

Pennsylvania Trains Collide on Trestle Work.

SMOKING CAR TELESCOPE

Camden, N. J., Dec. 28.—Three persons were killed and a score more or less seriously injured in a collision on the new elevated line of the Pennsylvania railroad system, when a Pemberton accommodation train crashed into the rear of an Atlantic City express.

The dead are: Thomas L. Webster, of Merchantville, N. J.; C. T. Sontgen, of Stanwood, N. J., and James J. Dabarino, of Mount Holly, N. J.

Those killed and injured were in the smoking car of the accommodation train, next to the locomotive. No one on the Atlantic City train was injured, nor were the firemen or engineers of either train hurt. The majority of the passengers had left the Atlantic City train when the crash occurred.

There was a dense fog at the time, which is supposed to have caused the accident. The Atlantic City train was stationary, having been stopped just outside the trainshed. For some reason as yet undetermined the Pemberton accommodation bore down upon it, the impact driving the tender of the accommodation train locomotive under the smoker behind it, in which nearly every passenger was injured to some extent.

Just who is at fault has not been decided. The Atlantic City train usually slows up at the point where the accident occurred, but all trains were delayed by the fog, while outgoing trains waited for scheduled boats that were delayed on the river.

The rear of the Atlantic City train caught fire and the fire department and all the police reserves of the city were called out. The firemen, train hands and the police worked energetically to get the dead and injured from the wreck.

Among the injured are: James Clark, Merchantville, N. J., general contusions; Charles Stewart, Merchantville, N. J., ankle broken, eye cut; William H. Mason, fifty-three years old, Mount Holly, bruised back and leg; F. H. Smith, Brooklyn, shock; Paul Smith, six years old, Merchantville, contusions; J. K. Mendenhall, Lambertown, N. J., broken arm and dislocated hip; W. C. Dix, Merchantville, struck on nose by flying timber; Paul Pfoot, Merchantville, badly bruised; C. H. Brown, Moorestown, internal injuries; W. B. Abbey, Mount Holly, slight injuries; A. H. Mulford, Merchantville, tendon of leg injured; H. I. Cooper, Mount Holly, leg and back injured; L. D. Roberts, Moorestown, slight injuries; William H. Dobbins, Mount Holly, cut in face, injured in breast; S. L. Tague, Moorestown, both legs broken; John T. Slesater, Merchantville, slight injuries; J. S. Slater, Merchantville, slight injuries; Howard Street, Merchantville, contusions; Harry D. Snyder, Merchantville, lacerated chest; Carl Priggett, Merchantville, lacerations; Mrs. Mary Dold, Atlantic City, bruised head; D. M. Kleman, Sharon Hill, Pa., contusions; Walter Townsend, Atlantic City, lacerations.

DEADLY FLOBERT RIFLE

Eight-Year-Old Boy Accidentally Shot and Killed His Mother.

Stroudsburg, Pa., Dec. 30.—Mrs. George Hoenshilt, of Scranton, was accidentally shot and killed here by her eight-year-old son Lewis. Mrs. Hoenshilt, who was visiting her father, Samuel Edinger, was talking to a friend over the telephone when her son, who had previously been shooting at mark with a flobert rifle, came into the room and pointing the gun at her pulled the trigger. A bullet struck Mrs. Hoenshilt in a vital spot and she lived but a short time. The boy thought the gun was empty.

Victims of Suicide Pact.

Baltimore, Dec. 31.—Apparently willing victims of a suicide pact, Sanders Pearlman, aged twenty-four years, and his wife Cecilia, aged twenty, were found in their bedroom. The man was dead and the woman nearly so. She is in a hospital and has not yet regained consciousness. The room was filled with gas from a bracket, the cock of which could be turned only with difficulty. No one can be found to assign a reason for the act of the couple, whose married life is said to have been apparently happy.

Hangs on Fence and Dies.

Conshohocken, Pa., Dec. 30.—The death of James Worrell, a Civil War veteran, was indirectly due to being caught on a fence while climbing into his yard in West Conshohocken. Worrell, on his return home late at night, found the front gate locked. Not desiring to awaken the household, he made his ill-fated attempt to climb the fence, when his trousers leg was caught on the top of a picket and he hung head downward, in which position he was discovered in an unconscious condition, and he never rallied.

Kills Her to See Child Burn.

Tamaqua, Pa., Dec. 30.—While Mrs. Michael Haben, of Lansford, was pouring kerosene on a fire she was making it exploded, setting fire to her six-year-old daughter. When the mother saw the child in flames she fell dead from the shock. The little girl was almost incinerated.

A BURMESE TIGER.

Bringing Down One of These Kings of the Jungle.

It must be the king of the jungle. The anger of the monkey people said it, and the terror in the eyes of the bullock pictured it. He was straining back at the strong rope that held him, and from his frothed lips issued a low moaning bellow of fear. His fawn colored skin, soft as silk, was as tremulous as shaken water.

The bullock was a watch that timed accurately each yard in the tiger's advance. His abject terror filled me with pity. It was a strange, inexplicable thing, this intuition of the animal world that taught them wherein lay great danger.

Now, I knew that stripes was close, for the monkeys, running nimbly to the top of their tree, shot away with downward swoop to the branches of another, scolding and calling to each other as they fled.

The bullock had almost ceased to bellow and stood, fore legs wide apart and head lowered to the ground, transfixed in terror.

Suddenly through the bushes ten yards from our machan was thrust the sneering yellow muzzle of a tiger, and his red brown eyes glared with horrible cupidity at the animal that was now fascinated to silence. Atop this face of evil the rounded ears, black rosetted, were twitched back angrily.

Even in its dreadful menace, in its suggestion of brutal ferocity, the stentily approach of the tigress was beautiful to see. A creep of a yard or two, then she crouched, head low to earth and tail lashing from side to side with vicious jerks.

The cub was evidently being schooled. Close behind his mother the youngster skulked, his young, foolish eyes shifting from point to point as though he did not quite know what it all meant.

As we lay side by side both our rifles were trained on the tigress. She was head-on to us, and either the brain shot or the point of the shoulder or the vertebrae of the neck were there to choose from.

I knew that Dan would nudge me when we were to fire, and I waited, finger on trigger and my eye lying along the sights.

The tigress crouched and turned her face toward our machan, though her eyes still rested straight ahead. I felt the soft push of Dan's knee on my leg and pressed my trembling finger to the lever.

There was a roar of both rifles, a little cloud of smoke, a sulphurous breath in our nostrils, and below in the barren paddy field many devils were tearing up the earth with great noise.

"Bagged her!" Dan ejaculated, for the great beast, tawny and black striped, was on her side, clawing viciously at the sod.

Again our rifles spoke. Slowly the huge head fell flat to earth, the red eyes lost their ferocity—or was it only a glint of pity for the dying that fancied this—the breath sucked and sputtered through the blood that oozed from mouth and nostrils, and, waiting with impatience for a little in our machan, we saw death come and put the seal of silence on the battered form of beautiful strength.

"Bearding the Burmese Tiger," by W. A. Fraser, in Outing Magazine.

A Verdant Student. To add to the gayety of nations a new Arkansas student from the rural districts was caught the moment he stepped off a train, and a few points were explained. He was told that if he hoped for peace during his college life he must promptly squelch a watchman who took a delight in bossing freshmen. They led him like a lamb to the room of the president and informed him the watchman was inside. The young man entered. Sure enough, there was a man sitting at the desk.

"I merely want to say," the student began, "that I don't like your face. I can't compel you to change it, but keep it away from me or I'll hurt it."

The supposed watchman grew apologetic. "You may be the policeman," went on the youth, "but you must keep on your own beat. Don't try to explain. I've heard of you before. All I want to say is, keep away from me."

Then he went out, and the next day, when he realized it all, he passed on to the football field and saw the spot where fools rush and angels fear to tread.—Fayetteville (Ark.) Dispatch to St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Genuineness Gives Power. There is nothing which will add so much to one's power as the consciousness of being absolutely sincere, genuine. If your life is a perpetual lie, if you are conscious that you are not what you pretend to be—that you are really a very different person from what the world regards you—you are not strong. There is a restraint, a perpetual fighting against the truth going on within you, a struggle which saps your energy and warps your conduct.

If there is a mote at the bottom of your eye you cannot look the world squarely in the face. Your vision is not clear. Everybody sees that you are not transparent. There is a cloudiness, a haze about your character, which raises the interrogation point wherever you go.

Character alone is strength, deceit is weakness, sham and shoddy are powerless, and only the genuine and the true are only genuine.—Success Magazine.

One Thing She Knew. The teacher asked, "Elsie, when do you say 'Thank you?'" Elsie's face lighted up, for that was the one thing she knew, and she confidently answered, "When we have company."—Chicago Tribune.

Thackeray as a Diner.

Many worthy and some notable persons have possessed the onion habit now and again. William Makepeace Thackeray, writing of himself in "Lovell the Widower," says, "It is notorious to all my friends there is a certain dish I cannot resist." He referred to steved tripe and onions, as a proof of which it is narrated of him that on one occasion while on his way to dine with the Marquis of Westminster his eye caught sight of a placard in the window of a London restaurant bearing the legend, "Tripe and onions tonight."

Going in, he called for the dish and writing materials and wrote off as an excuse to his would be host that he had unexpectedly met an old friend that insisted upon detaining him. Thackeray's favorite edibles were raw oysters and onions, and it may be recalled that he told Mr. Field, the Boston author, who acted as agent in his lecture tour in this country, that his chief purpose in coming to America was to obtain some of the famous large oysters of this land—which he had heard grew to fabulous size—instead of the little coppery things of England.

At this first dinner of Boston, therefore, a plate of large "Providence rivers" was set before him as an appetizer. He partook of one with a surprised look. Being asked how he felt, he replied: "Profoundly grateful. I feel as if I had swallowed a baby."

He added that he must eat an onion to digest him.

Two Ways of Love. Two brothers who had not seen each other for ten years met at the Grand Central station, New York. As soon as one saw the other coming down the platform he rushed toward him and fell on his neck. They hugged each other, these honest German blacksmiths; they kissed each other; they jumped about and shouted and laughed wildly in their joy.

An observing crowd impeded the movements of passengers, and the brothers, arrested for disturbing the peace, were thrown into a cell, where they could exchange reminiscences and vent their happiness without jarring the less sentimental.

An eminent Bostonian was away from the city for a dozen years. Returning, he visited his club, and he thus described his visit: "There were the same men in the same seats. They were drinking the drinks they used to order when I left. They were talking about the same things. One of them looked up when I went into the room, nodded and said: 'Hello, Wigglepooin! How are you? Haven't seen you lately.' And then he turned to the crowd. 'As I was saying, the park system would be still better if'"

—Boston Herald.

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