

In 3 Chapters.

THE RUN OF THE 175

By TEM DALRYMPLE.

CHAPTER I.

Clark leaned far out of the cab window of the 175, and vainly tried to peer ahead through the heavy, vapor-like fog, which became tears upon coming in contact with his weather-beaten face. Then he looked back along the sides of the bounding, swaying box cars. The 175 was doing unusually well this trip, was his inward comment, but even at her best she was but little better than a log wagon when it came to rough riding, and the most puzzling thing about her was the great difficulty about being sure as to whether she was on or off the track whenever Clark managed to get her up to a speed of thirty or forty miles an hour.

A faint tinge of gray was just beginning to show in the east, and all nature was waking once more as Clark and the 175 came crashing around the curves, up and down the slight grades; now in the midst of a dense cloud of fog, and out again. The fireman faithfully fed the ever hungry fire-box, and the head brakeman faithfully snored on the fireman's seat, while Clark peered ahead into the gloom, and occasionally down at the flying sidetracks.

They were about to finish a hard trip, the crew in charge of the train had been on the road ever since about six o'clock the evening before, and now, after a night of hard work switching and waiting in sidetracks for other trains to pass, ten more miles would land them in Earlington where nice warm breakfasts and good warm beds afterward were assured.

Clark sat with his head out of the window as they jerked along up a light grade now, and meditated. He had been on the old Henderson division for more than ten years, had been in all sorts of wrecks, and found himself constantly wondering when the next one would be, what it would be, if he would come out of it alive and all such thoughts, when he suddenly awakened to the fact that they were approaching Nortonville, a small mining

town and a railroad crossing. He reached for the whistle lever and blew one long blast, a station whistle, and looked to see if the brakemen were at their posts, but found that on account of the fog, he could see no further than the first car; a rough jerk, however, soon informed him that the brakemen were on the hurricane deck doing their part of the work, and gradually they slowed the long string of boxcars down until they were under complete control. Soon the red signal light came into view; Clark jerked four short blasts of the whistle, and two more on seeing the red light change to white. About this time the head brakeman, who had been roughly awakened by the fireman, jumped off and ran ahead to see that the crossing was clear, and gave the engineer a signal, whereupon Clark reached for the throttle, jerked it open and once more the 175 sped onward with Earlington as the next stop. They were now in the very heart of the mining region, and every mile or two there was a coal mine with its sidetrack and empty cars, all ready to be loaded. Suddenly they tore around a curve and there, not a train length away, were three or four empty coal cars which had by some means run out of one of the mine tracks on the main track.

There was not a moment to lose, and with a hurried shout to his fireman to jump, Clark swung himself down out of the cab and jumped, barely in time to escape the shock as the old 175 plunged into those empty coal cars. She hit them squarely and with such force that they were completely demolished, and proved to be of such little consequence to the 175 that they did not affect her headlong rush in any way except to cause a sudden jerk in the train, which resulted in three cars being broken loose, with which she tore away up over the little rise and then down the steep grade which terminated at Earlington.

(Continued next week.)

Tillman Didn't Know Dr. Clardy.

(From the New York Times.) During a political campaign Tillman, of South Carolina, the pitchfork Senator, had been imported into Kentucky to make speeches and help elect the Democratic ticket. He was making an impassioned speech, telling about how Congressmen sold out and betrayed the interests of their constituents, when a farmer on the outskirts of the crowd shouted: "Does Dr. Clardy do that?" "Who?" said Tillman. "Dr. Clardy?" shouted a hundred voices. "Who's Dr. Clardy?" asked the Senator, apparently suspicious that somebody was laying a trap for him. There was an astounded, breathless pause. Then the crowd replied: "Why, he's our Congressman!" Tillman drew a long breath. "My friends," he said in accents of impressive sincerity, "so help me God, I never heard of the man." And it came near beating Clardy for re-election—which, as he was a Democrat, would have been a painful sequel to Tillman's efforts in the cause of Democracy.

One Idol Shattered.

(From the New York Times.)

A Congressman is a big man in his own district, but not quite so large in Washington. This was demonstrated in a conversation overheard in the Senate corridors last week between Senator Cockerell and two ladies. "You know whom I mean," one of the ladies was saying. "I refer to Mr. South Trimble. You know him, of course—Mr. Trimble, of Kentucky?" "I know the Trimbles of Kentucky by reputation," said the Senator doubtfully. "Yes, yes," the lady insisted, "but I mean South Trimble. You know him?" "We—all," hesitated the Senator, "of course I know the Trimbles—"

Here the other lady came to the rescue. "Mr. South Trimble," she said, "our Congressman, you know—Congressman Trimble, of Kentucky." "Oh!" said Senator Cockerell. "No, I never heard of him." And there was a dreadful pause while the ladies tried to take it all in.

It would seem like old times to again see a girl with her head wrapped up in a "nuby."

THIS SNAP.

A week ago they told us,
When the sun was shining bright,
That winter's back was broken
And soon we'd have a sight
Of the bursting buds of flowers,
And hear the bluebirds sing,
For the sun, they said, was a harbinger,
A harbinger of spring.
But what of this blooming blizzard,
And the weather all frapped,
And the ice, and the snow, and the shivers,
And the sunshine gone to shade,
And the furs, and the wraps, and the blankets,
And the white, snowed-under town,
And the jingling of the sleighbells,
And the dazzling Frost King's crown,
And the swine of the sweeper's shovel,
And the creak of the turning wheel,
And the piles of white in the gutter,
And the clang of the skater's steel?
Where are the buds and flowers,
And where do the bluebirds sing?
Oh,
Say,
Do they call this snap a harbinger,
A harbinger of spring?
W. J. LAMPTON, IN N. Y. SUN.

FIRST MILLSTONES

Used by Early Settlers along the Kentucky River.

(Courier-Journal.)

Nicholasville, Ky., Feb. 20.—One of the most remarkable monuments of the early settlement of Kentucky consists of the first mill stones by which corn meal was ground. These stones are one and a half feet in diameter. They were hewn from the limestone which abounds in the Kentucky river cliffs by Capt. John McMurtry, great-grandfather of Dr. Lewis Murtry, of Louisville. As Capt. McMurtry was killed at Ft. Washington, now Cincinnati, in 1791, the stones are more than a century old. They now lie in the yard of the old Alex. McMurtry farm in Garrard county. Though one has been broken, the parts are all there.

RURAL CARRIERS

Are Named for Two Free Delivery Routes in Hopkins County.

Madisonville, Ky., Feb. 21.—Mail carriers have been appointed for the two rural delivery routes that will be opened in Hopkins county March 2. James Rich was appointed carrier for route No. 1, and D. F. Mathews for route No. 2. About eighty mail boxes have been purchased by persons living on the routes and will arrive in a few days.

Baseball in the Bible.

A North Missouri editor, who first studied baseball rules when a Sunday school boy, enters into the following antiquities of the national game: "The devil was the first coacher. Eve stole first. Adam stole second. When Isaac met Rebecca at the well, she was walking with a pitcher. Sampson struck out a good many when he beat the Philistines. Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptian. Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel. Abraham made a sacrifice. The prodigal son made a home run. David was a long distance thrower, and Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea."—Washington Times.

Dramatic Company.

Earlington should have a dramatic company. There is sufficient talent here to get up a good company. Other places do it and why shouldn't we? It takes hard work, pluck and a good deal of stickability to organize and produce a successful play, but it can be done and the sooner someone makes the initial move the sooner we can put the play on.

The construction of Mexico's building at the World's Fair will begin at an early date.

STANLEY GOT WARM.

Engaged in a Hot Suit in Court and His Coat Burns Up.

HAYS-HAAG PHOSPHOROUS DID IT.

Henderson, Ky., Feb. 21.—Congressman elect Stanley, attorney for the defense in the Hays-Haag damage suit, had an exciting experience late last night. In an attempt to destroy the Hotel Henderson by fire last June, a bottle of bisulphide of carbon, with phosphorous dissolved in it, was used by the incendiary. This bottle was being used as evidence in the damage suit, which grew out of the arrest of Prof. H. A. Hays on a warrant sworn out by F. Haag, charging him with the crime. Mr. Stanley had the bottle in his pocket when the cork came out, and immediately Mr. Stanley's clothing caught fire. He quickly removed his coat and immersed it in water, but as soon as it was removed from the water it would take fire again, and not until all the phosphorous was destroyed did he succeed in extinguishing the flames. The garment was entirely destroyed.

ATKINSON COLLEGE BURNS.

The Colored Educational Institute of Madisonville is no More.

About two o'clock Sunday evening the main building of the Atkinson colored institute, of Madisonville, was seen to be in flames. When a number of the citizens arrived on the scene the flames were running high and the fire had gained such headway it was impossible to check them. The flames soon spread to two other wooden structures standing near and all three of the buildings were rapidly consumed.

Atkinson college was established some eight years ago and belonged to the A. M. E. Zion church. It has always been a popular institution of learning for the colored race and at the time of its destruction had 80 or 90 students, including some 30 boarders, who had sleeping apartments at the college and lost the greater part of their wearing apparel.

Bishop Clinton, who is president of the college, was out of the city at the time of the conflagration. Prof. S. E. Duncan, who has been principal of the school for the past seven years, lost his library, containing books to the value of \$300.00. The losses to the buildings are about \$3,000.00 and was covered by \$2,000.00 insurance.

MRS. NANCY E. SLATON,

Mother of Postmaster J. W. Slaton, of Hanson, Dies Suddenly.

Hanson, Ky., Feb. 19.—The sudden death of Mrs. Nancy E. Slaton early this morning has caused much grief among a large circle of friends and relatives here. The deceased was last night in apparent good health and arose this morning as usual. While dressing she suddenly expired. Mrs. Slaton was the mother of Mr. J. W. Slaton, Hanson's popular postmaster, and she died at his house, where she made her home. She was eighty-six years of age and the widow of the late John Slaton.

Five Cases of Measles in one Family.

There are five cases of measles in the family of P. E. Hawkins, of Barnsley. All five are children and are getting along as well as could be expected. None of the cases are considered serious.

SALARIES RAISED.

Operators, Agents and Others Benefited. L. & N. Raises Salaries of Employees Without Solicitation.

As THE BEE predicted some days ago, the L. & N. has given the office men advances in salary, amounting from \$5 to \$10, in various places. The night operator at Earlington was raised \$10, the day man \$5, making both salaries equal. The operators at Madisonville, Bakers, Ridgeway, Guthrie, Howell, Henderson and various other places have been increased in proportion. An extra night man has been placed at Guthrie, thus making four operators employed at that place. Another dispatcher will be put on the north end between Earlington and Howell, it is thought, and the trick will then be eight hours, as it is worked on the south end, between Earlington and Edgefield Junction. The L. & N. is all right.

COFFEY MURDERERS TO BE TRIED.

Christian Circuit Court Opens With Very Heavy Docket.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Feb. 23.—Christian county circuit court convened here this morning with Judge Cook on the bench. The docket is a very large one, numbering 504 cases, of which 157 are Commonwealth cases and 91 suits for divorce.

The case of the Commonwealth against seven unionists, charged with the murder of Officer R. H. Coffey at Empire during the mining troubles of 1901, is set for the seventeenth day of this term.

NEW COTTAGES

To be Built on North Railroad Street Where House Burned.

Arrangements are being made by the St. Bernard Mining Co. to erect two neat cottages on Railroad street, north of Clark street, where a large house burned about one year ago. The cottages will be built as soon as plans can be arranged and material gotten together.

A Sweet Song.

Blue G. Bard, the Hopkins county poet, has written a new song entitled, "Memories of the Past." This song was rendered at Temple Theatre, Earlington, last Tuesday night by Miss Olin Prather, of this city, and was received with vigorous and prolonged applause. Several complimentary notices have been passed on the song and the friends of Mr. Bard say it is a decided success. A copy of the song can be had at the St. Bernard drug store, or by applying to Marvin H. Prather, Madisonville, Ky.—Hustler.

Out in Missouri.

A Missouri editor who is about to pull up and leave for lack of support sarcastically remarks in parting that "editors don't need money." "Don't worry about the editor," he says. "He has a charter from the State to act as doorman for the community. He'll get the paper out somehow, and stand up for you when you run for office, and lie about your pigeon-toed daughter's tackey wedding, and blow about your big-footed sons when they get a four-dollar-a-week job, and weep over your shriveled soul it is released from your grasping body and smile at your giddy wife's second marriage. He'll get along. The Lord only knows how—but the editor will get there somehow."

Call on THE BEE for job printing

FISCAL COURTS INTERESTED.

Favor Appropriations for Kentucky at the Fair and Will Act.

Jefferson Davis' House and Aaron Burr's Walking Cane Among Kentucky Relics.

Attorney Chas. O. Prowse, of Hopkinsville, has written to the Kentucky Exhibit Association that he can furnish for the Kentucky building a rough frame of Jefferson Davis' birthplace made from the timbers of the old home site in Christian county. He also offers the Association a pen and ink drawing, 12 by 18 inches in size, of the birthplace.

A walking cane made by Aaron Burr, on the head of which is Burr's own likeness cut by himself, is one of the interesting relics in the possession of Bertha E. Hopkins, of Franklin, which she has brought to the attention of the Kentucky Exhibit Association with the intention that it be placed in the Kentucky building.

President A. Y. Ford, of the Kentucky Exhibit Association, continues to receive encouraging reports from county committees which have been asked to take up with their Fiscal Courts the matter of an appropriation. It is quite certain now that a large majority of the courts look favorably upon the proposition. As the appropriations from counties will in all cases be for needed exploitation and expenses incurred in furnishing and advertising the county products and resources in conjunction with the whole state exhibit, no objection can be raised.

GARDEN SEEDS HAVE TAKEN A GREAT JUMP.

Advanced 300 Per Cent, and Are Higher Than At Any Time For Thirty Years.

(Springfield, Mass., Dispatch to Baltimore American.)

The price of garden seeds has advanced to a higher point than at any other time for more than thirty years on account of last year's unfavorable weather, and this may have some effect on the price of garden stuffs next fall. The advance is particularly heavy on bulk seeds, such as peas, beans and corn, which have gone up fully 300 per cent. Nearly all of the package seeds have also been advanced, and the usual five cent packages will cost ten or fifteen cents this spring. The wax beans suffered severely by the wet weather during the early part of last season, and few of them matured sufficiently for seed purposes. Those which the wholesalers contracted for at \$2.40 are now listed at \$6.50 a bushel, which is nearly \$1.50 more than the highest price that has been paid for thirty or forty years. Horticultural and bush cranberry beans also suffered, but not so badly as the wax beans. These were also contracted for at \$2.40, and they are now listed at \$4.50. Very little sweet corn matured properly for seeds, and the contract price of \$1.75 is now more than \$5 on the price lists.

It Is Lent.

Wednesday marked the opening of the Lenten season and for the next forty days our Catholic friends will observe this period by various acts of self-denial and being unusually good. Special services will be held at the church as has ever been the custom. Easter begins this year on April 12, two weeks later than it came last year, and marks the close of Lent and the beginning of Spring.