

# Plattsmouth Weekly Journal.

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## STRIKES LAND SLIDE

How Passenger Train No. 8 Collided With Bank of Dirt.

Scenes About the Accident at Child's Point Where Fireman Moore Was Caught Under Engine.

When Burlington passenger train No. 8, which left Omaha Tuesday evening on time at 7:30 o'clock, and running at the rate of fifty miles an hour, piled, without a moment's warning, into a small mountain of a landslide, heaped twelve feet high upon the tracks at Child's Point, the wonder is that the whole train—engine, coaches, passengers and all—did not take an awful and fatal plunge into the river, which flows close beside the track. As it was, circumstances conspired to render all the factors of a frightful accident comparatively innocuous, for all save the fireman and the ill-fated engine.

The story of the wreck, in all of its details, is an interesting one—showing not only what a small thing may cause a holocaust, but also how small another factor of apparently equal insignificance may perfectly stay an impending horror.

Fast trains and heavy freight trains had thundered past the point all day and the engineers and trainmen, much as a matter of habit, had taken squints at the brow of the bluff, but no one saw signs of anything amiss. The forces of nature often work unseen, and as silently as the passing of the years.

Long ago along the top of that bluff someone dug a ditch parallel with the face of the cut to drain spring floods and melting snow away from the tracks. Then the ditch was probably forgotten. The trees shedding their leaves in the fall, filled its mouth, making a perfect dam, and the water, instead of flowing out, seeped down through the porous soil. Had blasts of giant powder been tamped into the bluff the huge mass of earth would have been no more readily and surely detached. Finally, the water and the quaking of the earth from passing trains, accomplished what it would have taken a force of men weeks to perform, and the whole side of the bluff, trees and all, shot downward like the mighty avalanche it was. That was probably about 6 o'clock in

the evening. No one saw it fall, and the crumbled earth lay, waiting for the next train.

Engineer Frank Moore is not the man to allow the rust to grow under the wheels of his engine, especially when he is driving a "long-legged" machine like the speedy 204. Yet he was making no more than schedule time in jumping around the sharp reverse curves between Gibson and Bellevue. With such a piece of track he could not see the rails half the time for the boiler head of his engine. It was yitch dark. On the right rose the steep, towering bluff, on the left a strip of wooded low land, narrowed down to where at Child's point the track and river, converging, form two sides of an acute angle, and where, if a train should leave the rails, it likely would make a flying switch into the old river steamer route to St. Louis.

Fireman Robert Moore was working his shovel, filling the fire box. Engineer Moore drew his head in from the window a moment to glance at the steam gauge. The next moment he looked out and saw, what might have made him believe himself dreaming. He saw just in front of the cow catcher of his engine the rails disappearing in a huge bank of earth. There was just time to shut off steam and to grab instinctively for the brake and sand levers when the engine struck the obstruction with a shuddering roar, and hurled itself high upon the landslide, at the same time breaking the coupling and freeing the two coaches from its destructive plunge. Then the engine stuck its nose in the mud bank and rearing upon its pilot trucks turned a half somersault, and reeling upon one side, tumbled down the steep embankment to the water's edge, where it lay kicking up the mud with its flying drivers, snorting spasmodically from the stack, half filled with soft dirt, and losing harsh, discordant screams from severed steam pipes.

The fireman, crushed beneath the boilerhead, one of the injector pipes ran like a spear through his thigh, the ponderous weight of the big machine upon his two legs, a thin stream of scalding water playing upon his head and breast, enveloped and stifled in blinding clouds of steam, raised his cries of agony high above the din of the dismantled engine. The engineer, thrown from side to side, yet still clinging to his sand and broke levers, crawled in a daze through his window, which opened above him like a skylight, and standing on the splintered side of his cab, looked about him upon a scene fitfully lighted by the scattered coals from the firebox of his engine.

Of the coaches he could see nor hear nothing. His first thought was that they had toppled into the river after being freed from the engine. The tender of the engine stood at right angles to the overturned machine. Even in the excitement and bewilderment of the moment he noted with surprise that scarcely a piece of coal had been lost, although the iron sides were battered in like crushed eggshells and the trucks had been shorn away as though with a knife. Then above the shrill din he heard the screams of his fireman.

In the combination coach Byron Clark faced Asher Clark who sat with his back to the engine. Gus Hager, the contractor, occupied a seat in the same car. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, Byron Clark felt himself raised from his seat and hurled violently against Asher Clark. Gus Hager shot over a half dozen seats and finally came to a halt with his head braced against the forward end of the car. In the rear coach the passengers soared over the backs of the seats or slid down the aisle, every one finding himself the next moment wedged into some portion of the forward end of the car.

The occupants of both coaches made a hurried break for the doors even as they felt the coaches leaving their trucks and catapulting along on their bottoms through the yellow clay like so many toboggans. In all the excitement of the moment Byron Clark paused instinctively to grope under his seat for his lost hat. On leaving the coaches the passengers stepped straight out upon the heaped up earth. The cars had left the tracks on the left hand side, and by force of their own momentum would have plunged into the river but for the great bank of earth heaped upon that side of the track.

Again it is probable that the first coach would have telescoped or overturned the rear coach but for the fact that the solid blind end of the combination car was turned toward the car behind, leaving no fragile platform to be crushed in by the first impact of the collision.

The sounds of escaping steam and the piteous cries of the fireman guided Conductor Shepherd and the passen-

gers to the wrecked locomotive. There they worked for three hours digging about the unfortunate man before they could release him. A young hospital steward from Fort Crook happened to be aboard, and he dressed the wounds of the fireman and cared for him until the arrival of the special train from Omaha.

All that night and until 10 o'clock the next day the wrecking crews worked clearing up the track, which they found to have been moved outward some ten inches by the rush of the slide of earth.

An accident following closely upon and caused by the wreck has not as yet been chronicled. In hurriedly assembling a gang of section men in Omaha to shovel away the dirt, the foreman of the job gathered in our own Jack Beeson by sheer force, and almost before he was aware of it Jack was actually working down in the cut with a shovel in his hands, giving a very good imitation of a man who is used to doing something for a living.

## Louisville

Special Correspondence.  
Chas. A. Richey and Dr. Hasemeier were Omaha visitors Wednesday.

James Patterson and family visited with relatives and friends in the county metropolis last week.

George L. Mutz and wife are in Oklahoma this week. L. C. Elekhoff, land agent for the Rock Island, will show them over the country and prove why that is the only place to invest in real estate.

J. Schimpfke, who has been employed as clerk in the general merchandise store of Stander Bros. in this city for more than two years, will depart in a few days for Wahoo. The girls are very sorry to see Joe go.

At a meeting of the city council last Tuesday evening Chas. W. Spence was selected as city marshal, and M. Tritsch clerk for the coming year. Who's mayor? I don't know.

Otto Becker was reading signs in Plattsmouth last Wednesday.

C. D. Tapper started for California last Tuesday, where he expects to locate, if the climate proves beneficial to his health. Mr. Tapper is one of the early settlers of Cass county, having resided here for more than thirty years.

Mrs. J. A. Hasemeier, who has been dangerously ill for some time, is much improved, and her many friends are now hopeful of her early recovery.

## Cedar Creek

(From Our Special Correspondent.)  
Corn shelling has taken a new start. Since corn reached 35c the farmers are rushing it in.

Adam Stoehr and Miss Lizzie Borne were Plattsmouth visitors Sunday.

Edward Lonnes bought a fine new buggy last week.

The men who are engaged at work in the stone quarries have been obliged to lay off a greater part of the time lately on account of the bad weather.

Mrs. Chris Gauer, the aged mother of Chris and Johnnie Gauer, died at her home near here at 3 o'clock Tuesday morning, of pneumonia contracted from a case of grip of long standing. The funeral was held Thursday morning.

J. J. Horn's baby is sick with whooping cough.

## Elmwood

(From Our Special Correspondent.)  
While standing in front of the furniture store last Tuesday noon, Frank Raker was accidentally shot in the left leg, the ball entering below the knee and making a very painful flesh wound, says the Elmwood Review. Dr. Neely removed the ball and dressed the wound. Wednesday Frank was down town awhile but he was not so well yesterday.

The person who fired the shot has not been discovered as yet, and it seems that no one heard the report of the gun, so that the surroundings of the affair remain a mystery. We presume that the person who did the shooting is keeping very quiet about the affair. This should be taken as a warning by those who have been doing shooting on the main street with target rifles.

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SADDLES, BRIDLES, ETC.

## Manley

LILLIAN TIGHE, EDITOR.

Mr. Rasmussen was able to resume his school duties Monday, after a two weeks' illness.

Simon Bornemeier is hauling lumber for the erection of a barn on his farm west of Manley.

P. W. Tighe came down from Omaha Friday and spent a day with his parents. He is preparing to move out to Colorado next month.

Wm. Sheehan's team, hitched to a stalk cutter, ran away one day last week, but was captured before any injury had been inflicted upon themselves or the machine.

John Murphy's two little girls, aged two and three years, narrowly escaped death last Sunday. They were playing about the house, apparently in their usual health, when both were taken suddenly and alarmingly ill—suffering from nausea and intense pain. The fact of both being attacked at the same time and in precisely the same manner, led the family to suspect poisoning, and simple antidotes were administered, while Dr. Butler was hastily summoned from Weeping Water by telephone. When he arrived the children were both unconscious, and only prompt and vigorous action saved their lives. The case was pronounced one of arsenic poisoning, although the family is at a loss to tell how the little ones obtained the poison. A thorough search of the house and yard failed to disclose anything of a poisonous nature, unless some green wallpaper, which the children might possibly have chewed, could come under that head.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grauf, of Rock Bluffs, visited several days last week, with August Glaubitz and family.

The eighth grade examination, for pupils of the public schools, arranged by Superintendent Smith, will be held in Manley sometime soon—the exact date has not yet been announced.

Farm work is progressing—or rather is not progressing. The heavy frost of the 17th was a surprise for this time of the year. "April showers bring May flowers,"—showers of a certain kind do, perhaps—but not the wintry rains which we have been treated to since the month opened.

At last the corn market has done what the farmers have waited impatiently for—to touch the 35c mark. This is a decided improvement on the price four years ago this month.

A number of people from around Manley attended the Gaebel sale, near Louisville on the 18th.

## Mynard

(From Our Special Correspondent.)  
We look for better weather with the new moon.

Mrs. J. Gopen visited her daughter at Plattsmouth one day last week.

Cliff Hubbell will work for Peter Perry this summer.

W. T. Gillespie, the stock and grain buyer, shipped a car of hogs to Omaha this week.

Robert Propst, who was quite sick last week, is reported better.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Spangler, of Weeping Water, attended Mrs. Ransom Cole's funeral last Sunday.

Henry Trout has secured employment in the B. & M. blacksmith shop.

The turnpike east of here is in almost an impassable condition.

Mr. George Spangler and wife of Lincoln, came in last Saturday to attend his sister's funeral.

C. C. Spangler, of Eight Mile Grove, shelled and delivered his corn to A. S. Will.

Fall wheat look fine.

There are prospects for a bountiful fruit harvest this year.

Mrs. N. E. Sage, of Alliance, is visiting her nieces, Mrs. Oscar Gopen and Mrs. Wilbur Hall.

Minnie Will attended church at Otterbin last Sunday evening.

Will Jean visited Plattsmouth Sunday night.

There will probably be a larger acreage of corn this year on account of the late season for small grain.

A. L. Cox, our genial merchant, is

## For Rent...

BUILDING FOR BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Ample room—Excellent location, on main roads east, west, south and west through Mynard—Terms reasonable—Great chance for good blacksmith. For particulars inquire of.....

J. M. KISER,

Mynard, or Plattsmouth Journal office.

nursing a very sore foot.

Mr. Charles Spangler, sr., and daughter of Louisville, passed through here en route home from the county seat. TIMOTHY TUCKMUCH.

## Weeping Water

Ezra Mitchell died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Hammer, in the third ward, Monday evening, says the Republican.

Mr. Mitchell was in his 94th year, and had been feeble for a long time. He was an early settler in Avoca precinct.

An aged wife, one son, Bart Mitchell of Missouri, and two daughters, Mrs. Morton of Falls City, and Mrs. Hammer of this place, are left to mourn the loss of a dear companion and loving father. The remains were laid to rest in Oakwood cemetery.

## Eagle

Special Correspondence.  
Thursday morning when Fred Oberle went out to the barn he was very much surprised to find one of his horses missing, says the Eagle Beacon. Upon investigation he found that a thief had been visiting his premises during the night and had taken horse, harness and buggy. He came to town at once and telegraphed to Lincoln for Malone and his blood hounds. They came out on the morning train and went out at once to the scene of the theft. At the time of going to press it is not known how they succeeded.

## Union

(From Our Special Correspondent.)  
The sad news of the death of Mrs. Johnson caused sorrow in many homes in this village and the surrounding country. She died Tuesday morning, April 9, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Bion Merchant, near Elgin, Neb., says the Union Ledger. Her health had not been good the past two years, and she suffered constantly during the winter. About three weeks ago she became much worse from stomach troubles and continued failing until death came to her relief. She leaves four daughters and three sons, as follows: Mrs. M. H. Shoemaker of Union, Mrs. John Gerking of Fairplay, Mo., Mrs. M. W. Smith of Nebraska City, Mrs. Bion Merchant and John, Chester and George, of Elgin.

The relatives arrived here with the remains last night, and they were taken to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Shoemaker. The funeral will occur Saturday.

## Greenwood.

Special correspondence of the Journal.  
The Town Goes Wet.

Sketch of the first engagement, by our special war artist in the field.

PATTSMOUTH IS HEADQUARTERS.

Western Turners So Designate for Another Year.

At the district convention of the German Turners, held here last week, Plattsmouth was again made the headquarters for the Missouri Valley District for another year. This renews the power of the local society to name the officers for the entire district.

The business session showed the affairs of societies included in this district to be in the best of shape. There is a neat sum of money in the treasury, and part of this will be used during the year in instituting new societies of the order.

The delegates present at the two days' session were: Dr. Fred Burger, George Braun and John Heeler of Kansas City, Adam Heibel and John Bode of St. Joe, Philip Andres, John Voss, John Krage and William Schulz of Omaha, Stephen Kostlan, H. Jess and C. Peterson of Fremont, and Otto Wurland and John Sattler of Plattsmouth. Mr. Andres was made chairman of the business meetings, and Louis Ottinat, the division secretary, acted as secretary.

The visitors departed Monday, declaring that they had enjoyed a most pleasant visit to this city, and all expressed a hope that it would be their lot to come again next year.

Monday being Arbor Day there will be no session of the local schools on that date.

The May Smart Set.

The leading feature of the Smart Set for May is a novelette entitled "The Wage of Character," by Julien Gordon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger). This is the most ambitious story that Mrs. Cruger has published in some years, and it is perhaps the strongest and most brilliant she has ever written. She has dared to write of New York and Washington society, in which she has so long been an admirable and commanding figure, and it is hardly to be supposed that she could locate a story of such length in her immediate environment, wielding the incisive and epigrammatic pen she does, without creating a lively flutter in the social dovecot. Her story tells of the strange courtship and sudden marriage of Hazard Thorne, a brilliant Harvard graduate, to the sister of his schoolmate and intimate friend, Hamilton Darrell, a multi-millionaire. Their life in New York, and afterward in Washington, where Thorne goes as a member of congress, and where he becomes sensationally involved with two women socially conspicuous, is an intensely realistic and fascinating study. Mrs. Cruger is one of the few women in literature who write always to the point, and she deserts character with the pitiless skill of the vivisectionist. In "The Wage of Character" the reading public doubtless has a new literary sensation.

## MOST POPULAR OF ALL.

Mrs. Josephine Murphy and Henry Weidmann So Pronounced at Band Fair.

Miss Josephine Murphy is the most popular young woman in Plattsmouth, and Henry Weidmann the most popular young man in the city. Such is the verdict handed down by a perfect shower of votes cast for the two at the fair of the B. & M. band held at Waterman hall last week.

The voting for the diamond ring to be awarded to the popular young lady and the gold headed cane for the most popular young man was one of the chief features of a very successful fair. There were more than a dozen contestants in all, and each receiving a good vote made the business a profitable one for the band boys. Although at first interest in the voting appeared to lag, it was simply because those interested were holding back their votes to the last, and especially for the half hour's secret balloting which ran the aggregate of the votes up to an astonishing figure, the balloting being much heavier in proportion than that in the contests of the Omaha Auditorium fair. Following is the total of the vote cast for each contestant:

LADIES' VOTE.

Josephine Murphy.....1998  
Antonia Kessler.....503  
Alice Peterson.....122  
Mamie Koehnke.....56  
Blanche Sullivan.....26  
Addie Smith.....24  
Florence White.....19  
Lillian Shryock.....13

GENTLEMEN'S VOTE.

H. E. Weidmann.....434  
Artie Helps.....224  
E. W. Cook.....79  
J. I. Unruh.....36  
John Fassbender.....28  
F. J. Morgan.....21  
Dan Smith.....16  
T. H. Pollock.....14  
Byron Clark.....2  
H. N. Dovey.....1

Miss Kardonek and Wm. Dougherty were awarded the prizes given the best lady and gentlemen waltzers, after a close and animated contest.

The fair was most gratifying in its results in every way, netting, as it did, over \$350 to the band boys, after the paying of all expenses. That neat sum will fully equip our fine musicians in bright new uniforms, the color of which they have decided shall be a rich blue black. The boys and young ladies—and women—who so ably untingly assisted them through it all, deserve the fullest measure of success for their efforts. It was a most delightful entertainment in every respect, so that all who attended felt amply repaid.

## PLATTSMOUTH POPULATION.

Special Enumeration Indicating Over 6,000 Inhabitants.

Although the special census enumerators appointed last week by Mayor Parmole have not as yet finished their work, they have ascertained for a surety that there are many more than 5,000 inhabitants in this city. Last night the total of names secured by the three enumerators was 5,041, with a considerable portion of the city still to cover, and every indication pointing to something over 6,000.

The enumerators say that the third ward is the only one in which there is an appreciable falling off in anticipated results.

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## BUINESS DIRECTORY

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WETTENKAMP B'K PLATTS

Wichita lands, it is claimed, can be shipped to market by the allotted time

is expected to add at least 5 cents to the price of every brook he sells.

as to the quality of armor. Other claims will be made for delay in fur-

Meanwhile it will be translated into Spanish, and be printed both in English and Spanish. The new tariff will

George K. Kennan in Russia. ST. PETERSBURG, July 8.—George K. Kennan, the well known traveler

Morgan interests. The Post and the Vanderbilt lines will the coal produced in the

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