

The Filibusters of Venezuela.

Or the Trials of a Spanish Girl.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Paying a Debt.

When, on the fourth day of the great storm, the flood had climbed almost to the castle walls, a great anxiety arose among the royalists, for surely it seemed that if the waters continued to rise twenty-four hours longer the Castle of Salazar itself would cease to be habitable. But when, on the following morning, the rains ceased and the floods stopped rising, the lower floor of the castle was still dry.

The relief that Philip and his followers felt at this was very great. Philip at once turned his attention to his neglected plans, and while Gomez and Don Juan Garza resumed the plan for pressing forward to the Orinoco, to cross it and extend their power.

They were thus engaged on the day that the waters had fallen away from around the castle, when Francisco burst in upon them, frantic in some new excitement.

"Your majesty!" he cried. "Gomez! Don Juan! A traitor has again come near us!"

"What do you mean?" asked Philip, starting up and placing his hand on his sword-hilt. "Has Salazar returned?"

"Nay, not Salazar," replied Francisco, "and never will. I fancy, for where would he have gone to have survived the flood?"

"Then who? If not Salazar, who is the traitor of whom you speak?"

"I know not. Yet that some one has been here there is no doubt. The horses are gone."

"The horses? Gone!"

"To be sure," said Gomez, with a gloomy smile. "We might have expected such a loss, though not by the hand of a traitor. Above the storm I heard the poor beasts shrieking in their fear, and no doubt they had broken bounds and stampeded through the water to look for high ground and safety. Of course they were safe enough, for the stables were not flooded by more than a few inches of water. But they didn't know that, of course."

"Such was my explanation when the thing was reported to me," said Francisco, "but unfortunately there is proof that I was wrong and you are wrong. The halters have been cut—every one of them."

"Cut!"

"Cut with a sharp knife. Every severed end is smooth and free from the ragged appearance of a break. The horses have been set free."

"This is a great misfortune," said Philip. "The flood has either drowned or driven off most of the herds in this vicinity, and we shall have difficulty in moving north."

"There will be more—plenty of them," said Francisco. "On my own fields I have two thousand, and there is high ground enough to give all my beasts safety from the floods. It is not the loss of the horses concerns me. It is the presence so near of an enemy."

"That enemy must be found," said Philip.

"The place is full of mysteries," said Francisco. "Do you remember, your majesty, how even your own knife was secretly taken from this room and conveyed to the hand of Salazar?"

"True," replied Philip. "We found it sticking between the ribs of the murdered sentinel. I brought it here."

He disturbed the maps and papers on the table in an absent way, as if to pick up the knife.

"By the hole saints!" he exclaimed, "it is gone again! Is the thing bewitched?"

"I knew a knife had been used," he said, "and now it would seem to have been your majesty's own."

Philip strode to and fro excitedly. "Some one assuredly has access to this room," he said, "and visits it when none of us are present. The matter must be investigated and that immediately. Have the guards that have been on duty at this door since the beginning of the flood summoned before us that we may hear their statements."

While Philip, Gomez and Don Juan were engaged in questioning the frightened and bewildered sentinels, let us see what another member of the band was doing.

When Lola Garza had been lying on her sick bed, attended only by her father, whose reports of her condition were anxiously listened to by Philip and Gomez, Mattazudo was as anxious as either of them. When he had been ordered to bring Namampa, the herb-doctor, a gleam of triumph had illumined his ugly face.

And when Don Juan was plunged in grief and Philip mourned the loss of his queen, and Gomez cursed the fate that had taken the beautiful victim from his when he might have succeeded in getting her in his power, Mattazudo alone—Mattazudo the half-breed—smiled and was happy.

And now, while Philip and his officers were engaged in a long and fruitless task of trying to wring information from sentinels who had none to give, Mattazudo, having seen that miles of the treeless plains were free from water, quietly left the castle and took his departure toward the south.

He made his way through the woods on the high bank of the river, striking a path that led off toward the hut

where he had found Namampa, the herb doctor.

As he approached the spot where the Indian had had his dwelling, his heart gave a great bound, and a sensation of fear came to him.

The hut of the Carib was gone. The four posts which had supported it were there, having been sunk deep enough in the earth to make them firm. But of the house itself not a vestige was left.

The flood had torn it from its place and carried it—no one could tell how far—and the face of Mattazudo reflected closed lips did not dare to utter.

While he stood gazing ruefully and anxiously at the bare spot where once the dwelling of Namapa stood, he was startled at hearing a chuckling sound behind him, and his own name spoken in the Indian voice. He turned, and beheld the Carib himself coming toward him.

"Namapa," he exclaimed, "You are safe, then! My heart stood still when I saw the desolation the flood had brought. I was in terror."

"For me?" asked the Indian, with a knowing leer.

"Yes, for you, you old rogue; but more for—her. What have you done with her? Trust you for a wily Carib to defeat the flood of the most precious prey of all. Where is she? Where is she, I ask?"

"Slowly," replied the Indian, "Your impatience will get you nowhere."

"Curse you! Why do you not speak and relieve my anxiety? Have I not borne enough? Was it all pleasure, do you think, to see the beautiful girl I had sworn should be by my own lying as if dead, and Don Juan and Philip and Gomez—those fools!—snivelling and groaning over her? Was it all pleasure to know that she was buried in the ground to wait for darkness, and that her fate depended upon you? If you failed to take her out in time, she would die of suffocation, even if the drug did not kill her. And if you bungled or blundered, the sharp eyes of one of Philip's men would see you, and that would end the thing for you and her and all of us. Come, tell me what I want to know. Where is the girl?"

The Carib chuckled.

"Only you and I knew that the body they thought was useless clay still held the spirit of the girl, and that I—I alone—had the secret by which she could be restored. And then at night, when the crazy soldiers of the pretender were drunk or were at their endless games of chance, I stole to the grave and dug her up and brought her here. I placed in her mouth the powerful drug that brought the blood into motion again, and in an hour she was a living, breathing, beautiful girl, uninjured, the same as before, but without a thought of the grave into which she had been thrown, and demanding to know why she had been stolen from her room while she slept. Ho! That was good. I enjoyed her talk. You chose well—she is a beauty. But you were to come and take her away. Why did you not come?"

"You know why I did not come?" replied Mattazudo, roughly. "The flood prevented me. I have been torn by anxiety to know how you succeeded—whether you saved her from the flood as well as from Philip and Gomez."

"And she is safe?" said Mattazudo. "You swear it? Take me to her at once."

"Not yet, my impatient lover," replied the old Carib. "She is safe enough, I swear; but there is a matter of business between us. I have kept my promise. How about yours?"

"Curse you again! You keep me here at such a time as this to talk of gold?"

"You promised me gold if I got the girl for you. A man pays for what he is eager to get. If I give you the girl first, in your happiness you may forget your debt. Come, where is the gold that was to be mine if I saved her for you alone?"

With an impatient curse Mattazudo pulled a leathern pouch from his pocket and flung it into the Indian's hand.

"There is your gold," he said. "Now, where is my sweetheart?"

"Slowly! Slowly!" muttered the Indian, carefully emptying the gold out into his palm and counting it.

"It is good," he said. "You have kept your promise."

"Hang you!" roared Mattazudo. "You have your gold, what more do you want? Where is the girl?"

"Listen!" said Namampa. "Do you know the ruin of the ancient temple on the hill of the Caribs, where we go once every moon to worship the gods of our people?"

"I know! I know! The old stone ruin on Carib Hill."

"The same," said Namampa. "Go there. Go there at once. You will find the girl there."

"Safe?" asked Mattazudo again, starting off in the direction of Carib Hill.

"Safe!" replied Namampa. Then, in a muttered tone too low for Mattazudo to hear, he added: "Safe! I think so. Safer than you could expect. Farewell Mattazudo my lovely half-breed. We shall not meet again. Namampa, the herb doctor, moves northward to the Orinoco; for if the Englishman does not kill you, it is certain that you will kill me. Therefore, farewell!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mattazudo's Reception.

Without a suspicion of the surprise in store for him, Mattazudo, the half-breed, tramped toward the old ruin, where he expected to find the beautiful daughter of Don Juan secreted and bound by Namampa for him.

It will be remembered that Lola, upon being taken from the Carib by Lord Chugmough, fainted. When, under the Indian's care, she at last revived, she opened her eyes, looked wildly about her and exclaimed:

"Where am I? O, my father! Is he here?"

Lord Chugmough bent over her, took her hand in his and said in a thing voice:

"Be calm, senorita. You are in the hands of friends. I am on a hunting expedition and was driven by the storm to seek this place for shelter. You were brought here by this Indian, who claims that he brought you here to escape the flood also. Rest a while, and when you are stronger you shall tell me your story and I will restore you to your friends."

"No, no, not to the castle!" she exclaimed, growing excited and feverish.

"Well, then, whatever you wish shall be done," he answered. "Be calm now. Later we will talk. Fear nothing, for I have a man with me, and we are well armed."

"Thank you," she murmured. "I—"

She would have continued, but Lord Chugmough had moved away from her. The Englishman touched Namampa on the shoulder and the Carib knew he was wanted.

He followed the Englishman to the farther end of the old temple, where there was a little more light coming in through the entrance, and, sitting down upon a stone, stolidly watched Lord Chugmough fill his pipe and light it, also keeping a furtive watch on William, whose exact status he did not understand, but whose stalwart proportions were enough to make the withered old Carib doubly cautious.

"William," said Lord Chugmough, when he had lighted his pipe, "how is the supper coming on?"

"Quite ready, me lord," was the reply. "Savory, sir, hand juicy."

"Very well. See that the young lady has plenty. Encourage her to eat. Nothing like a good meal to restore courage, William."

"Werry true, me lord. 'Ansome lady, sir. Will you 'ave yours now, sir?"

"Not just yet. I wish to chat awhile with our interesting friend, here. Now, then," he said, changing from his native tongue to Spanish, "my Indian friend, tell me your side of the story, and if I find you have not told the truth, you'll be a dead Indian, as sure as you are this minute alive."

He puffed on in silence, while the Carib told the story, which was later on verified in part, by Lola Garza.

On the day that this happened Lord Chugmough was standing just outside the ruin, when he saw a swarthy, dirty looking ruffian coming toward him.

"Hello! What do you want?" asked the Englishman.

"Senor is rude," replied the fellow. "In my country we are more than polite. I beg of you to let me pass."

Lord Chugmough stood aside and watched him curiously as he entered the ruin, keeping close at his heels.

As soon as Lola saw him she screamed:

"That is Mattazudo! His presence here explains why I was taken from the castle."

Mattazudo was much surprised to find Lola in such good company. He was more surprised when he received Lord Chugmough's clenched fist in his face and went sprawling on the ground with a cut lip. He was still more surprised when, without a word of explanation, Lord Chugmough picked him up and rained blows like those of a sledge-hammer all over him. And his surprise reached its highest point when the stalwart and irate English lord seized him violently with both hands and sent him hurrying through space to fall, terribly bruised, some ten feet or more outside the temple.

(To be continued.)

Some Vital Statistics.

The population of Great Britain is 41,454,578, an increase in ten years of 3,721,556, this itself being an increase of 873,582 over the increase of the decennium 1881-1891. This increase is due to the fall in the death rate, the birth rate, in fact, having decreased from 37.56 in 1871 to 31.57 in 1901. There are over a million more women in the country than men, and this excess is still on the increase. The economic basis of civilization is thus becoming painfully evident. Although Irish emigration has slackened, its population shows a decrease of 248,304 since 1891. The excess of females in this country is much smaller relatively than in England. In view of the great number of females in the richer countries and the increasing disproportion according to wealth, it is evident that the work and dangers of civilization are unduly thrown upon men, a fact the women suffragists and "emancipators" should ponder over. The birth rate is also diminishing everywhere. Despite the lessened death rate, the population of France, since 1896, has only increased 330,000, and in fifty years has increased only 3,000,000, although the French people emigrate less than other European nations. In the same time England has gained 14,000,000 and Germany 21,000,000. The explanation given for France is ascribed to the unlimited division of land and the demand of a dowry of all marriageable girls. But back of this arises the natural question why her people demand the division and the dot. This brings out the fact that the ruling cause in such matters is the character of a people.—American Medicine.

AN ODD TALE OF THE SEA.

Rolling Copper Rivet Wears Through Bottom of Vessel.

Some years ago a vessel loaded with guano worth several thousand dollars caught fire in the south Pacific and was abandoned by the captain and crew, who came ashore in the small boats and reported the disaster. One of the consignees thought the cargo could be saved, as he knew that guano would not burn, and it was his idea that the bulk of the ship might be found floating somewhere at sea. He chartered a small English tramp vessel that happened to be at Callao, Peru, and started out to search for the derelict. After cruising for two or three weeks, he found her, the woodwork burned to the water's edge, but the hull sound as a dollar and the cargo all right. They started to tow her to Callao, but the day before reaching that harbor the tramp vessel they had chartered began to fill rapidly and the pumps could scarcely keep her afloat. They narrowly escaped sinking with all on board. The leak was a mystery. They managed to get her to Callao only by the greatest exertion. When the ship went into the dock and was examined it was found that one of the plates about the center had worn through. Further investigation demonstrated that the damage had been done by a little copper rivet, which had been accidentally left in the bottom and had rolled back and forth over the same spot so often and so long that the iron plate had been worn thin and the pressure of the water had broken through.—Chicago News.

A DREAM OF TREASURE.

Small Boy's Dream Locates Money Which Is Really There.

Dreams are often unaccountable, and perhaps what I am about to relate may interest your readers. When quite young—I was only 7 years old then—I lived with my parents at a villa in Trieste, Austria. For weeks and weeks I had the same dream, although not nightly—namely, that in the night time I found myself at the bottom of the garden in my nightgown, scratching at a little heap of earth, and found copper, silver, and gold coins, and suddenly looking up, I found before me, and watching me, the sister of the landlord of the villa, an old, haggard woman. Having dreamed this so often, I naturally related it to my mother, who repeated it to her friends. These friends, who were of a superstitious nature, tried to induce my father to buy the plot of ground in question, but he would not listen to such absurdity, as he was an unbeliever in spiritualism. Well, some years later the landlord had occasion to build a lodge at the bottom of the garden, and while digging for the foundation a large sum of money in copper, silver and gold coins was discovered. How is it that a mere boy of 7, without any knowledge of the piece or of the history of the owners of the said grounds should have such a dream, which turned out true?—Spectator.

THE SHOCKED BURGLAR.

Indignant to Find Policeman Warning Himself at Midnight.

Once upon a time a Burglar looked up from his work at the Office Safe into which he was Drilling and Detected a Policeman in the act of Watching him from Behind the Stove. "Well," said the Burglar, dropping his drill and speaking with Manly Indignation, "I may not be Everything that a Gentleman should be. As I'm no Hypocrite, I Frankly Admit that I'm a Crook and Steal for a Living. But there's One Thing I can say for myself—I'm no Sneak. Come on with your handcuffs, Cop Gibboney, and run me in. I'm a Burglar all right, but, thank heaven, I'm no Spy and Informer. And when the Mayor hears of this perhaps it won't be Me that'll find himself in Trouble." The Burglar's anticipation was Justified. The mayor caused him to be Discharged with Apologies, and issued a statement to the public Deprecating any action on the part of his Police Force that might Wound the Sensibilities of the High-Spirited Criminal Classes. Moral: It is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that anybody should employ the only means by which they can be caught.—Philadelphia North American.

The Bishop's Appeal.

The late Bishop Williams of Connecticut was a truly pious man, but was sometimes placed in a position where he envied the privileges of those not of the cloth. At a recent convocation at the General Theological Seminary they told this tale of the good bishop's wit: One summer day the bishop went out fishing with a friend, and, as the day was warm, they swung a bottle of rare Burgundy over the side of a rowboat. When luncheon time came the bishop essayed to pull the wine aboard, already tasting in anticipation the cool, delicious beverage. Through some mishap the string slipped from his fingers, and the bottle sank to the bottom of the river. Bishop Williams sat up with a sigh, and said, with his eyes sparkling: "You say it, Jones; you're a layman."—Boston Journal.

The sale of seats will commence Thursday morning at the Divison theater for the opening attraction at that theater this season, which is "Lovers' Lane." The range of prices will be 25 cents to \$1. The company to appear here consists mainly of the persons who were engaged in the New York and Chicago productions, where the piece was a hit. The production is under the management of the energetic W. A. Brady. The first performance of "Lovers' Lane" will be given next Sunday.

TO INSPECT HOSPITALS

The Newly Appointed Superintendent Begins His Work.

THE NEW RULES AND REGULATIONS

Cowles Bill for Support of High Schools to Be Recommended to the Legislature—Other Matters Here and There Throughout Iowa.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 2.—The act of the last legislature, creating a State Board of Charities and Corrections, is beginning to bring forth results. The board was organized July 1 and since then an office has been kept open at the state house under the direction of Chief Clerk John Davis, who arranges the work of the four advisory secretaries and attends to all details in connection with his department. Various state institutions have been inspected and recommendations made looking to the betterment of conditions.

The act provides that the governor, commissioner of public lands and buildings and superintendent of public instruction shall constitute the board and be authorized to appoint four advisory secretaries, none of whom shall receive any compensation for their services. The governor acts as chairman of the board, and the secretaries, as their title indicates, is an advisory capacity, though they all take an active interest in the work. It is made the duty of the board to inquire into the whole system of public charities and the methods of and practices in the correctional institutions and to ascertain the conditions at various times by personal inspection. Plans for new jail buildings or other places of confinement must be submitted to the board for approval. It is provided that all investigations undertaken shall be directed wholly toward the betterment of methods pertaining to the health, punishment, education and reformation of the inmates of the various institutions.

"With the new Board of Charities and Corrections, and with the wide information and enlightened convictions of the present time," said W. A. Clark of Peru, one of the secretaries, "we look forward with hope to the realization of better conditions in all our state institutions. It is estimated that 1,200 epileptics are living in Nebraska outside of the state institution. About 60 per cent of the inmates of the Institute for Feeble Minded are epileptics, while not more than 40 per cent in the Hospitals for the Insane are epileptics. Some of us believe in the colony plan for these people and hope to make a movement toward providing something in that direction in the near future. We must confess that Nebraska has been behind most of the other states in the care of these classes. Very little has been attempted in the way of medical treatment, and very little also has been attempted in the way of classification of the inmates. These unfortunate ones have received almost nothing besides the food and shelter provided by the state."

AGED COUPLE TO WED.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Oct. 2.—A marriage license was granted to Thomas L. Fountain, aged seventy-one years, a resident of Cass county, and Mrs. Cannelle M. Todd, aged seventy-one years, a resident of this county. The aged couple were married at the bride's home in Syracuse. This is the oldest couple ever married in this county.

Rate for Nebraska Game.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 2.—The announcement was made by the Rock Island railroad that a rate of \$5 to Minneapolis and return would be made for the Minneapolis-Nebraska foot ball game, which will be played in that city October 12. The rate from Minneapolis to Lincoln and return last year was \$5.45.

Chauteau Superintendent.

BEATRICE, Neb., Oct. 2.—At the last meeting of the board of directors of the Beatrice Chauteau assembly Rev. C. S. Dudley of Chicago was unanimously elected superintendent for next year.

Burned by Explosion of Kerosene.

HUMBOLDT, Neb., Oct. 2.—Norman Bullis, employed as the Park hotel as pastry cook, attempted to kindle a fire with kerosene and was severely burned about the arms and face.

Import Sheep From New Mexico.

TECUMSEH, Neb., Oct. 2.—Johnson county feeders imported a trainload of sheep, 6,400 in all, from New Mexico to Tecumseh to fatten.

Charles Rhode Found Dead.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 2.—Charles R. Rhode, a recluse, was found dead in the basement of his home near Kramer. He was lying on his stomach, with his head hanging in a hole. The coroner's jury found that he had started to climb into the hole and becoming exhausted fell and was unable to crawl back. The man had lived alone at his farm house. He owned some property and had about \$3,000 deposited in a bank.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations From South Omaha and Kansas City.

CATTLE—The receipts of cattle were the heaviest of any day so far this year. Most everything on sale was from the range country, and the offerings as a whole were nothing to brag of so far as quality is concerned. There were only about fifteen cars of corn-fed steers on sale, and the tendency was to neglect them for the westerners. Some of the choicest bunches sold at just about steady prices. A big proportion of the offerings was cow stuff. On the start a few bunches sold at just about steady prices, but aside from those the market was right around a dime lower, and in some cases more. Bulls, calves and stags were steady to a shade lower, depending upon the quality. Stockers and feeders were also very plentiful, and the demand was very light, except for the choice heavy weights, and also for the prime stockers. Cattle answering to that description sold readily at steady prices.

HOGS—There was no more than a normal supply of hogs, but as other markets were all quoted lower, with Chicago 10¢ to 15¢ lower, prices at this point also took quite a drop. The general market could safely be quoted 10¢ to 15¢ lower. On the start packers began talking \$5.75, with a few of the choicer loads above that. After the first round they wanted to get the hogs at \$6.75 and \$6.75, with the less desirable bunches at \$6.70. The market was not particularly active at those prices, but still the bulk was disposed of in fairly good season.

SHEEP—The demand for feeders continued in good shape and steady to strong prices were paid. In a number of cases feeders outside the packers. Quotations: Choice yearlings, \$2.50 to \$2.55; fair to good yearlings, \$2.50 to \$2.55; choice wethers, \$2.50 to \$2.55; fair to good wethers, \$2.00 to \$2.05; choice ewes, \$2.00 to \$2.05; fair to good ewes, \$2.00 to \$2.05; choice spring lambs, \$4.50 to \$4.55; fair to good spring lambs, \$4.50 to \$4.55; feeder wethers, \$2.50 to \$2.55; feeder lambs, \$2.00 to \$2.05.

KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—Steady for best; others, lower: native beef steers, \$3.00 to \$3.25; Texas and Indian steers, \$2.00 to \$2.50; Texas cows, \$2.50 to \$2.80; native cows and heifers, \$2.00 to \$2.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.50 to \$2.75; bulls, \$2.00 to \$2.50; calves, \$2.00 to \$2.50.

HOGS—Slow and lower; bulk of sales, \$6.00 to \$6.50; heavy, \$6.50 to \$7.00; packers, \$6.75 to \$7.00; medium, \$6.50 to \$6.75; light, \$6.25 to \$6.50; Yorkers, \$6.00 to \$6.50; pigs, \$5.00 to \$5.50.

RESTRICTION OF EMIGRANTS.

Italian Government Promulgates Some New and Stringent Rules.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—A report to the marine hospital service announces that on September 3 a new Italian emigration law took effect. It makes Naples, Genoa and Palermo the only Italian ports from which emigration will be permitted, Venice being taken off the list. Provision is made for supervision of emigration. The companies carrying emigrants are to be represented by agents, known as "Vettore," who are responsible to the Italian government for the enforcement of the regulations.

Under the law emigrants refused for any malady must be returned without expense to the Italian government or the emigrant to the place where they live, or, if foreign to Italy, to the frontier by which they entered Italy for embarkment. The "Vettore" are responsible to the emigrants for civil damages in case of rejection at the final destination on account of foreign immigration laws, when it can be proved that the "Vettore" or those for whom they act, were aware, before the sailing, of the circumstances.

The "Vettore" are responsible to the Italian government for the safe transport of emigrants to their destination and for the return of indigent Italians by emigrant ships which touch at Italian ports after landing emigrants abroad.

Never to Utter Assassin's Name.

MADISON, Wis., Oct. 3.—An order was issued from the headquarters of the department, Grand Army of the Republic, signed by A. H. De Graff, department commander, and E. B. Gray, assistant adjutant general, putting a ban of silence on the name of President McKinley's assassin. The order reads as follows: "Our friend, our comrade, our president, is dead by the hand of an assassin, whose name should never be pronounced by an American. Comrade William McKinley's earthly career closed at Buffalo, N. Y., at 2:30 a. m., September 14, 1901."

Mrs. Roosevelt's Secretary.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 3.—Mrs. Roosevelt has appointed Miss Bell Hagner, daughter of Justice Hagner of the supreme court, District of Columbia, her social secretary. Miss Hagner acted in the same capacity for Mrs. McKinley.

Dean District Attorney.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 3.—The president today appointed John S. Dean United States district attorney for Kansas.

Mother Falls With Babies.

ALLIANCE, Neb., Oct. 3.—Mrs. Cox, the wife of a laboring man, going from Iowa to join her husband at Clermont, Wyo., fell from the platform of a car on the westbound train here with her two youngest children just as the switches were reached. She has a severe scalp wound and is not rational as yet. The 3-year-old baby was not injured, but a boy 5 years old has a fatal fracture of the base of the brain.