BATTLING WITH SNOW.

The Rotary Snowplow and Its Work.

Steam Driven Giants Which Eat Clean Cut Paths Through the Deepest Drifts—Electric Plows and Sweepers For the Trolley Tracks.

The United States is the battleground of the greatest snow fights that take place anywhere in the world. This season has been a particularly severe one thus far for the eastern roads, but the railroad men of the west and northwest know that the worst of the winter is yet to come.

It is only on such occasions as the great blizzard of 1888 that the lines east of Chicago are seriously blocked with snow, but the transcontinental lines must take up the fight every winter and keep at it until spring. Up in the vicinity of Medicine Hat is bred a brand of blizzards which may be expected to tear across the country about so many times each season. Whole mountain ranges of snow are carried along with these blizzards, and it is spread out thicker where there are railroad tracks than anywhere else. At least that is what the railroad men seem to think.

Fifteen years ago a heavy snowfall often blocked the big roads for weeks at a time, and there have been instances where local branches have been snowed under in November and not dug out until the next May.

But the advent of the rotary snowplow, which was first used during the winter of 1886-7, has changed all this. With the old method of bucking and shoveling it was often impossible to cut through the great drifts which buried the tracks many feet deep and were miles in length. The battle has been simplified. While the blizzard uses the same old methods the railroad men have advanced.

The appearance of the "rotary," as it is familiarly called by railroad men, reminds one of nothing so much as the screw propeller of a steamship. It is a huge rosette of flanges, about 12 feet in diameter, that bores its way into the snow banks, clearing just enough space to enable the waiting train to pass through. As the winter goes on the

ROTARY SNOWPLOW AT WORK.

snow is piled higher and higher on both sides until we have perpendicular embankments, through which the train often passes for miles without a break. As the wheel revolves the snow chips pass back through the intervals between the shovels, fall into a large sized fan elevator and are hurled forth on this side or that side of the line according to the quarter from which the wind is blowing. In a graceful arch of silver dust the snow is flung into the air to a height of 60 or 70 feet, descending like a fountain over the half buried posts of the telegraph.

From the smokestack a volcano of fire is rising. There is an uproar like the sound of artillery galloping over a cobble paved street. As a spectacular effect the snowplow is a great success. Some of the bigger plows weigh over 50 tons by themselves and with the machinery that operates them the total weight is over 100 tons.

The cutter, with its own private engine, as it were, is placed on a massive truck, which is inclosed like the cab of a locomotive and linked to a heavy freight engine. Following behind this travels another engine, drawing its load of tools and its complement of workers.

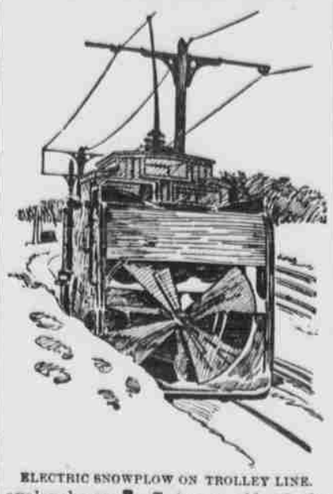
The men who operate a snowplow draw high wages, the expenses in this respect on one job amounting to over $150 a day. A rotary in good hands will clear a snow blockaded track at the rate of from 2 to 12 miles an hour, but the consumption of coal is a ton in 30 minutes.

With a rotary plow the engineers do not run the same risk as they do on the plow of the old fashioned type, with which it was often necessary to charge the snow bank at top speed, not merely cutting through, but burrowing under the snow.

But even the rotary plow is liable to be disabled by encountering the frozen carcass of a horse or a steer in a snow bank, or the debris of fallen telegraph poles, or, among the mountains, the trunks of gigantic trees. It is nominally the duty of the section men to look out for this and if possible to warn the engine driver and with pick and shovel to clear the track in the old fashioned way, but it is needless to say that the most vigilant section men cannot always be relied upon in such a matter as this.

When in light snow, the wheel is run at a comparatively low speed, say 100 to 150 revolutions per minute, and the plow travels at a rate of 12 to 20 miles an hour. On approaching a drift the pilot signals the pusher to shut off steam. He then controls the train by the airbrake until by the time he reaches the drift he is moving only three or four miles an hour. When within 50 feet of the drift, he signals the engineer of the rotary to "come ahead." The engineer on receiving this signal increases the speed of the wheel as fast as it is safe to run it light.

On striking the snow he receives a second signal to "come ahead," and then he throws the full power of his engines upon the wheel. The rotary cuts its way slowly but steadily through the drift, delivering the snow in a great



ELECTRIC SNOWPLOW ON TROLLEY LINE.

avalanche away off to one side of the track, entirely out of the way, and leaving behind it smooth, glistening walls of white and a track as clear as in June. It is a beautiful sight to see a rotary plow at work in a heavy drift. On emerging from the drift the pilot signals the engineer of the rotary to slow down and signals the pusher ahead.

The rotary has been introduced on a large number of the important lines between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Thousands of miles of track have been cleared by it without the loss of a single life, it is claimed, or the wrecking of an engine. Compared with the long lists of costly wrecks and numerous fatalities by the old methods of snow bucking this is something remarkable. The rotary is also in use on the German and Russian government lines.

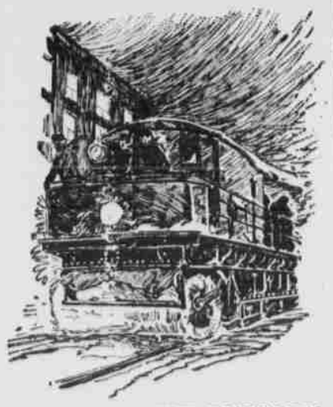
Figures taken from the official records of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad show that one of these plows went through a drift 400 feet long and from 8 to 12 feet deep in two minutes and a drift 1,350 feet long, 6 to 8 feet deep, in 29 minutes. The Northwestern system has four rotary plows stationed at as many points most convenient to portions of the system where the greatest trouble with snow is experienced.

The rotary snowplow has been adapted to the use of trolley lines also, and in this field it is almost as great a blessing as on the steam railroads. The new electric rotary snowplows have been perfected in many respects. Not only do they remove snow and cut through drifts of any thickness, but they clear the rails of ice and slush as well, both of which are almost as much of a menace to the trolley lines as heavy snow.

The farreaching effects of this invention are not seen at first glance. In a great many towns of the United States trolley lines have never been established because of the difficulty of keeping them clear in the winter time and the danger encountered through the snow and ice on the tracks, which the ordinary plow or track cleaner was totally unable to remove. There are great stretches of country where people have no transportation at all because horse car lines simply cannot run and the electric lines have been barred through the causes stated. The new plow is the solution of this problem, so the street car men say.

For clearing the city street car tracks there is the electric sweeper. This is used for removing light falls of snow. As soon as a storm develops and the white flakes begin to fall the big sweeper is sent out and it is kept running as long as practical.

The electric sweeper consists of a series of cylindrical brooms whose bristles are thickly set rattan strips fastened around a drum. This drum is revolved by the same trolley conveyed



ELECTRIC SNOW SWEEPER CLEARING TROLLEY TRACKS.

power which propels the cars. It is one of the picturesque features of a city snowstorm to see one of these big sweepers tearing along the street, gong clanging and snow flying in a dusty cloud from its prow.

Thus and by these means is the annual snow battle waged in city streets, on prairie stretches and in mountain cuts.

CYRUS SYLVESTER.

Which One Governs?

"Now, then, government by conjunction"—

"You mean government by injunction."

"No, I don't. I was thinking of matrimony."

"Oh!"—Indianapolis Journal.

The Infallible Man.

[From the Somerville Journal.]

The man who never makes mistakes
Is never popular.
His cursed infallibility
To friendship is a bar.
Its maddening when things go wrong,
To hear him calmly say:
"You might have known you'd botch it when
You went to work that way."

The man who never makes mistakes
Is numerous, alas!
His chief delight is to admire
His image in the glass.
For those who try, but fail, he has
No sympathy at all—
And everybody scowls at him,
And hopes to see him fall.

The man who never makes mistakes
Is a confounded bore.
He never would be missed, if we
Should never see him more.
The feeling at his funeral
Would be relief sincere,
And no one on his weed-grown grave
Would ever shed a tear!

MISCELLANY.

IN MEMORIUM.

For 28 years the house at 25 Bond street—a specimen of a fine New York residence of 50 years ago and long the only private house remaining on what is now a business thoroughfare—has remained closed, except that a caretaker occupies the basement. Above this the blinds are tightly shut, and a pull at the front doorbell awakens no response. The house has a deserted, decaying look, and even the large doorplate has grown so tarnished that one reads with difficulty the name, "H. Ward."

Henry Ward died many years ago, and his son, Henry Hall Ward, then became owner of the house. It is since his death that the upper portion of it has remained closed and, so far as the public knows, unfrequented by any human being. Yet around this decaying residence there clusters one of the most charming romances, one of the most touching real love stories.

One sharer in this romance passed away when Henry Hall Ward died 28 years ago. The other figure in this tender drama, Miss Elizabeth Ann Partridge, is still living, at the age of 84, in a house to which she came on a two weeks' visit to an aunt 40 years ago. There she has remained ever since, surviving all who were occupants of the house at the time when she arrived for a fortnight's visit, which has now lasted twoscore years. The aunt whom she came to visit was Mrs. William G. Ward, a relative of Henry Hall Ward. The romance of their lives dates further back than this, for Miss Partridge lived with Henry Hall Ward and his mother until the latter's death.

The romance of the old Bond street house dates from the death of the man she loved and who loved her; whom she was accustomed to walk half way down town to meet every day on his way home from business, and from whom, on his death, she inherited a life interest in practically all his large estate, but whom, for reasons which all who have known of her romance have puzzled over, she never married. Some say the family opposed the marriage on account of their close relationship, for they were cousins. Be that as it may, Henry Hall Ward and Eliza Ann Partridge furnished New York society with a romance for many years, and even now those who have been in society long enough to remember the circumstances love to dwell upon it and to point to it as a tender shoot springing up in a society in which much is thought to be calculating, frivolous and vain.

When Henry Hall Ward died at Saratoga, in 1872, the executors to whom the bulk of his estate was left in trust for Miss Partridge wondered what disposition she would make of the old Bond street house. Business was already beginning to spring up in its vicinity. It was a valuable piece of real estate, and capable, if improved, of yielding a large income. But Miss Partridge acted promptly and in a way which more than anything else she could have done showed how tenderly she held her lover's memory. There were two servants in the house—Mr. Ward's valet and the latter's wife. To them she gave strict orders that in the floors above the basement not a thing was to be touched. Everything, even to the books and papers, was to remain exactly as Mr. Ward had left them when he went to Saratoga to die. The two people who had so faithfully served her lover during his life were to remain in care of the house.

Further than this, however, Miss Partridge showed an interest in the home of her lover which served to keep the romance of her life fresh in the minds of all who knew her. Every day she walked down from her residence in Thirty-seventh street to the old Bond street house and went through it, satisfying herself that except for the mellowness of added age everything remained exactly the same as her lover had left it. Day after day the lonely figure was seen entering the house, and day after day she came forth as if from the tomb of her hopes. Only one change took place in the interior aspect, and that change was due to her devotion to her lover's memory. To appreciate it one must know something about the house and one of its inmate's hobbies.

This house is an old fashioned brick structure, with a basement, three stories and an attic with dormer windows. The iron posterns at the front steps are unusually ornate, and the front door, with its old colonial columns, supporting a quaint lunette, is a joy to the student of old time architecture. The interior arrangements of the house depart from the usual New York style of residence in that the stairs are placed far back, with a landing and a turn half way up, from which a window looks out on the back yard. This gives unusual spaciousness to the hall. The furniture of the parlor and the dining room back of it was of mahogany, not of the heavy, cumbersome kind, but lighter in style and more ornate. A conspicuous feature in the parlor was a superb leopard skin, which lay in front of the fireplace and mantel, and a little aside from either end of the dining room table were two stands, on which perched parrots, one of which had belonged to Jerome Bonaparte.

Henry Hall Ward had been very fond of birds. The fence of the backyard was unusually high, was covered with vines and lined with dovecote. The parrots and doves were great pets of Mr. Ward's. After his death Miss Partridge had them most carefully tended. As one by one they died she had them stuffed and placed in a front hall room on the second floor. This is the only particular in which the interior aspect of the house was changed from the exact condition in which Mr. Ward, or "Mr. Harry," as Miss Partridge would call him in speaking of him to his old servants, left it.

For many years she continued her solitary visits and wandered through the house which had so many tender memories for her—for she herself had lived there until the death of her lover's mother, but with the lapse of years, doubtless owing to the fact that not a ray of sun could find its way through the tightly closed shutters, the house became musty, and the books, the papers, the stuffed birds and the many pictures and objects of taste began to show signs of decay.

Then Miss Partridge took a step which must have given her heart a great wrench. Except for the caretaker's quarters, she had the entire interior of the house stripped and everything taken to her residence, and from that time her visits to the house have ceased, but even when the house was being stripped the shutters were not opened, and it is a fact that for 28 years they have remained tightly closed.

Henry Hall Ward, to whom Miss Partridge has remained so faithful for so many years, was one of the leaders of the New York society of his day and in which the Ward family is still represented by his cousins—General William G. Ward, who was an officer in the United States volunteer service during the civil war, and Mr. Charles H. Ward; Mr. Francis E. Ward, the latter's son, is secretary of the Seabright Golf club, and another son, Henry Ward, is with Troop A in Porto Rico.

Henry Hall Ward was president of the New York club in its early days, when it had delightful quarters in the old Haight house, at Fifth avenue and Fifteenth street. He was also a prominent member of the Union club and of the Society of the Cincinnati, of which he was also treasurer. The Ward family owes its membership in this society to Colonel Samuel Ward, an officer of the Revolutionary army, who was Henry Hall Ward's grandfather. The portrait of another ancestor, Governor Richard Ward of Rhode Island, is now the property of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Henry Hall Ward's father was a brother of Samuel Ward, whose son, Samuel, was the Sam Ward, famous as a wit, scholar and bon vivant. Other cousins of Henry Hall Ward were Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Crawford, the wife of the sculptor and the mother of F. Marion Crawford. It seems a wonder that the novelist should not have woven this romance, which he found ready to hand in his own family, into a novel.

Henry Hall Wards' social position may be judged from the fact that among the pallbearers at his funeral in Grace church were John Jacob Astor, Walter L. Cutting, Johnston Livingston and James Francis Ruggles.

Eliza Ann Partridge's relationship to Henry Hall Ward arose from the fact that their mothers were sisters. They were members of the Hall family of Pomfret, Conn. J. Prescott Hall, her uncle, was William M. Evart's first law partner. Those who knew Miss Partridge as a girl, so many years ago, describe her as charming. She was of medium height, had brown eyes and an abundance of strikingly dark hair. She is said, even now, at the age of 84, to preserve much of her youthful beauty.

When Henry Hall Ward died, one of his friends penned these lines in his memory:

Honored and loved, he passed away
As sinks a summer's day to rest;
The brightest when the radiant clouds
Of silent evening gem the west.

Does the woman who still treasures his memory think of these lines as she gazes into the sunset?—New York Herald.

The Rural Trolley Car.

The conductor and the motorman are also of types different from their city brethren. They come from the neighboring countryside, and they call each other by their front names—Obed and Ezekiel, or other prænomina of that sort.

An old lady who had all her life been the autocrat of the village in the Old Colony, and who set out to take her first trip on the trolley car which passed her door, found, after she had gone something like a half mile on the way, that she had forgotten her gloves. She at once ordered the conductor to turn back. Accustomed, like all his fellow villagers, to yield unquestioning obedience to commands from that quarter, he held a brief conference with the motorman. The car then reversed its course, halted before the old lady's gate and waited until she waddled into the house and up stairs to get her gloves out of the bureau drawer, and then came back again, the other passengers, with the national docility of the American people, submitting uncomplainingly to the delay.—Sylvester Baxter in Harper's Magazine.

Can Cubans Govern Themselves?

One of the best known diplomatists recently declared that the Cubans are utterly incapable of governing themselves, and that the United States must maintain its present control indefinitely, or else annex the island. There will be those who will dispute this opinion, but there are none who dispute the well established fact that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is capable of governing and controlling common diseases of stomach, liver, kidneys, and blood. It is a remedy that is backed by 50 years of success. It is an ideal medicine for constipation; the most effective purifier for the blood; a tissue and strength builder for those who are predisposed to lung troubles, and for nervousness it is of wonderful benefit. It stirs up a lazy liver, stimulates inactive kidneys, and as an appetizer is incomparable. Those whose stomachs are out of order should not fail to try a bottle.

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Stewart Parlor Stoves,
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