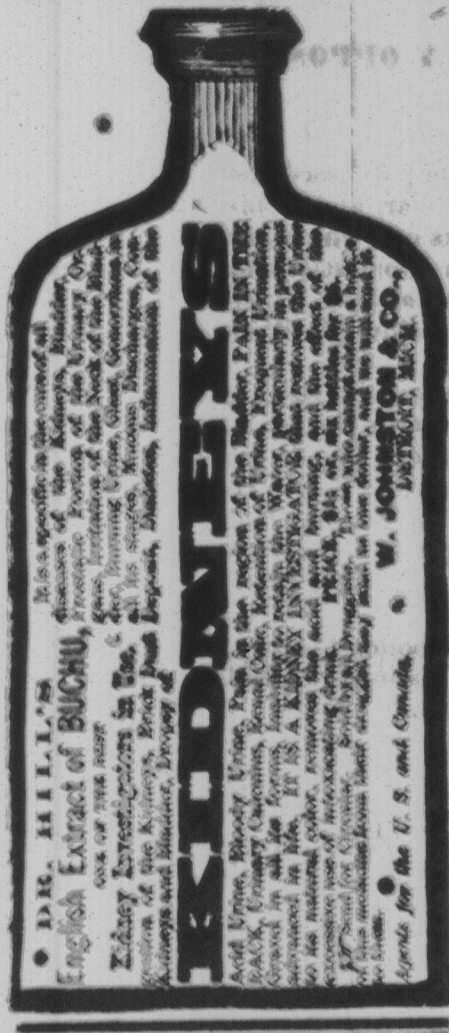


HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM.

Has no equal for the permanent cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and all Lung Diseases.



PREMONITIONS OF DANGER.

"A fortnight or so ago I was on my way to the far West, travelling on a fast B. & O. express. On a bright Sunday morning I awoke in my berth and realized that the train was standing still. I raised the curtain and peeped out. The sun was well up in the heavens, and the train stood in a dense wood, away from any living creature. It did not move for some time, and I arose, made my toilet and went outside. The train stood partly on a long trestle work or open bridge, and I could see smoke arising from the end of the structure furthest from us. I walked out past the locomotive and on to the bridge, where I met a number of gentlemen talking.

"What's the matter? I inquired of one.

"Oh, a section of the bridge has burned," replied the gentleman.

"I wish that the engineer saw the fire in time to save us," I remarked, gazing down at the water below, and shuddered at the thought of being piled up in a sleeping car, in the chasm that yawned for me.

"But the engineer says he didn't see any fire when he stopped," explained one.

"No," said the engineer, who stood hard by. "I saw no fire. I had a presentiment as I approached the bridge. Something seemed to warn me that it was not safe to cross the bridge, and it came upon me so strongly that I stopped the train and got out of the car, and I hadn't walked twenty steps before I saw that the act had saved many lives, for the whole train would have gone down that hole, although it is but the length of two rails. The fire didn't show up much above the ties, as it was confined mostly to the timbers below. Right there in that little shed a watchman sleeps, said the engineer, pointing to a diminutive dwelling a half dozen rods away, and it was his duty, and has been for years to be out here, and pass over the bridge just before and after us; but somehow I felt he was not faithful, that he might be asleep, and I saw on my mind as I approached the bridge, the whole train going down, to death, and I could hear the cries of the dying, and so I just stopped as I said. The watchman, sure enough, was asleep. Oh, you needn't laugh, for this is not the first time presentiments have saved lives when my hand was at the throttle. No, sir, I've been in just this position before, said he, blushing to the tips of his fingers, as two or three gentlemen smiled and whistled a bit. No, said he, I had a foreboding of danger stronger than this a few years ago. I was running then on a division of the Sandusky. There is a little station on that road where the passenger trains seldom stop. It has a siding for freights, however, and there was always a freight side-tracked as I passed through on the fast express. That little place was on a long stretch of splendid track, and for years engineers had that for a resting ground, and I tell you some mighty good time has been made there. At the time I had this presentiment the rivalry among the engineers on that stretch of track was at its height. It was foggy, and a fierce wind blew. I hadn't stopped there for three months, and I went into that good track with a dash and approached the village at a terrible speed. My locomotive was the fleetest on the road, and I was congratulating myself as the fireman drew his watch, that I was making the best time on record, and was thinking to myself how I would appear to the train-men side-tracked as I passed through. When a quarter

of a mile from the station something whispered to me to stop. I didn't want to stop; and reflecting how charged I would be if I had to stop when in the heat of a successful race. I tossed my head, opened the throttle a little more, and oh how we flew! It seemed to me that I never saw a train come so near flying, and yet the lap-rod slipped and smoothly on the track as could be. Quick as thought I was commanded by an inner being to stop, or it would be a run to death; and, without effort, my hands reversed the engine and applied the air. There was no signal, no whistle or bell sounded, and the fireman was astonished to see my frantic movements. The train lay still a few feet past the depot, and as I jumped off the engine I felt so embarrassed that I almost burned. I could make no explanation to the conductor or the train-men who came about me. I looked all over the engine. Everything was all right. I cast my eyes along the train. Nothing appeared wrong. Then I walked down the track in front of the engine. When I had gone less than a hundred feet and beyond the rays of the headlight I ran against a box car! It stood out in front of the engine, full on the track. The switch had been left open and the wind had skewed it out. It was loaded with carbon oil. Had I not seen it, scores of persons would have been killed and burned.

"I am positive that there is such a thing as being forewarned," continued the old engineer. "That warning that stopped me up on the Sandusky came only a few months after I saved by a hair's breadth, a whole train from being wrecked in a culvert. I was dashing along one rainy night a few months before that. The country was open and my train was the fast express. I had no reason to suspect any trouble, and didn't; but something told me as I was approaching a crossing that I should stop; and that desire to stop the train fastened upon me until I found myself, a minute later, standing beside my engine. It was so dark I could scarcely see my hand before me. I found the culvert filled with cross ties, wedged down, so closely that they would have thrown us flat on our backs, and the work was so well done that I would not have seen them had I not stopped and walked right up to them with a lantern. Did I ever see another engineer who was a believer in presentiments? Lots of them. I know old Jack Crane; and old Jack Crane will swear that a foreboding is surer than eyesight itself. I remember of a thrilling story that he told me many years ago, and I have thought of it every time I have been stopped. He was running an express up in Northern Ohio several years ago, and one night he fell behind time. When he ran into a station he got out to oil his engine, and was doing it in the most mechanical way, totally absorbed in thought, when the conductor came up and remarked that they were very much behind, and he hoped they would be able to make up some time before they reached the end of the run. 'I shall do my best,' said Jack, 'but we will be delayed at the covered bridge.' The conductor asked Jack how the delay would be caused, and Jack remarked that he didn't know, but there was something wrong. He contended there was trouble ahead, and the conductor couldn't laugh it out of him. Jack said he dashed along over the road with all the speed his engine would give him, and as he neared the bridge he made up his mind not to make a fool of himself by stopping, even if he did meet with an accident. He said his heart sank within him as he came within sight of the bridge, but he nerved himself, and when within 200 feet of it thought he would go right through, believing his impression that something was wrong—got ten at the station—was but a fancy. When within 100 feet of the bridge, which looked dark and threatening, he was seized with a desire to reverse the engine. A terrible foreboding of disaster and death took hold of him. He could see the train crashing through the structure and hear the screams of agony as the loads of humanity were hurled to death below. Like a flash of lightning he reversed his engine and screamed down breaks. The train ran 800 feet before it stopped—almost through the bridge. Jack got out and walked ahead of the engine a few steps. There he found that which had caused him to stop. The rails were open just a few inches on either side, so that the gap could scarcely be detected, and yet so the train would have been derailed and would have gone through the bridge and into the river. You can't make Jack Crane believe there is nothing in forebodings and premonitions."

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Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's disease, diabetes, weak back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c a bottle by S. Perrin. (1)

A triality of evils. Biliousness, constipation and dyspepsia usually exist together. By disciplining the liver and toning the stomach simultaneously they can be eradicated. The promptitude and thoroughness with which Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great blood purifier removes this triality of physical evils is a fact widely appreciated throughout Canada.

CAUTION.—A New Treatment whereby this horrible disease is permanently cured in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing for one year or forty years. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 300 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.—26.

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