

Miscellaneous News.

CUT INTO LITTLE PIECES.

Frightful Catastrophe on the Erie Railroad.

New York, July 21.—A terrible accident occurred on the Erie railroad between Allendale and Hobokus this forenoon. It was evidently the result of neglect and caused the death of fifteen men.

A gang of Italians were at work ballasting on the railroad a little distance from a sharp curve about three-fourths of a mile above Hobokus.

The Chicago express, which was due an hour before, had not arrived, and these men whose foreman should have given a warning whistle when the train was approaching the sharp curve, were busy at work unconscious of the terrible fate which was in store for them.

Train No. 12, the express which was due an hour previous, rushed round the curve before the men had the slightest warning, and dashed through them killing twelve on the spot and wounding many others. The shrieks of the victims was heartrending, and when the train slowed up the tracks presented the sickening sight of being covered with mangled bodies, the rails being splattered with blood and broken limbs, and pieces of ragged flesh being scattered in all directions.

Some of the bodies were mangled beyond description and crushed out of all semblance to humanity. To most of the victims death must have come instantaneously, but some of them appeared to be yet quivering and life ebbing away when the train was brought to a standstill.

Mr. W. L. Hudson, a passenger which was on a local train behind the Chicago express, in conversation with a reporter, described the scene as one of the most sickening that could be witnessed.

"Along the tracks," he said "were arms, legs, trunks, and other parts of bodies; and tracks for a long distance were slippery with blood. The disaster took place with such appalling suddenness that men did not know till the train was down on them. The conductor of the train on which I rode said that the train hands of the express were not to blame. He believed the foreman of the gang was responsible for the disaster by neglecting to give warning."

A train was up on its way from New York, and the Italians had all crowded over the down track. Many of them had their backs turned, and all were ignorant of the coming of the big engine which drew the Chicago express. Suddenly the express, which was behind time swept around the sharp curve and dashed into the train.

It literally mowed down a mass of men, slinging the unfortunate right and left legs and arms and heads off and grinding flesh into the roadbed for two or three hundred feet.

So fierce was the shock that, although the engine struck nothing but human beings, the powerful cowcatcher was torn, twisted and broken into pieces. Some of the Italians were crowded in against the rocks, a very narrow space, and crouched down in terror.

The engineer of the express reversed his engine and was coming to a stop when the passengers told him to go ahead. Looking back they saw the injured Italians acting like maniacs. They were yelling, gesticulating and tearing their clothes. Some were kneeling and others dashing about in the middle of the gashy pile of mangled bodies. When they saw the train stopping they made a rush for it and had they reached it undoubtedly the engineer, fireman and conductor would have been murdered. For this reason it was deemed best to go on to Jersey City, where the engineer and conductor were escorted with the officers of the road and away from where they could be interviewed.

Passengers on the following train had an awful sight when they reached the scene. All along the track were pieces of flesh, legs, arms, hands and heads, while the roadbed was a mass of blood. Here and there scattered were pieces of red handkerchiefs, trousers, coats and hats. Those of the Italians who escaped with their lives had disappeared. Some of them took to the woods and others fled toward Hobokus. It is now believed many of them are demented, the awful suddenness of the slaughter and the deadly work of the big engine crazing them. It is impossible to give their names, for like other gangs of their countrymen employed on similar work are known not by names but by numbers.

The engineer of the train in a statement made when he first reached New Jersey City and which was verified by a number of passengers, says before he reached the curve he blew a warning whistle, not knowing, however, that any people were on the track. The moment his train had turned the curve, he saw the Italians huddled like a flock of sheep on the very track his engine was on. They had got there to avoid a train coming from New York City, and had their backs turned to the express. He tried hard to stop his train, but no human power could have done so in the time to avoid the killing of the men. The engine he says mowed them down as a scythe cuts grass, and their mangled bodies were thrown in all directions. The conductor did not know of what had happened until the train began to slow up.

Passengers on the following trains counted fifteen bodies and other parts of other bodies. It is not known how many were killed, but it is thought that many more than fifteen met death. It is also not known whether the foreman escaped or was killed, and it will be necessary to find the men who fled before the actual number can be ascertained. Nearly all those who escaped with their lives were wounded, but few seriously so one can yet tell.

The blame, so far as can be learned, for this terrible slaughter rests upon the foreman of the gang, for the com-

pany officials say it was his duty to watch for trains and get his men out of the way of danger. He failed, it would appear, so to do and the result is this frightful accident. It is thought that his attention was so wholly engrossed in the advancing train going out that he did not look in the opposite direction. There were no Caucasians there to hurt him, and, on the other hand, Chinamen kept dropping in to buy dried chickens, dried fish, dried geese, dried eels, dried potatoes, dried rice, dried fruit, dried leaves, dried tea leaves and wet opium—all imported from China, and all obtainable here (except the tea and opium) in better condition and at less cost. Those who knew Ching very well called him a dandy and joked him about his clothes, for he was more expensively dressed than any of them, and he was younger and better looking. They asked him if he had come to see the girls, and he replied: "No, to gamble." A little group formed and dropped into a cellar near by.

Ching said he had about \$30 to lose. He and his comrades gathered around a table marked off with two chalk lines at right angles to one another, so that the surface was divided into four quarters. The proprietor brought out a lot of bits of ivory in a basket, the others all got into chairs on their toes and sat upon their heels, and the game of fan tan began. Ching lost steadily, and in the midst of his losses gave a crisp bill to a woe-begone Chinaman who came in and told of a long illness and the consumption of all his savings. All the other Chinamen gave liberally, as is their custom, and the recipient looked yearningly at the fan tan table, but managed to withdraw without yielding to the strongest instinct of his race by risking his new gotten money on the board.—N. Y. Sun.

HIS SUNDAY OFF.

A Day With a Chinese Dude in Mott Street.

Ching Look is a dude, and it is superfluous to add, a he washerwoman. He engineers a laundry in Jersey City, and, though cheap white labor is now undermining his trade by doing up collars at a cent and a half, while the high priced Chinese still stick to two cents, he is comfortably off.

The Chinamen in this country have taken the places of men abroad who were the white ships of old. They work day and night in "watches," one man turning in to bunk when another rolls out. By conscientiously rolling in and out day and night, charging two cents for col-lars and living on five cents' worth of beef and twenty cents' worth of vegetables six days in the week, they are nearly all well to do. They would be richer if there was no Sunday, but on Sundays they all gamble and drink and dissipate in every way known to us and in several ways that we don't care to know, and that reduces the profits and prevents their being really rich enough to buy our aldermen and senators and become of political importance.

It was Sunday. Ching Look put a clean shirt into a coat—both coat and shirt being exactly the same in size and shape, but the shirt being of cotton, while the coat was of the most Oriental dandy lavender colored silk. He had previously put on a pair of drawers that ended in such a flare of linen that he swaddled his feet in it as we do in our socks. Then he had donned his white socks, turned up his and his \$4 mits trousers, and his shoes which he had bought in New York.

Where they get them and how they are among the Celestial mysteries. Once in all his clothes, he performed a simple act that showed that the Chinese can quickly alter a national custom, even when it is twenty centuries old. He did this by curling up his pigtail on the back of his head. The San Francisco gamins had not jingled these human bell ropes for more than three months, when every Chinaman on the continent began to do up his hair, and this revolutionized an ancient custom as quickly as the most conservative Jerseyman takes to rye when he finds he can't get apple.

CARRYING HIS CASE. Ching Look took \$500 with him as he started out for New York—\$700 sewed in his undershirt and \$100 in his breeches pocket. It was all he had in the world, and represented five years' work and the swapping of two laundries as well as the wreckage of 200 Sundays in Mott street. Every Chinaman carried his money in this way, or else put it into his trunk. As young Capt. Mac-Cullagh remarked the other day: "The crooks think they are very clever, but the Chinese trunk is a snapp' they haven't got on to yet."

Ching Look pattered on board the ferry-boat, and softly sped through the New York streets toward Mott street, the Chinatown of Gotham. To celebrate the holiday he bought a fifteen cent cigar in a showy tobacco store on Cortlandt street. Half a block further on a tall and languid man in a red shirt reached out as he passed Ching Look, took the cigar from the Chinaman's mouth, thanked him, put it in his own mouth, and went on, almost without stopping. Ching Look did not pause, either. In fact, he walked the more rapidly. But he kept his face so thoroughly under control that if you would have seen him when the man took his cigar you might have supposed he bought the weed on purpose to have that happen.

Twenty minutes later he was in Chinatown, reading the Chinese morning paper. This Oriental sheet is a most curious periodical. It consists of a little piece of the side of a house in Mott street, on the bricks of which are posted all the reports of news and all the advertisements of the Chinese colony, on red paper, badly lettered with India ink. Every Chinaman who has anything to say or to sell contributes to this queer paper and publishes his contribution with a paste pot. Ching Look read of all the laundries then to let, and of all the Chinamen who wanted laundries, and of calls to meetings, announcements of gambling games, and, in short, all the news of the day. His enjoyment of the mental repast was interrupted by a slight adventure. A ragged lad, of formidable face and breadth of shoulders, swaggered up to him, shoe-lacking his hand in hand, and pointed to Ching's shoes. Ching looked to see what he had pointed at, and the lad "pasted him," as he would term it, with a quid of tobacco. It was deftly done, without exciting the Chinaman's suspicion beforehand in the least, and so thoroughly that Ching Look imagined one eye burned out while half his face was discolored. The Chinaman swaggered wiped his face, and the bootblack meekly off with a grin.

"I've got no use for ye," said the lad over his shoulder.

IN TOM LEE'S CELLAR. Ching dropped down into Tom Lee's cellar, and, with a face as immobile as a mask, told what had befallen him to a dozen Chinamen before and behind the counters, all with faces possessive of the emotional aspect of pumpkins. Eight of them grunted, and the ninth

BILL NYE.

He Interviews Jay Gould and Indulges in Some Moral Reflections.

It had been ten long, weary years since I last met Jay Gould until I called upon him yesterday to renew the acquaintance and discuss the happy past. Ten years of patient toil and earnest endeavor on my part, ten years of philanthropy on his, have been flung away in the grim and greedy heretofore. Both of us have changed in that time, though Jay has changed more than I have. Perhaps that is because he has been thrown more in contact with change than I have.

Still, I have changed a good deal in those years, for when I called at Irvington yesterday Mr. Gould did not remember me. Neither did the watchful but overestimated dog in the front yard. Carefully concealing the fact that I had any business relations with the press, I gave my card to the person who does chores for Mr. Gould, and, apologizing for not having dropped in before, I took a seat in the spare room to wait for the great railroad magnate.

"I believe that I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, sir," said the great railroad swallower and amateur philanthropist, with a tinge of railroad irony.

"Yes, sir, we met some ten years ago," said I, lightly running my fingers over the keys of the piano in order to show him that I was accustomed to the sight of a piano. "I was then working in the rolling mill at Laramie City, Wyo., and you came to visit the mill, which was then operated by the Union Pacific Railroad company. You do not remember me because I have purchased a different pair of trousers since I saw you, and the cane which I wear this season changes my whole appearance also. I remember you, however, very much."

"Well, if we grant all that, Mr. Nye, will you excuse me for asking you to what I am indebted for this call?"

"Well, Mr. Gould," said I, rising to my full height and putting my foot on the brow of the Venus de Milo, after which I seated myself opposite him in a doctored western way, "you are indebted to me for this call. That's what you're indebted to. But we will let that pass. We are not here to talk about indebtedness, Jay. If you are to say you needn't return this call till next winter. But I am here just to converse in a quiet way, as between man and man. To talk over the past, to ask you how your conduct is and to inquire if I can do you any good in any way whatever. This is no time to speak pieces and ask in a grammatical way, 'to what you are indebted for this call.' My main object in coming up here was to take you by the hand and ask you how your memory is this spring? Judging from what I could hear, I was led to believe that it was a little inclined to be sluggish and astrophical days and to keep you awake nights. Is that so, Jay?"

"No, sir; that is not so."

"Very well, then I have been misled by the reports in the papers, and I am glad it is all a mistake. Now, one thing more before I go. Did it ever occur to you that while you and your family are all out in your yacht together, or some day, a sudden squall, a quick movement of the main brace, a shudder of the spring boom might occur and all be over?"

"Yes, sir. I have often thought of it, and of course such a thing might happen at any time; but you forget that while we are out on the broad and boundless ocean we enjoy ourselves. We are free. People with morbid curiosity cannot come and call on us. We cannot get the daily newspapers, and we do not have to meet low, vulgar people who pay their debts and perspire."

"Of course, that is one view to take of it; but that is only a selfish view. Supposing that you have no provision for the future in case of accident. Would it not be well for you to name some one outside your own family to take up this great burden which is now weighing you down—this money which you say yourself has made a slave of you—and look out for it?"

"If you have not thoroughly considered this matter I wish you would do so at an early date. I have in my mind's eye just such a man as you need. His shoulders are well fitted for a burden of this kind, and he would pick it up cheerfully at any time you see fit to lay it down. I will give you his address."

"Thank you," said Mr. Gould, as the thermometer in the next room suddenly froze up and burst, with a loud report. "And now, if you will excuse me from offending my time, which is worth \$500 a minute, against yours, which I judge to be worth about \$1 per week, I will bid you good morning."

He then held the door open for me, and shortly after that I came away. There were three reasons why I did not remain, but the principal reason was that I did not think he wanted me to do so.

And so I came away and left him. There was little else that I could say after that.

It is not the first time that a western man has been treated with consideration in his own section, only to be frowned upon and frozen when he meets the same man in New York.

Mr. Gould is below the medium height, and is likely to remain so through life. His countenance wears a crafty expression, and yet he allowed himself to be April fooled by a genial party of gentlemen from Boston, who sailed the central branch of the Union Pacific railroad by holding back all the freight for two weeks in order to have it on the road while Jay was examining the property.

Jay Gould would attract very little attention here on the streets, but he would certainly be looked upon with suspicion in Paradise. A man who would fail to remember that he had \$7,000,000 that belonged to the Erie road, but who does not forget to remember whenever he paid his own hotel bills at Washington, is the kind of a man who would pull up and pawn the payments of Paradise within thirty days after he got there.

After looking over the above statement carefully, I feel called upon, in

A Romance of Nihilism.

A romantic issue to a recent Nihilist trial is reported from Moscow. The accused was a medical student who had been detected while attempting to conceal explosives in a private house. The owner's own daughter had to appear as a witness against him, and upon her testimony he was sentenced to twenty years' hard labor in the Siberian mines. Immediately after the proceedings were over the girl pawned the family jewels, bribed six Cossacks who had charge of the condemned man, and helped him to escape. She accompanied him to Switzerland, with the intention of retiring into a convent; but she changed her mind on the way. They have just been married.—Vienna Cor. London Telegraph.

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justice to myself, to state that Dr. Burchard did not assist me in constructing the last sentence.

I do not wish to crush capital with labor, or to further intensify the feeling which already exists between the two, for I am a land holder and taxpayer myself, but I say that the man who never mixes up with the common people unless he is summoned to explain something and shake the moths out of his memory will some day, when the grass grows green over his grave, find himself confronted by the same kind of a memory on the part of mankind.

I do not say all this because I was treated in an off hand manner by Mr. Gould, but because I think it ought to be said.

As I said before, Jay Gould is considerably below the medium height, and I am not going to take it back.

He is a man who will some day sit out on the corner of a new laid pavement with his little pink railroad maps on his knee, and ask, "Where am I?" and the echoes from every dusty corner of misanthropic oblivion will take up the question and refer it to the judiciary committee; but it will curl up and die like the minority report against a big railroad land grant.—N. Y. World.

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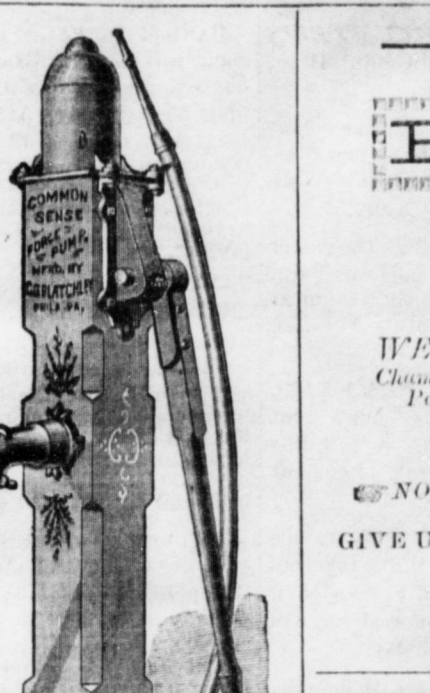
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