business to be done, Earl Rogers was our man.

For some time he had been desperately in love with Laura Demain, the daughter of a rich old fellow, just on the other side of the Rocky river, a half a dozen miles beyond Belport.

This love was fully returned, for Laura was a noble hearted girl and did not care for wealth and ambition when weighed in the balance with love; but old Demain and she were two; and there was no probability of his ever giving his consent.

He had put his heart on her marrying Prince Carleton, a young blood of the vicinity, reputed wealthy, and of an old family.

Demain's opposition naturally made the lovers more determined, and they only waited an increase of Earl's salary to be married, in spite of papa Demain. Earl was a faithful fellow, and I was doing my best with the company to get an advance for him, with every probability of success.

Somehow, I took a strong interest in Earl's love affairs.

I am an old codger, and love matters are rather out of my line, my forte being the calculating of accounts, the regulation of freight rates; and the management of business so as to secure the fattest dividends to the stockholders.

Perhaps my interest in Earl's love for Laura might be because I most cordially detested Prince Carleton. He was always "blowing" our road, finding fault with the rate of speed with the grade, with the carriages, with the ventilation, with everything in short, for nothing suited him.

Then upon one occasion he and I had a few words neither very pleasant nor very choice and he had called me an old scoundrel, and I returned the compliment with interest. After that we were worse friends than ever.

One dark rainy night in November, just after the nine o'clock train had been got off, and I was sitting in the office trying to balance an account that would not balance, the door opened and Earl Rogers walked in. He had on his waterproof suit the hood overhead, and the collar buttoned closely, but I saw that his face was very pale and his eyes gleamed with an unnatural fire.

"What in the world has happened, Rogers?" said I. You look as glum as if you were going to your own funeral.

"Do you believe in presentiments?"

"No," said I. "I certainly do not, they are old woman's whims!"

"Perhaps so. I wish I could think so," said he sadly. "I have been trying hard to."

"What is it Earl? Anything gone wrong with Laura?" for I did not know but the little jade had been playing off with him after the manner of women.

"No, you will laugh at me, Mr. Woodbury, but I must tell somebody, or I will go out of my wits," said he half laughing, "and before heaven I tell you it is all truth. Thursday afternoon I took a hand car and went over to Rocky River Bridge. I do not mind confessing that I went on purpose to get a glimpse of her home—perhaps of herself. I stood at one end of the bridge, looking across at the house, enraptured at the sight of a scarlet shawl which I knew was hers fitting in and out through the shrubbery of the garden.

"And while I was looking at her I heard footsteps, and glancing up I saw myself coming up from the opposite side of the bridge! I was dressed in this suit of waterproof, my face was as pale as death, and my wide open eyes were blank and expressionless!

"Sir, you only think I am dazed, but I'm telling you the truth! While I stood staring at the vision it disappeared, and weak and trembling I came back to town. By the next day—yes, yesterday, I had reasoned myself out of belief in anything of the kind. It was a hallucination, I said, and to prove it

so, I would go out there again and see if it would appear for the second time. I went again yesterday, and sir, the same thing was repeated! It will come once more—and then I shall go to my death!"

"Nonsense!" said I. "Come Earl, be honest, and confess that you had been taking too much whisky."

"I never drink anything as you know, Mr. Woodbury," returned he, "and this thing was fearfully real. If I run the mail train out to-night, I shall be killed, and heaven knows what will be the fate of the train! I suppose it could not be taken off to-night."

"Taken off! What the deuce do you mean?" snapped I. "This road runs trains as advertised! Cowardly engineers to the contrary notwithstanding. He looked at me sadly, reproachfully—and I could have kicked myself for the way I had spoken to him.

"It was not in my own account sir, said he, but it is only a few days before thanksgiving, and the train will be a full one. If there is an accident it may be a bad one."

"Accident!" said I contemptuously, "fiddlicke!" Come in to-morrow, and let us laugh at you."

He hid me good-night gravely and went out.

Presently the clock struck twelve, and I heard three sharp successive whistles that told me that the train was nearly ready.

A strange feeling of apprehension seized me. What if anything should happen?

Yielding to an impulse which would not be controlled, I threw on my overcoat, turned out the gas, locked the office and hurried over to the depot just in season to catch the tail of the rear car and swing myself on board.

Earl Rogers stood at his post, pale and silent, yet altered and watchful.

By the head light on the locomotive he could see the track for half a mile ahead, and his keen eye swept every inch of the way as the train wobbled on. Past Roman station—past the Mill Cut—past Hill's embankment, and they plunged into the belt of woods which skirted Rocky River.

Suddenly, as they swept around the curve Earl's cheek whitened and he drew his breath in quick and hard!

What he saw before the train warned him that only death and destruction lay ahead.

He could probably save himself by leaping off, but that would doom all on board.

The sharp whistle to down breaks sounded. He reversed steam and did everything in his power to stop the train.

When he saw that his efforts were in vain, that the obstacle which lay across the track only a few rods in advance could not be avoided, he sprang over the woodbox and unlocked from the carriages the engine released from the d, shot ahead, and the next instant plunged forward into the gulf.

There was a crash, a succession of shrill whistles from the escaping steam, all was still!

Not one of the carriages went down, the first one halted on the very brink of the abyss, as if to impress more fearfully upon the minds of the passengers the terrible danger they had escaped. Before the train had come to a stop, I had jumped out and was flying forward, looking for Earl Rogers.

They pointed into the river in answer to my inquiries, and seizing a lantern from the hand of one of the brakemen, I soon climbed down the bank and found him.

He lay under a wreck of the locomotive, pale and bloody, with no breath coming from his icy lips.

The two stokers were a little way off, stone dead.

I am an old man, but I didn't feel the weight of that poor fellow as I carried him up the bank, and on to the house of Demain, which happened to be the nearest residence.

Of course old Demain could not refuse admittance under the circumstances, and in five minutes Laura was with me trying to restore the lifeless man to consciousness.

She was all courage and hope; but for her we should have given him up for dead; and I to this day firmly believe that her presence and her care brought him back from death.

She never flinched while the surgeon amputated his leg at the knee, it was the only way to save him, Doctor Green said, and Laura held the poor head of her patient to her bosom, and his hands in hers through the whole operation.

The accident, it was found had been occasioned by a stick of timber across the track, and the railroad company offered a reward of a thousand dollars for the discovery of the rascally perpetrator.

No matter how we found it out, but it was ascertained beyond a doubt that Prince Carleton was the guilty party.

He confessed it when we had him snug and safe, and said that he wanted Earl Rogers out of the way, and because he hated the whole concern—meaning the railroad and the corporation, he had formed this plan of diabolical revenge.

His father was a millionaire, and bought up our silence handsomely.

Prince went to California, and I do not know what became of him.

Old Demain proved himself a trump after all, and gave in gracefully.

He is dead now, and Earl and Laura live at the old place as happy a couple as you ever saw. As for Earl's warning, you may believe what you like about it.

I have no explanation to offer.

A rare mind—mind your own business.

Tranquil pleasure lasts longest.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Lamb chops: Fry them a light brown in butter, then add a little water, flour, salt, and a dust of pepper, to the gravy; let it brown, and pour it over the chops.

To clean window and looking-glasses: After having washed and rinsed your glass as usual, dry it some with a cloth then take soft news or tissue paper, and rub until perfectly clear.

Sauce for the above pudding: One cup of butter, half a cup of sugar, yolk of one egg; beat together; stir in half a cup of boiling water. Let it come to a boil, and when ready for use, flavor to taste.

Buttermilk pudding: Two eggs, two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda sifted in two cups of flour, three cups of buttermilk; stir the flour in lightly. Grease your tin, and bake one hour. It can be turned out.

Railroad cake: Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one large spoonful of butter, beat together; stir in lightly one cup of flour, a little yeast powder, or soda sifted in flour. Bake in quick oven. This is a fine dessert with the above sauce.

Short cakes: Dissolve half a pound of fresh butter in as much milk as will make a pound and a half of flour in a paste, roll it out about a quarter of an inch thick, and cut it into large round cakes. Do them in a frying pan and serve them hot. Eat with butter.

Cream griddle cakes: One quart of sour cream, four beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, two of soda, and one pint of flour; mix the soda in half the flour, and stir it in last; bake as soon as mixed, and serve immediately; add more flour if not thick enough to suit.

A cheap and good pie: In half a teacup of vinegar put one tablespoonful of butter, one teacup of molasses, one teacup of dried currants, one egg, and a little nutmeg. Roll two soda crackers fine, and add to the above, and you will have material enough for two pies. Try them, and you will make more.

Cream drop cake: A half pint of rich cream, and a half pint of egg, beat the yolks and whites separately; add a teaspoonful of salt, and as much flour as can be beat with a spoon; it should be just thick enough to drop from a spoon; butter pans, and drop the cake on it; let it bake hard. If the cream is sour, add soda.

Soft chocolate cake: One pound of sugar, twenty eggs beat half an hour without separating, half a pound of grated chocolate added gradually to the egg and sugar, with three-fourths of a pound of starch flour; the whole beaten half an hour. Butter the forms, and sprinkle them with pulverized crackers, and turn in the mixture.

American raised waffles: One pint of sweet milk, one heaping teacupful of butter, three eggs, a tablespoonful of thick brewer's yeast, one quart of flour, and another teacupful of sweet milk, in which is dissolved a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda. Let it rise until very light, then bake as other waffles. Serve hot with butter and sugar.

German hard chocolate cake: Grate and sift half a pound of chocolate.—Beat the yolks of two eggs, and add the chocolate gradually; add the whites of six eggs, beaten to snow, and if not sweet enough add sugar.—If the chocolate is good, they will be sufficiently sweet. Take off small bits with a teaspoon, and bake on buttered paper.

Vanillas: Take two eggs, beat without separating as light as possible; add a teaspoonful of salt, and wet up as much flour as will roll; they should be pretty stiff. Bake small bits of the dough, not larger than a teaspoonful, roll them in the hand until quite round, drudge the moulding-board with flour, and roll as thin as possible. Fry in sweet lard that has not been used to fry in before.

Apply pudding: Take six tart apples, pippins or greenings are the best; steam them without peeling, after washing them quite clean; strain them through a sieve. Add six spoonfuls of melted butter and—half a cup of sugar, six eggs, half a winglassful of brandy, and the juice of one lemon. Line a pudding dish with puff-paste, and bake it. Serve hot or cold with sweet cream without sugar.

Washing flannels: Make a hot sud with good soft soap; put in the flannels and let them lie a few minutes; then wash thoroughly with the hands. Have ready some boiling water; dissolve a little bluing or indigo, and pour on it sufficient of the hot water to prove the goods; put