

THE MISHAP OF NO. 4.

By C. W. REAMER.

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In my early days I had been a railroad telegrapher, but my aspirations for a wider sphere of action had led me into the city, where I spent ten years in the service of one of the large commercial telegraph companies. During this period I managed by some hard grinding to complete a course in a well known medical college and qualified myself before the state board of examiners for the practice of my profession. To do this, however, I had undergone a severe physical and mental strain which made a rest and a change of scene imperative before beginning the fight for success which I know must follow. I therefore determined to return for a short period to my old love, the railroad; first, because my fondness for a railroad life had never died; and second, because, while I was enjoying a rest from hard work and study, I should at the same time be earning a livelihood—an advantage I could not afford to despise.

Accordingly, I sat down and wrote to my old friend, Ross, who was division operator on the great trunk line where I had spent my early years. To him I explained my case and asked for a position at some unimportant block office where the work was least arduous. By return mail I received a letter requesting me to call and see him. This I did immediately, and in the course of a few days found myself established as night operator at Coal Tower,

reports had washed out at the Rock. Both tracks have been washed into the river, and No. 4 has evidently gone with them. A period of excitement ensued. The dispatcher's office was thrown into confusion. The wires fairly rang with orders holding trains here and calling for help there. The superintendent was called out of bed. He, with several minor officials, a lineman and a telegraph operator, started for the scene of the disaster. Meanwhile, all the available working gangs, shop hands, etc., were got together and held in readiness to start for the washout at a moment's notice. Those of us who were forced to remain at our posts sat back and waited for what was to come. What did come was so unexpected that I shall never forget the feeling of consternation, mingled with the sense of relief, that overcame me for in the midst of the universal commotion, when everybody was horrified at the fate of the late train, when relief trains and wrecking crews were assembling and officials were flying to the scene with all speed, an engine hauling a long train of sleepers pulled up to the Tower from the west. While the wheels were yet turning the engineer, carrying a blazing torch, leaped from the engine and hurried up into the office. I turned to meet him expecting, for no train, with the exception of No. 4, which had passed and was now supposed to be in the river, was known to be within many miles of Coal Tower.

"Get the foreman out," said he, "I have him get what help he can, take the handcar and find out what's wrong with No. 4." "O K," I said. Then grabbing my hat I left the office to take care of itself and started on a brisk run across the field to the foreman's house. I pounded violently on the door and shouted as loud as I could. Then I heard a window

one of the most obscure telegraph offices on the division. There were no houses within a radius of several miles except that of the track foreman, which sat back in the field about a quarter of a mile from the office. I boarded the foreman's house and lived quietly, not only from design, but from necessity. That part of the day which was not devoted to sleep I passed rambling over the mountain with a gun and the foreman's dog, varied by occasional excursions to the river, where I fished and fished and breathed the delightful air of the quiet valley. My nights, of course, were spent in the little block office, where I had little to do except to record and report the passing trains and exchange gossip and tobacco with the watchman as he passed on his nightly tour of inspection. Occasionally a freight train pulled in on the siding and lay over for a passenger, and then from the trainmen I caught glimpses of the doings in the world which I had left. Bewildering the loneliness of such a life, I liked it, and its soothing effect on my overworked nerves was unmistakable. At the end of two months my hollow cheeks had rounded out considerably and my befogged brain had undergone a great transformation when the event which I am about to relate occurred.

The spring freshets were on, and the rain, which had been falling incessantly for three days and nights, made railroading extremely hazardous. Everybody was on the alert to guard against the treacherous slides and "washouts" which generally accompany the rains at this season of the year. At midnight on the night in question, which was the fourth since the rain had begun to fall, there was a lull. By 3 o'clock a dense fog had settled down over the road-bed, and this, together with the dangerous condition of the road-bed, hampered the movement of trains considerably. Sitting at my table I had been listening in a vague way to the monotonous ticking of the instrument which kept the train dispatcher at the end of the road informed of the movement of the various trains, and of other events of importance. Suddenly the block wire began to tick drowsily and the sound of my office call brought me to attention. I answered, and mechanically jotted down on the train sheet the news that came to me over the wire: "East, No. 4 at 3:10 P. M.," which meant that train No. 4, east-bound, had passed the junction, the next tower west, at 3:10. Then pulling the block signal to "white," which signified a clear track over the next block east, I leaned back on my chair, put my feet on the table, closed my eyes and waited for the coming of No. 4.

The six minutes, which was the schedule time between the junction and Coal Tower, had more than passed before there was any sign of the express. Then I heard the rumble of the heavy train some moments before the headlight of the big engine loomed up out of the fog almost at my feet. From my high perch in the tower I watched the train pass slowly by. The rattle of the sleepers passing over the switches below came up to me muffled and indistinct. No lights were visible except a momentary flash from the furnace door of the engine when the fireman opened it to shove in some coal, and even this penetrated the dense atmosphere with difficulty. As the two tall lights on the rear coach disappeared in the fog I aroused myself and dropped the signal to its normal condition of "red." Then I turned to my train record and marked down the time, 3:22. Opening the key, I reported to the train dispatcher and to the block office on either side of me that No. 4 had passed Coal Tower. This routine duty performed, I again lay back in the chair and waited for the tick of the instrument to tell me that No. 4 had passed Rockwood, the next office east, and was beyond my jurisdiction.

Five minutes was ample time for this, but ten minutes had elapsed and the report did not come. Then I heard the dis-

patches call up Rockwood on the wire and say: "G. A. No. 4." "Not yet," was the reply. Five minutes later the dispatcher called Rockwood again and asked the stereotyped question: "Any sign No. 4?" "No." Evidently the dispatcher was getting uneasy. Cause for uneasiness there undoubtedly was. The road between Coal Tower and Rockwood was particularly dangerous. For almost the entire distance it ran between the mountain and the river, so that it was exposed on one side to the danger of falling rocks and earth, and on the other to the destructiveness of the swollen current. This the dispatcher knew as well as I, and the lapse of time since No. 4 had passed Coal Tower raised a strong probability that something had gone wrong. At the end of twenty minutes No. 4 had not yet made its appearance at Rockwood. The dispatcher called me again and I answered: "Get the foreman out," said he, "I have him get what help he can, take the handcar and find out what's wrong with No. 4." "O K," I said. Then grabbing my hat I left the office to take care of itself and started on a brisk run across the field to the foreman's house. I pounded violently on the door and shouted as loud as I could. Then I heard a window

anyway, young fellow. No. 4 is outside here, lying high and dry on the rails." "Do you mean to say that No. 4 didn't pass here at 3:22?" I asked, eagerly. A possibility was beginning to dawn upon my mind. "Pass nothing," the big engineer snorted. "I guess you've been 'pounding your ears.' I've been lying three miles west of here, fixing up that cussed engine to take us in."

"Well," I said, "if No. 4 didn't pass here at 3:22 her ghost did that all." Then I told him in detail the events of the night—how a train, which I supposed to be No. 4, had passed Coal Tower, but had never passed Rockwood; how the foreman had started in search of her and had discovered the washout, and how he had returned with the news that No. 4 was in the river. He listened attentively until I had finished. "Well, that is queer," he admitted. "I suppose when the 'old man' got here he will raise the devil with you. All the same, it's a good thing for everybody that you got out of bed and went to look for No. 4 had passed; otherwise she would indeed have taken the plunge."

Called Down. The Chicago Journal says that when Mr. Perry left his office he put on the cap for this notice: "Will be back at 1 p. m." He had been gone some time when McGuire, one of his acquaintances, came to see him on business. McGuire read the card, pulled out his watch, sniffed contemptuously, took out his pencil, wrote something on the card and went away. It was not long after that when another man came up, read the card, smiled, looked at his watch, wrote something and then went away. Inside of a few minutes a third man arrived, examined the card, added something to the writing upon it and grinned as he walked off. A fourth, fifth and sixth man did the same thing. When Perry returned at 2:15 o'clock this is what he found written under his promise to return by 1 o'clock: "You're a liar by the watch. J. B. McGuire. 1:15 p. m." "You lie again. George E. Smith. 1:25 p. m." "Amen. B. D. S. 1:30 p. m." "Ditto. R. M. Montgomery. 1:45 p. m." "That'll do. Ananias. John Himes. 1:48 p. m." "Don't let it occur again. John M. M. Constock. 2:10 p. m." He hasn't.

Fish Warden is Active. GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Nov. 28.—Deputy Fish and Game Warden Brewster, who believed Beaver Islanders were violating the closed-season law, and has been cruising on Lake Michigan in a tug, has captured the Beaver Island tug, Elisco, of High Island, securing twelve boxes of nets and 4,000 pounds of lake trout. Captain James Galagher and Engineer Frank Left were taken prisoners and the entire outfit brought here.

COUNTRY OF SITTING BULL

Recollections of a Visit to the Land of the Famous Sioux Leader.

SITTING BULL'S CHARACTER AND METHODS

Classed as an Intellectual Dwarf, Who Ruled Only by His Power to Inspire Fear—Scenes in Council and Teepee.

It is not altogether strange that among the coyotes, the bad lands and the wild storms of the western prairies, writes Rosa T. Shelton in the Outlook, there should mature a character like that of Sitting Bull. If it be true that the rugged hills and the severe climate of New England are in great part responsible for the strong purpose, endurance and ruggedness of her sons, may it not be equally true that the subtle, sudden fury of the western element and the monotonous barrenness of large sections of Sioux lands have had some influence on the treacherous nature of this man who wielded such power over his people that together they sometimes held the whole American nation in fear and horror?

When, some years ago, it was the writer's good fortune to visit the old man in his own country, he wore unmistakably the expression of the disappointment which the years had brought him since the time when, full of savage strength and ambition, he started east to count the lodges of the white man, that he might more effectively wipe them from the face of the earth. Needless to say, he went a very short journey from the reservation, but like a frightened dog, hurried back to cover, content to spend his time in nurturing the savage instinct of his people, which he accomplished the more perfectly because of the generous practical illustrations which he gave them of military tactics and massacre.

As some women of distorted instinct send costly flowers to murderers in their cells, so did white people seek out Sitting Bull in his lair, after his flight from the reservation, and flattered him upon him and asking some token of remembrance in return. Possibly the writer's own sense of the fitness of things was somewhat awry when she asked the old man to purchase his favorite pipe as he sat smoking one day, and as she slipped the money, with a certain symptom of the fury which he might disclose. However this may be, the pipe changed hands for a suitable consideration after much argument pro and con, and its present owner has the satisfaction of knowing that, while the bowl is being smoked again, it will be the bowl of burning bark, it was then hot with the old man's breath as well as the fire which he himself had lighted—hence a genuine relic! Not as a further favor, but because of a further consideration, the distinguished American condescended to give his autograph upon the stem of the pipe, covering by the act his whole knowledge of the arts of spelling and writing.

During his later years he offered himself in marriage to many a white girl on the prairie who pleased his fancy, that, as he said, he might have the more women about him to wash his clothes and bring him comfort; but no one responded, even for the sake of dear celebrity.

Barren and Wild. Sitting Bull's country is like his nature—barren and wild, with now and then a real touch of beauty in its sunlight and its moonlight, and an occasional fragrant breath of pure ozone which has been in contact with the prairie flowers; but its blizzards, its cyclones, its sandstorms and hot winds, its prairie fires and extremes of heat and cold, are ever uppermost in the traveler's mind, and small wonder is it that the red men imprisoned on their waste lands, dreaming of the delights of their fathers and of their stolen inheritance—their "dear Minnesota"—should try to satiate the cravings of this memory by the savage ghost-dance or any other form of heathen revelry! Hovering over them as they sit around the council fires telling their myth stories are ever the spirits of their ancestors which moan in the winds and deplore the fate of their people. Those of the chiefs and warriors who are constantly being gathered to their fathers in these days of quiet and peace go, not from the glory of battle, but as prey to the national enemy, scrofula, or some other virus of the great men of their vigorous gods, and are slowly enlarging the number of burial places on the windy highlands of their country, whence their spirits may be more easily join the ranks of the departed.

But the Sitting Bull stamp of Indian is not the only one among them all. Though it was who welcomed to his camp a solitary white traveler, offered the hospitality of his hope and watched over him while he slept. And when, the visit over, the chief conducted his guest to the nearest agency on his journey homeward, he said in parting, with a depth of feeling scarce looked for in a savage, "You came along to my village, you sat in my teepee and slept by my side. I watched you closely to discover, if might be, a fear of the red man whom your people hate, but I found none. You trusted the Indian, and henceforth he is your friend."

Bull's Eloquence. Sitting Bull had great influence as counselor among his people. He could talk and persuade with rare eloquence. Old Galt could plan and execute. But the rare orator, the great Sioux orator, the great and dignified chief, who was pure nature, embodied to a great degree in the old chief, Running Antelope. The writer stood before him one day awaiting his welcome after the accustomed handshake, when, standing erect, tall and rugged, he folded his blanket about him as if he were facing the United States senate or some other august assembly, and said, "Those who travel have brains. You have come a long way to see us, and we are glad."

Then he delivered an extemporaneous address which loses sadly by free translation, but was of substance as follows: "There was once a pool of bright, beautiful water, like crystal in its clearness, in which nothing that defiles had ever been. This pool was the home of happy fish who swam and played in the water, and never became constipated for so long a time as the man came along and threw into the pool a handful of mud, which so blackened the water and frightened the fish that they could not see where to swim and could find no food. Before the water had cleared again, another man passed by, throwing in more mud; and yet again, and it happened, even many times, until the fish could not cover from their fright, and many of them died from fear or injury, many others from starvation, and never again was the pool clear or the fish happy."

The pool is the Indian country, and the fish are the Indians. Once all was beautiful and they knew no trouble, but the United States government came along and threw into the pool a handful of mud, calling it a treaty, and you, white man, know how treaty after treaty has been thrown at the

others put the stamp on the back, which makes the cancellation clerk forget his religion. I remember we caught a fellow once through the peculiar way he stamped a letter. He was wanted for friveling with the laws of Uncle Sam, but had skipped out and couldn't be located. In looking over some of his correspondence I had noticed that he always put the stamp crosswise, so as to leave a small triangle of the envelope at the upper right hand corner. Why he did it I don't know, but the stamp was always in that one particular spot and gummed down with a mathematical accuracy. One day I was in a certain Georgia town and while looking near the cancellation table at the postoffice noticed several letters stamped as I have described. Just on chance I took a memorandum of the address and postmark, which was Chattanooga, and happening to be in that place on the following week I collared my man as he was inquiring for his mail. The letters I noticed turned out to have been addressed to his wife. When I told him how I got my pointer he was mad as a horse, and I guess he stamps his letters straight now—if he is out yet."

Connecting Harbor Defenses. SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 28.—A series of new telegraph and telephone cables are to be laid at once in the bay by the government. One of the lines is to stretch between Fort Mason on the north side of the bay to Angel Island and one will be laid to Alcatraz. The Presidio and Fort Baker are also to be connected.

Autobiography in Pictures. Running Antelope had chosen a unique medium for the transmission of his autobiography in shape of the "dance dress" of his wife. This gown, modeled with few seams and no buttons, after the pillowcase pattern, with an opening for the head, of plain unbleached muslin, trimmed with bits of red flannel and green calico, became a lasting monument to his deeds of valor. Used only on state occasions and protected carefully between times, it was destined to rival in endurance the deer skin now so rare. On both sides of the gown, painted in colors prepared by the artist, are many figures of men and horses. Across the shoulders of the front are the eight victims of the hero's hand. The other figures distributed in groups represent the various incidents of the history. The whole is one long story of horror, since wounds and streams of gore flowing, apparently, in gallons from both men and horses, are most prominent.

The old chief felt the pride of real heroism as he described to the writer the difficulties of each encounter and his unparalleled victories. But no persuasion would induce him to interpret the central scene, as many times as this group was viewed, just so often would he hastily pass it and refuse to speak. The victim in this group is pale and white and bears no mark of tribe, and it is quite possible that this is the only monument to some unfortunate paleface who encountered the Indian at the wrong moment.

Hand in hand with civilization, and, indeed, a step in advance of her strides, the love of money and the dance dress changed owners. It is hard to define in these days just what was meant by wild Indian, or, indeed, to know whether there are still wild Indians in this country; but during the summer outing which brought the writer in contact with the famous Indians mentioned above it also fell to her lot to join a small party who traveled across the prairie to a point far up the Missouri river, 150 miles northwest of Bismarck, to visit a camp of Mandans recently from Canadian lands. They came into the states and settled themselves on the deserted camp ground of a tribe removed to the south, where they found a white woman spent a night in their camp and they chronicled the new event with interest.

An Educational Council. The object of this visit on the part of one of the party was to meet the chiefs and men in council and propose educational advantages for the children. The question was one of grave import to them, and they gathered in the twilight around the council fire in the customary robes made up in part by the visitors. The pipe was passed round in solemn manner while in low tones the men agreed with one another as to what each one should say to the white man when his turn came to speak. The council was a grave one, since other than school matters were discussed, the Great Father being urged through his representative to send his children a boat in which they and their horses might cross to the other side of the river at such time as radions should be issued them, and the twilight faded into night long before the deliberations were at an end.

Finally, when midnight approached, the Indians arose, saying that they had still much to talk of, but that white men were used to sleep at that hour and they would not tire them, but would leave them to rest in a log house at their disposal. In the night was heard a faint whistle away off in the distance, scarcely audible and yet distinct, followed by another in the opposite direction, both sounding unmistakably like signals. The writer forgot all about the glory of being the first white woman to spend a night in the camp, and heartily wished herself devoid of all distinction and in a civilized part of the land. She could arouse no sympathy on the part of her fellow-travelers, who sleepily said: "Why, yes, the Indians are around, evidently, but what of that!" Finally the soft swishing made by many mosquitoes in the long prairie grass about the cabin was heard on all sides. The morning brought to light the fact that, excited by their unusual council, they had spent the hours of the night dancing in a distant lodge, and the homeward path led them directly by the cabin of the visitors, which stood on the outskirts of the camp.

Betrayed by a Postage Stamp. "Some folks always stamp their letters upside down for luck," said a postoffice inspector to a New Orleans reporter, "and

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Constipation for so long a time has been in this terrible condition, during that time I did everything I could but never found any relief, such as my usual medicine, but I began using Cascarets. I now have from one to three passages a day, and I feel as if I were a new man. Cascarets is such a relief." AYLMER H. HUNT, 1509 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.



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