

NARROW ESCAPE

From Instant Death by a Locomotive Engineer.

An Engine Runs into a Mangled Switch and Plows Through Three Box Cars Before Its Course is Run.

How soon events of even more ordinary interest are forgotten, said a popular locomotive engineer during a recent conversation with the writer.

"Now I will venture to say that not more than a dozen people in this city remember an accident that happened eight years ago, which was of more than ordinary interest to me and others that I might mention, for in it we nearly lost our lives. I see you are interested now, well it was only a fortnight or so since that I happened every day. I think you will say, how if you care to listen I will tell you of it. I remember it distinctly it was two weeks before Christmas eight years ago. I was firing then on the U. P., and was called on to take out of the yard in the morning was a cold one, there was ice and sleet on the ground an inch thick. Our train was made up and we started off, being along merrily over the

RAILWAY TRACK.

every moment going faster until we attained a speed of nearly sixty miles an hour, we were nearing a station about twenty-seven miles west of here. I was standing in the engine when suddenly I felt a shock and then I felt myself flying through the air, struck something with terrible force and was unconscious.

The engine, I afterward learned, had plunged into a mangled switch and plowed its way through three box cars before it was brought to a standstill. I was

PICKED UP FOR DEAD.

My head was cut frightfully and my left leg was broken. I was taken home and for six months I was laid up. You see, I was not a very strong man when I was out showing two ugly looking scars running nearly the whole length of the head."

"But I thought you had a narrow escape recently," put in the writer.

"Yes, I had," replied the engineer, "but as I have but a moment of time I must ask you to excuse me now, but I will tell you of it another time. At 113 Douglas street, she will tell you of a similar one."

The writer called on Mrs. Lundbeck at the number given and found a busy, but social and pleasant lady who invited him to sit down and talk over her narrow escape.

MRS. M. LUNDBECK.

"You see," said Mrs. Lundbeck, "for a long time I had been troubled with an affection of the head and throat, my head was stopped up, the major part of my eyes were stopped up, my eyes would water, I had a pain over the eyes and often in the ears. I had to walk and eat and sleep with my eyes closed, and a considerable and my stomach was out of order, my breathing was difficult.

LABORING AND DIFFICULT

and altogether I felt very miserable all the time, and to make matters worse I could scarcely sleep, would wake up with B and starts and on getting up in the morning would feel as tired as if I had gone to bed the previous night. I did not go to the office of Dr. C. M. Jordan, in just such cases as mine and I determined to call on him and I am exceedingly glad I did. He examined and told me that I had hypertrophic catarrh of the nose and throat, that I had polypus tumor in my nose, and that I had enlarged adenoids. He removed the polypus and adenoids in two months I was entirely cured. What more can I say? I would advise any sufferer not to trifle with patent medicines or a physician who knows nothing about treating catarrh but to call on Dr. Jordan at 310 and 312 Ramez Block, who can and will cure it. Mrs. Lundbeck has resided in Omaha for the past fifteen years, and is well known to many of our best citizens. A portrait of her accompanies this sketch. She lives at No. 113 Douglas Street, where she may be found and this statement verified.

How Catarrh is Produced.

Although taking cold is one of the commonest and most familiar of phenomena, yet the dangers of its neglect in treating and its ultimate result are not appreciated. The rule is to let it wear itself out or seemingly so. In a very large majority of cases, catching cold opens in an attack of acute inflammation of some portion of the upper air passages, as being a point of least resistance, and, further, as these attacks recur with increased frequency and gravity, we find the morbid process localizes itself further down and nearer to the vital centers, as regards the so-called liability to take cold, it is understood that this is due to an existing chronic catarrhal inflammation of perhaps some mild or even passed unnoticed, but still an existing catarrh. A remedy for one stage may be injurious to another, to meet such conditions, which invites renewed attacks from a very slight cause.

The country is flooded with patent medicines and made attractive for the express purpose of making money. It is utterly impossible to prepare a single remedy to meet the different phases of catarrh. A remedy for one stage may be injurious to another, to meet such conditions, which invites renewed attacks from a very slight cause.

DOCTOR J. GRESAP MCGOY, (Late of Bellevue Hospital, New York.) Succeeded by DOCTOR CHARLES M. JORDAN, (Late of the University of New York City and Howard University, Washington, D. C.) HAS OFFICES No. 310 and 311 Ramez Building

Corner Fifth and Harnes sts., Omaha, Neb., where all curable cases are treated with success.

Note—Dr. Charles M. Jordan has been resident physician for Dr. McCoy, in Omaha, for the past year and it is now possible for those unable to make a journey to obtain RAMEZ BUILDING HOSPITAL TREATMENT AT HIS HOME.

Medical diseases treated skillfully. Consumption, Bright's disease, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism and all NERVOUS DISEASES. All diseases peculiar to the sexes a specialty. CATARRH CURED. CONSULTATION at office or by mail. Office hours—9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m., Sunday office hours from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. Correspondence receives prompt attention. Many diseases are treated successfully by Dr. Jordan through the mail, and it is now possible for those unable to make a journey to obtain RAMEZ BUILDING HOSPITAL TREATMENT AT HIS HOME.

A PERILOUS RIDE.

While at Maple Creek, on the line of the Canadian Pacific, the other day, a reporter met the famous scout and Indian fighter, "Jack Bob," and informed him that the readers of the Examiner would be pleased to hear of some of his adventures.

"Wal, mister," he said, puffing vigorously at a short black pipe. "I've had some toleable tough times, and no mistake. The worst of 'em was in '88, when the Sioux was on the warpath. I was to Fort Casper, Wyoming, in the early part of the summer, and Commander Freelinghyson engaged me to carry dispatches from that Fort Phil Kearney an' back. It was allowed that he might be mighty risky job, for Red Cloud's war parties was just a turn in themselves loose, and he'd killed no end of dispatch carriers and cow-punchers that spring. But he 'reod to pay me to do it, so I did it. I was his huckleberry; I'd make a try for it, anyhow. I had my picker the horses at the fort, an' took a rattler—ez I find a piece of hossflesh ez ever dried breath. Knowed more'n a man I'd be a bright mornin' when our eye on 'em at the fort—ez eckon they didn't much 'spect for ever see me agin—an' set out on my trip. Jest back ez my saddle I packed a little chuck an' a canteen ez water, and I took a tin of blue blunkit; an' I kerried a Springfield rifle an' a six-shooter.

"I made 'bout fifty-five miles afore sunset, 'bout seven or eight miles an' made camp at Alkali springs, in a little arroyo or gulch, not more'n 500 yards from me. Their dogs began to bark, an' I turned an' rid back to the top of the hill to make a try at roundin' the bluff. A few hundred yards from that, in the creek bottom, some Injuns what he run out from the camp afoot begin yellin' an' firin' clus to me, and I give my hoss the cuist an' kep' along clus ter the bluff, jest a saillin', some of the varmints follerin' me five miles or more. I shud an' kep' on to the evening, an' more, I reckon, afore stoppin'—makin' more'n eighty mile I'd rid since leavin' the fort—then staked my hoss 'bout takin' off the saddle; stretched out on the bar groun' an' sleep 'til daylight. The sun was jest a comin' up, an' I set out agin, eatin' my chuck—bread and dried venison—ez I rid along. Nothin' with speakin' of happened that day, an' 'bout 10 o'clock in the evening, I rid into Fort Reno. The people at the fort had a idee that was severe for Red Cloud's war parties 'twixt an' Phil Kearney, an' the commander would not let me start on agin 'til 4 o'clock the next day. I knowed my scalp rested in my hoss' belt, in good trim, an' I had fifteen mile from Reno, comin' ter a fine patch of buffalo grass, clus to er deep ravine. I made camp. I hadn't been there but a few minutes when six Injuns—a Ute huntin' party, I reckon they was—sld up out of the ravine, an' begun makin' signs that they was friendly. It was terrible lucky for me they was, for they wasn't more'n fifty yards away when I just ketcht sight on 'em, an' if they'd been hostile I'd had hard work gettin' clear of 'em. I let 'em come an' an' though I could not understand 'em, jest what they said, I made out that I'd better look sharp after my scalp ez that was lots er had Injuns 'bout. I felt toleable sartin in my own mind they was right, an' in a few minutes after they left, saddled up an' kep' on. 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