

The Million Dollar Freight Train

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

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It was the second month of the strike and not a pound of freight had been moved. Things looked smoky on the West End.

The general superintendent happened to be with us when the news came.

"You can't handle it, boys," said he nervously. "What you'd better do is to turn it over to the Columbian Pacific."

Our contracting freight agent on the coast at that time was a fellow so crazy that he was nicknamed Crazyhorse. Right in the midst of the strike Crazyhorse wired that he had secured a big silk shipment for New York. We were shipshod.

We had no engineers, no firemen and no motive power to speak of. The strikers were pounding our men, wrecking our trains and giving us the worst of it generally—that is, when we couldn't give it to them. Why the fellow displayed his activity at that particular juncture still remains a mystery. Perhaps he had a grudge against the road. If so, he took an awful revenge. Everybody on the system with ordinary railroad sense knew that our struggle was to keep clear of freight business until we got rid of our strike. Anything valuable or perishable was especially unwelcome.

But the stuff was docked and loaded and considered in our care before we knew it. After that a refusal to carry it would be like hoisting the white flag, and that is something which never yet flew on the West End.

"Turn it over to the Columbian," said the general superintendent. But the general superintendent was not looked up to on our division. He hadn't enough sand. Our head was a fighter, and he gave tone to every man under him.

"No," he thundered, bringing down his fist, "not in a thousand years! We'll move it ourselves. Wire Montgomery, the general manager, that we will take care of it. And wire him to fire Crazyhorse—and to do it right off." And before the silk was turned over to us Crazyhorse was looking for another job. It is the only case on record where a freight hustler was discharged for getting business.

There were twelve car loads. It was insured for \$85,000 a car. You can figure how far the title is wrong, but you can never estimate the worth that stuff gave us. It looked as big as \$12,000,000 worth. In fact, one scrub car truck, with the glory of the West End at heart, had a fight over the amount with a skeptical hostler. He maintained that the actual money value was a hundred and twenty millions, but I gave you the figures just as they went over the wire, and they are right.

What bothered us most was that the strikers had the tip almost as soon as we had it. Having friends on every road in the country, they knew as much about our business as we ourselves. The minute it was announced that we should move the silk they were after us. It was a defiance, a last one. If we could move freight—for we were already moving passengers after a fashion—the strike might be well accounted beaten.

Stewart, the leader of the local contingent, together with his followers, got after me at once.

"You don't show much sense, Reed," said he. "You fellows here are breaking your necks to get things moving, and when this strike's over if our boys ask for your discharge they'll get it. This road can't run without our engineers. We're going to beat you. If you dare try to move this stuff we'll have your scalp when it's over. You'll never get your silk to Zanesville. I promise you that. And if you ditch it and make a million dollar loss, you'll get let out anyway, my buck."

"I'm here to obey orders, Stewart," I retorted. "What was the use of more? I felt uncomfortable, but we had determined to move the silk. There was nothing more to be said."

When I went over to the roundhouse and told Neighbor the decision he said never a word, but he looked a great deal. Neighbor's task was to supply the motive power. All that we had, uncracked, was in the passenger service, because passengers must be moved—must be taken care of first of all. In order to win a strike you must have public opinion on your side.

"Nevertheless, Neighbor," said I, after we had talked awhile, "we must move the silk also."

Neighbor studied, then he roared at his foreman.

"Send Bartholomew Mullen here." He spoke with a decision that made me think the business was done. I had never happened, it is true, to hear of Bartholomew Mullen in the department of motive power, but the impression the name gave me was of a monstrous fellow, big as Neighbor or old man Sankey or Dad Hamilton.

"I'll put Bartholomew ahead of it," muttered Neighbor tightly. A boy walked into the office.

"Mr. Gatten said you wanted to see me, sir," said he, addressing the master mechanic.

"I do, Bartholomew," responded Neighbor.

The figure in my mind's eye shrunk in a twinkling. Then it occurred to me that it must be this boy's father who was wanted.

"You have been begging for a chance to take out an engine, Bartholomew," began Neighbor coldly. And I knew it was on.

"Yes, sir."

"You want to get killed, Bartholomew?"

Bartholomew smiled as if the idea was not altogether displeasing.

"How would you like to go pilot to-

morrow for McCurdy? You to take the 44 and run as first 78. McCurdy will run as second 78."

"I know I could run an engine all right," ventured Bartholomew, as if Neighbor were the only one talking the chances in giving him an engine. "I know the track from here to Zanesville. I helped McCurdy fire one week."

"Then go home and go to bed and be over here at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning. And sleep sound, for it may be your last chance."

It was plain that the master mechanic hated to do it. It was simply sheer necessity.

"He's a wiper," mused Neighbor as Bartholomew walked springily away. "I took him in here sweeping two years ago. He ought to be firing now, but the union held him back. That's why he hates them. He knows more about an engine now than half the lodge. They'd better have let him in," said the master mechanic grimly. "He may be the means of breaking their backs yet. If I give him an engine and he runs it, I'll never take him off, union or no union, strike or no strike."

"How old is that boy?" I asked.

"Eighteen, and never a kith or a kin that I know of," Bartholomew Mullen, named Neighbor as the slight figure moved across the flat, "big name—small boy. Well, Bartholomew, you'll know something more by tomorrow night about running an engine or a whole lot less. That's as it happens. If he gets killed, it's your fault, hood."

He meant that I was calling on him for men when he absolutely couldn't produce them.

"I heard once," he went on, "about a fellow named Bartholomew being mixed up in a massacre. But I take it he must have been an older man than our Bartholomew. Nor his other name wasn't Mullen, neither. I discerned him just what it was, but it wasn't Mullen."

"Well, don't say I want to get the boy killed, Neighbor," I protested. "I've plenty to answer for. I'm here to run trains—when there are any to run. That's murder enough for me. You needn't send Bartholomew out on my account."

"Give him a slow schedule, and I'll give him orders to jump early. That's all we can do. If the strikers don't ditch him, he'll get through somehow."

It struck in my mind—the idea of putting the boy on a pilot engine to take all the dangers ahead of that particular train. But I had a good deal else to think of besides. From the minute the silk got into the McCloud yards we posted double guards around. About 12 o'clock that night we held a council of war, which ended in our running the train into the out freight house. The result was that by morning we had a new train made up. It consisted of fourteen refrigerator cars, with engines which had come in mysteriously the night before. It was announced that the silk would be held for the present and the oranges rushed through. Bright and early the refrigerator train was run down to the ice houses, and twenty men were put to work icing the oranges. At 7 o'clock McCurdy pulled in the local passenger with engine 105. Our plan was to send the local and run him right out with the oranges. When he got in he reported the 105 had sprung a tire. It knocked our scheme into a cocked hat.

There was a lustrous jawed conference in the roundhouse.

"What can you do?" asked the superintendent in desperation.

"There's only one thing I can do. Put Bartholomew Mullen on it with the 44 and put McCurdy to bed for 24 tonight," responded Neighbor.

We were running first in, first out. We took care to always have someone for 1 and 2 who at least knew an inch or two of air pump.

It was 8 o'clock. I looked into the locomotive stalls. The first—the only—man in sight was Bartholomew Mullen. He was very busy polishing the 44. He had good steam on her, and the old tub was wheezing as if she had the asthma. The 44 was old, she was lonesome, she was rickety, but Bartholomew Mullen would get out of her as much as she could as if she had been a spike-spear, spider-driver, tail truck puller.

She wasn't much the 44. But in those days Bartholomew wasn't much, and the 44 was Bartholomew's.

"How is she steaming, Bartholomew?" I sung out. He was right in the middle of her. Looking up, he fingered his waste modestly and blushed through a dab of crude petroleum over his eye.

"I steamed and thirty, sir. She's a terrible run steamer, the old 44. I'm all ready to run her out."

"Who's marked up to fire for you, Bartholomew?"

Bartholomew Mullen looked at me fraternally.

"Neighbor couldn't give me anybody but a wiper," said Bartholomew in a sort of wouldn't-it-kill-you tone.

The innumerable arrogance of the boy quite amazed me, so soon had honors changed his point of view—last night a despised wiper, at daybreak an engineer, and his nose in the air at the idea of taking on a wiper for fireman, and all so innocent.

"Would you object, to a train master for fireman?"

"I don't think so, sir."

"Thank you, because I am going down to Zanesville this morning myself, and I thought I'd ride with you. Is it all right?"

"Oh, yes, sir, if Neighbor doesn't care."

I smiled. He didn't know who Neighbor took orders from, but he thought evidently not from me.

"Then run her down to the oranges, Bartholomew, and come on, and we'll order ourselves out. See?"

The 44 really looked like a baby carriage when we got her in front of the

refrigerators. However, after the necessary preliminaries we gave a very sporty toot and pulled out. In a few minutes we were sailing down the valley.

For fifty miles we bobbed along with our cargo of lead silk as easy as old shoes, for I need hardly explain that we had packed the silk into the refrigerators to confuse the strikers. The great risk was that they would try to ditch us.

I was watching the track as a mouse would a cat, looking every minute for trouble. We cleared the granite cut west of the Beaver at a pretty good clip in order to make the grade on the other side. The bridge there is hidden in summer by a grove of hackberries. I had just pulled open to cool her a bit when I noticed how high the back-water was on each side of the track. Suddenly I felt the fill going soft under the drivers—I felt the 44 wobble and slow. Bartholomew shut off hard and threw the air as I sprang to the window. The peaceful little creek ahead looked as gray as the Platte in April water, and the bottoms were a lake. Somewhere up the valley there had been a cloudburst, for overhead the sun was bright. The Beaver was roaring over its banks, and the bridge was out. Bartholomew screamed for brakes. It looked as if we were against it, and hard.

A soft track to stop on, a torrent of storm water ahead and \$1,000,000 worth of silk behind, not to mention equipment!

I yelled at Bartholomew and motioned for him to jump. My conscience is clear on that point. The 44 was stumbling along, trying, like a drunken man, to hang to the rotten track.

"Bartholomew!" I yelled. But he was head out and looking back at his train, while he jerked frantically at the air lever. I understood. The air wouldn't work. It never will on those old tubs when you need it. The sweat pushed out on me. I was thinking of how much the silk would bring us after a bath in the Beaver. Bartholomew stuck to his levers like a man in a signal tower, but every second brought us closer to open water. Watching him, intent only on saving his first train, heedless of saving his life, I was really a bit ashamed to jump. While I hesitated he somehow got the brakes to set. The old 44 bucked like a broncho.

It wasn't too soon. She checked her train nobly at the last, but I saw nothing could keep her from the drink. I caught Bartholomew a terrible slap, and again I yelled; then, turning to the gangway, I dropped into the soft sand on my side. The 44 hung low, and it was easy lighting.

Bartholomew sprang from his seat a second later, but his blouse caught in the teeth of the quadrant. He stooped quick as thought and peeled the thing over his head. But then he was caught with his hands in the wristbands, and the ponies of 44 treaded over the broken abutment.

"Full as he would, he couldn't get free. The pilot dipped into the torrent slowly; but, losing her balance, the

trunk of the engine pitched forward and struck the ground. The engine was now on its side, and the train was sliding down the embankment. Bartholomew was hanging on to the engine, and the train was sliding down the embankment.

But his strategy was dawning on me. In fact, he was pounding it into me. Even the shock and scare of leaving the track and tearing up the yard had not driven from Bartholomew's noddle the most important feature of our situation, which was, above everything else, to keep out of the way of the silk train.

I felt every moment more mortified at my attempt to shut him off. I had done the trick of the woman who grabs the reins. It was even better to tear up the yard than to stop for Foley to smash into and scatter the silk over the coal chutes. Bartholomew's decision was one of the traits which make the runner—instinct perception coupled to instant resolve. The ordinary dutiful thinks what he should have done to avoid disaster after it is all over. Bartholomew thought before.

On we bumped, across frogs, through switches, over spills and into target rods, when—ah! this is the miracle of it all—the 100 got her toe foot on a split switch, made a contact, and, after a slew or two like a bogged horse, she swung up sweet on the rails again, tender and all. Bartholomew shut off with an under cut that brought us up double and nailed her feet, with the air, right where she stood.

We had left the track, plowed a hundred feet across the yards and jumped on to another track. It is the only time I ever heard of his happening rods, when—and this is the miracle of it all—the 100 got her toe foot on a split switch, made a contact, and, after a slew or two like a bogged horse, she swung up sweet on the rails again, tender and all. Bartholomew shut off with an under cut that brought us up double and nailed her feet, with the air, right where she stood.

Throwing off my gloves, I dived just as I stood, close to the tender, which hung half submerged. I am a good bit of a fish under water, but no self-respecting fish would be caught in that yellow mud. I realized, too, the instant I struck the water that I should have dived on the upstream side. The current took me away whirling. When I came up for air I was fifty feet below the pier. I felt it was all up with Bartholomew as I scrambled out, but to my amazement as I shook my eyes open the train crew were running forward, and there stood Bartholomew on the track above me looking at the refrigerators. When I got to him he explained to me how he was dragged in and had to tear the sleeves out of his blouse under water to get free.

The surprise is how little fish men make about such things when they are busy. It took only five minutes for the conductor to haul up a coil of wire and a sander for me, and by the time he got forward with it Bartholomew was

halfway up a telegraph pole to help me out in on a live wire. Fast as I could I rigged a pony and began calling the McCloud dispatcher. It was a rocky road, but after an end of pounding I got him and gave orders for the wrecking gang and for one more of Neighbor's rapidly decreasing supply of locomotives.

Bartholomew, sitting on a strip of fence which still rose above water, looked forlorn. To lose the first engine he ever handled in the Beaver was tough, and he was evidently speculating on his chances of ever getting another. If there weren't tears in his eyes, there was storm water certainly. But after the relief engine had pulled what was left of us back six miles to a siding I made it my first business to explain to Neighbor, nearly beside himself, that Bartholomew was not only not at fault, but that he had actually saved the train by his nerve.

"I'll tell you, Neighbor," I suggested when we got straightened around, "give us the 100 to go ahead as pilot and run the stuff around the river division with Foley and the 216."

"We'll run you with No. 67," growled Neighbor. Six was the local passenger west.

"Annul it west of McCloud," said I instantly. "We've got this silk on our hands now, and I'd move it if it tied up every passenger train on the division. If we can get the infernal stuff through, it will practically beat the strike; if we fail, it will beat the company."

By the time we backed to Newhall Junction Neighbor had made up his mind to go. Mullen and I climbed into the 100, and Foley, nearly beside himself and none too good a grace coupled on to the silk, and, flying red signals, we started again for Zanesville over the river division.

Foley was always full of mischief. He had a better engine than ours, anyway, and he took satisfaction the rest of the afternoon in crowding us. Every mile of the way he was on our heels. I was throwing the coal and ditches remember.

It was after dark when we reached the Beverly hill, and we took it at a lively pace. The strikers were not on our minds then. It was Foley who bothered.

When the long parallel steel lines of the upper yards spread before us, flashing under the arc lights, we were away above yard speed. Running a locomotive into one of those big yards is like shooting a rapid in a canoe. There is a bewildering maze of tracks lighted by red and green lamps to be watched the closest. The hazards are multiplied the minute you pass the throat, and a yard wreck is a dreadful tangle. It makes everybody, from roadmaster to flagman, furious, and not even Bartholomew wanted to face an inquiry on a yard wreck. On the other hand, he couldn't afford to be caught by Foley, who was chasing him out of pure spite.

I saw the boy holding the throttle at a half and angling the air anxiously as we jumped through the frogs, but the roughest riding on track so far beats the ties as a cushion that when the 100 suddenly struck her paws through an open switch we bounced against the roof of the cab like football.

I grabbed a brace with one hand and with the other reached instinctively across to Bartholomew's side to seize the throttle he held, but as I tried to shut him off he jerked it wide open in spite of me and turned with lightning in his eye.

"No!" he cried, and his voice rang like a hammer. The 100 took the tremendous shove at her back and leaped like a frightened horse. Away we went across the yard, through the cinders and over the ties. My teeth have never been the same since. I don't belong on an engine anyway, and since then I have kept off. At the moment I was convinced that the train had been too much, that Bartholomew was stark crazy. He sat bouncing clear to the roof and clinging to his levers like a lobster.

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Always we went across the yard and over the ties.

Sinclair himself, got a personal letter from the general manager complimenting him on his pretty wit, and he was good enough to say nothing whatever about mine.

We registered that night and went to supper together—Foley, Jackson, Bartholomew and I. Afterward we dropped into the dispatcher's office. Something was coming from McCloud, but the operators, to save their lives, couldn't catch it. I listened a minute. It was Neighbor. Now, Neighbor isn't great on dispatching trains. He can make himself understood over the poles, but his sending is like a boy's sawing wood—sort of uneven.

However, though I am not much on running yards, I claim to be able to take the wildest bait that was ever thrown along the wire, and the chair was tendered me at once to catch the Neighbor's extraordinary passes at the McCloud key. They came something like this:

To Op: Tell Massacre [that was the word that Neighbor was talking emphatically. He had apparently forgotten Bartholomew's last name and was trying to connect with the one he had remembered the night before]—tell Massacre [repeated Neighbor] that he is all right. Tell him I give 'im double mileage for today all the way through. And tomorrow he gets the 100 to keep. NEIGHB-B-OR.

Suggestions That Will Help in Making It Habitual.

In addition to those familiar uses of attics which are so vivid when it rains or when one is cynical or moody or inclined to be witty at the expense of bedposts and warming pans, there are improved uses an attic can be put to and still remain an attic. The feeling of attics—that sense they give of a friendly alienation from the world below stairs—must not, of course, be lost. If one desires no more than a place in which to tell fairy tales at twilight the lighting of a candle might be change enough in the usual un-plastered and left over space. But that is too simple. Besides, the taste for fairy tales is not universal, and it is, moreover, a taste more natural in the nursery than in the attic. But a habitable attic must be anything but dingy. A glass trapdoor, such as one too often sees, is not enough. There should be a great dormer window, built low enough for window seats, and ample seats at that, large enough to lounge in. There should be wide sills, too, for flowers, for an attic without flowers would be unimaginable. As for the body of the room the chief thing to do where there are gables would be to insert a wainscot all around of, say, five or six feet in height. Along this could be put shelves for books or odds and ends of whatever kind. A carpet would be improper, for it is traditional that an attic is bare. Inexpensive rugs and skins suggest themselves mechanically, like easy chairs, a work table and a lounge. The fancy includes a piano, pictures, glorious andrions, sconces, while the imagination leaps to armor and cabinets. Yet in a proper attic the furniture should be a little commonplace with a discarded look, if you will, to be in keeping. Things half broken down are fit for a quaint utility there, and as clothes once decent on Sunday come to be so only on Saturday and then on Friday, and so on, so odds and ends as they grow familiar and worn in other parts of the house have a last use—as old companions in an attic.—Wallace Stevens in *Indoors and Out*.

Took Him Down a Peg.

The young doctor to whom the Aesculapian oath was Greek looked contemptuously at the old woman who had come to the uptown hospital where he was an interne to inquire about her son.

"He has cerebro neurosis, I told you once," he said.

"Oh, dear," said the woman, for she was not as ornately educated as the young physician, "is it as bad as that? Now—what do you call it?"

"Neurosis," said the surgeon.

"Don't I talk plain enough for you?"

Is it anything like nervous prostration?" inquired the woman.

"You will pardon me, sir. My education was along literary rather than scientific lines."

"That's what some call it," said the young physician as he got ready to make a run for the ambulance at the door.—New York Telegram.

Native of Ohio.

Martinez, Cal., Feb. 5.—George Wiley, for the past four years treasurer of Contra Costa county, shot and killed himself at his home here. The shooting occurred in his bed chamber, and when his wife ran into the room he told her that he had shot himself accidentally. Mr. Wiley was 50 years old and a native of Ohio.

Dead in Doorway.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 5.—Frank Titus, 70, was frozen to death at the threshold of his home. He had returned from the depot and in the bitter cold succeeded in getting as far as the doorway, when he fell to the sidewalk. The body was found in the morning.

To Confer With Trustees.

Canton, O., Feb. 5.—A delegation of prominent men of this city, headed by

COAL MINE DISASTER IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Third Happening Within Two Weeks and Proves Fatal to 30 Men.

Deadly Firedamp Frustrates Efforts of Rescuers.—Seven Miners Killed in a Wreck.

Elkins, W. Va., Feb. 5.—Between 25 and 30 miners were killed by an explosion at the Davis Coal and Coke company's mine No. 25, at Thomas near this city. The explosion was terrific and badly damaged the mine. It was the third disaster in West Virginia within two weeks.

When the rescuing party entered the mine, the bodies of six foreigners and one American were found at a distance of 100 feet from the shaft. Before further progress could be made, a deadly wave of poisonous fumes enveloped the rescuing party, which was composed of General Manager Ott, D. M. Boyd, superintendent Henry mine; Daniel Jones, mine boss; Arthur Steward and John Jenkins. Before the rescuing party could reach the surface, Jones, the mine boss, died from suffocation.

Efforts are being made to enter the mine again, but without success. The air fans were demolished by the explosion and the mine is full of dangerous afterdamp. There is no possible hope that the men still in the mine are alive. While the exact number of entombed men is not known at this time, the number is estimated at about 30, and it is thought probable that there might be more.

Owing to the dangerous afterdamp and the lack of ventilation, it was almost certain death for the rescuing

party to enter the drift, and several of these were brought out almost dead. When it is known that it is nearly a mile from the entrance to the heading of the drift, the dangerous condition can be realized. The bodies so far brought out were the first found. It is supposed that those farther from the entrance are burned and mangled. Nearly all were Italians, Hungarians and Poles. One of the bodies recovered was an American.

SEVEN KILLED.

Miners Caught When a Northwestern Coal Train is Ditched.

Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 5.—Seven persons, all miners, were killed and 12 or more injured in a wreck of a coal train on the Northwestern railway near the corporation limits of Des Moines. The dead, John Plastron, Peter Axmer, Olaf Anderson, Albert Olson, Carl Larson, Samuel Drew, Aldred Lundquist. The accident was due to a forward car leaving the track and ditching the cars behind it. The train had on board about 30 miners, scattered in groups on different cars, and several passengers were in the caboose. The victims were all buried under the wreckage, and the coal, which later caught on fire, made the rescue work difficult. It is feared that when the wreckage is fully cleared away other victims may be found.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM TO AMERICAN SOLDIERS

No Forced Order to Attend Church Constitutional.—Ohio News in Brief.

Columbus, O., Feb. 5.—Following instructions from the war department, the modified order issued by Lieutenant Colonel Glenn, commandant of the Columbus post, requiring recruits and noncommissioned officers who are Catholics to form in line and march to the doors of the church on Sundays, but leaving attendance upon the services optional, was revoked. The war department will permit only the sounding of the church call.

Cincinnati Branch secedes.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 5.—By a vote of 60 to 6 the Cincinnati congregation of Zion, founded by Dowle and nurtured by Voliva, determined to cut loose entirely from the parent church in Zion City. A letter was mailed to Overseer Voliva notifying him of the action of the church. Elder W. H. Cossum, who sent the letter, at the same time said that the action taken was final and that there would be no change back to the old allegiance.

Escape, but Surrender.

Wooster, O., Feb. 5.—Simply to show that they could, Allen Meller, Harry White and William Eberhardt, youths in jail under indictment on a charge of murder in the first degree, made their escape from jail by cutting off a bar. Three got out of the steel cage and went down into another part of the building and gave themselves up. The three escaped from the jail a month ago and were recaptured.

Young Girl's Grief.

Leipsic, O., Feb. 5.—Love for her foster-father, Stanbury Harris, is supposed to have caused Miss Gertrude Rosenbarger Harris, 13, to end her life by jumping into a cistern at her country home, south of here. The parent was ill and when the girl gave him a glass of water he was unable to drink. She became frightened and committed the deed in the hope of expiring before her father.

Lime Manufacturers.

Columbus, O., Feb. 5.—The National Manufacturers' association met here and re-elected Peter Morton of Huntington, Ind., president, and E. E. Debaugh of Louisville, Ky., secretary. A number of technical papers were read and trade subjects were discussed. Many of the members will remain to attend the meeting of the National Builders' Supply association.

Native of Ohio.

Martinez, Cal., Feb. 5.—George Wiley, for the past four years treasurer of Contra Costa county, shot and killed himself at his home here. The shooting occurred in his bed chamber, and when his wife ran into the room he told her that he had shot himself accidentally. Mr. Wiley was 50 years old and a native of Ohio.

Dead in Doorway.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 5.—Frank Titus, 70, was frozen to death at the threshold of his home. He had returned from the depot and in the bitter cold succeeded in getting as far as the doorway, when he fell to the sidewalk. The body was found in the morning.

To Confer With Trustees.

Canton, O., Feb. 5.—A delegation of prominent men of this city, headed by

Major Turnbull, will for Washington to confer with the trustees of the National McKinley Memorial association.

In regard to the dedication of the monument here in September, National Guardsmen and military organizations from all over the country are to be invited, and 30 local committees are working with a view to perfecting arrangements for the dedication.

Oil Magnates' Motion.

Findlay, O., Feb. 5.—Motions to quash the indictments in the cases of the Manhattan Oil company and F. D. Cuthbert, were filed by their attorneys. The allegation is made that the indictments are improperly drawn, charging more than one offense, and that it is impossible for the defendants to make proper answer to the charges contained in them.

By Natural Gas.

Wapakoneta, O., Feb. 5.—Walter Cook, 30, of West Cairo, and O. H. Cappell, 35, of Marietta, were found dead in the town hall at Cridersville near here, due to asphyxiation. They were given permission to sleep in the town hall Sunday night, and closed the rooms tight, causing natural gas fumes to collect. Apparently they were well to do.

Safe Cracked.

East Liverpool, O., Feb. 5.—While Night Watchman McGill was away from the barns of the East Liverpool Traction and Light company at Chester, W. Va., thieves entered the office, cracked the safe and escaped with \$150, the receipts of the night. Three men are said to be implicated and an investigation has been started.

Overturned a Lamp.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 5.—Mrs. Margaret McAuffey, an aged widow, was burned to death in her rooms in a tenement house when she accidentally overturned a lighted lamp, which set fire to her clothing. Her body was almost incinerated before her plight was discovered, too late to save her from her terrible fate.

Supreme Court Dismisses Haugh Case.

Columbus, O., Feb. 5.—The supreme court dismissed for want of preparation the case of Dr. Oliver Haugh against the state. Haugh is now in the annex awaiting execution on the charge of murder, it having been charged against him that he took the lives of a number of members of his family by poison. The court now will have to fix a new date for the execution, and it is expected that his attorneys will file a motion to reinstatement.

Receiver For Cold Storage Plant.

Toledo, O., Feb. 6.—Federal Judge Taylor, on application of Oscar H. Paddock of Pana, Ill., a stockholder, appointed C. M. Fellbach receiver of the Toledo Cold Storage company. The latter is capitalized at \$100,000. The company supplied artificial ice to the Hygeia Ice company, which was a member of the local ice trust, and the petitioner in the receivership case alleges that the odium attached to the ice trust caused a slump in the cold storage company's business.