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—We never expect our train these days until she is in sight, and even then it is not safe to bank on, as she may gain the ditch before she makes the town. Very few days pass that she is not derailed, and anyone taking passage over the road in its present condition takes their life as a stake. Last Saturday, a week ago, she commenced her track jumping proclivities by going into the ditch while at Page. A number of passengers bound for Hope were detained there many hours, the train not reaching here until after six o'clock in the evening. Last Tuesday the engine was off the track in the yards here, and many hours were spent before things were righted. The next Wednesday she was wrecked, this time near Wabpeton, and as a consequence no mail arrived in Clifford so the stage from Hope came back empty handed. Our train was late yesterday, only about seven hours, and we are told that she was again off the track somewhere down the line. Our section man has only about seven miles of section to look after—one man—and there were nearly a dozen new ties in the yard before the accident at this place, so for the life of us we cannot see why the track is not always in fine condition. A great road the Great Nervous! They yump.

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