

HEAD-ON COLLISION.

RICHMOND TRAINMEN IN DISASTROUS WRECK NEAR NORWOOD. ENGINEER TREVILIAN KILLED. Fireman Hawks and Brakeman Moore Injured—Aged Lady Dies from Shock Caused by the Intensity of the Collision.

A head-on collision occurred at 6:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon on the James River Division of the Chesapeake and Ohio railway. Engineer S. D. Trevilian was instantly killed. His fireman, J. E. Hawks, was injured, and brakeman L. K. Moore was badly hurt. The homes of all the men are in this city.

When information of the death of Engineer Trevilian was conveyed to the home late last night, the shock prostrated his wife, and more serious still, caused the death of Mrs. Sarah A. Powell, her aged grandmother. The families live at 30 and 202 south Pine street.

The accident occurred at the 112-mile post, in the Rivanna District of the Chesapeake and Ohio's James-River Division. Norwood and Gladstone are near-by stations. What caused the accident can be determined only by investigation; the officials were unable to state the cause early this morning.

THE TRAINS AND CREWS. West-bound freight, No. 45, first section, Engineer Trevilian, Fireman J. E. Hawks, and Conductor J. M. Tyler, collided with east-bound freight, No. 78, first section, Engineer J. W. Jewell and Conductor John Jenkins.

Fourteen empty cars in No. 45 and one loaded car in No. 78 were derailed. The engines—Nos. 101 and 106—remained on the track, but the terrific force of the collision locked the giant machines tightly together.

As stated, Trevilian went to his death, and his fireman and the brakeman of his train were injured. Details are meagre as to the nature of the injuries received by the men. Fortunately, all the crew of No. 78 escaped unhurt.

WRECKING AWAY THE WRECKAGE. Wrecking trains were dispatched to the scene from Richmond and Gladstone. Superintendent Mapp went in charge of the Richmond train, which also carried Dr. Ross, the company's surgeon at this point. It was stated this morning, early, that it was hoped to have the track clear by 7 o'clock. A special train, bearing Dr. Ross, was expected here before daylight.

The remains of Engineer Trevilian, it was planned, were to be removed to Christian's undertaking parlors, and afterwards to his modest home on Pine street.

It was arranged to have a carriage meet Brakeman Moore and convey him to his home at 105 West Cary street. He has a wife and two children. He is a young man.

Fireman Hawks, who is a single man, about twenty-five years of age, preferred to be taken to the Retreat for the Sick for attention.

THE DEAD ENGINEER. Engineer Trevilian was about 41 years of age, and had spent the greater part of his life in the company's service. He was classed among the best men in the company's employ. Four years ago he married Miss Euclid Anderson, who survives. There are no children.

The news of her husband's death was broken to Mrs. Trevilian last night, after she had retired. Her help brother, Mr. Joseph Powell, bore the sad tidings. So great was the shock and so poignant her grief, that the wife was completely prostrated. Dr. Moseley was summoned to attend her.

A TRAGIC SEQUEL. A tragic sequel to the killing of Mr. Trevilian was the death, soon afterward, and as a result of the shock caused by the announcement, of Mrs. Sarah A. Powell, the aged grandmother of Mrs. Trevilian. She was paralyzed about a month ago, but had since been improving, and only yesterday morning she was sent home. It seemed probable that she would soon recover from the paralysis to a great extent. As soon, however, as Mrs. Powell heard of the death of her grandchild, her husband she became worse, and two hours later died.

Mrs. Powell was the widow of Joseph F. Powell, and had spent practically all of her life in the city of Richmond. She was a Miss Walden, and is survived by her brother, Peyton Walden, of this city. She had lived at No. 200 south Pine street, where she was married about twenty-seven years ago, about midnight of the 12th inst. She was a member of the Centenary Methodist church, and when younger had taken great interest in church work, being one of the pioneers in the Methodist establishment of the city. She was a devoted woman, and was greatly beloved.

Her surviving family consists of one daughter, Mrs. Anna E. Anderson, of this city, widow of Nelson Powell; Joseph F. Powell, and Jefferson H. Powell, all of this city; and fifteen grandchildren.

Arrangements for the funeral will be announced here hereafter.

THE REMAINS REACH HERE. A few minutes before 3 o'clock, an engine and two coaches, bearing the remains of Trevilian and the two injured men pulled into the North-Street Depot. The ambulance, Dr. Murrel in charge, and a carriage were in waiting. The dead engineer's body was placed in the first; Hawks was removed to the Retreat, and Moore to the hospital.

Dr. Ross described to a Dispatch reporter the nature of the wounds and how they were received. When the crash came Engineer Trevilian and Brakeman Moore jumped, and landed on their feet. For a moment, and then the body of a car, swinging almost at right angles to the track, struck them. Moore received the force of the blow in his back, and the injured body was hurled a distance of about a deep grass four inches long shows where the car struck. Poor Trevilian, alas, fared not so well. The swinging debris of the car struck him in the back of the head, crushing in the skull and causing instant death.

Hawks, after leaving the train, was caught under the wreckage of broken tracks. No bones were broken, but he was cut and bruised from head to foot. The abrasures, Dr. Ross said, are superficial, and no serious results are apprehended. Both the injured men will recover.

PUBLISHERS AND TYPOS. Greeting from Newspaper Owners—Value of Arbitration.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., August 13.—During the afternoon, Frederick Publishers' Association, addressed the International Typographical Union, in session here, in behalf of the newspaper publishers. He congratulated the delegates upon the establishment of the principle of arbitration in settling differences arising under contracts between publishers and their employees, and advocated further extension of the principle to all matters of difference which might arise, especially referring to the periods covering the termination of old contracts and the execution of new agreements. He referred to

EMPRESS AT REST.

REMAINS OF KAISER'S MOTHER RESIDE THOSE OF HER HUSBAND. SCENES AT THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM. Another Impressive Procession—Brilliant Military Display—Service at the Tomb Extremely Simple—Special Compliment to America.

POTS DAM, August 13.—The remains of the Dowager Empress Frederick were interred to-day, beside those of her husband, in the mausoleum of Friedrichs-Kirche, near Potsdam.

Promptly at 10:30, the tolling of bells announced the arrival of the funeral train at Wilhelmstrasse, which was nearly 11 o'clock when the sound of music in the distance announced the approach of the funeral procession. Far down the avenue, moving masses appeared, now and then halting for the procession to assume its proper order.

As the procession drew near, the notes of the best-known funeral marches, played slowly and plaintively, became audible, the muffled drums rolling in solemn impressiveness.

A VON MOLTKE IN COMMAND. At the head of the procession rode Major-General Von Moltke, nephew of the famous field marshal, in command of the military force participating in the ceremonies. The guards du corps, with black and white pennants fluttering at their lance points, attracted much attention, as did the Royal Page corps, composed of cadets from the military academy at Gless Lichterfelde, in bright red coats, with just one touch of blue and broad hats trimmed with white hair.

After the military came the highest clerical dignitaries of Berlin, including Dr. Dryander, the court preacher, and Bishop Aszman, the highest Catholic prelate, in a resplendent purple robe.

CROWN OF GOLD AND JEWELS. Over the head of the coffin were a crown of Imperial colors, on which was a crown of state of massive gold, and heavily jeweled. The crown was carried by King Wilhelm, deposited there by the Emperor, King Edward and two other wreaths. Behind the coffin marched the Emperor, with head erect, and displaying the greatest self-possession and dignity, but his eyes were cast downward, and he gazed straight forward, in a serious manner. King Edward, who was on the Emperor's left, walked heavily, and evidently found the march fatiguing. Both Emperor William and King Edward wore the Imperial crown, the Emperor in Dragon Guards, Queen Victoria's regiment.

AT THE MAUSOLEUM. The procession reached the mausoleum at 11:40. The proceedings there were most simple. The coffin was carried into the mausoleum, followed by the Emperor and Empress, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, the royal Princess, and other members of royal families, the rest of those present remaining outside during the ceremony. The Emperor William had been lowered into the vault, the choir from the Berlin Cathedral sang "Christ's Resurrection," by Greg. A prayer followed, and then the choir sang "Be Faithful unto Death," by Neldhart. This was the only service.

NO WEeping. In the mean time, the Emperor stood beside the tomb in a most solemn manner. There was no weeping, but King Edward frequently used his handkerchief, for beads of perspiration were coursing down his brow. After the brief ceremony, the royal party withdrew, and the invited guests, military men, and the press, were dismissed. The Emperor's coffin was placed in the vault, and the Emperor's body was lowered into the vault, and the Emperor's body was lowered into the vault, and the Emperor's body was lowered into the vault.

TWO PHASES OF THE ROBIN. A Change That Explains Why North-Americans Do Not See Him. (New York Sun.) Those who watch the conduct of the robins in the suburbs these days can easily understand why they are a favorite game with young sportsmen in Mississippi, where the winter in considerable part and sing note.

The robin seems to have little to do in August, but to feed himself abundantly while he waits until his young are strong enough for the long southern journey. It is known that robins sometimes winter in the thickets of this region, perhaps, because they find their young unfit for migration.

You may recognize the young robins by their form and size, though they are very different in their markings from the parent birds. The breast is speckled instead of having that warm brownish red which has earned the robin his pleasant name of red-breast. The coloring, by the way, from England. The back of the young robin, too, is barred and flecked in a fashion that helps to distinguish him from his elders. The young birds are known to the sportsmen as "timidly very different from the bounding ease and sauciness of their elders."

You may see them hunting for worms on suburban lawns and watching keenly for the approach of human beings. It seems as if they were afraid of man, yet to learn that their kind is the favorite among the semi-domestic birds of lawn and orchard, and the consciousness of which makes the birds so tame.

The gregarious instinct of the robin, hardly to be noticed in the spring, is plainly revealed by midsummer. For several weeks past one could never enter a suburban field without a shower of water without scaring up perhaps a dozen robins. The flocks seem to increase in size as the season advances, though they are never large. Near the time for migrating the birds seem unaccountably tame, and they will fly up and call to one another in excited tones. Then some morning the lover of the birds wakes to find only a few robins left in the region, doubtless, those who feel themselves unable to make the journey, or flight, or delay in hopes that their young may gain strength sufficient for migration.

Cock robin himself is a much less beautiful bird, when the time for his southern migration arrives. He is a stout, heavy-bodied bird, and his breast has paled a little, and his voice is harsh. It is the mating season that makes him beautiful and a poet. His high, strong bill is admirably expressive of his somewhat crabbed character, and is genuinely poetic in quality. But it is an unmistakable love song, without too much beauty. No one could ever read in it the religious significance that one always associates with the music of the wood thrush.

In fact, the robin is a very fit bird to be the favorite of the practical and hard-headed Anglo-Saxon portion of the American people, and when he ceases to be a lover and a poet he exhibits a hard, practical, and business-like character. It is only a few years since a southern resident of New York, caught shooting robins on Staten Island, defended himself on the ground that the robin was not a song bird, but a hard-headed and voracious creature, fit only for the spit. He spoke of the robin as he had known him in the South, having never seen him under the transforming influence of the romantic passion called love.

Divorce Granted to Mrs. Hill. NEW YORK, August 13.—Justice McClean, of the Supreme Court, to-day granted a decree of absolute divorce to

GLANCE AT CENTRAL.

A HALF-HOUR IN FRONT OF THE SWITCHBOARD. SHE IS NOT ALWAYS AN ANGEL. She Talks Like One to Customers, But She Does Not Like a Pleasant Conversation Broken Up by a Sister Operator.

The Man in the Iron Mask was hardly more mysterious than is Central. He is those of sunny temper she is an angel who helps them to easy communication with friends, but to the crossed-grained curmudgeon she is a spiteful vixen who takes a fiendish delight in thwarting the wishes of the man at either end of the wire.

There is another side to the question, however, and the Dispatch has been furnished that side by a young woman who has seen it. She is a story.

One morning about 9:30 I strolled into the office of my good friend, Mr. ——. From the adjoining room I could hear such a chattering, intercepted by buzz-buzz, click-click, following in rapid succession, that I was sure to know what was going on. My friend informed me that we were in close proximity to "Central."

I had heard a great deal about this little "Central" and was anxious to see for myself what sort of a looking creature she was, whom people described as an angel, saint, or some such thing, who, though you fume and fret, always seems to smile and say, "Number, please."

The door stood half ajar, and I, made cold by intense desire, just peered straight through. Central always sounded just the same to me, and I thought there was one of her; but what I saw, greeted my eyes. There were at least a dozen, or more. Was she pretty? Well—

The one nearest me "plugged in on her men," and her voice was always low and soft as she said, "Number, please?" "Tell me again, I cannot hear."

There was another just beyond, not quite so old. She seemed well pleased, if one can judge by smiling all the while. Why, there is the Angel Central, I thought. Presently little plates, accompanied by a buzz, began to fairly rain before her steady gaze.

Then what a change! Her face began to cloud. Still, "Number, please," in that same sweet, low voice, but what I saw, no response, then she angrily cries: "A man that cannot talk ought not to have a phone."

Then to others she says: "Busy, call again," "Out of order," "Taken out," all so fast you might mistake her for a Dutch market woman if you did not see her stamp her little foot and slam down a "cord" as she flashes an angry retort to the sister operator, which too truly denotes her Irish lineage.

Just as quickly her countenance again changes to that of tranquility and happiness, though this time instead of one smile her face is wreathed in them. Her eyes sparkle as she turns her head from side to side to see if any one is looking. Then, with a voice so full of pathos and so low as to produce only inarticulate sounds to those near her, she begins to talk to some one and from the accompanying blush I know it is her beau. Just in the midst of the conversation Sister Central "breaks in" and gives her

Slam! Slam! go the "cords" on the switchboard, just as if it were the offender. Shuffle! go the feet, reminding one of an angry animal at bay, and "I wish you would not break in on me when I am talking to my dear," she says, and behind the curtain. Never once has she forgotten to melodize her voice when talking to the outside world.

But, after all, I do not think her a bad-tempered, ill-tempered creature. I think the patience of even Job. Duplicity in her case is meritorious.

Farewell, Central, though no more in the realms of my imagination will you ever be a "cord" to me, still have my most heartfelt sympathy.

A Simple Little Game. (New York Dispatch.) There's a little game played With a ball and clubs, 'tis said, That the Scottish folk most probably play.

Is for one and all the same— Just to get that little ball into a cup; And the other side of the ball, To get to take that hook or crook And proceed to drive the ball into the hole.

That one really feels surprise, When repeatedly he tries, But the sheep does not appear to know its fold.

CHORUS: This is a funny little game, don't you know? All looks so easy, easy, but indeed 'tis not so. It is a fascinating, just you try, and see. 'Tis so very easy as it all seems to be!

Folks of every shape and size Loom before the gazing eyes Of the interested spectators of a match. Sleeves are rolled far up the arm, Coats are off (for it is warm!) Every bit of breeze refreshing thus to catch.

CAUGHT HIS MAN ON THE FLY.

A Detective's Account of the Worst Half Minute He Ever Had. (New York Sun.) "The worst half minute and the happiest recovery I ever had in my experience," said an old detective, "happened in this wise:

"I had been hunting for a week for a thief who had been robbing, and of trouble and got away with a lot of people's property, and I got him located one afternoon in a business building that had stores on the first floor and offices above, in which he'd been making, in a small room, his headquarters, except for a window at the front opening on the street, and I thought all I had to do was to walk up and nail him. And I'd got within fifteen feet of him, smiling to myself, when, looking back at me, just once to myself, jokingly, he jumped out of the window."

"But by the great snakes! That's exactly what he did. I'd got him in a flash, and he was gone, except for a window at the front opening on the street, and I thought all I had to do was to walk up and nail him. And I'd got within fifteen feet of him, smiling to myself, when, looking back at me, just once to myself, jokingly, he jumped out of the window."

"To certain death, I thought, or a general smashup of broken legs and arms and ribs, anyhow, and it was a very uncomfortable sensation, and I felt that in a few minutes, thinking of losing my man after a week's search and after getting so close to him, too, and of losing him in that way, smashed to death while going to get my man, I was just once to myself, jokingly, he jumped out of the window."

"Automatically and instantaneously I reached down with both hands, one on either side the man's head, and seized him by the shoulders and hung on, and then I lifted him a little and drew him into the hall, and put the bracelets on him. I'd got him after all, and unharmed."

"And, of course, it was perfectly simple. There was a spring wagon backed up over the sidewalk, and I threw the man into it, and he was gone, and my man, taking any chances for freedom, and with all but one chance in a thousand for jumping to his death, had landed on the sidewalk, and I had thrown him into the hall, and put the bracelets on him. I'd got him after all, and unharmed."

AMERICAN FAIRFAXS. The Family That Has Given Genuine Barons to the United States. (New York Sun.) Interest in the family of Fairfax has been renewed recently by reports as to the intentions of Albert Kirby Fairfax in regard to the title of Baron Fairfax of Cameron in the peerage of Great Britain.

The Fairfax family came from Denton, in the county of York, in England, and was seated Baron Fairfax of Cameron in 1627. His grandson, Thomas, third Baron, better known as Sir Thomas Fairfax, was the celebrated Commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary forces in the English Civil War.

He was born at Denton, Jan. 17, 1612. He died at Nunapleton, Nov. 12, 1671. His name was on the list of Judges appointed to try King Charles, but he was not present at the trial. When his name was called, Lady Fairfax announced from the gallery that she was his wife.

William Fairfax, sixth Baron, came to this country shortly after the accession of King George I., and settled at Belvoir, on the Potomac River, a few miles below Mount Vernon. His eldest daughter, Anne, was married in July, 1743, to Lawrence, half brother of George Washington, and she was the mother of George Washington's wife, Martha.

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EXCURSIONS, PICNICS, Etc.

75c. ONLY 75c. ROUND-TRIP TICKETS TO NORFOLK, OLD POINT, OR NEWPORT NEWS, STEAMER POCAHONTAS. Saturday Night, Aug. 17th. 10 O'CLOCK. Ladies and Children, 50c. each. Tickets Good to Return Following Tuesday.

express great confidence in the wisdom of his policy of restoration, and they seem to look forward to it as a hope of restoration.

"Here the reader should notice the word 'reconstruction.' It was 'restoration.' General Lee had in his mind restoration as Johnson did. He did not suspect what was in store to prevent restoration and to put the South under reconstruction, which meant military rule, carpet-bag governors, and negro legislation—a long series of years of destruction and humiliation, a long setback to the plan of reconstruction adopted.

Q. How do the people of Virginia, secessionist men particularly, feel toward the freedmen? A. Every one with whom I associate expresses the kindest feeling toward the freedmen. They wish to see them get on in the world, and particularly to take up some occupation for a living and turn their hands to some work. I know that farmers make efforts to induce them to engage for the year at regular wages.

Q. Are you aware of the existence of any combination among whites to keep down the wages of blacks? A. I am not.

Q. How do they feel in regard to the education of the blacks? A. The people have exhibited a willingness that blacks should be educated, and express the opinion that it would be better for the race to have the education of the blacks? A. Has the colored race generally as great love of money and property as the white race? A. I do not think it has. The blacks look more to the present time than to the future.

Q. Do you not frequently hear in your intercourse in Virginia expressions of hope that a foreign war may occur so that southerners could avail themselves of an opportunity to rebel against the government? A. I have not. On the contrary, they express the hope that the country may not be led into a war.

Q. In such an event, do you think that class of people whom I call secessionists would join the common enemy? A. It depends on the feelings of the individual.

Q. What, in such event, might be your choice? A. I have no disposition now to do it, and I never have had.

Question by Mr. Bowd: General, you do not feel down there that, while you accept the result, we are as generous as we ought to be under the circumstances? A. They think the North can afford to be generous.

Q. That is the feeling down there. A. Yes, and they think it the best policy—after much reflection upon the subject and are able to judge.

Here is General Lee advocating before that committee a generous policy—a restoration policy. That same committee recommended a violent, humiliating restoration policy—rather the black heels upon white necks—as the dominant idea.

By Mr. Howard: Suppose this restoration policy of Mr. Johnson should be all that you anticipate, and that you should accept the result, and the country should improve of the material interests, do you think that the result would be the gradual return of kindly feeling? A. That would be the natural result, and I can see no other way in which that result could be brought about.

The North opposed anything that would repair the political position. A probationary condition of years of losses, humiliation, robbery, insults, oppressions had to be experienced. Such was the plan for the carrying of the individual of the State along with it, that the State was responsible for the act, not the individuals, and so-called, or those acts of the State which recognized a condition of war between the State and the general government, stood as their justification for bearing arms against the United States. Yes, sir, I think they would consider they were merely using the reserved rights."

Q. That is your own personal views on that question? Answer: "That was my view, that the act of Virginia, in withdrawing herself from the Union, carried me along as a citizen of Virginia, and that her laws and her acts were binding upon me."

"And that you felt your justification in taking the course you did?" "Yes, sir." "Suppose an amendment should be adopted conferring upon the blacks the right of suffrage, would that, in your opinion, lead to scenes of violence, or breaches of peace between the races?" "I think it would excite unfriendly feelings."

"Are you acquainted with the proposed amendment pending in Congress?" "No I scarcely ever read a paper."

My Mother. (Christian Register.) She gave the best years of her life With joy for me, And robbed herself, with loving heart, Unstintingly.

For me with willing hands she toiled From day to day, For me she prayed when headstrong youth Would have his way.

AMUSEMENTS.

CASINO. This Afternoon 5c. 10c. AND To-Night 5c. 10c. 20c. A Great Summer Bill of VAUDEVILLE. NATATORIUM. Reservoir Park. Clear, Limpid, Sparkling Water. REACHED BY ALL LINES OF STREETS. Open daily from 6 A. M. to 12 midnight. Week days from 8 A. M. to 2 P. M. for ladies exclusively. Pool may be entered for special baths by clubs of fifty. Admission, 5c.; with bath-room and water, 25c.

HICKS'S SWIMMING POOL. BUSES WILL MEET ALL CHESTNUT ST. FROM 1:30 UNTIL 10:30 P. M. FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS. 200 ROOMS NOW READY. (See 28-F. Sun & W. St. 16)

The Confederate Museum. TWELFTH AND CLAY STREETS. Open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Admission, 25 cents. Free on Saturday, 10-15-1.

"KATY" FLYER HELD UP. WORK APPARENTLY THAT OF OLD HANDS AT THE BUSINESS. EVERY PASSENGER IS ROBBED.

The Bandits Then How Open the Express Safes, and Secure Their Contents—Robbers Make Merry Over the Situation.

DENISON, TEX., August 13.—Missouri, Kansas and Texas passenger train No. 4, south-bound, was held up at Canyon, Kan., at 1:30 A. M. to-day, by the men. Two miles north of Canyon, two men crawled over the tender, with pistols in hand, covered the engineer and brakeman, and commanded them to stop the train. The men were joined by others, and a fusillade of shots led alongside the train thoroughly alarmed the crew and passengers.

Postal-Clerk Tully was compelled to go through the train, carrying a sack in which valuables were thrown. Every passenger was robbed, and then the robbers turned their attention to the express-car. Both safes were blown open with dynamite, and the contents were taken. The express-car was practically wrecked. The amount stolen is not yet known, although the robbers got some valuable jewelry. They gave a diamond ring and a shirt stud to Engineer Latham, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles to a passenger. After the work was done, the robbers, who seemed to enjoy the situation, set around the train, and the crew and passengers were allowed to get on their way. The whole affair was carried out with great skill, and it is believed that the bandits are old hands at the business.

After holding the train two hours, the robbers left, going each into the dense bottom. The trainmen cut up at Canyon, Kan., and ran down to Canyon Station, where they notified the offices in both directions. Within two hours posse of United States marshals, with blood hounds were on the trail.

The express company claims that it lost nothing, and Conductor Dolan estimated the passengers' loss at about \$200. The country surrounding Canyon is gridironed with telephone wires, and it is believed that the robbers will be arrested or killed.

SEVEN MEN ARRESTED. FORT WORTH, TEX., August 13.—Seven men have been arrested in Canyon, Kan., charged with the robbery of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas train. One is a section hand. The others are young men, residing near-by. Part of the plunder has been recovered.

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The Bandits Then How Open the Express Safes, and Secure Their Contents—Robbers Make Merry Over the Situation.

DENISON, TEX., August 13.—Missouri, Kansas and Texas passenger train No. 4, south-bound, was held up at Canyon, Kan., at 1:30 A. M. to-day, by the men. Two miles north of Canyon, two men crawled over the tender, with pistols in hand, covered the engineer and brakeman, and commanded them to stop the train. The men were joined by others, and a fusillade of shots led alongside the train thoroughly alarmed the crew and passengers.

Postal-Clerk Tully was compelled to go through the train, carrying a sack in which valuables were thrown. Every passenger was robbed, and then the robbers turned their attention to the express-car. Both safes were blown open with dynamite, and the contents were taken. The express-car was practically wrecked. The amount stolen is not yet known, although the robbers got some valuable jewelry. They gave a diamond ring and a shirt stud to Engineer Latham, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles to a passenger. After the work was done, the robbers, who seemed to enjoy the situation, set around the train, and the crew and passengers were allowed to get on their way. The whole affair was carried out with great skill, and it is believed that the bandits are old hands at the business.

After holding the train two hours, the robbers left, going each into the dense bottom. The trainmen cut up at Canyon, Kan., and ran down to Canyon Station, where they notified the offices in both directions. Within two hours posse of United States marshals, with blood hounds were on the trail.

The express company claims that it lost nothing, and Conductor Dolan estimated the passengers' loss at about \$200. The country surrounding Canyon is gridironed with telephone wires, and it is believed that the robbers will be arrested or killed.

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