RAN AT LIGHTNING SPEED

RUNAWAY TRAIN ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The Crew Clung to the Car Tops—Rapidity With Which the Engine Moved Wrecked the Internal Machinery—Terrible Experience of the Engineer and Fireman.

A speed of 150 miles an hour is a possibility of the future, when aeriel navigation has been perfected, and when submarine craft dart along in ocean depths at double the speed of the Imperial Limited. When such a speed is obtained now-a-days, it is by accident, not by design, and usually something else is broken beside records.

Such velocity was obtained last week on the Bruce division of the Canadian Pacific Railroad — at least James Maloney, of Toronto Junction, a freight engineer, says it was — and as a result the company is out $200 for repairs and $1,000, the estimated value of the services of one of its best engineers for a fortnight. And Maloney did not receive the usual cash bonus for the record-breaking trip, either.

NO TIMEKEEPERS THERE.

The run was unsanctioned, in fact unexpected by the railroad company and consequently was not made under the supervision of the proper timekeepers and other authorities. The trip was not made on a specially prepared track, but at that a more suitable course could not have been obtained, unless, indeed, a perpendicular track had been erected and the train dropped from the top.

In short, last week a freight locomotive, No. 433, under charge of Driver Maloney, ran away at the top of Caledon Mountain, and wound up at a stand still at Mono road, the top of the next eminence, completely stripped of all the smaller machinery between the driving wheels.

WILD DASH DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

The train had not passed the top of the mountain a quarter of a mile when Maloney noticed that the locomotive was ploughing ahead at terrific rate of speed. He shut off steam, put on the air brakes, whistled for the hand brakes and applied all the ordinary methods of slackening speed, but without success. Every fresh effort seemed to spur the obstinate machine into greater efforts.

The big locomotive tugged and strained and whipped the long train along at a tremendous pace. Faster and faster the engine bounded along, the heavy cars behind swaying and lashing around the curves.

BRAKEMEN IN PERIL.

The brakemen who were feverishly throwing on brakes could no longer stand upright. From end to end of the cars they crawled on their stomachs, until with the rush of the wind and the pounding of the cars as they battered along in the rear of the runaway monster, they dare not stir, but gripped the footboard with both hands and held on with all their strength.

DRIVEN FROM THEIR POSTS.

"She's loose," shouted Mahoney to his fireman, who was busily seconding his efforts to stop the wild career of the locomotive. Over the coal in the tender they scrambled and back upon the train, leaving the wild thing in front to pursue its own course. The front end brakeman joined them, and the trio crawled back as far away from the locomotive as they possibly could. Four car lengths back the pressure of the wind, increasing in strength with each plunge of the runaway, compelled them to use all their strength to cling to the tops of the box cars, which, despite their loads, pitched and tossed in the wake of the heavy engine like a dismantled ship in a gale.

AROUND THE HORSESHOE.

Around the dangerous Horseshoe Curve the train sped at a velocity which Mahoney declares was close to 150 miles an hour, the helpless crew clinging to the tops of the cars, expecting every instant to find themselves mixed up in a chaos of splintered box cars, twisted and broken trucks and the boulders along the track.

Above the deafening roar of the wind in his ears the engineer heard a rattling and snapping sound, and an occasional deep-toned crash from the iron maniac ahead. Each second he expected the huge steel axles under the locomotive would snap and allow the big driving wheels to go bowling off at their side on separate missions of destruction, leaving the big boiler to drop between the rails and bring the speeding mass up short and wrecking every car in the train.

THE UP-GRADE SAVED THEM.

At times the jerking and swaying motion was absent and the prostrate men were in terror lest the engine, followed by the whole train, had left the steel rails. The crashing and snapping continued and the train moving at tremendous speed struck the up grade. For a while the advent of the ascent seemed to increase rather than diminish the velocity of the torpedo upon rails, but gradually the speed slackened, and at Mono road the breaks seized hold of the car wheels and the train was brought to a standstill.

ENGINE WORKS RIPPED OUT.

The engine was a wreck as far as usefulness was concerned. The whole "inner motion," that part of a locomotive's machinery situated between the driving wheels and the forward trucks, had disappeared. The terrific speed attained by the driving rods had been too much for the strength of the small steel parts and they had torn themselves free, flung themselves against the boiler and forward trucks and were scattered along the runaway's trail.

Maloney says he firmly believes that when the train reached the bottom of the mountain it was going in the neighborhood of 150 miles an hour. The best evidence of high rate of speed at which the engine must have travelled is found in the condition of the under machinery, which was simply torn to pieces by the excessive rate at which it was forced to move to keep pace with the tromkling side rods.

ENGINE IN THE SHOPS.

After a delay of several hours another locomotive arrived and towed the runaway and its train to Toronto Junction, where the damaged engine is now undergoing repairs. The crew are yet wondering how the train travelled over the worst piece of road and the most dangerous curves on the Bruce division at such a speed and yet remained on the rails. When they were alarmed by the whistle, it was too late to jump, so they were forced to stick to the train and trust to luck.

Any veteran engineer will tell you that General Buller's job in South Africa is parlor croquet compared with an attempt to subdue a locomotive on a rampage.

NO APOLOGY TO MAKE.

I have noticed, said the Rev. Dr. Goodman, pausing in his discourse, that two or three of the brethren have looked at their watches several times in the last few minutes. For fear their timepieces may not agree I will say that the correct time is 11.45. I set my watch by the regulator at the jeweler's last night. The sermon will be over at 12.01. It would have closed promptly at 12 but for the digression. Let us proceed to consider now what the apostle means when he says: "I press toward the mark."

BRITAIN IS IN THE RIGHT.

What a Catholic Bishop in South Africa Says About the Present Conflict.

The Boston Herald publishes a letter from Right Rev. Anthony Ginghran, Roman Catholic Bishop at Kimberley. The Bishop is 40 years of age, and has been Bishop at Kimberley 14 years. He has been labouring to harmonize differences between the whites and blacks. In his letter he says:—

"Chamberlain's indictment of the Transvaal Government was perfectly fair. I have no hesitation in saying so, and I have had 13 years to study this question. I am not an Englishman, as you know, nor are my sympathies in general with England; but in this case I do believe that England will do credit to our common humanity by forcing a small State calling itself a republic to give equal rights to all.

THEY WANTED ENGLAND.

"Whatever one may call England's title to interfere in this matter, it is certain that in former years most of the Boers, their President at their head, asked England to come to their aid and take over the State.

"Those who invested their money in the country had no hope of ever having a voice in the government of the country, and yet the Uitlanders were twice as numerous, at least, as the original usurpers. For in my mind I do not give to the Boers of the Transvaal the title of nationality. They simply killed the Kaffirs fifty years ago, and they took their place. There is nothing in this that implies proscription for a nation.

THE INDUCEMENT.

"As to Oom Paul Kruger, when one considers that the President of the small republic, which has only 60,000 inhabitants or thereabouts, receives a salary as large as that of the President of the United States, one can imagine that patriotism is not the very first characteristic of his life.

"I have always held that a man in any country has the same right as another if he conducts himself as he ought, and that there should be no distinction beyond that which is necessary to test his sincerity. Let the United States be the model for republics in this matter. There must not be at the end of the 19th century a government calling itself a republic, while it is in reality a close oligarchy.

ABOUT THE BOER.

"The Boer is brave. Of that I have no doubt; but he is ignorant and prejudiced to an alarming extent. On that account I do not condemn him, for his fathers had to strike out into the desert and lived as those who are cut off from civilization. His prejudice shows itself principally as regards the Catholic Church; and, secondly, as regards the civilized habits of European nations. The Catholic Church is his bugbear. Catholics are heathens to him. They worship snakes and wooden images.

"To my mind a war is the best way to end the unrest and insecurity that torment and paralyze the country here at present. We shall suffer from it; probably we shall suffer a great deal, but in the end the country will gain, and gain immensely.

LIBRARY OF TINY VOLUMES.

The largest library of small books in the world belongs to a Frenchman, who boasts that he can pack 700 off his pocket editions in a single portmanteau.

FUN FOR THE HOLIDAY PARTY.

If at the Christmas party it be intended to present the guests with small gifts, nothing will be found more novel and interesting than "the poetical express." When the company is assembled, a ring sounds at the bell and a box addressed to the hostess arrives most opportunely. Into this each person is invited to thrust a hand, through an opening in the top of the express package, and draw forth a wrapped parcel, at the same time being furnished with a card and pencil. On opening, these bundles are found to contain various pretty trifles—ornamental, practical and humorous—and everyone is required to write an original four-line verse in reference to his or her gift. The stanzas may express gratitude, admiration or disgust at the selection, as the writer pleases. When all are finished, the hostess collects the cards and reads the effusions aloud, but without mentioning the author's names. The players then decide which is the cleverest, the wittiest, the silliest and the worst, prizes being awarded according to these respective merits. Some people "jingle" readily, while others seem devoid of all idea of rhyme and rhythm, so the efforts are sure to create great amusement.

At a holiday gathering last year, the writer found that "fortune telling by numbers" was received with great interest. For this, prepare beforehand two sets of numbers—running from 1 to 100—plainly written on cardboard, or thick paper cut into inch squares. Then enclose each set in an envelope, marking one "numbers" and the other "duplicate numbers." This is very necessary, or they may become mixed. When ready to play, the numbers are all dealt out to those who take part in the game. If 50 are playing, each person has two numbers, if 25, four; but all the hundred must be distributed. It is of no consequence if some have one more than the others. The fortune-teller then opens the packet marked "duplicate numbers" and asks a general question, such as "Who is the sauciest person in the room?" and drawing out a number reads it aloud. Perhaps it is 19. The players consult their cards, and the one holding 19 announces, "It is I." At which an assistant, who has a list of those playing writes against his name "Sauciest."

It is then number 19's turn to ask a question; while the fortune-teller reads another number, and the one holding the duplicate responds. And so the game goes merrily on, with a host of ridiculous or interesting questions, as "Whose nose is stepping heavenward?" "Who will give us a wedding the coming year?" "Who was kissed under the mistletoe?" It may continue until the numbers are exhausted, and at the close the record is read and always well laughed over.

"Santa Claus is coming," is a jolly round game. A letter must be chosen, as S, and the termination "ing." The first player says to the second, "Santa Clause is coming." "How is he coming," asks the one addressed. "Singing," rejoins the first. The second then turns to the third with, "Santa Clause is coming." "How?" "Skating." And so questions and reply go round the circle, through all the words beginning with S and ending with "ing," sleighing, skipping, snowballing, etc. Those who cannot answer the question on the spur of the moment must pay a forfeit, to be redeemed afterward.

"Oranges and lemons," is good sport for children and is so old as to have become new. Two players hold their hands aloft, forming an arch under which the rest of the company pass, one behind another, holding each other's jackets and frocks. Meanwhile the archway leaders sing:

"Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's,
You owe me five farthings, say the bells of St. Martin's,
When will you pay me? say the bells at the Old Bailey,
When I grow rich, say the bells at Shoreditch,
When will that be? say the bells at Stepney.
I do not know, says the great bell at Bow,
Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off the last, last, last man's head."

And as the last child comes under the arch the arms descend and cut him off from his companions. In a whisper, his captors then ask if he prefers "oranges or lemons," and according to his answer he is sent to the right or left corner of the room. The chant recommences and continues until all the "heads are off." The orange and lemon bands then have a trial of strength. They clasp each other around the waist while the leaders grasp each other by the hand. The side that can drag the other across the room wins.

The very simple game known as "the emperor of Morocco," also makes much fun, the art consisting in preserving an immutable gravity under every provocation to laugh. Solemnly, then, a boy and girl advance to the middle of the floor, and saluting each other gravely and ceremoniously, one says: "The emperor of Morocco is dead." The other responds: "I am very sorry for it." First player: "He died of the gout in his left great toe." Second player: "I'm very sorry for it." First player: "And all the court are to go into mourning and wear black rings in their noses." Second player. "I'm very sorry for it." They then bow and retire to their places, while another pair comes forward and repeats the same impressive dialogue; or if they be quickwitted, diversify it by giving the poor emperor a different complaint and different style of mourning, even more absurd. The game goes on until all have had a turn, while a forfeit is demanded from an actor or spectator who indulges in the least suspicion of a giggle, or the ghost of a smile.

DON'T BLAME THE CHAIR.

Reasons Given by a Doctor Why We Do Not Live Longer.

It is strange how much dynamic force we throw into all our movements," remarked a physician. "We think we are moving gently and deliberately, but we are really wasting enough power to run an engine. Sit down on a chair that is an inch lower than you expected, and you come near going through the seat. It's the same when one encounters any unanticipated obstacle. The other day one of my patients attempted to light a cigar, and in carrying the match to the weed he struck his knuckles against a door and broke his index finger. Not long ago I was called to attend a lady who had miscalculated the height of the bottom step in descending a flight of steps. She thought it was similar to the others, but it was only half as high, and the result was that she landed on the pavement with a jar that sprained her knee. She was laid up for a couple of weeks. On one occasion I was myself knocked almost senseless by bumping my head against a rafter in the basement of this building. I thought I was moving along very cautiously, because it was quite dark, but I nearly fractured my skull. When you total up the amount of vitality you lose in this manner during a year you begin to see why people only live to fifty instead of one hundred."

THE BUSY BEE.

Works Her Eight Hours a Day and Makes Innumerable Journeys

Darwin, after close observation, found that a bee would often visit as many as 27 flowers in the course of a minute, though with other plants in which the honey was difficult to extract, the average would be as low as seven. Striking a mean between these two figures, one may say that an ordinary working bee visits 15 flowers a minute, or 900 an hour. Considering the late hours to which a bee works, it is probably no exaggeration to say that it is busy for eight hours a day, allowing for intervals of rest. This would make it visit 7,200 flowers a day, or 648,000 in a period of six months. Mr. A. S. Wilson, in a recent paper, showed the enormous amount of labor gone through by bees in making even a small quantity of honey. He found that approximately 125 heads of red clover yield 15 grains of sugar, or 125,000 heads about two pounds. As each head contains some 60 florets, it follows that 7,500,000 distinct flower-tubes must be sucked in order to obtain two pounds of sugar. Now, honey contains, roughly speaking, 75 per cent of sugar, therefore the bees must make, in round numbers, 2,500,000 visits for one pound of honey.

THE LONGEST DAY.

It Is Very Much Longer Some Places Than It Is Other.

It is important, when speaking of the longest day in the year, to say what part of the world we are talking about, as will be seen by the following list, which tells the length of the longest day in several places:

In Stockholm it is 13 1-2 hours in length.

In Spitzbergen the longest day in 3 1-2 months.

In London and in Bremen the longest day has 16 1-2 hours.

In Hamburg and in Dantzig the longest day has 17 hours.

In St. Petersburg and in Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is 19 hours and the shortest 5 hours.

In Tornea, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly 22 hours long, and Christmas one less than 3 hours in length.

In New York the longest day is about 15 hours long, and in Montreal it is 16.

In Warbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22, without interruption.

THE LARGEST HEAD.

Mr. James Menut, of New York, who is 33 years of age, has the largest head of any human being. He was recently admitted into Bellevue Hospital. The head of the normal man measures about 22 inches in circumference. Menut's head measures 51 1-8 inches, or nearly two and a half times as much as the average masculine head. Menut is a dwarf, 4 feet 1 inch in height. The circumference of his head is more than 2 inches greater than his extreme height. From his waist up he is proportioned on gigantic lines, having a breadth of shoulder and a depth of chest greater than Jeffries, the champion pugilist; but his legs are grotesquely short and very thin.

ALWAYS THE OTHER BOY.

It seems to me that Willie gets into an awful lot of fights. I wonder who is to blame for it all?

The other boy, always the other boy, replied Willie's mother, with conviction. Willie says so himself.

DANGER FROM PLAGUE

MODERN SANITARY PRECAUTIONS PRECLUDE ITS SPREAD.

A History of Its Ravages—Appearance of Two Cases of the Plague in New York Harbor Causes Anxiety in America.

The appearance of two cases of bubonic plague upon the steamship H. Taylor, now quarantined in New York harbor, has caused grave apprehension. The merest shadow of a dread and terrible a visitant is sufficient to cause a shudder of dismay, for there is no doubt that the "black death" is making its appearance in spots where it has been unknown for many years, or where it has never been known before. Its recent appearances in Portugal have put all civilized nations on the alert, and any ship coming from any port where the shadow of the "black death" lies is subjected to the most rigid inspection.

In this country, indeed, we have less reason to fear the plague than have the European countries, for, besides an excellent quarantine system, we have the advantage of a distance so great that the maximum period of incubation for the microbe—seven or eight days — would be passed before the infected ship reached here.

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE.

The question has never been definitely settled as to the date at which the first outbreak of the plague occurred, but the first authentic description of the bubonic plague is to be found in the writings of Rufus of Ephesus, who described the disease as having existed in Northern Africa during the third or fourth century B.C. Of the various outbreaks related by the historians under Nero, two only appear to answer to the description of the bubonic plague — that of Marcus Aurelius, in 166, and of Galius, in 250. From the seventh to the fourteenth century other epidemics occurred, but no one of them could be compared with the outbreak that raged in Europe during the middle of the fourteenth century. It is said to have carried off 25,000,000 persons in Europe, and its victims throughout the whole world were estimated at 40,000,000, which is unquestionably the greatest havoc in human life ever mentioned in history.

During the great plague in London in 1665 nearly seventy thousand persons were carried off. The seventeenth century marked its last appearance in many European countries, such as Denmark, Sweden and England. In France its last appearance was from 1720 to 1722, when it made eighty thousand victims in Marseilles and Province.

At the close of the last century the plague reached Egypt, Southeastern Europe, the region of the Danube, Lower Austria and Southern Russia. At the beginning of the present century it twice visited Constantinople, and spread to the shores of the Adriatic. But from 1845 to the present day, with the exception of a slight outbreak in Russia, in 1877, and its recent appearance in Portugal, the great scourge has been confined to certain African and Asiatic countries. But its tendency to expand, and the recent ravages it has wrought in India and China, have kept the eyes of the world fixed in alarm upon it.

MODERN SCIENCE VERSUS THE PLAGUE.

But it is certain that never again can the plague create such ravages in Europe as it did in centuries past. Modern sanitary science has made such giant strides that the plague could not now spread among Europeans in the way it has among the Hindoos and Chinese. Indeed, through their more healthful ways of life Europeans in infected districts in India or China have been far less liable to an attack than natives. It was the difficulty of carrying out sanitary and hygienic regulations during the late plague in Bombay that seriously hampered the efforts of the European doctors and nurses in their attempts to stem the plague.

OPPOSITION IN BOMBAY.

At first every attempt at sanitation or segregation in Bombay encountered resistance and aroused a hatred and distrust exceeding even the terror of the plague itself. Street tumults were frequent the hospital was twice attacked by riotous mobs, and crowds constantly collected around the ambulance vans, which were stoned, and the officers of the Health Department were often in danger of their lives. The opposition grew in violence until it culminated in the Poona murders.

Gradually these feelings of opposition to sanitary restrictions have lessened in Bombay and throughout a great portion of India, for the people have had a frightful object lesson, and have come to a partial understanding that the authorities are really trying to help them, and they have seen the good results of that help.

HOW THE PLAGUE IS FOUGHT.

Light and air are in a high degree unfavorable to the development of the plague. In the open air it dries up and withers, it loses its power of infection in six days and, generally speaking, the experiments tend to show that it is a shortlived organism except under conditions specially adapted to its wants.

There is no absolute specific known for the plague, though good results have been obtained from Professor Haffhine's preventive serum. The general means so far adopted of fighting the plague are sanitary precaution, skilled nursing, suitable feeding, and the proper use of antipyretics, anodynes and stimulants.

TRAINING HORSES.

Training the Stock for the Circus Ring in Summer.

All through the winter circus men are training the animals for new tricks for the next summer. The winter is by no means an idle time. Training horses for the ring is interesting work. The first thing done is to put the new horses in the stables with the old circus horses to get them used to their new company, and a queer thing noticed is that the old horses are jealous of the newcomers. A great deal of patience and time is required to train the horses to run round the ring. They are blindfolded and taught to run around the ring in a circle. The natural tendency of the horse is to run straight, and it is a hard thing for him to learn. A system of checks and lines makes the training easier than formerly.

The horse is an observant animal and apt to do what he sees another horse do, so when the blindfold is removed he is placed alongside an old trained horse, and the man who is to ride the new animal does tricks with the old ones, then tries them on the pupil. A good, intelligent horse soon learns and actually helps his rider.

Horses are very sensitive to applause, and with that stimulus will do twice as much work as without. They are just as likely to lose their heads as human performers and have to be carefully watched. A well trained ring horse is easily worth $1,000, and riders who are stars usually own their horses. The most careful attention is given these animals. Before each act their backs are rubbed with resin, which has to be washed off afterward.

MOULDER'S FORTUNE

Geo. Barkley, of Hamilton, finds a Cure for Rheumatism.

He Makes No Secret About It—Everybody Can Have the Benefit of His Experience—Dodd's Kidney Pills Are Within the Reach of All.

Hamilton, Dec. 11.—George Barkley, a moulder of this city, is satisfied he has found a sure cure for Rheumatism at last. He, as is well known among his friends, has been searching for such a medicine for the last few years and until recently quite vainly. He has since been cured of his own case and he reasonably infers that the remedy that cured him will cure others.

Rheumatism is well known to be a disease resulting from disordered kidneys. That is nowadays an acknowledged fact. Uric acid, which should be filtered out of the blood by the kidneys, remains in the system when those organs are unhealthy, and lodges in the joints, causing rheumatism. The reasonable argument remains therefore to cure Rheumatism by curing the kidneys. This is exactly what Mr. Barkely did. He used Dodd's Kidney Pills—the best kidney medicine in the world—and is to-day entirely free from his old complaint. He writes as follows:

Dodds Medicine Co.,

Gentlemen,—I have been for three years troubled with Rheumatism. I have tried several remedies but to no use. I could not get any relief, I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the wonderful cures they had made and decided to try them. I got one box and after I used one half of this box I found I was getting better. I have used six boxes and now I can walk without my cane. I consider I am cured. I remain, yours, etc.,

GEO. BARKLEY,
Hamilton, Ont.

ROYAL DESSERTS.

Immense Sums Spent By Monarchs on After-Dinner Delicacies.

Probably the most costly "table" in the world is that at the Russian Imperial Court, where fabulous sums are often expended on after-dinner delicacies. Wines costing $100 a bottle and cigars of equal value find their way every day to the table of the Czar, whose order is that a bottle of wine, no matter how costly, shall never be put on the royal table twice. Extravagance of this nature is not countenanced by Queen Victoria. The Emperor of Austria's chef estimates the cost of desserts for the royal table at over $100,000 per annum, and the total table expenditure at over $250,000. The remnants of wines and meables are sold to leading Vienna restaurateurs, and the proceeds go to augment the salaries of the kitchen personnel, whose incomes by this means are often trebled and doubled. At the Spanish and Italian courts the expenses for desserts are now reduced to a minimum, but probably no people out of every ten would complain if this minimum were the maximum.

"The best v
least money
Blue Ribb