

The Awful Punishment Given a United States Soldier.

Whose is the Greater Disgrace, the Punishment of the Punishers?—Full Particulars of the Humiliation of Young Iams.

The news of the attempted assassination of Mr. Frick reached the military camp, on the hilltop on the other side of the river, about half past 2 o'clock in the afternoon. This camp is little frequented by visitors or newspaper men. The discipline is very strict, and the camp lines are difficult to pass.

So it happened that the punishment and the great disgrace of a man who had expressed his approbation of the anarchistic deed had passed before any outsider heard of it. The man was a private soldier of Company K of the Tenth Regiment, Thomas Iams, and until he was paraded in disgrace before the whole brigade very few outside of his own company had heard of him.

Iams is less than 30 years of age and comes of a good family. His father was at one time Commissioner of Green county and quite wealthy. The young man is a drummer for a Pittsburgh house, and although his home is in Waynesburg he is in Pittsburgh most of the time and has a large circle of friends there. He was standing in front of his tent in the company street, cleaning his rifle. There were dozens of soldiers standing and sitting about in idleness. Lieut. Col. Streater, while Col. Hawkins is acting as commander of the brigade, is in command of the Tenth Regiment. He approached a group of men and said:

"We've just heard terrible news from Homestead. Mr. Frick has been shot."

Other men approached the group. Iams stood his rifle against his tent and hastened to the group also. He said to the first man he met:

"What's that Streater says?"

"He says Frick was shot."

"Who did it? Who did it?" Iams asked eagerly.

The soldier to whom he put the question did not know, and Iams returned to his tent, took up his rifle again, and stood for a moment buried in thought. Then he raised his voice and cried:

"Boys, let's give three cheers for the man who shot Frick. Hooray!"

All voices ceased and the men looked at one another in consternation. Col. Streater had started to walk off. He turned and looked Iams full in the face. Iams stared at him defiantly. The other members of the company, anticipating trouble, walked slowly away to be out of hearing. The Colonel walked to where Iams stood.

"Young man, what do you mean by that?" he asked. Iams looked down sulkily and answered, "I meant that I was glad that Frick was shot, and I am too."

"Now, my friend, you are a soldier and you have no business to make such remarks. Do you want to retract it?" Iams thought for a moment and then raised his head and said: "No, sir; I am glad that Mr. Frick was shot, and I cannot retract anything I said that I really meant."

The Colonel turned and left him. Five minutes later he gave the order for the regiment to return without arms. The men of company K felt what was coming and assembled with serious faces. The other companies, unaware of what had happened answered the call, asking one another what was the matter. There had been no such order before since the organization of the camp.

When the regiment was finally assembled, Col. Streater addressed the men thus:

"When the news of the attempt on Mr. Frick's life was announced here a few minutes ago a member of the regiment offered three cheers for the assassin. I want that man to advance two paces."

There was deep silence, but no one moved.

"I know the man," the Colonel continued, "and he can gain nothing by keeping silent. I order him to step forward at once."

There was another moment of suspense, and then Iams advanced two paces, saluted respectfully, and stood at attention. In spite of the severe discipline of the camp the other soldiers could not refrain from looking around at Iams. Col. Streater advanced to where Iams stood, took out his penknife, and, amid the most profound silence, cut the buttons from the soldier's uniform. When he had finished and retired a few paces to look at him Iams saluted again in a most respectful manner.

"Corporal of Company K," called the Colonel. A corporal advanced and saluted. "Take a guard and take this man to the guard tent. Ask the sergeants to stand by, and string this man up by his thumbs until he can stand it no longer."

Iams, who up to this point had stood flushed but entirely self-possessed, turned the color of chalk and trembled, but he never flinched. With another salute to his Colonel he turned and followed the corporal to the guard tent. The men were dismissed, and with awed faces retired to their tents. They did not dare discuss what had taken place.

Three regimental surgeons, followed Iams to the guard tent. The young man soon regained his self-possession and held out his thumbs for one of his fellow soldiers to tie. A stout piece of twine was tied tightly to each thumb and Iams raised his arms while the corporal drew the line over the tent pole. The cord was pulled by three men until Iams stood on tiptoe, and then it was made fast. The surgeons took turns counting his pulse beats. They had to stand on a chair to do so. Not a word was spoken. The young man's face was deathly white, but his eyes were brilliant with determination. His arms were rigid with his weight. The twine was cutting into his flesh, but he pressed his lips firmly together and did not allow a moan to escape him. The soldiers and the corporal turned their faces away. The sight was too painful. The surgeons, watch in hand, kept their fingers on his pulse. The beats came faster and faster, and slowly the man's head fell forward on his breast and his eyes closed. He could no longer press the ground with his toes. This dead weight hung heavy on the twine.

Minute after minute passed, and his pulse beats were constantly increasing. At last one surgeon said, "One hundred and twenty beats. Let him down." Iams had hung for nineteen minutes. A surgeon held him firmly while the soldiers cut the cord. The young man fell into his arms and was laid gently on the ground. His eyes opened soon,

and Iams said: "Let me lie here. I feel sick."

They covered him with a blanket and withdrew, and Iams lay there in the guard tent all night. Col. Streater made his report to Col. Hawkins, who endorsed it, and sent it by an orderly across the river to Gen. Snowden. Gen. Snowden read it over carefully and endorsed it:

"Dismiss that man in disgrace from your regiment, and drum him out of camp to-morrow morning."

These were written orders. But to the orderly he added: "Tell Col. Hawkins to have the man's head shaved on one side before he is dismissed."

Early this morning the provisional brigade under the command of Col. Hawkins was ordered to assemble on parade. Three regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery turned out and drew up in two lines facing each other on the parade ground. The disgraced soldier was brought out by a corporal guard.

He presented a pitiable appearance. His uniform had been taken from him and he wore a pair of cheap overalls and a ragged coat, which could not hide his undershirt. He held a tattered straw hat in his hand. The top of his head, on the right side, had been shaved to the scalp, and had it not been for his pale face and his bruised thumbs the assembled soldiers could not have refrained from laughing.

The corporal turned him over to a Lieutenant, who with twenty men proceeded to march him from one end of the parade ground to the other and then back again. The soldiers looked at him curiously, but there was no anger or displeasure in their glances. They all pitied him. He was brought before Col. Hawkins and an Adjutant proceeded to read the report which had been submitted to Gen. Snowden and the orders which the General had given. Iams listened to it with an air of indifference. His face betrayed no emotion whatever. When it was finished, Col. Hawkins said to him: "My man, this has been an exceedingly painful duty for me to perform, but I think the punishment was just. You are now discharged in disgrace from the service. You will be escorted to the limits of the camp. If you ever dare enter it again you will be summarily dealt with."

The regimental drum corps then fell in line and began playing the Rogue's March. Iams was ordered to march behind them, and he was followed by his regiment. This strange parade moved over the hilltop and down as far as the railroad station. A freight train was slowly passing, and Iams was told to jump aboard. He climbed into a box car and was soon lost to view. The drums and fife ceased, and the men returned to camp in silence. No one here knows where Iams has gone. His discharge from the militia in disgrace deprives him of his franchise. He cannot cast a vote, nor can he ever hold public office. The soldiers will not discuss his case, and all that any officer will say is, "Well, discipline must be maintained."

Some of the officers say that hanging up by the thumbs is not permitted by the regulations, nor is the shaving the head. As Gen. Snowden approved of the finding of the court martial, they refuse to give their views publicly.

Free and Equal.

Mrs. Millet, in her story of life in "An Australian Parsonage," says that she and her husband had looked forward to the sight of wild men with the keenest interest. The objects of their curiosity did not keep them long in suspense, but were equally desirous of seeing what the new-comers were like. This, it should be premised, was almost thirty years ago. Of one of their new acquaintances Mrs. Millet says:

"After we had been settled at Barladong about a fortnight the natives began to pay us frequent visits. We had learned the names of several of them, but had formed no special friendships, when one morning a shadow fell across our window, and on looking up to ascertain the cause, we saw a stranger standing in a calm, easy attitude, surveying us from two brilliant eyes, with a mingled expression of pleasure and curiosity."

His jet-black hair was bound with a fillet in the native mode, and his features were somewhat of the Malay type; his complexion decidedly black, but not the sooty hue of the negro. Cast over his left shoulder and brought beneath the other arm, hung his mantle of kangaroo skin, the fur worn inside, securely fastened with a long wooden pin like a skewer, whilst in one of his hands, which were small and well-shaped, he held lightly a bundle of slender spears, six or seven feet in length.

A twisted string of opossum fur, in which was stuck his tobacco pipe, was wound several times round the upper part of his bare, muscular arm, and his cheeks were painted with red earth, as a lady puts on rouge. It seemed that he had come to make a call of ceremony upon us, his new neighbors, and having no card to send in, he affably became his own introducer.

"I Mister Khouarabene," he said; "you gentleman fellow—I gentleman fellow—I come see you."

Perhaps what struck us most in his manner was the complete taking for granted that he and ourselves were upon precisely the same social level; an idea which we were fain to accept in a complimentary sense, such being evidently our visitors' intention.

Typewriting machines are now manufactured at the rate of 100 a day.

Negotiations are said to have been opened for the introduction to this continent from England during the World's Fair of a road vehicle propelled by steam. It is said to be in successful operation in Great Britain.

An officer of the British army thinks that ducks would be preferable to pigeons for carrying naval dispatches over the sea, because they would drop down and sit on the water when tired and resume their flight after resting.

A Berlin shoemaker has invented an artificial stone sole for footwear. It is made of a solution of some kind of patent cement and pure white quartz sand. A pair of such soles will last for years on any pavement, and are said to be elastic and easy on the feet.

To restore faded ink on parchment or paper it is recommended to moisten the parchment with water, and then gently to draw a brush dipped in a solution of sulphide of ammonia over the writing. The application of this reagent changes the iron in the ink into the black sulphide, and it becomes more distinctly visible.

DEATH CALLED THE ROLL.

All Were Accounted for, Either on the Field or in the Trenches.

He had been lying very quiet for a long time, and the nurse at his bedside dozed and nodded—struggled to keep awake, and finally slept in her chair. Then a shadow stole into the room and stood by the bed whispering:

"Right dress! Back on the left! Front!"

The Sergeant opened his eyes and looked about him in wonder. His hair was thin and gray, his face pale and wasted, and death had set its mark upon his brow.

"Attention to roll call!" continued the Shadow. "Adams, Ansil, Artman, Averill, Allport, Amsden—"

"They do not answer," said the Sergeant as the shadow paused.

"They can answer no more! They were buried in the trenches at Manassas. Barnard, Baxter, Bebee, Burton, Bloom, Bailey—"

"I do not hear them," said the Sergeant.

"Their lives went out when McClelland turned at bay at Malvern Hill. They died as heroes die. Carter, Curtis, Claxton, Coleman, Caniff, Campbell—"

"Does any one answer for them?" asked the Sergeant.

"Aye! I do!" replied the Shadow. "I saw them laid in the shallow trenches at Antietam after the roar of battle had ceased and the cries of the wounded had been hushed. They were following Hooker's flag when they fell. Davis, Denton, Danforth, Dougherty, Donohue, Dillingham—"

"Absent without leave?" said the Sergeant.

"No! Absent forever! They crossed at Fredericksburg, and their dead bodies lay nearest the terrible stone wall at the base of Marie's hill. They could not win victory, but they could die. Enright, Eberman, Eckliff, Epstein, Engleman, Eckart—"

"They may be on guard, said the Sergeant, as he listened for the sound of their voices.

"Then the dead guard the dead," replied the shadow. "I saw them lying stark and dead under the trees at Chancellorsville, left to be buried by the victorious enemy. Faber, Fenton, Foster, Franklin, Fitch, Fitzwilliams—"

"They have been detailed for special duty suggested the old soldier.

"Their duty ended at Gettysburg. I saw them lying dead after the Virginians had been driven back and thousands were shouting victory. Gray, Gorman, Gobel, Gosport, Gansel, Green—"

"Where?" asked the Sergeant.

"In the thickest of the sombre wilderness where 10,000 men died without seeing an enemy. When night came the songs of the whippoorwills were heard above the plaints of the wounded. Hall, Harmon, Hennessey, Hill, Hilton, Hurlburt—"

"And these too?"

"Aye! every one of them. They were left behind. Ingalls, Irving, Isham, Imrie, Isabel, Irgersoll—"

"Ah! I remember!" whispered the Sergeant. "They fell as they guarded the trenches at Petersburg. I myself helped to bury them."

"James, Jenkins, Jordon, Jolly, Justin—"

"Dead at Appomattox!"

"Larkins, Lampton, Larry, Lennox, Levering, Loring—"

"Call no more. Only when the angel calls the roll of the dead at the last great day will the dust make answer. I alone am left of my company!"

The old Sergeant fell back upon his pillow with a moan, and before his dim vision the spectres of the dead seemed to form in line and await his order.

"Sergeant Grim!" cried the Shadow.

The nurse awoke and called out:

"Who has called him? He is dead!"

"It was I," said the Shadow. "He was the last on the roll, and I can call no more."

"And you—you—"

"I am the Shadow of Death!"

The Czar's Yachts.

Emperor Alexander's yacht, Poliarnaya Zvezda, or Polar Star, is the largest pleasure boat that has ever been built. We might say that it is a marine palace. It is 300 feet long, draws nineteen feet, and is 4,900 tons burden. The crew numbers 300 picked men, commanded by Prince Chakhovskoy. The service is innumerable. An idea of it may be formed by one single item—an orchestra of fifty musicians, always ready to charm and shorten the lengths of the journeys. But it must be said that these are singularly abridged by the extraordinary speed of this splendid vessel. The Polar Star travels ordinarily at the rate of eighteen knots an hour. On her trial trip she made nineteen and a half. She made the recent trip from Cronstadt to Copenhagen in thirty-eight hours.

The apartments of the Czar and the Empress are of course on the starboard side, the place of honor. The two bedrooms are en suite. The first things that attract attention are the height of the ceilings and the immense size of the windows, and then the incomparable brilliancy of the woodwork. In the Czar's study, or cabinet de travail, there is a writing desk that one might take for a beautiful casting of tortoise shells. It is of maple and marvellously polished. A few family photographs, a copper image of Saint Alexander, and an image of Christ form the only decorations of the bed chamber. The same simplicity in the rooms of the Czarina. The walls and furniture are of molesquine: empire design on a clear ground, parallel bands supporting crowns.

But the favorite yacht of the imperial family is the Tsarevna, which may be translated either as the daughter or the fiancée of the Czar. This yacht is commanded by Capt. Friedrichs. If the Polar Star is a magnificent palace, the Tsarevna is a retreat. It is made small purposely for the admission of intimate friends only. There is no room in it for suites. It is on board this vessel that the Czar, the Empress, and children take refuge in the summer months from the annoyances of imperial grandeur. The dining room is divided into two pieces. Consequently it is also the parlor or piece de reunion. As all the family are fond of music, the little piano is always open. The old music scores, ranged upon a little shelf are well worn and thumbed. Sometimes the Czar, when in a pleasant mood, takes a part in the concert. He plays the flute, not as a virtuoso, but without pretension. It is not every Czar that can be a Taffanel.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man, but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred who will stand adversity.—[Jane Carlyle.

EMIN'S OLD PROVINCE.

The First News Since His Departure of the Doings There.

During the last expedition of Emin Pasha he met, west of Albert Nyanza many of his former soldiers, and they told him the story of the fate of the equatorial province. There has been much speculation as to the Egyptians whom Emin left behind, and as to the success of the Mahdists, who had seized the northern part of the province, and were likely to absorb the whole of it. Not a word about the province and its people was heard from the time Emin left until he went back and recently returned to Victoria Nyanza with the news.

The Mahdists did not overrun the province. The Egyptian soldiers under the leaders who had rebelled against the rule of Emin, gave the Mahdists battle on two or three occasions, and, though they won no signal victory, they prevented the Mahdists from ascending the Nile to Albert Nyanza. The southern limit of the Mahdist influence now appears to be the basin of the Bahriel Ghazal.

After Emin departed with Stanley the Egyptian officers who were left behind were divided by serious quarrels, and the strongest among them assumed each the command of a particular district. Fadliel Mula Aga, the leader of the revolt against Emin, settled down at Wadelai and is still in control there. Another important officer, Selim Bey, who was really Emin's friend, though he did not return to the coast with him, took possession of the region around the south end of Albert Nyanza, where he found it very difficult to maintain his authority. He probably would have been compelled by his disaffected soldiers and the hostile population to leave the country if it had not been that he discovered the hiding place of forty boxes of ammunition which Stanley left behind him. He was thus enabled to keep the upper hand, though, to soothe his discontented soldiers, he adopted the expedient of making many of them commissioned officers, and fully half of his force now consists of Colonels, Majors, Captains, and Lieutenants.

Selim recently had an opportunity to join the force of Capt. Lugard, who represents the British East Africa Company in Uganda. He declined, however, to enter the British service without the consent of the Khedive, and he therefore remains in Equatoria.

The general condition of Emin's old province is pitiful. The natives have suffered nearly as much from the Egyptian soldiers who served for years under Emin as they have from the incursions of the Mahdists and hostile tribes around. Nothing is being done for the development of the great region, which was fairly prosperous under Emin's regime.

Seven-eighths of the bread used in London is made of American wheat.

In the British Mint a machine for counting bronze coins has been in service some time. The machine has four distinct sets of counting apparatus, each of which can be worked independently of the others, and when all four are in full work upward of 3,000 pence can be counted per minute. The coin to be told is raised to the level of two tables placed on a platform by a lift worked by an electric motor, which also drives the counting machines. A pair of these machines is fed from each of the two tables, the coins passing from the table down an inclined iron plate forming a flat hopper, from which they issue in single file through a channel of appropriate width. They are then gripped by a pair of india-rubber driving wheels, which force the coins past the rim of a thin disc provided with recesses in its circumference to fit the circular edges of the coins. As the disc is thus made to revolve, the coins are pushed forward, falling into a bag placed to receive them, and continue to advance until the counting wheel is automatically stopped and the bag containing the coins is removed.

The disappearance beneath the sea of an island, long marked on the maps and well known to mariners, is a very rare occurrence. Such an event is reported from the north-west coast of Australia in a region where no white enterprises are carried on, and which is rarely visited by ships. A German sailing master reports the discovery of the mysterious disappearance of Expedition Island. The first news was printed in the Deutsche Rundschau, and it has been reproduced in the geographical journals of Europe. No one knows when the island vanished from view, and the only explanation of the phenomenon is that for some cause or other there has been a sudden depression of the earth's crust in those waters. The subsidence of the island was not accomplished with such rapidity and violence as to attract attention, through the disturbance of the sea on any civilized coasts. If a sudden cataclysm had occurred, like that which blew the greater part of Krakatoa into the air and scattered the fragments over the sea bed, great waves would have carried to far distant shores the news that something unusual had occurred; for Expedition Island had some importance in that region of tiny ocean specks, being much larger than any of its neighbors. It was thirteen miles long, and, on an average, one mile wide. The German vessel sailed back and forth over the sea that has risen above the island, finding an average depth of forty-eight feet. In all the soundings the plummet undoubtedly struck what had once been the surface of the flat, low-lying island. The surrounding sea is some hundreds of feet deep, and the landward end of the island was forty miles from Australia, a little north of the indenture known as Collier Bay. It is known that the southern coast of Australia is gradually rising, while the northwestern, northern, and eastern coasts, with a wide expanse of the adjacent sea floors, comprise a great area of subsidence. In other words, the earth's crust in these regions is very gradually sinking. Expedition Island was in the extreme south-western part of this area of subsidence. We are accustomed now and then to the spectacle of a new island suddenly appearing above the surface of the sea; and we are not surprised when these islands, reared upon unstable foundations by submarine volcanoes, show a tendency, like New Bogaslov and Faclon Island, rapidly to disintegrate and disappear again beneath the waves; but it is very rare indeed that an island of considerable dimensions and supposed stability leaves these upper regions, and it is rarer still that it drops peacefully out of view without letting the world know, in some way or other, that it is taking its departure.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Belgium's telephones are run by erment.

In Tennessee there is a fifteen-year-old girl preacher.

The Bell company controls fifty-three telephone companies.

In Tokio there are more than eight hundred bath houses in which a bath can be had for one cent.

There are 19,550 men and more than 4,500 women engaged in the retail liquor business in Chicago.

In Pentonville Prison, out of 1,000 convicts at one time confined there, 721 had been Sunday-school scholars.

There has been a tremendous increase of drunkenness in France since the destruction of the vines by the phylloxera. Bad wine is thought to be largely to blame.

A few families can show a record like that of the Gross family, of Richmond, Ind. There are six brothers and five sisters of the family, and there has not been a death among them for fifty years.

Anent the chance of death in war, a carefully deducted calculation at the battle of Solferino, a bloody engagement, shows that 700 bullets were expended for every man wounded and 4,200 for each man killed.

Cold iron has been rolled so thin that 18,000 sheets, one upon another, would measure only an inch in thickness. It is added that 1,300 sheets of tissue paper make but little more than an inch in thickness.

The throne of an Egyptian queen who flourished 1630 years B. C., is still in existence, and is supposed to be the oldest chair in the world. It is of ebony, so hardened by age as to appear as if carved from black marble.

A heavy plate-glass shade, ornamented with gold and securely locked to three staples set in the marble top of a pulpit in a church in Brussels, is said to cover one of the thorns which formed a part of the Saviour's crown.

On one of the islands of the coast of Maine lives a man now fifty years old, who was born there, and has never been off the island. He has accumulated a fortune in the grocery business, and is content to live and die on the few seagirt acres.

The Escurial Palace contains a cathedral, a monastery with 200 cells, 2 colleges, three chapter houses, three libraries and nearly 3,000 other rooms. It is lighted by 1,100 outer and 1,700 inner windows and has been fitly termed the eighth wonder of the world.

A substitute for oil as a wave-breaker has been discovered. It consists of a thin cotton or silk net rendered unabsorbable by being dipped in a special chemical composition. The net is thrown on the troubled waves, and immediately they are still. The inventor got his hint from observing that floating masses of seaweed always broke the force of the billows.

HOOKING A TIGER.

Too Much Luck for One Fisherman.

A sportsman in India went fishing, accompanied by an old and faithful shikari, who carried his rifle, to be ready in case any large game was met with, the country being exceedingly full of jungle. The two got separated, but the fisher, knowing that the shikari was well able to take care of himself, proceeded to the river, where, after a while, he hooked and landed a large masheer, weighing over twenty pounds. Returning with the trophy he met in a ravine leading up from the river a huge tiger, from whose presence he moved before it saw him, hiding nimbly behind a convenient rock. In the agitation of the moment the fish, from which the spoon-bait had not yet been extracted, fell from his hands, and was fully exposed to the view of the tiger.

It seemed as if the tiger would pass without notice; but in an evil moment the fish gave a feeble flop, which at once attracted the animal's attention. The tiger made straight for the fish, seized it by the head, and carried it off. The fish was still joined to the tackle, and no sooner did the tiger feel the resistance of the reel than he gave a sudden jerk, which resulted in hooking him by the lip. At this supreme juncture the enraged animal caught sight of the cowering sportsman, and fixed his green and glittering eyes upon him. The latter, in desperation, began to play the beast as he would have done a fish; but though the tiger was nonplussed for a moment, the proceeding did not seem likely to last long. Luckily at this crisis the native shikari turned up, and, with a well-aimed shot, laid low the monarch of the jungle.

There are 136 telegraph stations in China, mainly under the control of the government. All the operators are Danes.

In London an incandescent lamp sheds its pleasing rays from the top of a barber pole. A pencil with a tiny electric light at the top is also mentioned, being designed to enable reporters to make notes in the absence of light from other sources.

There is no richer or more abiding glory to be gained on earth than is secured in the exercise of ennobling influence upon humanity, and especially upon the development of the young; and this privilege is particularly within reach of the actor.—[William Winter.

An electro-magnetic light-coin rejector for the use of bankers or mints is among the exhibits at the London Crystal Palace. Coins can be run through the machine at the rate of sixty a minute and come out properly divided into receptacles marked "full weight" and "light."

The biggest telegraph office in the world is that of London. It is located in the general post office building and is not accessible to the general public. It contains more than 3000 operators and its batteries are supplied by a plant of 39,000 cells. Of these 3000 operators about 1000 are women.

The submarine cable, two miles in length, connecting the dynamo station on Sandy Hook with the new electrically lighted buoy on Southwest Spit, New York harbor, has been laid, and the current to the red incandescent lamp turned on. Boston, also, has an electrically lighted buoy near the entrance of the inner harbor.

The money has all been subscribed to place on the top of Mount Washington the strongest searchlight in the world—whose light will be visible from New York, Canada, Connecticut, and far at sea. The idea was originated by L. H. Rogers; and among others interested is General Manager Tucker of the Maine Central Railroad.