

# THE FAMILY STORY



## CAPTURED A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

They have lately been turned out of the Southern Pacific Railroad shops at one of the big terminals of that road on the Pacific Coast, four of the largest consolidated pattern engines in use, designed especially for mountain work, whose plans and specifications were drawn by probably the only lady expert mechanical engineer in America, if not in the world. How she attained her present position is one of the railroad legends of the road for which she works, but I believe the story has never been in print.

A number of years ago, about fifteen I believe, some lucky prospectors "located" mining claims away up in the almost inaccessible fortresses of one of the mountain ranges of the West and the phenomenal riches of the lead amply repaid the heavy expense of the "maule train" that was used to "pneek" the output to the railroad. Eventually the prosperity of the first prospectors brought other adventurous spirits to the lucky spot and later a rich syndicate bought out all the smaller claims on the ledge and established there the great mills and smelters of the Calumet Mining and Smelting Company.

Then the Southern Pacific people awakened to the importance of the enterprise, and after a series of consultations with the syndicate in the course of which a very handsome financial proposition was made by the miners, a branch road was surveyed up through the canons to the site of the now rapidly growing town. The difficulties were almost insurmountable, but at last the work was done and a very crooked and dangerous piece of track was the result. Its grades were precipitous in the extreme; its curves sharp to the last degree, and its road bed so narrow in some places that if a car became derailed it was either demolished against the rock wall on one side or went to the bottom of the gorge on the other, there to lie and rot and rust away. Once over the cliff the cost of raising an ore car would almost pay for a new one, and the company seldom made any effort to recover the wreckage.

One point on the short road had always been dreaded by the trainmen, and this was the sharp curve at the approach to what was called the second crossing. It had been a prolific source of wrecks and the rocks below the bridge were strewn with the broken timbers and bent and twisted iron work of dozens of ore cars that had plunged over the sheer sides of the deep gorge. This second crossing bridge was at the foot of the heaviest grade and from there the road wound through the beautiful Silver Creek Valley to the "junction," where it joined the main line of the Southern Pacific.

At the point where the level track commenced, hardly a stone's throw from the second crossing bridge, the company had built a short siding for the use of the giant consolidated engine that was used to push the long trains of ore cars up the mountain, and just across the main track from the siding stood the little cottage where John Clarke, the engineer, and his daughter, Jessie, lived.

Miss Jessie at that time was nearly 16, and for the last three years had been her father's housekeeper. All her life she had been intimately associated with railroad men and for the three years that her father had been running the big "pusher" she had had no other companion than the old engineer, his fireman and a little brother, several years her junior.

A short time before the incident happened of which I am about to tell you, a tourist delayed by a wreck at the bridge had spent the day at Clarke's cottage. The little housekeeper had made the day very pleasant for him by piloting him about the valley, and on leaving he had given her a pair of powerful field glasses. They were her dearest earthly possession, for with them she could see her father's engine as it crept down the mountain for nearly an hour before he would arrive at the siding.

The long stretches of road as it wound around the crags up the canon, now for a mile in sight, then disap-

pearing among the rocks only to reappear still further up the mountain, were always an interesting study for the girl, and, but for those field glasses, the young lady's practical knowledge of railroading and her unparelleled nerve, the Southern Pacific would have had one wreck that would have cost many lives.

One August evening Miss Clarke was watching through the field glasses the effect of the sunlight on the brilliant quartz rock at the farthest point up the mountain, where the track could be seen from the valley and only a short distance from the big mills at the top of the hill. Her father and his fireman had gone to the junction for some supplies and were to return on the "mail," now nearly due. Her little brother was "playing fireman" and with a big bunch of waste was rubbing up the bright work about the big engine. The twilight scene in the valley was only broken by the occasional hiss of escaping steam and the steady, monotonous "pneek" of the air-pump on the engine, while her father and forgotten to shut off before he left. She had just noticed it and was about to go to the engine and shut off the steam, when, as she took one last look, she was almost paralyzed by the sight of a long train of ore cars creeping



SHE COULD SEE HER FATHER'S ENGINE.

around the curve. Two or three of the laborers at the mines were chiling on them, but hand brakes would never stop that heavy train and as it slowly gained in speed she saw them leave the train. Then she thought of the little passenger train that would be there in a few minutes and in another moment she was climbing into the cab of the big engine and telling her little brother what to do.

"Open the switch, Johnnie, and when I get out on the main track shut it and run down the track and flag number one. Tell dad I'm up the hill to catch a runaway."

Johnnie did as he was told and the powerful engine rolled out of the siding, across the bridge and was soon tearing up the hill at full speed toward the now rapidly approaching train.

As she left the siding her one thought had been to save the passenger train from an awful collision, but as she crossed the bridge she thought of a little story her father had lately told of how he had once caught a runaway train with his engine and had stopped it before it could do any damage. She would try it now despite the awful danger. If "Daddy" could do it, she could.

For nearly four miles up the hill the big engine fairly flew, then, as she

reached a long stretch of straight track where the view was clear for nearly a mile, she shut off the steam and gradually the locomotive stopped.

Jessie looked up at the steam gauge. The pointer indicated only 100 pounds pressure. Keeping a close watch on the track ahead, the intrepid girl left the throttle and, opening the fire-box door, replenished the fire. Just as the last scoopful of coal was thrown in and the door closed the runaway shot around the curve into view, and, starting the engine back, the girl watched closely for a chance to catch the now rapidly moving train.

Down the heavy grade went engine and cars, the distance between them rapidly growing shorter. On a little piece of straight track, a little over a mile from the dangerous bridge, Jessie decided to take the last desperate chance, and as the engine reached the desired point, only a few feet ahead of the living ore cars, the girl gave the engine a light touch of the airbrake and then, with mighty impact, the heavy train struck the engine, then the airbrake lever was sent to the "emergency notch," but so great was the speed of the train that even that did but little to slacken the speed and that awful curve at the bridge was almost in sight.

Jessie almost lost her nerve as she thought of that deadly place. She knew the big engine would never round it at its present rate of speed.

Suddenly the escape valve of the engine opened with a mighty roar, telling her the powerful machine was straining and quivering under the pressure of nearly 200 pounds of steam, and then a favorite axiom of her father's came to mind: "If air won't hold 'em, give 'em steam."

One supreme effort of the strong young arms and the reverse lever of the black giant was thrown over, the sand pipes were opened and with steady hand Jessie opened the throttle, throwing a mighty force against the heavy train.

Now the speed of the train materially decreased, but the big locomotive rolled and rocked like a ship at sea as she safely rounded the dangerous curve and shot out on the high bridge, and then came another shock for the sorely tried girl, for standing in front of the cottage, almost hidden by a dense cloud of black smoke, stood the little passenger train with its load of unsuspecting travelers.

Here again the girl's knowledge of

railroad craft came to her, and she knew that no power on earth could stop that heavy train in time to avert a collision; but she could signal to them. A brown hand reached for the whistle cord, and in a second more the deep valley was resounding to the hoarse roar of the duplex whistle giving three loud blasts—the railroaders' signal: "Back up."

The signal was just in time, as the passenger train backed out of the way, the big consolidator and its string of ore cars rolled heavily by, the train now under control, but still moving with sufficient force to have done considerable damage.

As the train passed the siding, Clarke and his fireman climbed on the cars and soon stopped them; and as Jessie jumped to the ground she almost alighted on a tall, gray-mustached old gentleman. He was Charles Archer, Vice President and General Manager of the Southern Pacific, and a man who never failed to recognize and reward merit; and it was at his hands Miss Clarke received the education that fitted her for the position she now occupies, and who placed the lady's name on the "merit roll" of the Southern Pacific Railroad, at a salary of \$1,500 per year, work or play, as long as she lives.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

## MILLION DOLLAR COURTHOUSE FOR FORT WAYNE



THE new court house which is to be erected by Allen County, Ind., is perhaps one of the finest public buildings in the State. The new building was selected from among a number of designs proposed by many architects, which finished it will have cost in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000. The location is in the heart of the city of Fort Wayne, and it will stand for a century as a monument to the present generation. The court house proper will be 134 by 272 feet, but in addition there will be a power station, three squares away, which will furnish through a tunnel, the power to run the elevators, make the electric light and heat the building. Sculpture work has been provided for on the outer panels of the building, and there will be carved the busts of George Washington, Anthony Wayne, Little Turtle and Captain Allen, after whom the county was named. The scenes of some of the historical battles fought in the locality will also be carved on the panels. One of the great features of the building will be the court rooms. There will be four of them, all inside rooms, with corridors and office rooms between them and the streets. The light is perfect and comes from the roof, without any side light whatever. The building is as nearly non-combustible as modern skill and knowledge can make it.

## THE REICHSTAG.

### Interesting Sketch of Germany's Representative Lawmaking Body.

The political complexion of the law-making body of the German Empire is as varied as the rainbow. The different parties are so numerous that at times it is a difficult matter to identify them. There are 359 members of the Reichstag and at present they are divided as follows: 58 Conservatives, 27 Imperialists, 100 Centrists, 49 National Liberals, 14 Radical Unionists and Richtersites Radicals, 25 Freisinnige Volkspartei Richtersites, 13 Social Reformers, 19 Poles, 12 Deutsche Volkspartei, 48 Socialists, 30 Independents, including 6 Guelphs, 3 Bavarian peasant party and two seats vacant.

The hall in which the Reichstag meets does not give one the impression of being extraordinarily large, although looking down from the galleries it seems a very deep room. Its acoustic properties, however, would only be excusable in a very large hall. The walls are much higher, the galleries are further from the floor, the President's chair is more distant from those of the members, and, altogether, this one hall is on a bigger scale than the corresponding halls of Congress. Like so many public halls in Germany, it is characterized by an absence of proper ventilation. The Germans, who are implacable foes to fresh air, do not appear to notice this deficiency, which sometimes forces even the most enthusiastic American to depart earlier than he would otherwise desire.

The President of the Reichstag sits at a table raised above the floor of the house, in a high-backed chair, on which the Prussian eagle figures very prominently. Just below the President's table is another one, where several Ministers sit, usually those at the head of the department which is concerned in the question being discussed at the time in the Reichstag. Within this charmed circle sit the stenographers, whose work goes down those steps to the outside world. On the level with

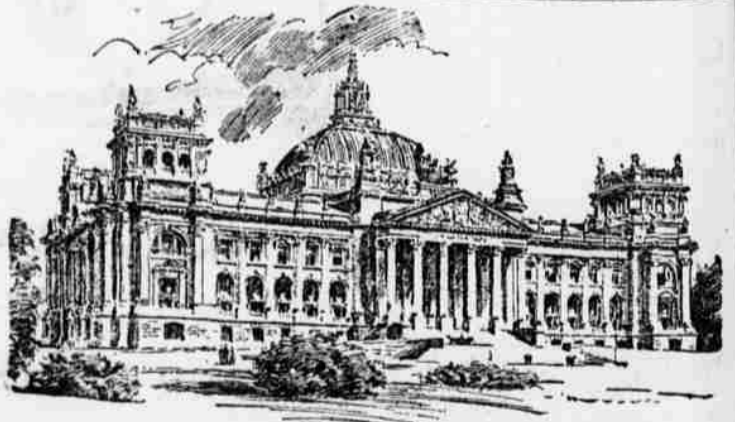
accomplish this you must be on hand before 8 o'clock of the morning of the day before you wish to attend, and then wait in line at the Reichstag ticket office. Sometimes the ticket is forthcoming and sometimes it isn't.

The sessions are supposed to open at 1 o'clock, but they begin about twenty minutes later. The room fills slowly and business proceeds in a rather informal manner. The members pay attention if they are interested in what the speaker is saying, or chat with their neighbors or busy themselves with their writing if they are not. There is a continual buzzing undercurrent of conversation, which the speaker of the moment is usually powerless to drown.

When the President wishes to say something that must be heard he rings a bell, and the momentary hush which arises allows his voice to be heard. Then the hum begins again. When a man has something of importance to say, he usually takes his stand at the top of the steps leading down from the dais where the President and the Bundesrath sit, but many men simply rise in their seats and speak from the floor.

### When Cain Killed Abel.

There is a very general misconception of a well-known passage in the Book of Genesis with regard to Cain's place of abode after he had killed his brother Abel. The expression reads: "Cain went out from the presence of the Lord and dwelt in the land of Nod," but learned commentators express the opinion that this should read, "land, Nod," the preposition being unnecessary. The word Nod is said to mean a wanderer, and, if Biblical students are to be trusted in this matter, the passage means Cain went out and dwelt in the land a wanderer or exile from his people, the presumption being that he was obliged to keep away from his immediate family for fear of their vengeance, an additional precaution for his safety being indicated by the fact that a mark was placed upon him.



WHERE THE REICHSTAG MEETS.

the President's desk are the desks of the Bundesrath, two rows on either side, fifteen seats in each front row, eight in each second row, making up the forty-six in all. The Chancellor of the empire has the first seat in the front row to the right of the Speaker, facing the House.

The arrangements for the seating of the Deputies are not marked with extravagance, and in comparing them with those of the Congressmen in Washington the latter seem immeasurably grand. In the Reichstag the Deputies do not have individual desks; instead, a number of them share one long desk, schoolboy fashion. Each member has an individual drawer, and that is something.

Ordinarily, when there is nothing of moment going on, the sessions of the Reichstag are terribly uninteresting. The only exciting feature is the necessary effort to secure admittance. To

The question where Cain got his wife is a silly quibble which frequently comes up in Sunday schools and other places; silly from the fact that if the Biblical account of the origin of the human race from a single pair be received as correct, there may have been several thousand of human beings in the world long before the death of Cain.

### Couldn't Help It.

Deacon Blodgett (meeting Farmer Jones in market, with a load of produce)—Well, John, prices looking up some this week, eh?

Farmer Jones (dryly)—Lookin' up? I guess they be! Can't help it very well, seen' they're flat on their back.—Harper's Bazar.

A man is always looking for a nicer brand of smoking tobacco, and a woman for a better style of curling-iron.