

REBUILDING DEFECTIVE WALLS OF A CHICAGO BUILDING.

The De Tamble building, just west of Des Plaines Street, on Jackson Street, Chicago, was built by Martin de Tamble, and completed about October 1, at a cost of about \$100,000.

It was already occupied on several of the floors, when one of the tenants—a tailor—thought the walls were not plumb. He brought the matter to the attention of the building department, but no attention was at first paid to him. He persisted, however, with the result that the west wall was found to be 14½ inches out of plumb, and the building was condemned as unsafe and ordered vacated and taken down.

Iver C Zarbell was the architect of construction, and the work of taking down the walls and rebuilding was given to Architect C. H. McAfee. The floors and roof were all supported on cob piles and timbers, as shown in the photograph, and the walls taken entirely down and rebuilt from the foundation. The cause of the settling of the walls was probably the laying of the foundation in dry concrete in frosty

days of "straight air"—and the 70 pounds we were supposed to carry had increased to about 90. This higher pressure would give no more than a safe brake force, so far as wheel sliding was concerned; for at that time the low braking force employed was so much superior to hand brakes that maximum efficacy was not a ruling consideration.

From A— to T— was a distance of nine miles, the first three miles being down a grade of 70 feet to the mile, the remaining six miles being level, with numerous curves among the bluffs. A half mile from the foot of the grade was a water tank, where, with seven cars, it was our invariable practice to stop for water; but on the night in question, while standing at A—, the fireman reported sufficient water to make M—, fifteen miles away. It should here be remarked that this trip was the only one we ever made with seven cars without taking water at this tank.

One and a half miles east of T— was a lane crossing seldom used by vehicles, and it was not a practice to whistle at this point, particularly at night.

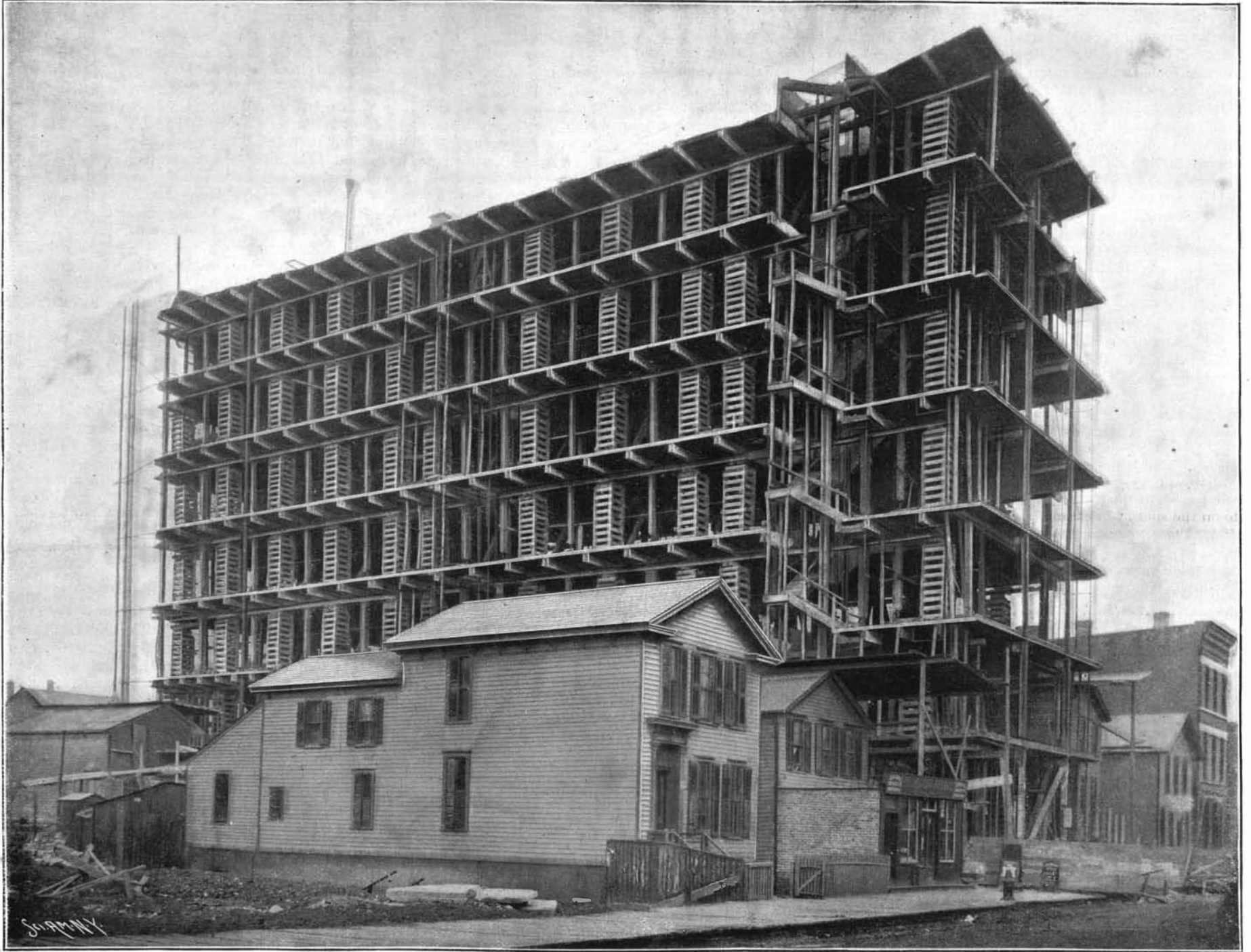
In approaching T—, the track began curving at

These thoughts passed my mind in an instant, and I applied the brakes. This had partially reduced the speed when I saw a headlight rounding the bluff. "Over she went" on two pipes of sand, and the occupants of the cab located themselves on the steps preparatory to alighting among the stumps along the way.

Seeing the prospects were fair for stopping, we remained on the engine, finally stopping on a trestle 20 feet in height, and the two engines so close together that in going from the one to the other—the bridge was too narrow to pass along their side—I stepped from one pilot to the other.

The station agent had company that night and was sitting in the telegraph office with his guest, a lantern furnishing the light. He heard No. 12 whistle for the station, followed shortly after by our whistle for the lane crossing, and, noticing by the sound of the former, coming through the dense wood, that they were not going to take the siding, he ran out with his lantern and flagged them.

Now to recapitulate. Had not the relief valve stuck,



NECESSARY REBUILDING OF DEFECTIVE WALLS OF A LARGE STRUCTURE IN CHICAGO.

weather. It will cost upward of \$30,000 to re-erect the building.

Was It Luck? An Incident of Old Time Railroad.

S. J. RIDDER, IN LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERING.

In the summer of 1873 I was running a "Manchester" on one of our great Western trunk lines, pulling what was then known as the "night express," and it was while on the road with this train that I met with perhaps the most peculiar chain of entirely unusual incidents during my long experience running an engine, and in the absence of any one of them a disastrous head-end collision would have occurred.

We were west bound with No. 1, and should have met No. 12 freight and No. 2 at A—. We reached there on time, and headed into a siding, permitting No. 2 to pass. Following the departure of this train, we backed out and pulled up to the station, making our regular stop. The signal was displayed denoting telegraph orders, which, when delivered to the engine, found us thirteen minutes late. While standing at the station, I observed that the relief valve in main reservoir was not operating properly—it was in the

the whistling post a half mile east of the station, continuing through and past the station grounds. T— was simply a passing point having a siding some sixty rods in length and a depot located about midway between the switches. In approaching from the east, the switch and depot were obscured from view by a bluff just east of the switch. On the opposite side of track, parallel to it and about twenty rods away, woods skirted the right of way. The only resident of the "town" was the station agent, who occupied a portion of the depot.

Upon leaving A— we attained a high rate of speed, in descending the grade, which was kept up across the "bottom."

As we approached the lane, for some reason which I cannot explain, I sounded the whistle and shortly after the station signal at the whistling post. About this time I noticed the reflection of a light on the woods, and my first impression was that No. 12 had left its head light uncovered, denoting that the main line was not clear; next the thought occurred that Den. F. was conductor of the freight, and, contrary to the general practice, he always sent a flagman out at stations, as well as elsewhere.

giving us an excessive pressure of air, 20 pounds more than we usually carried; had we stopped for water at the tank; had I neglected to whistle for the lane; had I not known of the flagging habit of Conductor F., or had the station agent been in bed, where that hour usually found him, those trains would inevitably have come together with dire results, from lap orders.

Is it any wonder that in retrospect on old time railroading, in thinking of the circumstances as above related, I oftentimes wonder, "Was it luck?"

A Remedy for Black Eye.

There is nothing to compare with the tincture or strong infusion of capsicum annum mixed with an equal bulk of mucilage or gum arabic, and with the addition of a few drops of glycerine. This should be painted all over the bruised surface with a camel's hair pencil and allowed to dry on, a second or third coating being applied as soon as the first is dry. If done as soon as the injury is inflicted, says the Medical Progress, this treatment will invariably prevent blackening of the bruised tissue. The same remedy has no equal in rheumatic sore or stiff neck.