

A QUEER EXPLOSION.

HOW A MOUNTAIN LOCOMOTIVE CAME TO AN UNTIMELY END.

There Was Neither Fire In Her Furnace Nor Water In Her Boiler, and Yet She Managed to Blow Up In the Most Approved Style.

Mr. Henry Alquist, a prominent railroad man, relates the story of a curious wreck, the facts in which he will vouch for.

"It is such a remarkable thing," said Mr. Alquist to a reporter, "that I fear many will be inclined to brand it as 'pipe.' I have been railroading now for over 20 years, and never in all my varied experience have I seen such a unique and complete wreck as the one I speak of—that of engine 1,129 of the Rio Grande Western. Railroad men will tell you that locomotives seldom explode nowadays, but 1,129 did and in a very peculiar way.

"At the time this wreck occurred I was holding down the job of train dispatcher at Soldier Summit, Utah, and a tough old job it was. Never been there, I suppose? Well, Soldier Summit is a station on the top of one of the Wasatch divides, a bleak and lonely place, where the Rio Grande Western has a roundhouse and coal chute located. At the summit are long snowsheds covering the tracks. These sheds protect the line from the winter. And it is only due to this method that a train ever gets over the mountain.

"On both sides of the mountain the line winds down in a succession of winding curves to lessen the grade. Running off from the railway are switches, which, diverging from the grade, run up into the hills and gradually come to a dead level. These switchbacks, as they are called, are so constructed that they can be thrown from any point on the grade. And if a train breaks in two while ascending the steep grade the runaway cars can be switched on to one of these spurs, where the runaway finally stops after it has run up the spur as far as the momentum attained in its descent will take it.

"All heavy trains have an extra locomotive before the grade is tackled. These are called helper engines and are kept in roundhouses at each side of the mountain with steam up.

"One night I got word from Clear Creek, a town in the western valley, that the 9:20 freight would be 30 minutes late on account of having to pull out a crippled engine, 1,129. She had burned out her flues and had to be hauled to Grand Junction for repairs.

"That night about 10 o'clock, after I had passed down the Salt Lake express, I heard the freight coughing up the long grade from Clear Creek. There was a snowstorm raging, and the wind howled around the station like the mischief. When the overdue 9:20 pulled into the shelter of the big snowsheds on the wind swept summit, the first thing I asked was, 'Where's the dead engine?'

"'Behind the doghouse!' shouted the 'con.' But as I held my lamp above my head I failed to see it. I was just about to call his attention to it when, during a lull in the storm, we plainly heard the familiar rattle of the rails as the runaway engine flew at lightning speed down the mountain. No. 1,129 had broken loose and was tearing down the grade to destruction.

"I jumped and pulled the lever which opened the spur switches. This I knew would prevent a smashup, as the engine would run up on the switchback and come to a stop. But I was too late. Almost at the same instant I threw the lever a terrific explosion was heard from far down the mountain. The runaway had exploded."

"I thought you said a moment ago, Mr. Alquist," interrupted the Scimitar man, "that the locomotive was a 'dead one?' If she had no fire under her boiler, how could she explode?'

"That was the only thing I couldn't understand myself," the railroad man replied. "I could easily see how the dead engine could break loose on that grade, and I could understand not hearing its descent during such a howling blizzard, but the explosion floored me. The only theory which in any way solved the mystery was that the old kettle was blown up by compressed air.

"You see, when the engine broke loose from the freight and started down the mountain the pistons in the cylinders began to act as air compressors. During the rough trip up her throttle probably jarred open, and as the speed increased with every revolution of her drivers her boiler soon filled with compressed air. It was not long before these springs burst and

worked up a pressure of nearly 500 pounds to the square inch, which came in faster than it could escape by the safety valve, and before the old machine reached Clear Creek her boiler let go."—Memphis Scimitar.

A Matter of Temperature.

The little one's mother had said, "Now, doctor, if there is any rise of temperature"—she was great on temperature, by the way—"I will send for you at once. As you know, I have a clinical thermometer and can take the temperature myself without troubling you to come in for the purpose." Just as I was going to bed I was startled by a violent ring at the bell and, hastening to the door, saw a terrified domestic, who gasped: "Oh, sir, please, sir, do come round at once! Miss Marjory is worse. Missus said I was to tell you her temperature is 108 and is rising fast."

Scarcely waiting to put on my hat, I rushed round to the house of my little patient and discovered the whole family assembled in the sickroom awaiting the end of poor little Marjory, the mother wringing her hands in agony and crying dreadfully.

"What's the temperature now?" I almost shouted in my agitation.

"Oh," sobbed the mother, "I haven't dared to look since! My poor darling! It was 108, and they say that 105 is always fatal." And she broke down completely.

Without wasting any more time I turned down the blanket and found that the thermometer had been thrust between the child's side and arm and the bulb imbedded in a freshly applied hot poultice!—Chambers' Journal.

On the Menu in Chile.

For several days I noticed the word "panqueque" upon the bill of fare at the hotel and did not know what it was. There is a brand of wine from one of the Chillan vineyards with that name, and I supposed it was perhaps the same thing referred to, although it was difficult to understand why it should appear among the desserts on the menu at the dinner table and on the bills of fare for breakfast. The best way to find out about such things is to try them, and the next morning, being in an experimental mood, I ordered a "panqueque," which, to our amazement, was an ordinary griddle-cake. Then it dawned upon my dull perceptions that "panqueque" spelled pancake. I called the attention of the head waiter to the discovery, and he seemed quite astonished. He could speak English well and claimed to be familiar with the cuisine of America. Therefore he did not see anything unusual in my discovery, and I rather think he wrote the bill of fare himself, for he remarked in a surprised tone: "What do you call a pancake in America?"—Cor. Chicago Record.

She Did Die Quick.

Miss Jennie Lee, the famous English actress, was once playing "Jo" in Scotland. She was in the midst of the long and harrowing death scene of poor Jo. The stage was darkened, and the limelight illuminated the pale features of the death stricken boy. People were sobbing all over the house.

Suddenly, to her consternation, Miss Lee heard the limelight man addressing her in a brawny Scotch whisp, audible to half the house.

"Dee quick, Miss Lee; dee quick!" he roared softly. "The limelight's gin out!"

She did die quick, but it was for the purpose of making a speech to that limelight man which he said he would never forget.

The Butler Bible.

One of the interesting articles that each governor of Massachusetts transmits to his successor is the Butler Bible, the history of which General Butler wrote on the fly leaf as follows:

Jan. 1, 1834.
When I came into the executive chamber a year ago, I could not find a copy of the Holy Scriptures. I suppose each governor took his away with him. A friend gave me this. I leave it as a needed transmittendum to my successor in office, to be read by him and his successor, each in turn.
BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, Governor.

Penitence Checked.

"No," he complained, "I have never succeeded in getting anything for nothing. I have always had to strive hard for everything that has come to me."

"What about the mumps you had last winter?" his wife interrupted.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Soap has been in use for 3,000 years and is twice mentioned in the Bible. A few years ago a soap boiler's shop was discovered in Pompeii. The soap found in the shop had not lost all its efficacy, although it had been buried

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The Grateful Reporter

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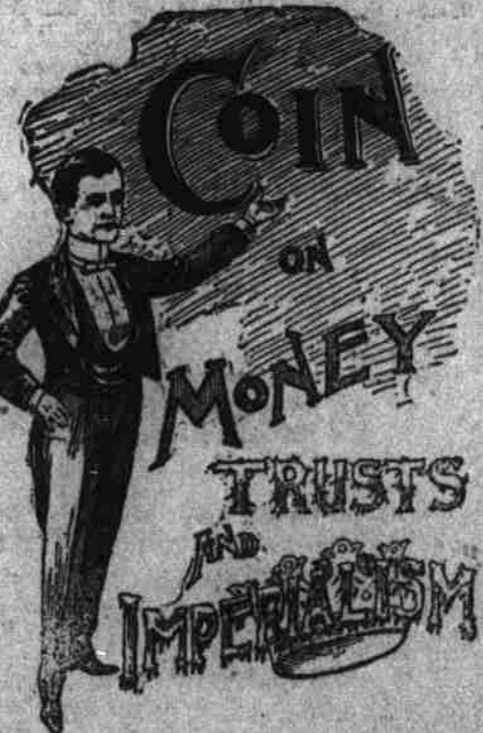
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Atlantic & N. C. Railroad

TIME TABLE No. 9.

Eastbound.				Westbound.			
Mixed F. & P.	Mixed F. & P.	Passenger.	Passenger.	Mixed F. & P.	Mixed F. & P.	Passenger.	Passenger.
7:10	7:10	8:40	8:40	11:05	8:18	8:58	8:58
7:43	7:43	4:00	4:00	10:43	7:53	8:23	8:23
8:16	8:06	4:09	4:09	10:39	7:09	7:43	7:43
8:26	8:26	4:30	4:30	10:32	6:33	7:13	7:13
8:54	9:14	4:32	4:32	10:25	6:15	7:05	7:05
9:25	9:25	4:45	4:45	10:20	6:15	7:05	7:05
10:19	10:15	4:55	4:55	10:15	6:15	7:05	7:05
10:40	10:40	5:07	5:07	10:10	6:15	7:05	7:05
11:15	11:15	5:19	5:19	10:05	6:15	7:05	7:05
11:51	11:51	5:28	5:28	10:00	6:15	7:05	7:05
12:08	1:00	5:50	5:50	9:55	6:15	7:05	7:05
.....	6:15	6:15	9:50	6:15	7:05	7:05
.....	6:18	6:18	9:45	6:15	7:05	7:05
.....	6:30	6:30	9:40	6:15	7:05	7:05
.....	6:45	6:45	9:35	6:15	7:05	7:05
.....	6:48	6:48	9:30	6:15	7:05	7:05
.....	6:54	6:54	9:25	6:15	7:05	7:05
.....	6:57	6:57	9:20	6:15	7:05	7:05
.....	7:15	7:15	9:15	6:15	7:05	7:05
.....	P. M.	P. M.

*Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
†Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

S. L. DILL, Superintendent.

WILMINGTON AND WELDON RAILROAD

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED	No. 28	No. 35	No. 105	No. 106	No. 41	No. 46
Jan. 14th, 1900.	Daily.	Daily.	Daily.	Daily.	Daily.	Daily.
Leave Weldon	11:50	8:55
Ar. Rocky Mt.	12:55	9:52
Leave Tarboro	12:21	8:00
Lv. Rocky Mt.	1:00	9:52	8:37	5:40	12:23
Leave Wilson	1:55	10:35	7:15	6:20	8:40
Leave Selma	3:55	11:08
Lv. Fayetteville	4:30	12:10
Ar. Florence	7:25
Ar. Goldsboro	P. M.	A. M.	7:55
Lv. Goldsboro	7:01	3:35
Lv. Magnolia	8:00	4:45
Ar. Wilmington	9:40	6:00
.....	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 28	No. 35	No. 105	No. 106	No. 41	No. 46
Daily.	Daily.	Daily.	Daily.	Daily.	Daily.
Lv. Florence	7:45	7:45
Lv. Fayetteville	12:30	9:45
Leave Selma	1:50	10:25
Arrive Wilson	3:35	11:30
Lv. Wilmington	A. M.	F. M.	A. M.
Lv. Magnolia	5:50	9:45
Lv. Goldsboro	8:20	11:35
.....	9:27	12:30
Leave Wilson	9:35	6:40	11:33	10:50	1:15
Ar. Rocky Mt.	9:30	6:35	12:00	11:11	1:55
Arrive Tarboro	7:04
Leave Tarboro	12:11
Lv. Rocky Mt.	3:30	12:00
Ar. Weldon	4:20	1:04
.....	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.

Train on the Kinston Branch Road leaves Weldon 7:35 p. m., Halifax 4:15 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 1:25 p. m., Greenville 5:15 p. m., Kinston 7:55 p. m., returning leaves Kinston 7:55 a. m., Greenville 9:30 a. m., arriving Halifax at 11:15 a. m., Weldon 12:30 a. m., daily except Sunday.
H. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent
J. B. KENLY, Gen'l Man. Agt.
T. W. EMERSON, Traffic Manager