Daily Eagle

UNDYING.

I never clasp a friendly hand
In greeting or farewell,
But thoughts of an eternal home
Within my bosom swell;
A prayer to meet in heaven at last,
Where all the ransomed come,
And where eternal ages still
Shall find us all at home.

RAILROAD ESCAPES.

"I was," said the man with the wooden leg, "station agent on the B. and R. railroad for a good many years, and several things occurred there which were the talk of the line and which you may find interesting enough to publish. My station was both insignificant and important. While it was only a hamlet in population, it was a railroad crossing. While every train seemed to be in a hurry to get away as fast as possible, all engines had to take water or coal, and various trains had to pull in on the long siding to let various other trains pass.

"The policy of our road was niggardly. The object was to get everything cheap, and to work every man to the limit. My station building was little better than a shed, and it was impossible to get any repairs or improvements. I was required to act as telegraph operator, ticket seller, freight agent, switchman, chore boy, and all else, and did not have an hour I could call my own. I had a cot in the office, and was on call during the night. Let 'em sound my call while I was in the deepest sleep and inside of twenty seconds I was ready to answer. I should have had a first class assistant at my station, but the company would not permit it. I must either do the work alone or get out for some one who could and would, and so I kept hanging on month after month and year after year, always thinking about going, but never making up my mind to it. The situation was grave enough to keep my nerves under a constant strain. Train dispatching was not the art it is now, and if a regular got behind her time it caused confusion all along the line.

"One of the queer incidents occurred after I had had the station about two years. It was in the fall of the year, with a great deal of nasty weather, and trains were continually late. The last passenger train on our road passed me, according to schedule, at 10:30 p. m. The next one passed at 7:20 a. m., and it was supposed that the intervening time belonged to me. If the night freight was on time, and if I did not get a call on the instrument, and if there was no special on the line, and if a dozen other things did not occur, I could sleep from 11 to 6. It may have occurred that my sleep was unbroken five nights in a year. On all other nights I was turned out from one to three or four times. The night freight should reach me at 12:05—five minutes after midnight. She never left or took up a car at my station, leaving that for the day freight, but made a stop of seven or eight minutes for coal and water. If there was a special on the line, or if there had been an accident, the freight might have to side track and wait, but such a thing was rare.

"As a rule I was always asleep when the freight came in, but somehow or other I knew of her arrival. I knew of it without waking up, and next morning could have told whether she was late or on time. Twenty-eight minutes after her time a passenger train on the other road made the crossing. This crossing was eighty rods above the station, and, while I had nothing to do with the trains on the other road, I naturally kept track of them, and knew whether they were late or on time. On this particular night I went to bed at 10:45, and was asleep before 11 o'clock. At 12:30 I suddenly awoke. The night freight had not come in. I had been sound asleep, but I knew she had not. She was fifteen minutes overdue, and yet my call had not been sounded. This to me meant some sort of accident between me and the next station north, which was eleven miles away. I at once called for the station, but the operator had gone. I ran to the door and looked out. There was a fine rain and a dense fog.

"Freight trains are seldom on schedule time, and I had known those on our line to be an hour late without worrying over the fact. However, on this night I was all worry. The rain and the fog, the crossing, the fact of my waking up as I had, the failure to raise the agent at the station above, these things made me terribly uneasy, and at 12:25 I lighted my lantern, put on my rubber coat, and started up the line on a run. I had not gone forty rods when I heard a hissing of steam, and two or three minutes later I could see the glare of a headlight through the fog. In a couple of minutes more I found our midnight freight—twenty-two loaded cars and a big locomotive—and she was standing directly on the crossing of the roads. I began to shout as soon as I had made out the locomotive, but no one answered me. I pushed along to the cab, climbed up, and found the engineer and fireman on the floor of the tender, arms around each other, and fast asleep or dead. At the same moment the passenger train on the other road whistled for the crossing.

"I am telling you, sir, that I lived a year for every minute in the next five or six. I knew very little about an engine, though I had seen how they were reversed and how the throttle was worked. If anything was done I must do it, and do it quickly. Why I did not pull ahead I do not know. It struck me that I must back up, and I flung over the bar, gave her steam, and she began to move. The steam had run down, and we moved at a snail's pace, and even when I pulled her wide open the engine scarcely had power to back the heavy train. We did move, however, although it was foot by foot. I could hear the roar of the passenger train, and I knew that every second was hastening a terrible calamity, but I did not leave the engine. Back! back! back! we crawled, and of a sudden a great light flashed in my eyes, there was a crash, and I saw cars moving in front of me and disappearing into the darkness. What had happened? Well, I had backed the freight until the locomotive of the passenger train only carried away the pilot as it crossed our line. That was all the damage done, and no passenger had a suspicion of his narrow escape from an awful smash up.

"When the train had disappeared and I could realize the situation, I began to investigate. I ran back to the caboose, but no one was to be found. I shouted and screamed, but soon found that I was all alone. Then, climbing back into the cab, I sought to arouse the engineer and his fireman. Dead? No. Drunk as two lords! Yes, sir. They were drinking men, though the company did not know it. They had been taken off another run two weeks before, and coming down the line on this trip had brought a bottle with them. At the station above they had reached the limit, and in their drunken devilry had suddenly pulled out and left the all the train crew behind. The conductor could not readily find the station agent, and when he did rout him out and get him to the office I was out of mine, and did not answer his call. The two men had let the steam go down, and the train had crawled down to the crossing and been stopped where I found it. The men were by that time too drunk to stand up, and had grabbed each other and rolled on the floor to sleep. I was yet in the cab, trying to kick some sense into them, when the conductor and his two brakemen arrived on a hand car, and after getting up steam we got the train over the crossing to the station. The two drunkards ought to have been sent to state prison, but for fear of the story getting into the papers they were allowed to skip.

"It was with this same night freight I had a startling adventure the next summer. I had gone to bed and to sleep before it came in. It was exactly 11:50, as shown by the clock, when I got a call on the instrument, and as I sprang out of bed I heard the operator at K——, a station eighteen miles below me, clicking off, 'For God's sake stop and side track No. 9! There's a runaway engine coming up the line! I got this by ear, you understand, and I gave him an 'O. K.' as soon as he was done. In three minutes I was out of doors and had my 'Danger—Stop!' signal set for the first time in months, and as I started down the track with my lantern I could hear the rumble of No. 9 as she crossed the bridge three miles above. She was on time and booming right along, but it was clear and the red light would stop her.

"I should have told you that there were two tracts in front of the station. One was the main track, of course, and the other a long siding, with a switch at either end. No. 9 had the right of way at night, and, instead of side-tracking her, I proposed to switch off the runaway. I went down over the ties as hard as I could run, and just as I reached the switch I heard No. 9 blow for my station. While I was unlocking the switch the engineer called for brakes, and then I knew he had seen the light and would stop. I pulled the bar over, and then picked up my lantern and ran back, reaching the station just as the heavy freight was coming to a standstill. My purpose was to run down and open the other switch, and thus let the runaway out on the main track again, to run until her steam went down, but I had scarcely moved a hundred feet when I heard her coming. It was then too late, and I stood on the platform to see her go past. She was truly a runaway. She had broken away from the accommodation train, which came no further up than G——, and was coming up with a full head of steam and everything roaring. There was gross carelessness in bringing about this accident, but it was covered up and kept out of print. We could hear the runaway a mile off, and we could locate her as she came through the woods by the shower of sparks flying from her smokestack. On she came, and as she struck the switch it seemed as if she must go over. There was a clickerty-clash and a bang, and she righted and whizzed past us like a fiery arrow.

"We knew what would happen at the other end of the siding. There was a field beyond, and when the runaway left the rails she tore up 100 feet of track, made splinters of a score of ties, and plowed her way into the field for a quarter of a mile and blew up. Had she encountered No. 9 on the main track there must have been a terrible smash up. At the speed she was going the runaway would have climbed right on top of the train. After the explosion I entered the station and called for K—— to give him the news, but he could not be raised. I could not get him until the usual hour next morning, and then I learned something which made my hair stand on end. He had not heard a word of the matter! He was not in his office when the accommodation passed, and he had heard nothing from G——, the station above where the engine broke away. I then called for the agent at G——, and it turned out that at 5 o'clock on the afternoon previous he had met with an accident by which he had been made delirious all night. When they went for him to telegraph about the engine he was in bed, and being held there by nurses, and they did not even try to make him understand what had happened. As a matter of fact and record, no living hand clicked that message to me. Every man on the line was examined, but all denied it. I heard it, and understood it, and acted upon it, and it came from K——. How do I explain it? I never could. I have had people tell me that it was mind telegraphing to mind, but you can take any theory you wish. I was called for in the usual way, understood fully what was being said, and hurried out to do what I have described. The matter has been a puzzle and a mystery for years, and I have no hopes of a solution.

"How did I lose my leg? Well there was a mystery about that. We had changed our time, and a passenger train passed my station at 2 a. m. I awoke one night at 1 o'clock feeling that the upper switch had been left open by the freight train. I lighted my lantern and ran up there, and sure enough it stood wide open, and a death trap had been set for the express. I closed it and was on my way back, when three cars, which had broken away from the freight, several miles away, at the top of the grade, came whooping down, and in trying to get out of the way I made a stumble and got my leg under the wheels. I dragged myself into the station and tried to call up the offices above me, but could raise no one. The cars were missed, and hunted for from one end of the line to the other, and, strangely enough, they could not be found. It was an odd thing to lose cars in that fashion, and before they got through searching, men walked over every foot of the line. It was six weeks before they were found. They had left the rails at a curve near a steep bank, and had gone over the rocks into a deep river without leaving a trace. It was as if they had been picked up and flung over by human hands. Being loaded with hardware they had gone to the bottom, but the current had rolled them along until they had finally showed above the surface in a bend. When hauled out none of the three were damaged a cent's worth, but it was a deal of trouble to get them back to the rails again."—New York Sun.

The Faculty of Memory.

The faculty of memory is the foundation of genius. Few, comparatively, are acquainted with the fine machinery of the memory, which is as capable of being regulated and governed as the clock on the mantel. A celebrated writer, whose memory was treacherous, arranged a book with 365 pages, to accommodate the days of the year, and resolved to recollect an anecdote for every page as insignificant and remote as he was able, rejecting all anecdotes under 10 years of age; and to his surprise he filled every inch of space, although until this experiment was tried he had no conception of the extent of his faculty. Wolf, the German metaphysician, relates of himself that by the most persevering habit he resolved his algebraic problems in bed, and in darkness, and geometrically composed all his methods by the aid of imagination and memory. To register the transactions of the day, with observations upon them, is an exercise that soon drifts into a habit that is as profitable as it soon becomes easy. It was thus that Curwen educated himself in the art of thinking.—Magazine of American History.

Movable Ironclad Tower.

Among the stores which lately were shipped at Naples for use in the expedition against Abyssinia was an ironclad wall, or movable ironclad tower, which had been built at the military steel factory of Terni. This wall may be extended over a length of 400 meters, and has three rows of loopholes. In case of a sudden attack the wall may be rolled up into a tower, inside of which a number of troops can find shelter. Two hundred camels are required to carry the wall, which is in reality a movable fortress.—The Argonaut.

All the training schools for nurses in Philadelphia are free. This is one profession for women that is not overcrowded, and where women can earn good wages. The chief qualifications are good health, good temper, general intelligence, and a fair common school education.

To cure warts, take an Irish potato and cut a piece off the end and rub on the wart two or three times a day, cutting a slice from the potato each time used. Very often one potato is sufficient for the cure.

In the healing of burns and scalds, where there is danger of contracting scars, rub the new skin several times a day with good sweet oil. Persist in this rubbing until the skin is soft and flexible.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how dry or hard it may be. Saturate the spot two or three times, then wash out in soap suds.

Warm borax water is excellent for removing dandruff.

THE CHAPERON ABROAD.

LANDS WHERE FEMININE GUARDIANSHIP IS A SOCIAL NECESSITY.

Irresponsible Existence of the Spanish Girl—The Chaperon in Central Europe. Rules in Belgium and Germany—England's Female Dragons.

In those countries, and among those by whom a chaperon is recognized as a social necessity, no chaperons in any Christian country have so severe a task as those of Spain. From early childhood until young womanhood the Spanish girl is generally immured within convent walls, presumably for her education, although what she learns during those long years, except the rudiments of reading and writing, how to sew and embroider a little, to use a fan to perfection, to wear her garments with a bewitching grace, and to use her eyes to the destruction of the repose of all male beholders, it would be difficult to say. Once out of the convent and of marriageable age—say 14 or 15—she is placed in the charge of a duenna, who from that moment never loses sight of her in daytime and sleeps in the same room at night. Such a thing as a moment's privacy the girl neither expects nor obtains. If the gouvernante absents herself, the young lady is first taken to her mother. If she goes out to church, to the opera, or for a walk, she is closely guarded; on the street, or the paseo, she is sent a step or two in advance, the mother or duenna, or often both, following so that they can see her every motion, and that no daring lover slips a billet doux into her not unwilling hand. The consequence is that, feeling perfectly safe and entirely irresponsible, she is the most arrant flirt in the universe.

In France, Germany, Austria and through Central Europe the duties of a chaperon are much alike, and are far lighter than they were even five-and-twenty years ago. Throughout Europe no young girl, or to put it more plainly, no unmarried woman, can appear in public unescorted by some matron. As for a male escort, that is, of course, far worse than being alone. Even a brother cannot take his sister to a theatre or place of public resort without a chaperon. In France it is indeed the custom to keep the brothers rigidly apart from the sisters after their 8th year, except when in the company of the parents, because the whole educational scheme is so different for the two sexes. Often later in life and after the sister is married they become close friends, but no girl would be allowed to go into the streets or public places with her brother; some one might not know that it was a brother, and there would be a scandal. To balls and parties the girl can only go with her mother or some chaperon, who for the time represents her. No sooner, however, is the young French girl made a wife—perhaps to some man she hardly knows by sight—than all this is changed; it is like the lowly grub suddenly bursting into the most gaudy of butterflies.

In Germany and Austria the rules, although strict, are not so rigid as in France, the young ladies, both at home and in the ball room, being allowed a little more liberty, especially where the Protestant element predominates, in this differing widely from France, where the Protestants are notoriously more rigid and Puritanical than their Catholic fellow countrymen, denying to youth even such innocent pleasures as dancing and other harmless amusements.

Belgium, at least so far as its capital city is concerned, follows French customs, and much the same may be said of St. Petersburg. In Holland, while the court etiquette is the strictest in Europe, the girls are allowed in their home life almost as much freedom as are English girls. Italy, but a few years ago the most formal country in matters social, is breaking down her barriers. The immense number of English and American girls constantly on the continent, and who insist upon carrying with them the freedom of action that they look upon as their birthright, the wealth, beauty and accomplishments of many of them giving access to the best society and compelling the admiration of all, has done vastly much toward freeing their continental sisters.

In England the duties of a chaperon are much the same as in the larger American cities. To go to a ball, party, flower show, theatre or other place of public amusement a girl must have a chaperon of some sort who sees her from her home and returns her to it. At a ball the advantage of the chaperon to the girl is enormous, especially if the lady be a woman of the world. If a bore comes along the chaperon claims his attention; if the girl cannot say she is engaged for the particular dance the bore has asked for, the chaperon, at a look, says: "You must rest this dance, dear; you must not over fatigue yourself, I insist; come and sit here by me." It is the same when the girl wishes to escape from an ineligible, especially if she thinks some one else is looking for her; "I must go back to mamma, now (or to Mrs. Blank, as the case may be). I promised to come directly the dance was over."

The only continental country that permits almost American or English freedom to its girls is Switzerland. Even in the French portion—Geneva and its neighborhood—the girls walk unattended through the streets, and at the most fashionable female boarding school parties are given twice a month to which the college students and other young men of fashion are invited.—E. J. Biddle in Globe-Democrat.

Boxing the Ears.

There ought to be a statute in every state severely punishing this practive or rather an infliction of blows on the head, so common in families and schools of inferior grade. A recent investigation of medical records reveals fifty-one cases of serious injury to children from "boxing" or "cuffing" on the ear—in some cases chronic and ultimately resulting in fatal brain disease, deafness, insanity, etc. It would be impossible to discipline all offenders, but much might be done by special care in giving notice of the law and penalty through the newspapers and by circulars distributed by board of health inspectors, and by instructions to the police promptly to arrest parents or others seen cuffing children—as they may be seen at all hours of the day in certain regions of every city.—Sanitary Era.

The Girls Who Marry.

"I always read the wedding notices in the papers," said a Louisville citizen, "and I am surprised to observe what a proportion of the brides are working girls. I do not use the term 'working girls' in its commonly accepted sense, namely, that of girls who work in a factory, but I include all those who earn their own living, whether it be by school teaching, dressmaking, working a typewriter or the numerous other occupations which are now open to the feminine sex. According to my observation these girls marry clerks, young doctors and lawyers, railroad men and others, many of whom subsequently reach the greatest heights in business or the professions. Many well to do young men who have either inherited or already accumulated something of a competency marry girls who are accustomed to work."

"What conclusion, then, do you deduce from your observations?"

"My conclusion is that the average young man of the period is a much more sensible creature than we give him credit for being. He has his fun with the society girls and enjoys himself, but when the time comes to select a wife, he chooses her like Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown—not for gloss and fineness of finish, but for qualities that last. Thus the society girl gets left. All our old maids were once leaders in society. The young men thought they were not equal to the task of supporting these maidens, or the latter themselves were too high toned to accept any but a millionaire, and hence they still prefix 'Miss' to their names."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Spring Medicine

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"When in the spring I felt all run down and debilitated, I found Hood's Sarsaparilla just the medicine to build me up. My wife also, after much physical prostration, found in its use new life and lasting benefit. Upon our little girl, who had been sick with scarlet fever, its effect was marvelous, entirely removing the poison from her blood and restoring her to good health." E. G. STRATTON Swampscott, Mass.

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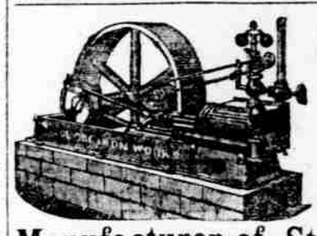

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