THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1899.

FLYING WEDGE THAT PAID and Brown promised them \$25 a day and good bonus if they pushed him through. When this regiment of toughs made its first An American Puts His Foot Ball Knowledge

to Good Account.

WON \$300,000 IN KRUGER'S COUNTRY

A Transvaal Court Awards Him the Rich Prize-Story of a Thrilling South African Gold Rush.

JOHANNESBURG, Dec. 1 .- "Barbarian" Brown, otherwise R. E. Brown, an American, has just been awarded damages amounting to nearly £60,000 by the Transvaal government. It is the sequel of the wildest goldfarm rush of South Africa, in which Brown pursued the tactics of the foot ball field and had himself driven through an immense mob of lawless rushers by a flying wedge of 300 armed men. It was an exploit of a foot ball captain and frontier American.

"Barbarian" Brown came to South Africa with a reputation for consummate nerve, gained in the famous Coeur de Leon strikes, where he took the part of the mine owners and never receded from his stand, though daily threatened with death. He even edited a paper, enunciating his opinions, called the Barbarian. This furnished the sobriquet which clung to him when he reached Johannesburg.

Once here Brown secured a position with Lewis S. Marks, one of the most important mining companies on the Rand. He was an expert consulting engineer and soon made hismelf valuable to the firm by gobbling up the very richest claims on the Murchison range. It was as their representative also that Brown planned and carried out the mighty foot ball rush.

Twelve thousand miners, the very roughest men in the gold fields, made up from nearly every nation on the globe, took part in this rush, which occurred on a level



"BARBARIAN" BROWN (FROM A GROUP PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN JOHANNES-BURG).

stretch of yeldt in September, 1895, and the goal was a galvanized iron shanty, six feet square, wherein stood a government mining commissioner, whose busines it was to sell licenses for claims on the Witfontein farm. This farm lay directly on the gold reef

and belonged to the government. It was one of the last of the rich farms whereon the old Boers had for years been raising their crops of mealies, all unconscious of the hidden wealth.

The exodus began ten dave before the opening. The whole Rand was in an up-Every mining company there prepared for the occasion. It was well known that the Witfontein lay along the richest

appearance in the little town of Klerksdorp. the citizens fied for their lives. When this company reached the camp, many firms immediately made overtures to the men and tried to win them over with drink and money. A number of Americans started for John Hays Hammond's camp, but

Alec Love stood in front with a drawn revolver and threatened to shoot the first man who left. Kept the Flying Wedge Drunk.

Brown found that the only way to hold his men was to keep them drunk, so for five days previous to the opening, whisky flowed like water and the ringleaders boosted up their cohorts with bad liquor.

On the day of the rush, however, no man was so drunk as to forget about the flying forty-three years' service in the cab, who wedge, which had been thoroughly explained pulled into Salt Lake the other day, preparand illustrated. At the very peep of dawn atory to retiring to a farm, reeled off a warm the great mass began to push, though the story to a correspondent of the New York sale was not until 9 o'clock. Lines were Sun. formed, and the entire gathering was soon

"What was my most thrilling experience engaged in a vicious free fight. Men during the forty-three years I have been emerged with ears bitten off, eyes blackened, noses broken and teeth loosened. As oon as a company got its man to the window he was dragged away and either passed back overhead or nearly trampled to death. Many succeeded in reaching the spot, but it was impossible to hold a man there long. for he was soon borne down by force of

Brown and his henchmen, in the mean-

time, held their position on the outskirts. t was not until half an hour before the ime appointed to open the window that he began to form his wedge. Probably 6,000 men ware massed between him and the goal at that moment, but this never feazed the indomitable Yankee. With thongs of raw-

hide he lashed himself to Alec Love and Jim Maloney, and with his feet barely touching the earth, gave the signal to nove.

numbers.

At the first impact with the human wall there was a terrific howl of pain followed by the most surpassing imprecations, and a man staggered out of the crowd with the blood spurting from his leg. Maloney had un his knife into him several inches. In few minutes these cries echoed on all sides and the attention of the mob became livided, some turning to face the wedge, which hung together without a break and seemed to gain in velocity as it neared the coal. Maloney and Love, with heads down, darted into every opening, and where there was none, made it with the jab of a knife. Brown was hustled along, breathless and bleeding, until within a dozen rods of the vindow.

Here several hundred Cornishmen, great hulking fellows, with plenty of strength and grit, made a stand that bade fair to spoll the rush. They smashed the apex and were mowing down the pugilists when the rest of the wedge broke through and cleared the way. Brown, though badly bruised, continued to shout out promises of reward to his men if they push him up on time. There were but a few minutes left thep, and the office was rocking to and fro with the tide of humanity.

Brown Reaches the Window.

Pounded and beaten on every side, the great flying wedge made one last effort and with a zigzag movement and many knife thrusts finally broke through and fairly hurled Brown against the office. With a good right hand blow a pugilist smashed in the window and Brown clutched the frail partition with a death grip. At the same moment a gun was fired, announcing 9 o'clock, and the whole mass, as one man heaved up against the little galvanized iron booth, crushing Brown almost flat. Surrounded by a remnant of his flying wedge, however, he continued to hang to the window and was just getting at his wad of £5 notes when the government commis-sioner threw open the door and announced

Thrilling Run Down a Mountain Grade After as that y happened. Runaway Cars. NOTHING

An Engineer's Carelessness that Made a Hero of Him and Brought Him a Ranch-A Warm Half Hour.

. John S. Hinton, a locomotive engineer of

WARNING. Engineers of Pushers Are Warned That Under No Conditions Must an Engine Be Uncoupled from a Train That is Not in Motion. Disregard of this Order Means INSTANT DISCHARRGE. Penalty of Disobedience.

"While knowing that an order of this kind



CHASED FLYING DYNAMITE line was Mountain Springs, now one of the foremost summer resorts in the mountains, and even twenty years ago much frequented foremost frequented foremost summer resorts in the mountains, and even twenty years ago much frequented foremost summer resorts in the mountains, and even twenty years ago much frequented foremost summer resorts in the mountains, and even twenty years ago much frequented foremost summer resorts in the mountains, and even twenty years ago much frequented foremost summer resorts in the mountains, and even twenty years ago much frequented foremost summer resorts in the mountains, and even twenty years ago much frequented foremost summer resorts in the foremost summer resorts in the mountains, and even twenty years ago much frequented foremost summer resorts in the stand on the foreboard in the foreboard in the stand on the stand on the foreboard in the stand on the foreboard in t and even twenty years ago much frequented Hurd took his stand on the footboard I by eastern health seekers. I explain all this opened the throttle while to give her a start so that you will readily understand what and then put on the air until I had her under

control, and then away we went. The run-"I had been shoving trains up Big Hill away cars were fully 100 yards ahead as we two years without a mishap when I had an crossed the switch and were moving appar-

experience that turned my hair white in ently at the rate of eight or ten miles an LEFT OF THE WRECK ten minutes and gave me a life job and the hour with rapidly increasing momentum. In

through a disobedience of orders, too. He had missed the coupling. Again engine volcanic rock.

and cars came together and again 1 applied the air, with the same result.

on the road?" repeated Hinton, as the ques- is for something and that its disobelience or seventy miles an hour, and when you contion was asked him. "Well, that is not a may mean disaster, a railroad man will in sider that the track on the hill is the hard question to answer, as the experience time come to look upon it as something to crookedest ever surveyed by an engineer. high mass. resulted in giving me possession of the snug be obeyed if convenient and to be slighted out up by deep ravines and canyons and little ranch up near Greeley, where I intend if he feels like it. And so it came that leading along high precipices, you can ap-to spend the rest of my days." No human being had ever scaled that fright-when we were in a hurry we cut off the preciate the danger of the run. Down the ful acclivity, but, Allen, who had consented immense private library—has this to say: He told the story, but suppressed the engine from the train, even if it had been bill we thundered, swinging through deep beforehand to the use of his name, was a name of the railroad, saying that the com- brought to a stop. On this particular day cuts and around sharp curves, the engine well-known character, and the yarn was Franklin that a strong mind needs not pany had stood by him many years and he in June of which I am speaking we were in swaying and swinging on its springs as if did not wish to give it a black eye, a hurry. We had run No. 17 up the hill and struggling in an effort to dash itself into to travel. The eastern papers all copied it. is not strengthened by study. Poor Richard "In the '70's," said Hinton, "I was run-ning an ongine on the old Southern Minne-sota road, now a part of the Chicago, Mil-train from the south that was coming north dust through which at times I caught waukce & St. Paul system. The line had as a doubleheader and with a third engine glimpses of the cars, pitching and tossing been built from La Crosse, Wis., west 170 pushing it. No 11 was a regular, but was like some dismasted vessel in a storm at sca. miles through the southern tier of counties making this trip as an excursion train and 1 knew the cars might jump the track at in Minnesota by the late Colonel C. W. was made up of eight coaches crowdel with any moment-and there was a right goal chance for their doing so-and ditch the locomotive, sending the fireman and myself to quick death; but we must take th chance so long as there was a possibility

of slopping the runaways. "Again and again we tried ta make the oupling, but failed each time. I did not know until all was over the difficulties the fireman was experiencing. The drawhead

in the car was the old-fashioned single link bumper-a man killer, we call it nowand was so loose in its socket that it had to be raised six or eight inches and held in position while the link was being put in place. This required two hands, and as the fireman could not maintain his position on the swaying footboard without using one hand to cling to the handrall, he could not get the link in place and drop the pin through it.

Flying Past Stations.

"By this time we were within three miles of Buckley. As the locomotive and fleeting cars dashed across a trestle 100 feet high I caught a glimpse of the little telegraph shanty down in the valley surrounded by a network of rails. I opened the whistle and kept it shricking until we were within 200 yards of Buckley, but no one appeared on the station platform, and as we flashed past the telegraph office the white face of operator, his eyes wide open with alarm and horror, appeared at the window for the fraction of an instant.

"As we dashed past the telegraph office the long arm of the signal board pointed down, and I thanked God that the next block was still open and that we had another chance for life. We had eight miles of clear track and might yet prevent a disaster. The only hope, however, was in catching the runaway cars, as there was no telegraph office at Campton and No. 11 had left Mountain Springs and was booming toward us as fast as three big engines could send her and without a stop ahead.

"We crossed the half-mile of sidetracks at Buckley so fast that there was an unbroken rattle of clanking rails, and swung around the point of the mountain and down the winding track toward Campton. Over sway ing bridges, through cuts, the old 105 jolted us along at the rate of seventy or eighty miles an hour. In two minutes after crossing the yards at Buckley we were within below us in th nestling sight of Campton, valley. Hurd had been silent seemingly for hours-and whether he was still at his posor had fallen on the rails and been ground to pieces I did not know. I realized that there was no longer a possibility of stopping the cars by coupling to them, and what my hope was, if I had any at all, I do not know: there was only a mad determination to follow that runaway engine of destruction to the end and die with the rest. No, it was not heroism; it was pure recklessness, and the thought that if four or five score of human beings were to perish through my carelessness I would die with hem Switched and Elevated. "As the roofs of Campton came into view he whistle began to sound again. Three miles below lay the half-deserted mining camp; now I could see the rough board station, the red and white switch targets and the dark spots on the mountainside that marked the abandoned test shafts. Then listinguished a form on the station plat orm, a slender form in dark calico and wearing a sunbonnet. Even at that distance could see the grace of the slow step. The woman's back was toward me, but I knew her to be Nettle Bascom, the daughter of the tain Springs attending some big convention. one-legged flagman. It was ten seconds "As the freight we were shoving came 'o perhaps, before the girl heard the whistle; a standstill my fireman leaped to the ground then she turned slowly, looked an instant toward us and with a quick spring was at a switch stand and had thrown the lever. then ran ahead on the sidetrack. While this and the white of the target turned to redwas being done a brakeman had cut the train and No. 11 and its freight were safe. in front of the last two cars and the regular "I quickly brought the engine to a stop a engine in front had started ahead with the the two cars turned into the siding-a sefety spur built for just such a purpose as thisand moved up a steep incline toward a dozen

deavor Thuraday, February 12, in which urges the members to "raise the standard."

THE TRAVELS OF A STORY.

How a Pake Went Around the World and Into Other Tongues. "Queer how a story will travel some-

best run on the road. And it came about sixty seconds old 105 was running fifty miles times," remarked an old reporter, spinan hour, and in thirty seconds more we along yarns for some of the younger boys. "The management of the road was always were close to the cars. I heard Jim's voice |"I remember years ago a fellow on one of afraid of an accident on the hill through a faintly above the ratile and roar as he the Denver papers wrote a thrilling narratrain becoming unmanageable, and in my shouted something, and knowing that it was tive about a prospector named Allen, who cab, directly over the steam gauge, hung to slow down in order to approach the cars found a fabulously rich gold mine on the this warning in big black type. to slow down in order to approach the cars found a fabulously rich gold mine on the Mount of the Holy Cross. The peak is one jolt told me the engine and car had come of the highest and most rugged in Colorado together, and after walting an instaut to give and gets its name from two enormous life he learned without a teacher. His Hurd time to drop the pin in place 1 pulled guiches that cross at right angles on its the air valve to lessen the speed, very crost. They are always full of snow As the engine slowed under the pressure of and from the valley the crois stands out the brake I saw the cars glide away from us. In wonderful relief from a background of "Thomas Moran painted a famous picture

of it and away back in the seventeenth cen. study of mathematics, and for some time "We were running now at a spord of sixty tury, when the Spanish buccaneers pushed amused himself by constructing all sorts of up the canyon of the Colorado, the padres | magical squares and circles, with rows of thought it was a sign from heaven and said figures that would add up allke, whichever

"The Denver story was, of course, a fake. and one journal printed a full-page illustra- unade merry over the 'many witty men whose tion. Preity soon it crossed the Atlantic, brains cannot fill their bellics,' and of those and, after wandering through the English who 'would live by their wits, but for want press, began to appear translated in the pa- of stock ' 'A learned blockhead is a greater pers of France and Germany. It is a strange blockhead than an ignorant one," he asserted, thing, but stories always travel eastward, and claimed that 'of learned fools I have This one went over the continent like an seen ten times ten; of unlearned wise men, I pidemic, and passed through all manner of have seen a hundred.' Yet Franklin was far extraordinary mutations in transit from one from showing the usual contempt of the selflanguage to another. It was translated from | taught man for an academic education. On French to Spanish, from Spanish to Italian, his settling in Philadelphia he found two from Hallan to Bussian, and at last it got things which he regretted, and one of these

years later an English weekly, printed at complete education of youth * * * I Hong Kong, contained a strange story of an therefore in 1743 drew up a proposal for es-American explorer named Linwan who had | tablishing an academy." ound a monstrous crucifix of gold on top of The academy was duly founded; but in

Francisco, with some account of its genesis, It was almost impossible to believe it was the same old Holy Cross yarn, but the evidence was indisputable."

BEN FRANKLIN'S EDUCATION.

Only Two Years of His Life Spent at School.

Few men have known more than Benjamin Franklin says a writer in the Century, yet few have had less education, in the common sense of the word. For more than two years (at the age of 8 to 10) he went to a grammar school and a private school in Boston; for the other tour-score years and more of his father's library was small, but the fad himself spent the little money that came into his bands on serious books and pamphlets. Having proved deficient in arithmetic in his early youth, he afterward made a special way they were counted. In this connection. Mr. Ford-a self-educated man him-"His own experience served to teach into the Orient and disappeared. Several was 'there being no provision * * * for the

the Rocky mountains. It was copied from a time it became a hotbed of politics, and its native paper, and was all that was left of rector an active opponent of Franklin the original fake. Heaven only knows how himself.



part of the reef and that a claim then would yield fortunes.

The Pretorian government knew this, too, but had not counted on any such demonstration as followed, or the claims would have been disposed of by lottery, the plan afterward adopted. The proclamation in the Pretoria Press gave permission to any one to prospect the farm, so that all buyers had an opportunity for locating the best

Hired Every Vehicle.

claims.

But first they must obtain a license at the little iron shanty three miles from the farm. Consequently every vehicle in Johannesburg had been hired or bought to transport men to the spot.

The road from Johannesburg to Klerksdorp, which lies near the Witfontein, looked like the route of an army transportation. Tents. cooking outfits, cases of whisky and roulette tables were all jumbled together on wagon.

It was estimated that on the day of the opening 12,000 men occupied the camp, in addition to many Boers who came from all parts of the Transvaal to witness the scene.

John Hays Hammond was then consult ing engineer for the Consolidated Gold Fields company, and he assumed direction over nearly 1,000 men, who were expected to tear a hole right through the mass and smash everything. The whole camp was armed to the teeth. Every man carried at least one revolver and expected to use it, for it was a fight for big stakes and each company promised protection to its men. There

was practically no danger of arrest, however, for the Zarps, or Boer pollcemen trembled with fear at that armed mob. The plans of each company to effect the

coup were much the same. Barney Barnato, J. B. Robinson Belt, the Joels and everyone interested in gold mining in Johannesburg. great or small, took a vital interest in the struggle, and put forth every effort to gain the prize. Each company hoped to push their man up to the window first, purchase the license, hand it to an armed rider and hurry it off to the farm where the en gineers and peggers were waiting to jump in and stake off the richest claims.

Six firms even went so far as to sink strong wooden posts just by the window and to these lashed men with ropes, so that they could not be pulled away and passed back over the crowd. But these precautions availed nothing, for when the struggle began sharp knives severed the thongs and both men and posts landed on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Barbarian" Brown, the Man.

Personally, Brown was not formidable With five feet eight inches of height and smooth, boyish countenance, he was not a dangerous looking man. But those who had seen him glance down the barrel of a 45-Colt without so much as moving an eyelid, knew him as absolutely fearless.

Brown, while he associated with the better class of Americans on the Rand, was on speaking terms with the rough element, and be utilized these to form a flying wedge, which at that period had just been developed by the American foot ball teams.

To get all these men under one flag he hired the seven most desperate characters on the Rand-Alec Love, Jim and Jack Maloney, Manny Garchel, "Butch" Wilson, Jack Hildebrandt and Danger.

They were men who would fight at the drop of a hat, and cut your throat and take chances on escaping punishment. Love, who is now serving a sentence for highway robbery, was a good looking man, well educaetd and quite gentlemanly when sober. He had received a college training in the states. He wore red hair and a red moustache, was very handsome and massively

Brown was on the point of giving up his position when one of those happy inspiraions which occur to men of quick thought and action urged him to demand a license. "Here I am," he yelled at the frightened commissioner, sticking through the window a face covered with blood. "Here's my good, hard-earned money. Now give me my icense or I'll sue the government for £1.000.000."

A sudden pitch of the mob nearly pushed the plucky fellow through the window and shattered his shoulder blade, but he waited to hear the refusal and have it witnessed and then allowed himself to be passed out on the veldt

> Out of the thousands there he was the only one who had the foresight to do this. and, though it took a long time, he finally received his indemnity. This amount has een kept secret, but it is variously estimated by the Johannesburg papers between £50,000 and £75,000.

During the entire time that the suit was being tried, and it passed through a number of courts, the flying wedge hovered about Brown, many of them not doing a stroke of work, all existing on the hope of receiving their share of the award, but as Brown left Johannesburg before it was granted these choice spirits were doomed to disappoint-ALLEN SANGREE. ment.

RELIGIOUS.

Australia reports 1,722 Christian Endeavor societies, with 52,340 members. The Baptists are making greater headway

in Cuba than any other denomination. Paris possesses no less than 128 religious

ingregations for women, with 550 houses of various kinds. The Pacific states that the Hibernian bank

of San Francisco has recently distributed \$50,000 among the charitable institutions of hat city. The American board, owing to the shrink-

age in receipts from legacies and other do-nations, calls for increased subscriptions for foreign missionary work.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler says some people keep their religion as they do their umbrellas, for stormy weather, and hope to have it within easy reach if a dangerous sickness overtake

The late Robert R. McBarney of New York was known as "Father of the Young Men's Christian Association" from the active part he took in building it up as a national and international organization.

Rev. Lucien Lee Kinsolving, who has been engaged in mission work in Brazil for the last nine years, will be ordained and con-secrated as bishop of Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, in the Episcopal church of St. Bar-tholomew, New York, next Friday. He is a

native of Virginia. President Harper of Chicago university says that "the theological seminaries are not in touch with the times. They do not meet the demands of the times. They are not proparing men for the ministry who are able to grapple with the situation in which the Christian church today finds itself."

The American Board has in its twenty christian schools, in which nearly 50,000 boys and girls are catching their first glimpses of the great world of letters, rel-

for girl: Rev. Dr. John Robertson, pastor of the City Temple, Glasgow, Scotland, and editor of the Christian Scotsman, is conducting a series of revival services in Baltimore. He

has been in America since last May and has traveled from New York to San Francisco working in connection with the Christian

and Missionary alliance. Instead of preaching an original sermon last Sunday President Patton of Princeton read the lecture on immortality recently de-livered by Prof. James of Harvard, whom tache, was very handsome and massively built. Brown selected him for his captain, and gave him carte blanche financially. Each ringleader brought his particular friends, he declared to be the most brilliant writer



NEW PRINCESSE REDINGOTE FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

NEW PRINCESSE REDINGOTE FROM HARPER'S BAZAR A redingote "built" upon a model just appearing in imported garments, and one which later will be rendered in light silks, cloths, and even batiste, is issued with this number. It is a perfectly feasible garment, and one which is equally effective for either thin or stout persons. It is smooth-fitting in the back, as are all princesse garments, and the front is equally innocent of wrinkle. In the center of the front there is a slight dlp or scallop, which passes the waist-line to a depth of perhaps an inch and a half. Beginning with the second dart, the skirt of the redingote descends in a straight line quite to the hem of the underskirt. The sleeves are very smooth and plain, but for the turned-back cuff, which is finished with a deep flounce of lace. The waist closes slightly towards the left side and the jewelled buttons form the center of Louis XV. bows of velvet. The revers, embroid ered, turned back over a chemisette of white tulle, and the stock collar is of white taffeta. The pattern published by Harper's Bazar, in which the gown appears, consists of the redingote only, which was originally rendered in old-rose embroidered in white, old-rose and crystal beads with bow fastenings of bright Linceln-green velvet. The accompanying skirt was of white tulle over silk, the tulle being secured just below the knee by a five-inch band of white lace insertion, which was, like the embroidery on

accompanying skirt was of white tulle over slik, the tulle being secured just below the knee by a five-inch band of white lace insertion, which was, like the embroidery on the redingole, enhanced by the introduction of crystal beads. Twelve yards of slik, or velvet, twenty-two inches wide, would be required to make this redingote, or eight yards of cashmere or other soft cloth of double width.

Thompson as a land-grant road. After | people from the east who had been at Moun-Colonel Thompson had received several hundred thousand acres of the finest lands in the west for the construction of the line the company passed into the receivership stage, and uncoupled the engine from the last car

the receiver being W. C. McIlrath of St. and I backed down over the switch and Paul. McIlrath undertook to meet the requirements of the court in the payment of claims, and in exercising the necessary economy failed to pay the wages of employes for four or five months. The result was an other cars toward the north switch to back the four cars in on the spur. agreement to strike, and one morning not an angine was run out of a roundhouse the entire length of the line. I was at Ramsey Junction when a message came signed by the receiver, asking where my engine was. I was pert in those days, and

sent what I thought was a funny answer: 'In the roundhouse waiting for back pay.' Mellrath did not appreciate the humor of the answer, and the next day when he had scraped together money enough to pay off the boys my envelope contained the amount due me to date, and another man went out Then I tried the water in the boiler, started

on my run. But that is another story, and this is only intended to show how I happened to come west and get tangled up with of order, as the cars were moving more raprunning on these western reads.

A Job in the West. "When I came west I got a job firing on

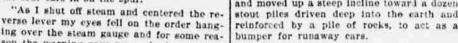
he H. L. & K. road, and if you know anything about mountain roads you know that t is the roughest road in the country-not ten rods of straight track in the whole 900 For flashed before my eyes. No. 11, crowded miles of right-of-way, and no: a foot that with passengers, was coming, and those cars, has not a grade and a stiff one at that. Well, I kept an old-fashioned camelback the train, carrying death and destruction warm on that road for three years, and then | to scores, if not hundreds. The scene at the got a freight run. I beld this down until moment the realization of the impending transferred to a pusher on Big Hill. Big disaster came over me is before me now as Hill is only twelve miles long, but it has a plainly as on that day nearly twenty-five grade averaging 140 feet to the mile, and the years ago-the moving cars, the brakeman principal part of the grade is in spots. Six stumbling toward the side ladder to descend, orded cars made a train up this hill, and the long line of shining rails leading down this train of six cars was hauled and pushed the divide, the fireman standing near the up the grade by two engines. My engine switch staff and gazing toward the cars with was stationed permanently on the hill and eyes that reflected the horror in my own, and ence, art and general learning. It has also its duty was to couple to the back end of thirty miles below, on the line of the twelve colleges, four of which are exclusively one of these trains and help it up the grade. twisted, winding track a faint blur of smoke one of these trains and help it up the grade. | twisted, winding track a faint blur of smoke About three round trips made a day's work, that told me No. 11 had left Mountain

so you see it was a gool deal of a shap. "At the top of the hill was a sidetrack Springs. called Acton, but no telegraph operator was switch we all knew what must be done. The stationed there. At the foot of the grade fireman, James Hurd, he is a passenger en-

was Buckley, a telegraph office in the center gineer on the Denver & Rio Grande road of a big sidetrack system, used for breaking now, had thrown the switch and swung himup trains before sending them up the grade self onto the footboard back of the tank, and in sections. Eight miles below Buckley was the old 105 was in pursuit of the runaways, an abandoned mining town named Camp- The brakeman remained to close the switch ton. Here was a set of sidetracks and and Hurd was bracing himself to couple the switches and a dozen unoccupied miners' engine to the swift-moving cars when we shanties, while the disused telegraph office | should approach them. was occupied by a one-legged pensioner of

the company, a flagman, and his 19-year-old "No steam is ever used in going down that daughter. Twelve miles further down the hill; at the top of the incline the throttle

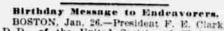
A Wild Chase.



son the warning gave me a shock, a feeling "As the old 105 came to a stop I singger of danger that I had never experienced in to the ground and met Hurl as he slepp the many times the order had been ignored. off the footboard. Said he: 'Bill, I' Even then I was not alarmed when I saw What he intended to say I never learned a that the two cars were moving slowly down his words were drowned by an explosion the the hill, and I watched them only long lifted 105 off the rails, knocked off its head enough to see the rear brakeman clamber up light and smokestack and blew the cab into the side ladder and seize the brake wheel. splinters. Every building in the town was blown down, and it was only due to the the injector, and again glanced at the cars. fact that the place was practically deserted Evidently the brake on the first car was out that there weren't any number of people killed. idly and the brakeman was hastening to-"Those cars we had chase' for thirty miles

ward the brake on the second car. or more were loaded with dynamite, and He grasped it and swung around and nearly feil when they crashed ito the deadwood at the to the ground. The brake chain was broken, end of the safety spur the whole thing exand there was nothing to hold the cars. ploded. And as we stood there in the wreck-"In an instant the picture of an awful horage No. 11, with its seven coaches crowded with excursionists, went bowling by. If the dynamite cars had met the express train, running at terrific speed, would crash into you ask? That's the thought that turned my hair white.

"That's the story, and now I have finished my running. I am going up to my ranch near Greeley that the company gave me for chasing those cars down the hill that day. The girl that threw the switch? She'll be there, too. She has been a half owner in that ranch since two months after she saved the train.



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