

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON: FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1908

Personal Talk With You.

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The Million Dollar Freight Train By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

It was the second month of the strike and not a pound of freight had been moved.

The general superintendent happened to be with us when the news came.

"You can't handle it, boys," said he nervously. "What you'd better do is to turn it over to the Columbian Pacific."

Our contracting freight agent on the coast at that time was a fellow named Crazyhorse.

"We had no engineers, no firemen and no motive power to speak of. The strikers were pounding our men, wrecking our trains and giving us the worst of it generally—that is, when we couldn't give it to them."

"Turn it over to the Columbian," said the general superintendent. "But the general superintendent was not looking up to our division. He hadn't enough sand. Our head was a fighter, and he gave tone to every man under him."

"No," he thundered, braving down his fist, "not in a thousand years! We'll move it ourselves. Wire Morrell, the general manager, that we will take care of it. And wire him to fire Crazyhorse—and to do it right off. And before the silk was turned over to our Crazyhorse was looking for another job. It is the only case on record where a freight hustler was discharged for getting his hands on a freight car."

There were twelve car loads. It was insured for \$25,000 a car. You can figure how far the title is wrong, but you can never estimate the worry that stuff gave us. It looked as big as \$120,000 worth. In fact, one freight car tick, with the glory of the West End at heart, had a fight over the amount with a skeptical hostler. He maintained that the actual money value was limited to about \$100,000. I gave you the figures just as they were, and they are right.

What bothered us most was that the strikers had the tip almost as soon as we did. It was the Columbian Pacific road in the country, they knew as much about our business as we ourselves. The minute it was announced that we should move the silk they were after us. It was a defiance, a last one, if we should move freight cars for us, we were already moving freight cars for a fashion—the strike might be well accounted beaten.

Stewart, the leader of the local contingent, together with his followers, got after me at once. "You don't show much sense, Reed," said he. "You fellows here are breaking your necks to get things moving, and when this strike is over, you'll never get your silk to Zanesville. I'll promise you that. And if you ditch it, it will make a million dollars, you'll get it out anyway, my luck."

"I'm here to obey orders, Stewart," I retorted. "What is the use of more? I felt uncomfortable, but we had determined to move the silk. There was nothing more to be said."

When I went over to the roundhouse and the Neighbor's decision he said never a word, but he looked a great deal. Neighbor's task was to supply the motive power. All that we had, unscrupled, was in the passenger service because passengers must be served. In order to win a strike you must have public opinion on your side.

"Nevertheless, Neighbor," said I after we had talked awhile, "we must have the silk also."

Neighbor studied, then he roared at his foreman. "Send Bartholomew Mullin here." He spoke with a decision that made me think the business was done. I had never happened. It is true, to have Bartholomew Mullin in the department of motive power, but the impression the name gave me was of a monstrous fellow, big as Neighbor or old man Stanley or Dad Hamilton.

is a twinkling. Then it occurred to me that it must be this boy's father who was wanted.

"You have been begging for a chance to take out an engine, Bartholomew," began Neighbor coldly. And I knew it was on.

"Yes, sir."

"You want to get killed, Bartholomew?" Bartholomew smiled as if the idea was not altogether displeasing.

"How would you like to go pilot tomorrow for McCurdy? You to take the 44 and run as first 78. McCurdy will run as second 78."

"I know I could run an engine all right," ventured Bartholomew, as if Neighbor were the only one taking the chances in giving him an engine. "I know the track from here to Zanesville. I helped McCaffrey fire one week."

"Then go home and go to bed and be over here at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning. An' sleep sound, for it may be your last chance."

"It was plain that the master mechanic hated to do it. It was simply sheer necessity."

"He's a wiper," mused Neighbor as Bartholomew walked sprightly away. "I took him to have sweeping two years ago. He ought to be firing now, but the union held him back. That's why he hates them. He knows more about an engine now than half the lodge. They'd better have let him in," said the master mechanic grimly.

"How old is that boy?" I asked. "How old is that boy?" asked a kin that I knew of, Bartholomew Mullin, mused Neighbor as the silk figure moved across the flat, "big name—small boy. Well, Bartholomew, you'll know something more by tomorrow."

"I'm not sure," I answered. "I'm here to run trains—when there are any to run. That's my business. You needn't send Bartholomew out on my account."

"Give him a slow schedule, and I'll give him orders to jump early. That's all we can do. If the strikers don't ditch him, he'll get through somehow."

It stuck in my crop—the idea of putting the boy on a pilot engine to take all the dangers ahead of that particular train. But I had a certain deal to think of besides. From the minute the silk got into the McCurdy yards we posted double guards around. About 12 o'clock that night we held a council of war, which ended in our running the train into the out freight house. The result was that by morning we had a new train made up. It consisted of four refrigerator cars loaded with oranges which had come in mysteriously the night before. It was announced that the silk would be held for the present and the oranges rushed through. Bright and early the refrigerator train was run down to the ice houses, and twenty men were sent to work taking the oranges. At 7 o'clock McCurdy pulled in the local passenger with engine 105. Our plan was to cancel the local and run him right out with the oranges. When he got to the depot the 105 had a good deal to say. It knocked our scheme into a cocked hat. There was a lantern jawed conference in the roundhouse.

"What can you do?" asked the superintendent in desperation. "There's nothing out of the thing I can do. Put Bartholomew Mullin on it with the 44 and put McCurdy to bed for two nights," responded Neighbor. "We were running first in, first out, but we took the 105 and gave somebody for 1 and 2 who at least knew an injector from an air pump."

"It was 8 o'clock. I looked into the locomotive stables. The first—the only—train out of the roundhouse was the 44. He was very busy polishing the 44. He had good steam on her, and the old tub was whooping as if she had the asthma. The 44 was old, she was lonely, she was rickety, but Bartholomew Mullin would run her. He had always been somebody for 1 and 2 who at least knew an injector from an air pump."

"She wasn't much—the 44. But in these days Bartholomew wasn't much. Bartholomew Mullin was a different matter. He was right in the middle of her. Looking up, he fingered his waste mostly and blushed through a snarl of crude petroleum over his eyes."

"How is she steaming, Bartholomew?" I sang out. He was right in the middle of her. Looking up, he fingered his waste mostly and blushed through a snarl of crude petroleum over his eyes."

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ditch us.

I was watching the track as a mouse would a cat, looking every minute for trouble. We cleared the gumbo cut and the Beaver at a pretty good clip in order to make the grade on the other side. The bridge there is hidden in summer by a grove of blackberries. I had just pulled open to cool her a bit when I noticed how high the back water was on each side of the track. Suddenly I felt the fill going soft under the drivers—felt the 44 wobble and slide. Bartholomew shut off hand and threw the air as I sprang to the window. The peaceful little creek ahead looked as angry as the Platte in April water, and the bottoms were a lake.

Somewhere up the valley there had been a cloudburst, for overhead the sky was bright. The Beaver was roaring over its banks, and the bridge was out. Bartholomew screamed for brakes. It looked as if we were against it, and hand.

I airt track to stop on, a torrent of storm water above, and \$100,000 worth of silk behind, not to mention equipment!

I yelled at Bartholomew and motioned for him to jump. My conscience is clear on that point. The 44 was stumbling about trying, like a drunken man, to hang to the rotten track.

"Bartholomew!" I yelled. But he was head out and looking back at his train, while he jerked frantically at the air lever. I understood. The air wouldn't work. It never will when the old tubs when you need it. The sweat poured out on me. I was thinking of how much the silk would be worth if I had a bath in the Beaver. Bartholomew stuck to his levers like a man in a skull tower, but every second brought us closer to open water. Watching him, I intent only on saving his first train, hopeless of saving his life. I was really a bit ashamed to jump. While I hesitated he somehow got the brakes to set. The old 44 bucked like a broncho.

It wasn't too soon. She checked her train nobly at the last, but I saw nothing could keep her from the brink. I caught Bartholomew a terrific slap, and again I yelled; then, turning to the gangway, I dropped into the soft mud on my side. The 44 hung low, and it was easy lighting.

Bartholomew sprang from his seat a second later, but his blouse caught in the teeth of the quadrant. He stooped quick as thought and peeled the thing over his head. But then he was caught with his hands in the wristbands, and the ponies of 44 tipped over the broken abutment.

Full as he would, he couldn't get free. The pilot dipped into the creek slowly; but, losing her balance, the 44 kicked her heels into the air and shot into the creek, dragging her engineer after her.

The head car stopped on the brink. Running across the track, I found Bartholomew. He wasn't there. I knew he must have gone down with the engine.

Throwing off my gloves, I dived just as I struck, close to the tender, which hung half submerged. I was a good fisher under water, but no self-respecting fish would be caught in that yellow mud. I realized, too, the instant I struck the water that I should have dived on the upstream side. The current took me away whirling. When I came up for air I was fifty feet below the pier. I felt it was all up with Bartholomew as I scrambled out, but to my amazement as I shook my eyes.

Of Interest To Women. To such women as are not seriously out of health, but who have exacting duties to perform either in the way of household care or in social duties, and who desire a remedy which seriously tax their strength, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only remedy that will give them the strength and vigor they need. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is perfectly safe, and is the only remedy that will give them the strength and vigor they need. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is perfectly safe, and is the only remedy that will give them the strength and vigor they need.

Bartholomew thought before. On we bumped, across frogs, through switches, over splits and into target rods, when—this is the miracle of it all—the 105 got her fore feet on a split switch, made a contact, and, after a slew or two like a bogged horse, she swung up sweet on the rails again, tender and all. Bartholomew shut off with a sidestroke that brought us up double and halted her feet, with the st. right where she stood.

We had left the track, plowed a hundred feet across the yards and jumped in to another track. It is the only time I ever heard of its happening anywhere, but I was on the engine with Bartholomew Mullin when it was done.

Foley choked his train the instant he saw our hind lights bobbing. We climbed down and ran back. He had stopped just where we should have stood if I had shut off. Bartholomew ran to the switch to examine it. The contact light, green, still burned like a false beam, and lucky it did, for it showed the switch had been tampered with and exonerated Bartholomew Mullin completely. The attempt of the strikers to spill the silk right in the yards had only made him reputation of a new engineer. Thirty minutes later the million dollar train was turned over to the eastern division to wrestle with—and we breathed, all of us, a good bit easier.

Bartholomew Mullin, now a passenger runner, who ranks with Kennedy and Jack Moore and Foley and George

upon the train crew were running forward, and there stood Bartholomew on the track above the looking at the refrigerator. When I got to him he explained to me how he was dragged in and had to fear the sleeves out of his blouse under water to get free.

The surprise is how little fuss men make about such things when they are busy. It took only five minutes for the conductor to hunt up a coil of wire and a ladder for me, and by the time he got forward with it Bartholomew was halfway up a telegraph pole to help me in on a live wire. Fast as I could I rigged a pony and began calling the 105, but after no end of pounding I got him and gave orders for the wrecking gang and for one more of Neighbor's rapidly decreasing supply of locomotives.

Bartholomew, sitting on a strip of fence which still rose above water, looked forlorn. To lose the first engine he ever handled in the Beaver was tough, and he was evidently speculating on his way back to getting another. If there weren't tears in his eyes, there was storm water certainly. But after the relief engine had pulled what was left of us back six miles to Sinclair, he was in a fine business to explain to Neighbor, by his own admission, that Bartholomew was not only not at fault, but that he had actually saved the train by his nerve.

"I'll tell you, Neighbor," suggested the general manager, "I'll give you the 109 to go ahead as pilot and run the stuff around the river division with Foley and the 216."

"What'll you do with No. 67?" growled Neighbor. Six was the local passenger west.

"Annul it west of McCurdy," said I lustily. "We've got our own hands now, and I'd move it if it tied up every passenger train on the division. If we can't get the information, we'll practically beat the strike; if we fail, it will beat the company."

By the time we backed to Newhall Junction Neighbor had made up his mind. He gave me the 109, and Foley with the 216 and none too good a grade coupled on to the silk, and, flying red signals, we started again for Zanesville over the river division.

Foley was always full of mischief. He had a better engine than ours, anyway, and he took satisfaction the rest of the afternoon in crowding us. Every mile of the way he was on our heels. I was driving the coal and distinctly remember.

It was after dark when we reached the Beverly hill, and we took it at a lively pace. The strikers were not on our minds then. It was Foley who bothered.

When the long parallel steel lines of the upper yards spread before us, flashing under the arc lights, we were away above yard speed. Running a second into one of those big yards is like shooting a rapid in a canoe. There is a bewildering mass of tracks lighted by red and green lamps to be watched the closest. The hazards are multiplied the minute you get into the yard, and it is a dreadful tangle. It makes everybody, from roadmaster to flagmen, furious, and not even Bartholomew wanted to face an inquiry on a yard wreck. On the other hand, the engine ahead of me was caught by Foley, who was chasing him out of pure caprice.

I saw the boy holding the throttle at a half and fingering the air anxiously as we jumped through the frogs, but one moment's delay, and the engine beats the ties on a cushion that when the 109 suddenly stuck her bows through an open switch we bounced against the roof of the cab like footballs. I grabbed a brace with one hand, and the other I used to steady myself across to Bartholomew's side-to-seize the throttle he held, but as I tried to shut him off he jerked it wide open in spite of me and turned with lightning in his eye.

"No!" he cried, and his voice rang hard. The 105 took the tenders above at her back and leaped like a frightened horse. Away we went across the yard, through the cinders and over the ties. My teeth have never been on the same since. I don't belong on an engine anyway, and since then I have kept off. At the moment I was convinced that the strain had been too much, that Bartholomew was stark crazy. He sat bouncing clear to the roof and clinging to his levers like a lobster.

But his strategy was dawning on me. In fact, he was pounding it into me. Even the shock and scare of leaving life-track-and-tearing up the yard had not driven from Bartholomew's mind the most important feature of our situation, which was, above everything else, to keep out of the way of the silk train.

I felt every moment more mortified at my attempt to shut him off. I had done the trick of the woman who grabs the reins of a runaway horse and tears up the yard than to stop for Foley to smash into and scatter the silk over the coal chutes. Bartholomew's decision was one of the traits which make the runner—a instant perception coupled with instant resolve. The ordinary driver thinks what he should have done to avoid disaster after it is all over. Bartholomew thought before.

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Along we went across the yard and over the ties.

Sinclair himself, got a personal letter from the general manager complimenting him on his pretty wit, and he was good enough to say nothing whatever about mine.

We registered that night and went to supper together—Foley, Jackson, Bartholomew and I. Afterward we dropped into the dispatcher's office. Something was coming from McCurdy, the operator, to save their lives, couldn't catch it. I listened a minute. It was Neighbor. Now, Neighbor isn't great on dispatching trains. He can make himself understood over the poles, but his sending is like a boy's sawing wood—sort of uneven.

However, though I am not much on running yards, I claim to be able to take the wildest ball that was ever thrown along the wire, and the chair was tendered me at once to catch Neighbor's extraordinary passes at the McCurdy key. They came something like this:

To Op.: Tell Masaccio (that was the word that stuck them all, and I could perceive Neighbor was taking emphasis). He had apparently forgotten Bartholomew's last name and was trying to connect with one Masaccio. He had a party (right before)—tell Masaccio (repeated Neighbor) that he is all-right. Tell him I will be doubly careful for today. If the way through. And tomorrow he gets the 109 to keep.

Valerity. At a mountain-hunting resort a richly dressed, florid looking woman, bedecked with jewels in the daytime, remonstrated with her family party in a loud, confident tone. "They're the same crowd; I seen them people at the station in New York." The tone, the atrocious mangling of the English language, the dress and manner, elicited the comment from an old gentleman, "How utterly coarse, common and vulgar!"

The guides and native hunters violate all the rules of grammar in their speech. They say, "Hank, I hain't got no backer in this coat," and the like, and yet their rude and uncouth speech does not strike any one used to the words as "vulgar." Rough and ungrammatical speech from the lips of rough and unlettered men seems rather natural, but there is a violent inharmonious and inappropriateness in common and hideous language from the mouths of men and women who, from their wealth, opportunities, dress and way of life, may be expected to pay some attention to the refinements and elegancies of life.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Relics. A tooth alleged to have been drawn from Napoleon's head at St. Helena was sold for \$2750. For Kant's wig only \$40 could be obtained, but Stern's wig was valued at \$1000. Two hundred dollars is said to have been given for Descartes' skull, whereas \$2300 was given for one of Sir Isaac Newton's teeth, and \$20,000 was offered for one of the teeth of Heloise at the time when her body was exhumed. The waistcoat worn by Rousseau has been priced at \$190, his watch at \$100. Not all the relics, however, in which there has been traffic have been genuine. Voltaire cannot have owned more than a fraction of the walking sticks that have been sold as his, and a tradesman in France used to boast that he had disposed of 132 "last walking sticks" carried by Jean Jacques Rousseau. A Paris tradesman for a long time did an equally lucrative business in "the last pair of trousers worn by Victor Hugo."

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NOTICE TO BREEDERS The Monkland Percheron Horse Association Announce to the Farmers of Sherman county that their Percheron stallion Colanthe Will make season of 1908 the following places and days Mondays at Brock Bros. Tuesdays at Chris. Anderson Wednesdays at L. L. Peetz Thursdays at W. A. Woods Fridays at T. W. Brannon Saturdays at O. C. Mortensen

Certificate of Pedigree. Colanthe is recorded by the American Percheron Horse Breeders and Importers Association, his recorded number being 49990. Color and description: brown, star, small snip. Pedigree, foaled April 11th, 1903. Bred and owned by H. G. McMillan of Rock Rapids, Iowa. Got by Calypso 25017 (44577), by Theudis 25015 (40871), by Bisigue (19602), by Brilliant III 11116 (2919), by Fenelon 2682 (38), by Brilliant 1271 (755), by Brilliant 1899 (756), by Coco II (714), by Vieux Chasin (713), by Coco (712), by Mignon (715), by Jean Le Blanc (739).

Terms of Service. Single leap \$15, payable at time of service. The season \$20, payable at the end of the season. To insure \$25, payable when mare is known to be with foal. Mare and colt to stand good for services. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will be responsible for none. Trading, selling, or removing the mare from the neighborhood forfeits the insurance and money becomes due.

Andy Shearer, Manager SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO., Sunset, Ocean and Shasta Route EAST via SOUTH

OREGON'S OPPORTUNITY The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and Southern Pacific Co. (Lines in Oregon) March 1, 1908 and will continue daily throughout March and April. From the principal cities of the middle west the rates will be as follows: CHICAGO..... \$38.00 COUNCIL BLUFFS..... \$30.00 ST. LOUIS..... \$35.00 OMAHA..... \$30.00 KANSAS CITY..... \$30.00 ST. PAUL..... \$30.00 Corresponding rates from all other Eastern points. Stopovers at pleasure at all points in Oregon. The Colonist Rate is the greatest of all homeliveries. Oregon has unlimited resources and needs more people who desire homes and large opportunities. Oregon people can accomplish splendid results by heralding this opportunity to all the world. Send Oregon literature giving good reliable information about the state, farm and wide. Call on the above roads for it if necessary. Fares can be prepaid Here at home if desired. Any agent is authorized to accept the required deposit and telegraph ticket to any point. Call on or address C. M. CADDY, Agt. O. R. & N. W. McMURRAY, Gen. Pass. Agt., Portland, Oregon.

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O. P. & N. OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC 3 Trains to the East Daily Through Pullman standards and tourist sleeping cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, St. Louis, Portland, Astoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and other points. For full information call on or address Wm. McMURRAY, Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO., Sunset, Ocean and Shasta Route EAST via SOUTH Overland Express trains for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Stockton, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East. Leaves Portland Union Depot 8:45 p. m. Arrives 7:25 a. m., daily. Morning train connects at Woodburn daily except Sunday with train for Mt. Angel, Silverton, Brownsville, Springfield, Wendling and Natron. Leaves Portland Union Depot 8:30 a. m. arrives 6:55 p. m. Eugene passenger connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton local. Leaves Portland Union Depot 4:15 p. m., returns 10:35 a. m., daily. Corvallis passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 7:30 a. m., arrives 5:40 p. m., daily. Sheridan passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 4:40 p. m., arrives 8:25 a. m., daily. Forest Grove passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 7:00 a. m., arrives 1:40 p. m., daily except Sunday.

PORTLAND-OREGON-SHERIDAN SERVICE AND YAMHILL DIVISION. Depot, Foot of Jefferson Street. Leaves from Jefferson street depot for Dallas and intermediate points daily, 4:15 p. m. Arrives Portland, 10:15 a. m. The Independence Month-Motor Line operates daily to Monmouth and Astoria, connecting with S. P. Co's trains at Dallas and Independence. First-class fare from Portland to Sacramento and San Francisco, \$20; berth \$3. Second-class fare, \$15; second class berth, \$2.50. Tickets to Eastern points and Europe, also Japan, China, Honolulu and Australia.

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