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SOMERSET, PA.

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# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXV. NO. 31. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1887. WHOLE NO. 1852.

## GEN. LOGAN'S SUDDEN DEATH

Is a great shock to the nation. Few knew that he was even indisposed when the news of his death flashed over the wires and thousands of people stood aghast at the sudden change from health and vigor to cold and silent death. For the past twenty-five years there has been no man more constantly before the public than General John A. Logan. Through all his career he has been noted for his fearlessness and purity of character, both in public and private life. Loved by friends and respected by enemies he will be mourned by all.

His death adds another to the long list of victims to sudden and acute rheumatism. Probably no disease is so common as rheumatism, none is more sudden or dangerous, and there is certainly none which so completely baffles medical skill.

Only one remedy has yet been discovered which is a sure and safe cure for rheumatism and its twin disease, neuralgia, and that is Athlophoros. In thousands of cases Athlophoros has proved a quick and certain cure for these diseases. In connection with Athlophoros Pills it has never yet failed to speedily effect a cure.

In all probability many deaths attributed to heart disease are caused by these terrible diseases, which are far more dangerous than is generally considered.

Rheumatism, even though in a very mild form, is extremely dangerous, for it is liable at any moment to go to the heart and cause instant death. Why trifle with a disease so fatal when a certain cure can be obtained of any druggist?

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either, (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headaches, impure blood, etc., Athlophoros Pills are unrivaled.

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C. N. BOYD.
Our enterprising druggist, says, I have been in the drug business for a number of years, and have handled nearly all the popular remedies, and can firmly say I have never met with a remedy like Wei De Lessepe Norman Balsam, for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, &c. It has been in this county a comparatively short time, and is now taking the lead in Cough Remedies. It gives universal satisfaction, and I feel confident that ere long it will become the standard remedy of America. I sell it on a positive guarantee and will refund the money in any case of dissatisfaction.
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Your Patronage Is Respectfully Solicited.
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OVER NIAGARA FALLS.
The spectators at Niagara Falls were somewhat startled yesterday to see a white object start from the rapids above the falls and shoot for the highest point and upon being picked up some yellow it was found to be a large sheet of paper containing many strong testimonials from persons who had used Wei De Lessepe Norman Balsam for consumption, coughs, colds, hoarseness, and all pulmonary diseases. Sold on a positive guarantee by C. N. Boyd.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S ACADEMY, FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS, MEDIA, PA. 12 miles from Philadelphia. Fifty-second year. Prepares every scholar for College or Business. Twelve experienced teachers. Office, Parlors, Chemical Laboratory, Gymnasium and Ball Ground. 1500 volumes added to Library in 1885. Media has seven churches, and a temperance charter which prohibits the sale of all intoxicating drinks. For new illustrated circular address the Principal and Proprietor, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M. (Harvard Graduate) Media, Pa. aug18-'86-1yr.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE
—OF—
## Valuable Real Estate!

BY VIRTUE of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., to me directed, I will expose to public sale at Trent Postoffice, on

SATURDAY, JAN'Y 22, 1887,

at 1 o'clock P. M., the following Real Estate of Samuel Porter, jr., dec'd., situate in Middlecreek Township, Somerset County, Pa., particularly described as follows:

**Tract No. 2** Contains 96 acres and 143 perches, is all wood land and about one half being heavily timbered with poplar, hickory and oak; the soil is rich, and free from rocks; the other half is timbered principally with chestnut and oak; the famous FLETCHER LIMESTONE QUARRY, ranging from six to twelve feet in thickness and worked for many years, is situated on this tract, and has been divided into lots 2x20 perches, and will be sold as a whole, or in lots.

**Terms:** One-half in hand, and balance in two equal payments of six and twelve months, with interest.

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YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Capital not needed. You are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from the start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay; earn your nothing to send us your address and find out if you are wise; you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me. dec22-1yr.

## A QUARREL.

There's a knowing little proverb
From the sunny land of Spain;
But in Northland as in Southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart;
Neither lose or lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.

Lay it well in every way.
Still you'll find it true,
In a fight without a foe,
Pray what can you do?
If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will expend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are worth,
And the strife begun;
If one shall cry for "Peace,"
Soon it will be done.
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.

## THE LITTLE SPY.

"Corporal, you trained as a detective, did you not?"

Colonel Cardonne was steadily regarding me with his keen, brave eyes.

"And acquired quite a reputation," I replied, with the customary salute. "It wasn't a local one, either," I added, with pardonable pride.

"Then you are the man I want," the Colonel rejoined, a grave look filling his face. "There is a spy in our midst, and I expect you to arrest him."

Our armies were infesting Vicksburg. The battle of Champion Hill had been fought, which placed us between the armies of Johnston and Pemberton, without a possibility of effecting a junction.

The Colonel told me why his suspicions had been aroused, and gave me a few clews, not about the culprit, but about his methods. He was communicating with the enemy by means of the Yazoo River of Chickasaw Bayou.

Within three days I captured the culprit, a boyish-looking fellow connected with the quartermaster's department.

He offered no protest, he made no denials; he was either a brave young fellow, or else was supremely indifferent about results.

I took him before the Colonel, and when his eyes rested upon that office r I saw his face redden with surprise and confusion. He was smoothly shaven, and that made the rush of blood more perceptible.

I related the circumstances of his arrest and his conduct under it, and presented certain papers which I had found upon his person. The Colonel and two members of the staff who were present at once decided that he was guilty.

"I see the name John Davis here. Is that your name?" demanded the Colonel.

"It is not," replied the spy. "However, I have been known by that name."

"What is your real name?" asked the Colonel.

"Delos Demarra," was the prompt, fearless reply, without a suspicion of evasion about it.

It was an odd name, but pleasing in sound, and he had pronounced it with rare distinctness.

Happening to look at the Colonel just then, I noticed a change in his usual stolid face; it lasted scarcely a second, and yet I plainly saw it. I could not help but connect it with the flush that passed over the face of the spy.

I was confident, too, that the effect produced by the announcement of the name had not escaped the observation of the young man. Something like a smile stirred his lips, and there was a suggestion of restored strength in it.

After a consultation between the Colonel and his staff, I was ordered to take the prisoner to the guardhouse.

That night, while in my tent, I became aware of the presence of an intruder. I was instantly on the alert, but instead of springing up I remained quiet, and a minute later heard him step out into the moonlight. I walked noiselessly to the door and saw Colonel Cardonne pass out of sight. There was no mistaking his commanding figure and erect bearing.

"What did he want in my tent?" I thought.

Then it came to me like a flash. Stepping to the place where I kept the keys to the guard-house, I found that they were gone. My amazement gave place to indifference, though my curiosity did not abate.

"I am not responsible for what the Colonel may do," I muttered to myself.

I crept into my bunk and soon fell asleep. In the morning I found the keys in their place. I had not heard the Colonel return them, and almost felt like looking upon the affair as a dream.

A little later, and it was known all over the camp that the spy had effected his escape. Of course the Colonel investigated the matter with a show of thoroughness, but without result, and by and by the escape was forgotten.

One day, just as our brigade was about to go into action, I said:

"Colonel, a word with you, please."

He stopped and paid me respectful attention; he was a soldier in every sense of the word, but without arrogance.

"You did not call me to the witness-stand in that investigation," I said.

"What investigation?" he asked.

"In connection with the escape of the spy," I replied.

"Oh! ejaculated the Colonel, "I did not know you had anything to tell."

"Ah, Colonel, I had a great deal to tell," I said. "I wasn't going to push myself forward. I held back for your sake. Colonel Cardonne, I saw you come into my tent and take the keys."

He was a little startled.

"Is that so?" he asked, in a very queer tone.

"Yes," I replied. "I shall never betray your secret, Colonel, but I am everlastingly curious to know what it all meant."

"Well, Corporal, so would I be," he said, with a short laugh. "You have been very frank and very discreet, and I'll tell you all about it after the battle."

It was the 17th of May, and the battle which ensued was the battle of Black River Bridge. The Colonel was wounded, and sent to the Union hospital.

In an engagement which occurred three months later I was wounded, taken prisoner, and conveyed to a Confederate hospital.

There were several female nurses, one of whom was especially kind to me. She was clad in sombre hues, but they did not detract from her loveliness. Her very presence did me good.

As I was unable to speak, my most troublesome wound being in my cheeks, I found my gratification in simply watching her. I fell desperately in love with her, which was not an inexplicable occurrence to me, and possibly not to her, for she was conscious of her charms.

One morning I heard cannonading and noticed that it became suggestively distinct. The tide of war was surging "that way, and a tangible evidence of it came in the form of a shell which crushed through the roof of the hospital.

The fuse was still burning, and to my intense surprise and admiration, my handsome nurse picked up the shell and flung it out of the window.

"We don't want the nasty thing in here, do we boys?" she said.

A number of the wounded men clapped their hands in applause.

"You are a brave woman," I said.

"Why, Corporal," she exclaimed, coming to me, "those are the first words you have spoken since entering the hospital.

I was about to reply, but she cautioned me not to.

"Wait a few days," she said, with one of her bewildering little smiles.

A week later I said to her:

"You called me Corporal."

"Yes," she replied, "your chevron designates your rank. You forgot that."

"No, I didn't. We have met before, and you know it. For days I have been trying to conjecture. It isn't a fancy, I am sure."

"No, Corporal, it isn't," she said, with a repressed smile, a twinkle of mischief in her glorious brown eyes. I am Delos Demarra. You once arrested me for a spy."

It dawned on me then, and I have no doubt my face expressed my surprise. I censured myself for not having at once recalled that sweet voice and smile, and those calm, fearless brown eyes.

"I escaped, you remember," she reminded, with a slight grin.

"Without a display either of nerve or sagacity on your part," I replied.

"Why do you say that?" she quickly asked, one dainty hand uplifted.

"Colonel Cardonne helped you," was my answer.

"Oh!" she ejaculated, rifts of red and white crossing her face. "He told you, too?"

"He got the keys of the guard-house from me," I replied.

I did not add that he had obtained them by stealth. She looked at me steadfastly, almost confidingly. I thought—with a longing for me to say more.

"You are on the wrong side of this issue," I remarked.

"I believe there is a difference of—of sentiment," she replied, a little dryly.

"It is more than a sentiment," I ventured to say.

"Well, we will not argue about it," she replied, with one of her charming gestures. "I entertain opinions, and you'll allow me to do that, I know. I'll nurse you, so that you can go home. You'll hold me no grudge for that, I am sure. I did the same for Colonel Cardonne."

"In a—a—Union hospital?" I asked.

"Why, to be sure," she replied.

"And he's gone North?"

"Yes. He'll be back, though. Now we have talked enough, don't you think?"

Our next conversation was still more personal. I proposed marriage, and told her my history and prospects, both of which were good. All was of no avail. She refused, kindly, of course, but with hopeless positiveness.

"You love some one else?" I said.

"That wouldn't be very strange, would it?" she asked, that soft, bewildering smile once more about her lips.

"Well, no." I disconsolately admitted.

* * * * * * *

The close of the war found me enjoying the rank of Colonel while my friend, Col. Cardonne, had been promoted to a General.

A few years later I spent a week or two at one of our popular mountain resorts. While sauntering along a wooden path I met a sprightly little miss of four or five summers. She had soft, questioning brown eyes, was prettily dressed, and did not seem in the least shy. While I glanced around wondering where her protectors were, I heard some one call out:

"Delos, darling! Delos?"

O, how that name thrilled me! Looking at the child again my emotion increased, for I recognized in her a strong resemblance of the woman whose hand I had sought in marriage. A minute later a vivacious, bright-faced, graceful young girl came in sight.

"I heard you call this sweet little girl Delos," I said, lifting my hat; "pray what is her last name?"

"Cardonne," she answered.

"Ah!" I ejaculated, my hand at my mouth, to hide its nervous twitching. "The General and myself are old friends. Is he here?"

"Just beyond the bend in the path, sir," she said, with courtesy.

I found the General seated beside his wife, on one of the rustic benches. He gave me a hearty welcome, and then introduced me.

"You have met before," he said, laughing. "You once arrested her for a spy."

"And she was guilty," I replied.—"She afterward nursed me in the hospital."

"Oh, she did, eh?" exclaimed the General. "Why, Delos, you never told me."

"Didn't I, dear?" she said, in an odd tone. "I supposed you knew. You told the Colonel that you released me!"

"Why, no, I didn't!" declared the General.

"You permitted it," I reminded.

"Well, maybe I did," rejoined he, laughing.

Mrs. Cardonne was sociable with me; still she was reserved enough to show me that she had not forgotten my passionate declaration of love.

"General," I said as we walked back to the hotel together, "you promised to explain that to me."

"Explain what?" he asked.

"Your previous acquaintance with the—the—spy."

"Oh," he ejaculated. "Well, I believe I did promise. However, there isn't much in it. We were betrothed before the war, both being from the South. Then came the appeal to arms; I had been educated at West Point; I was a child of the State; I was in the regular army. I owe my country allegiance. My convictions of duty rose higher than my preferences, and I espoused the Union cause. Delos, here, was a fiery little Southerner, and she broke the engagement, as she had threatened that she would. Loving her as I did, I helped her out of the trouble caused by her arrest, and she repaid it by nursing me back to life. The war ended—so did our engagement. Nothing very remarkable in that, was there?"

"It has satisfied my curiosity," I simply replied.

The young girl I met in the path was Mrs. Cardonne's sister. She is my wife now, and whenever I hear the name Delos it does not disturb me any more than the name Becky, Ann or Bridget would.

## Professional Secrecy.

We learn from *The Union Medicale* that a case was lately tried before a French court in which the secrecy imposed upon medical men by the law was pleaded by a physician as his justification for refusing to certify as to the nature and duration of the last illness of a man who had insured his life in the sum of 10,000 francs. The life insurance company demanded the certificate as one of the conditions on which it would pay over the amount to the estate, and it appears that the heirs, for their part, united in absolving the physician from the obligation of secrecy. But the doctor held that it was not within the legal power of any heir or representative of the deceased to dissolve the obligation—that, he contended, was a function vested only in the sick person up to the time of death, and one that could not pass into other hands after the death. He held also that he was not at liberty to use his own discretion in the matter, but was absolutely bound to secrecy.

He laid the question before his professional brethren of Havre, the town in which the case was tried, and they sustained him. Furthermore, the court affirmed the validity of the position taken. It was laid down that, admitting that a patient might in certain cases relieve his medical adviser of the obligation of secrecy, that power was absolutely personal, and could not be transmitted to the heirs; also, that the physician must be the sole judge as to whether or not, in any given case, he had been consulted under the seal of secrecy.

The writer in the French journal expresses the hope that these points may be sustained on appeal, and thus the rule of procedure be definitely settled. It might work hardship in exceptional instances, unless the insurance companies were compelled to pay regardless of the cause of death, but it certainly seems as if in the generality of cases nothing but the public good would be promoted by enforcing the points put forward in this case.—*N. Y. Medical Journal.*

## The Sledge Dogs of Alaska.

The ice being in good condition, with dogs and sleds laden with cooking pots and a few provisions, a tent and deerskin bedding, a start was made early in the morning. The thermometer marked 15 degrees below zero and there was an icy blast from the north, so it may be imagined that the weather was somewhat cold. Smooth shore ice was found, over which our sleds went rapidly, and at dusk (3 p. m.) the dogs smelt the deer and tore frantically in their harness to get at them.

And 'en passant, I may be permitted to dwell upon the annoyances and vexations that an Artic traveler has to undergo when using the dog for sled work. The most docile and mild looking animal is probably the worst of the team, quarrelsome, snarling and fighting whenever a chance presents itself. For an hour or so the dogs will lie quietly, seemingly at peace with one another; then, as if by sudden inspiration, one springs upon the other, biting and tearing the legs, ears and those portions of the body unprotected by hair, and a general melee ensues, only ceasing when heavy blows from pieces of wood or tent poles strike some tender part. Then, too, at night the howling in chorus—not a genuine howl, but a species of sharp, drawn out wails—breaks upon the ear, to the imagination seeming like the wailing of a horde of lost spirits lamenting their bitter lot. Still, travel would be impossible during the winter were it not for these dogs. So far as exhibiting attachment or retaining any special liking for an individual, these animals cannot be said to show the slightest trace. They simply come to any one who feeds them, acting perfectly indiscriminately.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

## Something About Servants.

The Wilkesbarre *Leader* discourses as follows on this interesting subject: There are bad servants, lots of them, but as a rule housewives can have good ones if they know how to pick from applicants, and how to treat a good servant after they get one. There are not a few housewives who have not this knack, who spoil good servants by failing to remember that, though servants, they are still human beings and entitled to be treated with some little deference. Servants thus made bad servants (for the spirit of retaliation is in us all), may in truth make bad housewives by trying their tempers and souring their dispositions, and thus the malady spreads. There can be no safer test by which to judge a lady than the manner in which she treats her servants. She can be exact and yet generous; she may insist upon thorough work and yet be liberal; she may exercise a just surveillance over her servants' conduct even during the latter's hours of duty, and yet not play the tyrant. And nine times out of ten, if she measures her course by these rules, she will have no trouble either in getting or keeping good servants.

"Yes," said Mr. Hendricks to the minister, "I am proud of that dog. Why, he knows the different days of the week." Just then the dog began to run to a gun which stood in the corner, then back to his master, and wag his tail. "He's made a mistake this time, pa," said young Bobby, "He thinks it's Sunday."

## TWO TELESCOPED TRAINS

### Great Loss of Life in a Railway Collision.

A BALTIMORE AND OHIO EXPRESS CRASHES INTO A FREIGHT TRAIN—EIGHT BODIES TAKEN FROM THE BURNING WRECK, AND OTHERS MISSING.

Near Tiffin, Ohio, about two o'clock on Tuesday morning, the west-bound express train on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad collided with an east-bound freight. Engines and cars were telescoped; the cars caught fire, and an unknown number of passengers and railroad hands perished in the flames. Eight bodies are known to have been removed from the wreck, but some estimates of the loss of life are as high as nineteen, which is probably an exaggeration. The calamity was due to the folly of Conductor Fletcher, of the freight train who, without orders, attempted to run for a siding where he might lay off to let the express pass. His engine gave out before that point was reached, and the express, which was running at tremendous speed, crashed into it.

A FEARFUL DISASTER.

TIFFIN, Ohio, January 4.—While the thermometer was below zero at 2:15 o'clock this morning, the west-bound express train on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, which left New York yesterday for Chicago, came into collision seven miles east of this city with an east-bound freight train. The crash was beyond conception. The express had just passed the little town of Republic, and the engineer did not see the freight until he was rounding a curve and it was within one hundred yards of him. Conductor Fletcher, of the freight, had received orders at this city, to side-track at Scipio, five miles west of Republic, to allow the east-bound passenger train to pass, and being under no particular orders, and having, as he claimed, thirty-five minutes to make the switch at Republic, before the west-bound train was due, which would ordinarily take about eighteen minutes, he pulled out after the east-bound train had passed. The night was cold, and he had difficulty in keeping up steam, and about two hundred yards from the switch the engine came to a standstill. Although it must have been apparent to him that there was little time to be lost, no warning was sounded until they came to a halt. He then started up the track with a lantern in his hand.

He had proceeded but a few hundred feet when he saw the headlight of the west-bound express rounding the curve and thundering down the grade at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour. Horror-stricken, he swung his lantern, but too late, and with a frightful crash the engines came together. The passenger train was in charge of Dondoctor Tom Hackett, Engineer Lem Eastman, and Fireman William Frederickson, and consisted of engine No. 726, a mail and baggage car, express, smoker, couch and two sleepers. Engineer Eastman saw the signal and at the same time the headlight of the freight engine and, signaling down brakes, reversed the lever, and with a warning to his fireman, jumped through the cab window, alighting in a snow bank, escaping with a slight injury to his knee. The fireman, William Fredericks, was engaged in stoking the fire, and was too late to escape and the next moment was caught between the cab and boiler, his right thigh pierced by an iron rod and the limb broken in three or four places. Notwithstanding his terrible injuries he lingered conscious until 5 o'clock when death came to his release, still fastened in the wreck. His mother is a widow, and resides in Washington, D. C. The freight train was manned by Conductor Fletcher, Engineer Kiler and Fireman W. J. Callison and consisted of Engine No. 921, sixteen loaded cars and a few empty ones. The men escaped uninjured.

THE CARS ON FIRE.

The effect of the collision can better be imagined than described. The engines of the two trains reared into the air like a pair of enraged living monsters and then settled down upon the track, driven into each other until the cylinders touched. The force of the impact jammed the baggage and mail car into the tender of the fast line, the express car into the baggage and the smoker into the express. In less than five minutes from the moment of the collision and before any organized effort of rescue could be made, the fire of the overturned stoves communicated to the woodwork and the flames leaped high in the air, their roar mingling with the cries of anguish of the imprisoned victims, to whom death in its most terrible form was a horrid presence. The trainmen and uninjured passengers were powerless and could only look upon the pyre and hope for a speedy termination of the sufferings of the victims. The smoker contained from twelve to twenty passengers, some of whom were immigrants, and but two men escaped alive and one of them, an Irish immigrant, was so terribly bruised and burned that he cannot recover. The name of the man who escaped uninjured could not be learned.

Baggagemaster W. F. Gates, of Newark, was the only man in his car, and he was hurt in both legs, the left leg being cut in several places and a splinter or rod run into his right foot. Fierce, the express messenger, was burned to a crisp. His home is at Wheeling, where a bride of a few months awaits a husband who will never return. C. P. Bradley, of Washington, D. C., was found hanging from the window of the smoker, but his legs were fast and he could not be removed, and there he remained until he was burned to death and his charred remains fell to the ground, a black and shapeless mass. Joseph Postlethwaite and two sons, Spencer and Henry, were also burned in the smoker. M. H. Parks, whose address cannot be learned, was also wedged in the wreck and burned to death, after handing his money, letters and cards to one of the railroad employes. His body was also consumed, as were also those of several others whose names are not known and perhaps never will be. In the undertaking establishment of the little village, charred and blackened beyond semblance to humanity, lay the disfigured remains of nine of the victims, burned dry and without perceptible odor. None of them could have been recognized but Postlethwaite and his two sons, who were found in a position which established their identity.

WHAT A PASSENGER SAW.

Mr. Charles P. Toll and wife, of Detroit, who were on the wrecked train, saw eight bodies taken from the ruins. Among the passengers in the sleeper were Mrs. Fish, of Joliet Ill., a sister of General Logan and her son, Charles, neither of whom was injured.

The shock was so terrific that the farmers in the neighborhood took it to be an earthquake and were soon at the scene of the wreck. In the confusion of the wreck a hot dispute arose among the train men as to the responsibility for the disaster. It appeared that the freight train was running on the time of the express. The engineer was heard to remark that he had left the last siding with only thirty pounds of steam, and on the up grade east of Tiffin his engine "went back on him" and the train stalled.

No danger signals were sent out ahead and the express running at full speed down grade and around a curve, had no warning of impending danger until an instant before the collision.

The latest report to-night gives seventeen as the number who were killed, and says that out of fifteen passengers in the smoker but one escaped.

SCENES OF HORROR.

TIFFIN, January 4.—At an early hour there were hundreds of people coming to the scene of disaster, ready and anxious to do what they could for any one of the unfortunate sufferers who might need help, but it appears that just as soon as the Baltimore and Ohio agents could get to the place they were ordered to hastily carry out of the country the wounded, dying and dead. Your correspondent was only permitted to see four persons that had escaped the awful holocaust in which it is believed that there were at least twenty-two bodies burned into a sickening, crispy mass of flesh and bones beyond all possible recognition. From the report of a survivor it would appear that a number of the unfortunates were not only swallowed up in the fiery furnace, but that their bodies were so perfectly incinerated that their bodies could not be recognized. One woman was found wandering about with two children.

In some way, that even this mother was unable to relate, she got out of the car in which she had been traveling and wandering away from the burning train, carrying her two youngest children in her arms, entered the first house in which she found a light. She was almost crazed and with difficulty it was ascertained that her name was Mrs. Mary Postlethwaite. The family were on their way to Missouri and expected to find a home in Chillicothe in that State. They have been living near the town of Belton, Wetzel county, West Virginia. Her husband Wm. Postlethwaite, was fifty eight years of age and the sons killed with him were aged eighteen and eleven.

The agents of the Baltimore and Ohio endeavored to take care of the mother and children by sending them to Chicago Junction, where the company have a hotel. On advice, however, of her friends, who were telegraphed, she consented to remain in Republic until she should hear from her son, who remained in West Virginia. It was a pitiful sight to see the poor woman now breaking forth in the wailing tones of her awful grief and to see her little boy not over four years of age, endeavoring to comfort her with the words: "Oh, mamma, don't cry, mamma, I'll get papa;" little realizing the terrible grief of his anguished-stricken and desolate mother.

Postlethwaite had on his person $600 in money, a draft for $500, goverment check for $18 and a note of $530, besides tickets and money for immediate use. With one awful stroke all that the woman had in the world of support and property was swept away and she left with her fatherless children among strangers.

At the Mansion House in Republic was found another one who had refused to be moved from the county. His name was Smith. He was injured but very little, but says he does not care to repeat his experience. There was no way by which relief could be brought to the wrecked train until too late. The ground was covered with snow. One Bradley, a prominent Knight of Labor from Washington, while the flames were bursting from the windows, which had been broken in by the collision, put out his hand and threw his watch and pocket book to those he could see outside. He was pinned fast and was being roasted alive, but those who saw him were unable to render relief. They could hear the frenzied man as he manfully endeavored to burst the barriers that held him. The charred remains of the express messenger consisted of the two thigh bones, which were found in the debris of the car.

THE UNRECOGNIZED DEAD.

TIFFIN, O., January 4.—When a reporter reached the scene of the holocaust at 1 o'clock to-day the ruins of the baggage car, express, smoker and couch were still burning and scores of hands were endeavoring to clear the track. Here and there could be seen spots of blood and pieces of half-burned and frozen human flesh and the workmen were still finding portions of bodies in the burning wreck. All the mail, express and baggage cars were burned, involving great loss. The scene at the Chamberlain establishment was one calculated to make the stoutest hearts quail. Nine shapeless trunks of human beings were stretched out in a row, like so many charred logs. There were Postlethwaite and the two sons side by side, and seven others, none of whom could be recognized, and near them a mass of flesh and bones that may have been parts of the bodies of a dozen different people.

At the depot was found William F. Smith, of Waynesburg, Pa., who was a passenger in the coach next to the sleepers. He was sitting in the front part of the car and when the collision occurred he was thrown violently against the front door of the car, but was not injured in the least. He said he did not think there had been a collision, but that the train had run off the track. He helped the ladies in the car to gather up their wraps and said when he went to his seat to get his hat he noticed the smoker in flames and saw an emigrant jump from the car through the roof and a wall of flames. He said no one in the coach was hurt seriously. One man had his hand burned slightly by falling against the stove. After getting out of the car he helped to uncouple the two sleepers and push them down the track so they would not be burned. He then picked up the Posthethwaite little girl who was wandering about in the snow, and carried her to the depot at Republic. W. S. Price, the baggagemaster, was burned to a crisp. His home is at Wheeling.

There were, no doubt, many more perished in the wreck, as the number of persons who escaped and the remains recovered is not equal to the number reported in the car. The number actually lost may never be known. A number of watches were found in the wreck, and one of them is described as follows: Open face, marked I. W. & Co. on barrel bridge, three ounces case, jewel mounted, Springfield movement, case No. 952,099.

## A DOUBLE WEDDING.

"Now, which of us is to go?" said Janet Juniper.

The scene of the family council was the roomy kitchen of a great old fashioned farm house, which had seen its best days so long ago that the memory of the oldest inhabitant could no longer recall them. Mr. Juniper, a white haired man, bowed down from premature old age, sat in his big chair half asleep over a newspaper. Lois, the "hired help," sat on the corner of the table, a half scoured tin pan in her hands, and a plaid cotton handkerchief twisted turbanwise around her head. And Josephine and Janet, the two daughters of the household, stood confronting one another with an open letter in their hands.

Josephine was an auburn tressed blonde, with the radiant complexion that generally accords with hazel eyes, reddish hair, and a few curious freckles at midsummer. Janet was small and dark and dainty, with perfect hands and feet, and with a grace in all her movements. And Aunt Chelford had graciously written to the girls, from her New York home, inviting one of them to accompany her to Saratoga for the season. But only one!

"Saratoga!" commented Lois, who considered herself quite equal to the President's lady, on the question of her breakfast cakes. "Why, you'll make your fortune there. You'll come home engaged, as sure as fate!"

"Would you like to go, Josey?" said little dark Jane.

"Would you, Jenny?" cross questioned the radiant blonde.

"Let's draw lots," said Janet.

"Agreed," said Josephine.

So Lois cut the lengths of paper from the wrapping which had come around the last pound of soda crackers, and Josephine drew the prize.

"Oh, I'm so glad, Josie!" said Janet, swallowing the lump in her throat. "Because you will have such a good time—and you are the prettiest—and you'll make a sensation at Saratoga; I'm sure you will."

"I won't go, Jenny. I'll stay at home and let you have the chance.