

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.

"IGNORANCE IS THE CURSE OF GOD; KNOWLEDGE THE WING WHEREWITH WE FLY TO HEAVEN."

TERMS:—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

Vol. V.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

No. 26.

DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.

Chief Judge—Hon. John Ritchie.
Associate Judges—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State's Attorney—John C. Motter.
Clerk of the Court—Adolphus Fearhake, Jr.

Orphan's Court.

Judges—Daniel Castle of T., John T. Lowe, A. W. Nicholas.
Register of Wills—James P. Perry.
County Commissioners—Thos. R. Jarboe, Nicholas C. Stansbury, Henry A. Hinea, Josiah Valentine, Henry Keller.
Sheriff—Robert Barriek.
Tax Collector—D. H. Routhan.
Surgeon—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners—Jas. W. Pearce, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hilliary, Jas. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.
Examiner—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.

Justices of the Peace—J. H. T. Webb, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, E. T. McBride.
Registrar—E. S. Taney.
Constable—William H. Ashbaugh.
School Trustees—Henry Stokes, E. R. Zimmerman, Dr. R. L. Anna.
Burgess—Henry Stokes.
Town Commissioners—O. A. Horner, E. R. Zimmerman, T. M. Miter, Joseph Suoffer, John G. Hess, John T. Long.

CHURCHES.

Fv. Lutheran Church.

Pastor—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 9 o'clock, a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday school at 2 o'clock, p. m., infants school at 12 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor—Rev. Geo. B. Rosser. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday school, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.
Pastor—Rev. Wm. Simonton. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock, p. m. Praying Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic).
Pastor—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 6 o'clock, a. m., second mass 9 o'clock, a. m.; Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor—Rev. Daniel Haskell. Services every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7 o'clock. Sunday School 8 o'clock, a. m.; Class meeting every other Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

MAILS.

From Baltimore, Way, 11:05 a. m.; From Hagerstown through, 7:00 p. m.; From Hagerstown and West, 7:00 p. m.; From Rocky Ridge, 7:00 p. m.; From Motter's, 11:05 a. m.; From Gettysburg 4:30 p. m.; Frederick, 11:05 a. m.

Depart.
For Baltimore, closed, 8:40 a. m.; For Mechanicsville, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 8:40 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 8:40 a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, 8:30 p. m.; Frederick 3:20 p. m.; For Motter's, 8:30 p. m.; For Gettysburg, 8:30 a. m.

All mails close 15 minutes before schedule time. Office hours from 6 o'clock a. m., to 8:15 p. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massasoit Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: Geo. T. Gelwicks, P.; C. J. S. Gelwicks, S.; J. Theof. Gelwicks, Sen. S.; Geo. G. Byers, Jun. S.; John P. Adelsberger, C. of C.; Chas. S. Zeigler, K. of W.; Joseph Byers, Great Sachem of the Hamng Grounds of Maryland; D. R. Gelwicks, Representative.

"Emerald Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md."

Monthly meetings, 4th Sunday in each month. Officers: J. Thos. Bussay, Pres.; John F. Bowman, Vice Pres.; Jas. J. Crosby, Secretary; F. A. Adelsberger, Ass't. Sec.; Nicholas Baker, Treasurer.

Emmitt Lodge No. 47, I. O. M.

Weekly meetings, every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. D. D. Grand Architect, Jos. Byers; Worthy Senior Master, E. R. Zimmerman; Worthy Master, Geo. T. Gelwicks; Junior Master, Lewis D. Cook; Rec. Secretary, Jno. F. Adelsberger; Financial Secretary, R. P. Johnston; Treasurer, M. J. Eichelberger; Chaplain, John G. Hess; Conductor, Geo. G. Byers.

Junior Building Association.

Sec. Edward H. Rowe; Directors, J. T. Hays, Pres.; W. S. Guthrie, Vice Pres.; John Withrow, W. H. Hoke, Daniel Lawrence, Jas. A. Rowe, Chas. J. Rowe, Jos. Waddles.

Union Building Association.

President, J. Taylor Motter; Vice President, W. S. Guthrie; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, W. H. Hoke; Solicitor, Henry Stokes; Directors, Jas. A. Rowe, F. A. Maxwell, John G. Hess, D. Lawrence, R. H. Gelwicks, Chas. J. Rowe.



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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swelling, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Price, 50 Cents a Bottle. Directions in 11 Languages. THE F. TOEGLER & CO. Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

C. W. SCHWARTZ, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. EMMITSBURG, MD.
Having located in Emmitsburg, offers his professional services as a Homeopathic physician and practical Surgeon, hoping by careful attention to the duties of his profession, to deserve the confidence of the community. Office in the building lately occupied by J. H. T. Webb. #22

C. V. S. LEVY
ATTORNEY AT LAW. FREDERICK, MD.
Will attend promptly to all legal business, entrusted to him. #121 ly

Edward S. Eichelberger,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. FREDERICK CITY, MD.
OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House. dec 11 ff

Dr. J. T. Bussay,
DENTIST. EMMITSBURG, MD.
Office N. W. Corner Square. Performs all operations pertaining to his profession. Satisfaction guaranteed. #29

DENTISTRY!
DR. Geo. S. Fouke, Dentist
Westminster, Md.

NEXT door to Carroll Hall, will visit Emmitsburg professionally, on the 4th Wednesday of each month, and will remain over a few days when the practice requires it. aug16-ly

Western Maryland Railroad

WINNER SCHEDULE.

ON and after SUNDAY, Nov. 18th, 1883, passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

PASSNGR TRAINS RUNNING WEST.

STATIONS.	Daily except Sundays.			
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Hillen Station	8:00	10:30	8:00	10:30
Union depot	8:05	10:35	8:05	10:35
Penn's ave.	8:10	10:40	8:10	10:40
Fulton sta.	8:15	10:45	8:15	10:45
Arlington	8:20	10:50	8:20	10:50
Hope	8:25	10:55	8:25	10:55
Pikesville	8:30	11:00	8:30	11:00
Owings Mills	8:35	11:05	8:35	11:05
Glyndon	8:40	11:10	8:40	11:10
Hanover	8:45	11:15	8:45	11:15
Gettysburg	8:50	11:20	8:50	11:20
Westminster	9:00	11:30	9:00	11:30
New Windsor	9:05	11:35	9:05	11:35
Union Bridge	9:10	11:40	9:10	11:40
Smoking Sta.	9:15	11:45	9:15	11:45
Rocky Ridge	9:20	11:50	9:20	11:50
Mechanicsville	9:25	11:55	9:25	11:55
Shine Mt.	9:30	12:00	9:30	12:00
Pen-Mar	9:35	12:05	9:35	12:05
Edgemoor	9:40	12:10	9:40	12:10
Frederick	9:45	12:15	9:45	12:15
Hagerstown	9:50	12:20	9:50	12:20
Williamsport	9:55	12:25	9:55	12:25

PASSNGR TRAINS RUNNING EAST.

STATIONS.	Daily except Sundays.			
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Hagerstown	7:40	9:25	7:40	9:25
Williamsport	7:45	9:30	7:45	9:30
Smoking Sta.	7:50	9:35	7:50	9:35
Edgemoor	7:55	9:40	7:55	9:40
Pen-Mar	8:00	9:45	8:00	9:45
Shine Mt.	8:05	9:50	8:05	9:50
Rocky Ridge	8:10	9:55	8:10	9:55
Mechanicsville	8:15	10:00	8:15	10:00
Locky Ridge	8:20	10:05	8:20	10:05
Frederick Junction	8:25	10:10	8:25	10:10
Union Bridge	8:30	10:15	8:30	10:15
New Windsor	8:35	10:20	8:35	10:20
Westminster	8:40	10:25	8:40	10:25
Hanover	8:45	10:30	8:45	10:30
Glyndon	8:50	10:35	8:50	10:35
Owings Mills	8:55	10:40	8:55	10:40
Pikesville	9:00	10:45	9:00	10:45
Mt. Hope	9:05	10:50	9:05	10:50
Fulton sta.	9:10	10:55	9:10	10:55
Penn's ave.	9:15	11:00	9:15	11:00
Union depot	9:20	11:05	9:20	11:05
Hillen sta.	9:25	11:10	9:25	11:10

Baltimore and Cumberland Valley R.R.—Trains leave East, daily, except Sunday. Springfield, 8:45 a. m. and 12:30 and 3:25 p. m., Chambersburg, 8:00 a. m. and 1:30 and 4:40 p. m., arriving Edgemoor 8:35 a. m., and 9:00 and 5:00 p. m., Sundays, leave Shippensburg 8:00 a. m., and 3:00 p. m., Chambersburg 8:35 a. m., and 3:35 p. m., Waynesboro 8:15 a. m., and 4:17 p. m., arriving Edgemoor 8:45 a. m., and 3:47 p. m., Trains leave West, daily, except Sunday. Edgemoor 7:55 11:40 a. m. and 1:35 p. m., Waynesboro 8:00 a. m. and 1:25 and 3:40 p. m., arriving Shippensburg 8:15 a. m., and 4:17 p. m., Chambersburg 10:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m., arriving Shippensburg 10:30 a. m. and 5:30 p. m., Frederick Div., Penna. R. R.—Trains for Frederick will leave Junction at 10:30 a. m., and 6:27 p. m. Trains for York, Taneytown and Littlestown leave Junction at 9:40 a. m. and 6:27 p. m. Through Cars for Hanover and Gettysburg, leave Junction at 10:30 a. m. and 6:27 p. m., and points on H. J. B. and G. R. R., leave Baltimore at 10:30 a. m. and 4:00 p. m. Street Cars for Baltimore and Gay Street Line, at corner of Gay and Exeter sts., pass within one square of Hillen Station. Orders for baggage calls can be left at Ticket Office, 133 W. Baltimore Street. Eastern Standard or 75th Meridian Time is given at all Stations. JOHN M. HOOD, General Manager. B. H. Griswold, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

WANTED Energetic, Reliable men to sell Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, etc. Salary and expenses paid. Full instructions given, so inexperienced people can soon learn the business. Address J. F. LECLARK, BRIGHTON, N. Y. (1 mile east of Rochester, N. Y.)

PENSIONS For wounds, disease or other disability, widows, minor children, dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims required, restoration, increase, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply once, delay produces your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 917 F St., Washington, D. C.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Conroy's Bureau of Investigation, 111 N. E. W. York.

SONG OF THE JERSEY.

With fingers tired and stiff,
With muscles swollen and sore,
A maiden stood in a gros grain silk
Viewing her Jersey o'er.
Sad, sad, sad,
Then wickledly winking her eye
She cried aloud, like a lunatic mad,
"I'll put you on or die!"

Stretch, stretch, stretch,
With her tongue almost bitten in two,
And stretch, stretch, stretch,
Till her head came peeping through.
With moans and sighs and tears,
With tears and sighs and moans,
She paved the air, fell over a chair,
And filled the room with groans.

Sick, sick, sick,
She lay for a week in bed—
Sick, sick, sick,
With a pain that racked her head.
While in a closet dark
The naughty Jersey laid.
'Twas torn to shreds, 'twas rent in twain
And sorry was the maid.
—From the Washington Capital.

IF.
If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.
If you your ears
Would save from jeers,
Three things keep merrily hid:
Mys-I-f-and I,
And a nod and my,
And how I do or aid.
—Christian Advocate.

The Engineer's Story.

A Midnight Experience in the White Mountains.

It had been snowing steadily all day long, not in a blustering, tempestuous way, but quietly and persistently, as if the feathery flakes which were rapidly piling themselves one upon the other on the frozen ground had come for a long stay. Towards night the wind began to rise, and when the darkness settled down a moderate winter's storm was raging. We were waiting in the little station at L— for the down train, telegraphed an hour and a half behind time, and were endeavoring to keep warm under the small air tight stove which served as the only heating medium in the low placed apartment. L— is a place of little importance except as a railroad center, for here two trunk lines cross each other, and it is also the point where locomotives were changed on the different trains. With the exception of the bustle and excitement incident to a junction station, there was but little to attract a tourist, and the few natural charms the place possessed at this time were hidden beneath the soft covering of snow. So the weary waiters were forced by dearth of amusement, as well as the storm, to while away the time as best they could in the dingy depot. The different timetables were perused, the flaming advertisements scrutinized, all to no purpose, for the hands of the monotonous ticking clock crept around the dial with that tardy peculiarity to railroad timepieces when one is waiting for a belated train.

The conductor who was to take charge of the express came in to warm his hands by the little stove, and soon the party was increased by the engineer, whose machine could be dimly seen far down the track ready for its expected charge. "Bad night Bob," said the conductor. "Better come in and warm up. She won't be here for an hour yet." The engineer made some reply, and joined the circle around the stove. He was a man of slight build, drooping shoulders, and perhaps not up to the average height. Rather effeminate at first sight, until one noticed the square firm chin, the quick, steady eyes, and the lines about the mouth, which showed that beneath that calm face and quiet manner lay the will both to do and dare. He had been selected especially to run this night express on account of the danger of the position, for the down train was frequently late, and the lost time must be made up before reaching the end of the road in order to meet connections. Time and again nothing but the coolness and judgment of the engineer had brought this train to its destination in safety, and Bob Jennings, as he was called, had been remarkably fortunate, and had never met with a

serious accident. The running of the two trains up to L— and back to the city constituted his day's work. The position was a responsible one, the remuneration good, and the "job," as the boys termed it, was looked upon with envy by Bob's fellow engineers.

After some minutes passed in conversation between the engineer and conductor, the latter suddenly remarked:

"How was it, Bob, you happened to get this express? The Superintendent of the Portland & Ogdensburg helped you to it, didn't he, on account of that affair up in the mountains? Tell us about it?"

"Yes, yes," spoke up several who had overheard the conversation, "Let us hear the story, by all means."

"Well, boys," said Bob, as he bit off a generous chew, and deposited the quid lovingly in his cheek, "it ain't much of a yarn, and it'll make you laugh, for you'll think me spooky like. However, it's as true as the Gospel, and if Dan was here he'd say so, too."

"'Twas when I was running 49 on the P. & O. Road which hadn't been again more'n a couple of years. You may perhaps be acquainted with the line. She runs through the White Mountain Notch, and is built right on the side of the hills. How they ever had the spunk to start such a road beats me, for at first sight it seems next to hopeless to get around some of them short curves, to say nothing of the big up-grades. Near Crawford's is that spider like Frankenstein trestle, you've heard so much about, where the track spans a chasm eighty feet wide, and one hundred feet deep. Strong enough, I suppose, but it makes a man feel skittish to go over it for the first time. Well, my good luck is all owing to that trestle. We lived in Portland then, Nell and I. She is my wife, and we was as happy as could be. The only drawback was that every other night I had to take the late express up to Fabyan's and come back next day on the accommodation. Nell used to be afraid to have me go, particularly as the road was new and accidents would happen spite of all we could do. I kept telling her it was safe enough, and the pay was good, so I'd better stick to my place for awhile anyway, though, to tell the truth, I didn't like the route, 'twas so awful gloomy like. No big towns to go through, only now and then a little village, and they would be as dark and quiet as a graveyard, when we struck 'em at night. Summers it wasn't so bad, but winters was awful. Well, one night in January, when it was my turn to stay in Portland, the Superintendent sent for me and said:

"Bob, there's a party of directors as wants to get through the mountains tonight, and they're going to start about ten o'clock. I'll have to send a special, but I haven't an engineer that I can trust. Now, it's your night off, I know, but if you'll pull the throttle for them fellows, I'll make it all right with you."

"Well," says I, "I'll go, of course; but it's goin' to be a bad night on the mountains."

"That's so, Bob," says the Super, "but I know I can rely on you, and they directors says they must go through, anyhow."

"So I went back to our little cottage and told Nell as how I'd got to go. She took on very queer like and seemed distressed to have me away, she never acted like that before."

"It's an awful night, Bob," says she, "can't they send some one else? I don't like to have you go."

"Nonsense," says I, "the storm won't hurt me, and I'll be back again to-morrow. The Super's promised to do the square thing, and it will come out all right."

"She seemed a little reassured, and I got out my great coat and muffler, and in 'em I prepared to start out."

"Well, Bob," says my wife 'if you must go, you must, but,' she added, thoughtfully, and there was the queerest look passed over her face 'be careful of that Frankenstein trestle!'"

"I scarcely heard what she said, but bidding her good-bye was soon on my way to the round house. It was a wild night and no mistake; seems to me I have never seen it blow harder or snow faster. Once or twice I had to turn my back to the blast to keep from blowin' over. Well, I was soon on board my machine, and backing into the station, hitched on to two cars which were to make up the train. A ten o'clock conductor, the latter suddenly remarked:

"Them fellers," says I to myself, "feel their steam pretty well. I don't suppose they'd look at an engineer." "Dan Smith, my fireman, was on the watch for the conductor's signal, and when the clock struck ten we got the swing of the lantern and off we started."

"I've seen some pretty bad nights, but that one was the worst I ever remember. The storm to-night is hard enough, but it don't begin to blow as it did then. Why, every now and then we would get a blast that would make the whole machine tremble, and as the country round Portland is pretty level, we took the full force of the wind. As we got further inland, it wasn't so bad, and by the time we were forty miles out, it had turned to a summer's gale and was pouring torrents."

"And now comes the singular part of the story. We had the right of way, and our dispatcher was to keep the whole up to Fabyan's open for us, my instructions being to stop only at North Conway for water. So I gave her the throttle, and we bowed along at a good rate of speed now and then, thirty or thirty-five miles an hour. As we went whistling through Sebago Lake station I had a kind of feeling come over me that there was something wrong. I didn't notice it at first, but every now and then it would come back to me that all was not as it should be, yet I couldn't think of anything that wasn't right. I'll examine my machine before I start, give her a good oilin', look well to the bolts and parallel rods, try the levers and such, and so I knew when we left Portland old '49' was in perfect working trim. Yet the feeling grew on me until it was a steady thing. I tried to shake it off, but 'twasn't no use. I felt it in my bones that somethin' was up."

"If I'm ever to be cured of such stuff," says I to myself, "now's my chance. What could Nell know about the bridge? I'll put her across at full speed."

"A tall white birch that stood on a spur of the mountain was the landmark which showed me that we was accordin' to the straight piece which led across the bridge. I put my hand on the throttle to open the valve, when—

"Well, gentlemen, I don't suppose you'll believe me, but as true as I'm standin' here, my wife's voice whined in my ear 'not that one, Bob, the brake!'"

"It gave me such a start that before I knew what I did I had opened the Westinghouse for all she was worth, and the train came to a standstill in less than two lengths. Not waitin' to answer any questions from Dan, I grabbed my lantern and rushed up the track to the bridge and walked along the middle plank until I reached the other side, and then back again. Not a thing was out of place, every rail secure, and the bridge was as sound as when first put up!"

"Idiot!" cried I, "so much for your foolish nonsense. This track will cost you your job!"

"I could see the lights of the conductor and brakeman, who had with a number of passengers come out to see what was the matter. How the boys would laugh, I thought. I should never hear the last of it. I was sneakin' back to the cab, when I came to the switch of a short siding that had been laid, on which to run gravel cars. It wasn't a very long track, not more than a hundred old feet, and ended within a couple of yards of the precipice. Noticin' somethin' peculiar, I held up my lantern and found a large tree that had just blown down and fallen against the switch rod, breakin' the fastening and throwin' the rails of the main line into the siding!"

"Perhaps, gentlemen, you have never been through the hills in winter. It's some different from summer, I can tell yer. The mountains loom up dark and solemn, and with their snow-covered sides they seem kinder like big, ghostly giants that have been turned to stone standing guard over the valley. The silence and desolation sorter awes one, and it don't seem right to go shrieking and screaming along their sides in the dead o' night. This time it was worse than ever. The storm had let loose all the evil spirits in the air. The wind swept down the valley with a roar that could be heard above the rush of the train. It whistled and yelled at the cab windows, and blew the rain and sleet so hard agin the winder frame I could scarcely see the short distance lit by the head-light. The great trees rocked to and fro and seemed to hold their arms in warning. It was a solemn place for any one, and I felt it particularly as I had this awful weight of anxiety on my mind that had been growin' stronger and stronger each minute."

"Well, we had passed Bartlett's, goin' through there at a pretty good jog, when like a flash of lightning the parting words of my wife came back to me: 'Be careful of that Frankenstein trestle!'"

"That set me to thinkin'. Could this be a presentment of some disaster? Was there anything the matter with the bridge?"

"Nonsense," says I, "I'm a natural-born fool. If anything was wrong the train two hours ahead would have found it out and signaled me at Bartlett's. I'll think of it no more, but tend to business."

"But in spite of me, 'be careful of the Frankenstein trestle,' kept comin' into my head; even the wind seemed to shriek it. I pictured to myself a broken rail and the yawning gulf on each side. What a terrible accident it would make; what a frightful chasm in which to plunge. Then I remembered Nell, and the queer look that came over her face when she gave me that singular caution: 'Be careful of the Frankenstein trestle.' We was a nearin' the bridge, sure enough. On the up grade '49' was making about twenty miles an hour, and in less than ten minutes he would be over the bridge, or— I caught my breath, for at that moment those warning words flashed into my mind once more."

"Now you gentlemen will laugh at me for being a fool, and I don't blame yer, for we was accordin' all right, everything from the water-gauge to the cylinders was a workin' in good time, and I knew that it was only my imagination, but, to tell the truth, I began to feel uneasy. I had been an engineer for ten years, and had been through some pretty tough scrapes without blowin' for grapes, and the boys all said as how I had a good deal of pluck. Now I began to lose all confidence."

"Bob," said I to myself, "this won't do. You're gettin' nervous, and all for nothin'! You've no business to be superstitious at your time of life. Brace up!"

"'Twasn't no use, however. I could hev' stood up in court and sworn that there was a kink somewhere. Well, meanwhile we was sliding along, and pretty soon reached North Conway, where we was to give the machine a drink. 'Dan,' says I to my fireman, 'there's some thin' out of the way with this machine, and I don't know what it is.'"

"What makes you think so?" said Dan.
"I can't tell," I replied, "she works all right; but I feel it in my bones."
"Guess your thinkin' of your wife, returned Dan, with a laugh.
"But while we were gettin' in the water I took a lantern and went round the engine. Looked at every part of her, tapped the bars, knocked the wheels, tried her at every point, and couldn't find nothin'.
"And I tried to think no more about it, but the feeling was there all the same, and the best I could I wasn't able to throw it off. 'Well, we had got a pretty good distance in the mountains, and with that light load '49' didn't make nothin' of the up grades."
"Perhaps, gentlemen, you have never been through the hills in winter. It's some different from summer, I can tell yer. The mountains loom up dark and solemn, and with their snow-covered sides they seem kinder like big, ghostly giants that have been turned to stone standing guard over the valley. The silence and desolation sorter awes one, and it don't seem right to go shrieking and screaming along their sides in the dead o' night. This time it was worse than ever. The storm had let loose all the evil spirits in the air. The wind swept down the valley with a roar that could be heard above the rush of the train. It whistled and yelled at the cab windows, and blew the rain and sleet so hard agin the winder frame I could scarcely see the short distance lit by the head-light. The great trees rocked to and fro and seemed to hold their arms in warning. It was a solemn place for any one, and I felt it particularly as I had this awful weight of anxiety on my mind that had been growin' stronger and stronger each minute."

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