

## THE LOST CAR FOUND.

ONE OF THE CARS OF A WESTERN ROAD STRAYS.

And the Company Called Upon to Make out the Difference—How It Left the Road and Was Discovered Some Time Afterwards by a Cowboy.

There was an accident on the mountain division of the Union Pacific in the year of 1887, when a car loaded with merchandise of the value of over \$50,000 was lost between Green River and Laramie, Wyo., and its whereabouts for over a year was a mystery. It was customary on the arrival of one of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's big vessels from China to make up a train, and sometimes two or three trains, from the silks included in her cargo, with wine for ballast, and send them through from San Francisco to Omaha as "specials," which were scheduled on passenger time, and not infrequently made better speed than the express trains. A "sixty-mile order" was often given the engineer and conductor of a silk special on leaving Ogden or Green River, where time had been lost on the Central Pacific through a snow blockade, which means they were allowed to make that speed within the limits designated by the order, say from one division terminus to the next, and they made it, and took pride in having to "kill time" besides.

Now the steamship which brought the cargo of which the 907 received a portion, was five days overdue when she made port, and the silk special lost forty-eight hours up among the snows of the Sierra Nevada, so that, the consignees being in a particular hurry for their freight, orders were sent from Omaha to Ogden and intermediate division termini to expedite that cargo by sending it over the line on a sixty-mile schedule. A train order conforming to these instructions was issued at Ogden, and the special made hurried time in safety to Evansville and thence to Green River. Here every train that passes through is thoroughly inspected, the car numbers entered in a book kept for that purpose, the seals examined, and every precaution taken to insure safety to both train and cargo on its long run through the Bitter Creek country, across the Red Desert, and through the whole desolate mountain country encountered before the Laramie plains are reached. The next checking up and inspection is done at Laramie, and as each of these trains is made up with but sixteen cars, it is not much of a job to give them the closest attention as to every detail.

From Green to Bitter Creek station, a mere side track and water tank, stopping about 100 miles east of the former place, the main line of the Union Pacific follows the serpentine course of the famous and most fearfully and wonderfully constructed stream known as Bitter Creek. Sometimes the track skirts the banks so closely that a passenger looking down from a car window gains a fair idea of the worst fluid on earth bearing the name of water. On either side of the track, rising precipitately to a height of from one to several hundred feet, are rocky spurs whose sides have been blasted off just sufficient to permit the passage of trains. In places there are curves so sharp and with surroundings so perilous that old engineers never pass these spots without a feeling of profound thankfulness when they have left them behind. It is much the same all the way to Rawlins, about midway between each point and Green River lies the "Red Desert." Tinton is the third stopping place east of Bitter Creek station, and Red Desert the fourth, either being nothing more than a telegraph office, a station gang's headquarters, and a water tank, the necessity of using one of these three conveniences being all the call a train ever has for stopping at one of them.

The special, which included the 907, passed Bitter Creek all right, passed Tinton the same way, and was in a fair way to have time to kill when, in going over a hill, the train broke in two. In such cases the engineer pulls out for all his engine is worth, or, rather, the engineers do, for all trains of this sort are run as "double headers." This is to prevent the detached section, which is left without safeguard of air brakes, from running into the section in front and smashing the draw heads. Well, this is what the engineers did on this occasion, for it was about 1 o'clock at night, dark as pitch, and inclined to be stormy. The portion of the crew on the detached section always know what to do on such occasions. They set the hand brakes and jog slowly along until the train comes to a standstill at the foot of the grade, where they well know the rest of the crew will be waiting for them. The engineers ran like lightning that night, for they were on the down grade when the train broke in two, running at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and didn't know whether the boys would discover the accident and set the brakes at once or not. Around sharp curves, across ugly gulches, skimming along the banks of dry creek beds they rushed with the speed of the wind, until the safe halting place was reached, and there they stopped. The detached section came leisurely along, for the boys were on the alert and discovered the accident instantly. The trains were once more coupled and made the remainder of the journey to Laramie without accident.

When the "number snatcher" at Laramie made his rounds to check up the train he counted but fifteen cars. He examined his way bills, and found they called for the usual number—sixteen. He took another look over the train, with the same result. Then he examined the car numbers on the way bills and compared them with those on the cars. Meantime engines and crews had been changed, and everything was in readiness to pull out for the Sherman Hills. They were losing time every minute, and the engineers and conductor were furious over the delay. The latter wanted to know what in perdition was the matter, and when he was informed, said the number snatcher was a blanked idiot. Then they went over the train again and lost more time without solving the mystery. There was no doubt of it. There was a car missing, and it was No. 907. Matters were fixed up with the train despatcher, and the silk special went over the Sherman Hills one car short. It was supposed that car had been set out at some way station on account of a hot box, a flat wheel, or a broken axle, and that the conductor had forgotten to make a minute of it, so the subject was dropped until the next day.

When the conductor appeared the next day at the trainmaster's office he was called "on the carpet" and requested to explain. He swore he brought the train in just as he received it from the other district. Green River was called up, and reported that 907 left there all right. Every station from there to Laramie was queried, but no one had seen or heard of the lost car. Omaha was notified, and for the next twenty-four hours the wires were kept red hot with messages relating to the old Burlington car and its precious cargo. In a month its whereabouts was as much of a mystery as ever. Fine weather came on, and the track walkers had reported no wreckage along the line, and, to make a long story short, the company simply went down in its pockets and advanced a portion of the losses; they couldn't do otherwise. In six months the incident had become a tradition to be referred to now and then in spinning yarns while on a side track.

In June of the year following the disappearance of 907, a cowboy, who had been out on a round-up, was riding across the Red Desert in search of a missing steer. It was intensely hot, and he was disgusted with the world in general, and stray steers in particular. He was just ready to turn around and join "the outfit" from the "three-bar ranch" when he concluded he would take a look in the gulch just across the railroad track. Driving his spurs into his cow pony, he was soon over the line and making his way to the bottom of the gulch, which was deep and its sides precipitous. Where the railroad track crossed it nature had aided in strengthening the embankment by leaving at its foot one of those enormous boulders often seen on the mountains, and often 50 or 100 feet in diameter. Thinking the steer would be likely to seek the shade of the embankment and of this boulder during the heat of the day, he spurred around the big rock to examine every possible hiding place. What was his astonishment to find himself suddenly confronted with a freight car standing upright and unharmed, as if just sidetracked in that lonely spot an hour before. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, thinking perhaps the heat waves in the atmosphere might have blinded him, and that he was the victim of an optical delusion. No, this was real, and on the gray sides of the old car he read the name Burlington and the number 907. He looked at the car over and over and discovered that it was sound. He looked at the seals, and they were unbroken. Greatly puzzled, and thinking the heat must have affected his brain, he left the trail of the missing steer and rode to the little red building at Red Desert, dignified by the name telegraph office.

The operator did not credit the story of finding the car with the seals on in such an outlandish place for a self-respecting car to be, but when the cow puncher mentioned the number, 907, he pretty near fell off his chair. Then he rushed to his key, and in an instant was calling Laramie. The despatcher at Laramie was paralyzed, but as soon as he became convinced that the operator at Red Desert knew what he was talking about, he wired Omaha the joyful tidings, and in an hour the wrecking car was out on the way to Red Desert accompanied by the superintendent, C. E. Wurtele. Why, it was a bigger thing than finding a gold mine, for, leaving out entirely the value of the car, the cargo, if uninjured, was worth a fortune in itself. The car was found as had been described. It was raised and put on the track again, and was taken into Laramie, where an investigation revealed the fact that the contents had not suffered a dollar's worth of damage.

The next question was how that car escaped from the train and got itself in such a peculiar position. The crew that brought the special east the night 907 was lost was questioned, but could throw no light on the matter, until at last it was remembered that the train had parted on the hill between Tipton and Red Desert, and that a dash had been made down the hill to escape a rear-end collision. Then, like a flash, the whole thing became clear to the conductor. The separation of the train had been made at the rear end of No. 907, which was left the last car on the front section of the train. In going around the sharp curve just as the track runs out on the embankment crossing the gulch, the tremendous speed and the sudden turn had derailed No. 907, and thrown her down into the gulch, just as a child is thrown in playing "crack the whip" when it is at one end of the line. The link connecting it with the next car had broken, and so avoided dragging it down and perhaps wrecking the entire train. It had broken off so clear that it had the appearance of being the point at which the original break occurred, and so, when the detached section came up and the train was coupled together, no one ever thought of the old gray car; in fact, it was so dark they could not have seen it if they had thought of it and it had been right before their eyes. The draw-heads fitted; a new link repaired the damage, and that was the end of it so far as they were concerned.

As for the cowboy, he was the recipient of as handsome and valuable a gold watch and chain as could be found in the city of Omaha, and don't you think cowboys don't wear gold watches and chains, and use them too.

## FOOD THAT WAS DEADLY.

The Fate of Some Animals That Bit Off More than They Could Chew.

A curious tragedy in nature's life was told about in the Deutsche Fischerei Zeitung recently. A twenty-five-pound pike was found dead near the Villa Scho'z, at Horn. On examination a trout weighing four and a half pounds was found stuck in the pike's mouth in such a way as to choke it to death.

Various animals have died of suffocation in this manner. Especially is this true of herons, grebes, bitterns, and other fish eaters, which have been found dead with fish in their throats.

A gull, up in a Massachusetts bay, was seen acting in a way that caused two boys to take a rowboat and go out and see what the matter was. The gull would fly away then tumble into the water, struggle a while, then fly again, each flight being shorter than the one before, and at last the bird merely skimmed the surface heavily. When the boys got to it the bird's head was under water and the wings were flapping slightly. They pulled the birds into the boat, and it was seen that on the end of the bill was a clam shell. The gull had tried to get the clam; the clam had closed its shell upon the bill, and the scared bird had tried to fly off over the water, but, breathing being hard, it was soon exhausted.

A wild turkey was found one time in the Tennessee bottom lands. The turkey, in jumping up to get some berries, came down with its neck through a fork of the bush. The bird being unable to pull its head through the fork, was choked to death, but not until it had covered the ground with feathers for ten feet on all sides.

Some of the birds that use strings or hairs in the construction of their nests—swallows, martlets, &c.—become entangled in the material every spring and are choked to death.

A man named Allard was coming down the Columbia River years ago from Astoria, Or., to another Hudson Bay Company post at Vancouver. He had a crew of Indians for his canoe, and all were pretty hungry, having been living on dried salmon and hard bread. As they rounded a point one day they put up a flock of swans, which flew past them. The Indians had never seen a man shoot a bird flying, and the trader had no ammunition to spare, although they offered a splendid shot, especially the leader, which was a bird of unusual size. It was so fine a mark that the trader lifted up his paddle and, taking imaginary aim, said "Banz!" in a loud voice. What followed made the Indians gasp. The big swan at the word went tumbling head over heels to the water, struck with a loud splash, and by the time the canoe was alongside had ceased its struggles and was dead. There was not a mark on the bird, and as the Indians looked it over they nodded toward the trader with looks of amazement and fear on their faces. The trader calmly loaded his pipe and pulled away as unconcerned as if he was not wondering how it had happened.

That night, while the Indians were pulling out the canoes, the trader had a private autopsy of the swan, and he found a large bulb of the swan's favorite food, the "wappato," or Sagittaria variabilis, as it is known to botanists, stuck in the swan's throat in such a way that the bird had choked to death. The man removed the bulb, and on the return of the Indians said nothing of it. That night the party feasted on the swan, but not until the trader had made weird sounds over the carcass and had impressed the Indians wonderfully. Thereafter that trader was the most respected, almost-worshipped man among the Indians, who ever after called him, "The-man-who-shoots-flying-swans-with-a-paddle."

## The Smile of a Little Child.

There is nothing more pure in heaven.  
And nothing on earth more mild,  
More full of the light that is divine  
Than the smile of a little child.

The sinless lips, half parted  
Are nearer than I knew,  
And the light that seems so glad to shine  
In the gold of the sunny hair.

O little one, smile and bless me!  
For somehow I know not why—  
I feel in my soul, when children smile,  
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven  
Are nearer than I knew,  
That the light of the hope of that sweeter world,  
Like the dawn is breaking through.

—New York News Letter.

It is not known that rats cannot resist sunflower seeds. A trap baited with these seeds is the most effectual method of catching them.

## Springtime

A healthy condition of the kidneys is the best safe-guard against all the ills incidental to the season. Tone the system by using

## DODD'S Kidney Pills

The best blood purifier on earth, and the only Absolute Cure for all diseases of the kidneys

## WARNER'S

## FOR MEN.

No remedy has ever equaled Warner's Safe Cure in curing every form of liver and kidney complaint. If you are troubled in this way and are experiencing such symptoms as biliousness, headaches, backache, nervousness, dizziness, constipation, and tired feelings, it will give you speedy relief. Remember that Warner's Safe Cure is not an untried remedy or an experiment, but a scientific preparation prescribed and recommended by eminent physicians all over the world. Thousands have testified to its wonderful curative effects. It is the best remedy in existence for any man who needs fresh life, energy and health.

## SAFE

## FOR WOMEN.

Not only the best, but the only remedy which can always be relied upon. That is the verdict of every woman who has ever tried Warner's Safe Cure. There is no better remedy for women who suffer from distressing weaknesses. It acts like a charm in overcoming aches, pains and bearing down sensations. It restores the color of health to pale cheeks, gives brightness to dull eyes, and takes away that sallow, unhealthy complexion. No woman who values her health and strength should be without the great safe cure.

## CURE

## A NOTED CALGARY RANCHER.

Tells How South American Kidney Cure Eradicated Kidney Disease of Ten Years Standing.

Mere theory does not count for much in disease, and speculation and experiment are worse. There are no misgivings in using South American Kidney Cure, for it is radical in its effects. Wm. Baty, a well-known rancher, of Calgary, N. W. T., had been troubled with severe kidney disease for many years to such an extent that at times he was completely prostrated, and suffered intense pains in the back. Doctors and various medicines used availed him nothing, until he was induced to try South American Kidney Cure. He procured one bottle, and the first few doses gave relief, and after using four bottles he states that he was completely cured. He gladly recommends it to anyone troubled with this insidious disease.

A custom of Puritan times has been revived in Mechas, Me., in the opening of the town meeting with prayer.

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OF THE  
HIGHEST GRADE.  
THE QUESTION  
"WILL IT WEAR?"  
NEED NEVER BE ASKED  
IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE  
TRADE MARK  
**1847 ROGERS BROS.**  
AS THIS IN ITSELF  
GUARANTEES THE QUALITY.  
BE SURE THE PREFIX  
"1847"  
IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.  
THESE GOODS HAVE  
STOOD THE TEST  
FOR NEARLY A HALF CENTURY.  
SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

## "SANITAS"

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GREAT DISINFECTANT.

Non-Poisonous.  
Does not Stain Linen.

FLUID, OIL, POWDER, &c.

HOW TO DISINFECT. A valuable copy of this book gives simple directions in cases of the various infectious diseases, as also in every-day life, will be sent free on application to THE SANITAS CO., LIMITED, BETHNAL GREEN, LONDON, ENGLAND.

A pushing Agent wanted in each Canadian City.

## INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,

1896.

The Exhibition Association of the City and County of St. John, N. B., will hold it

## Exhibition for 1896

on their Fair Grounds  
**ST. JOHN, N. B.**

Opening—Tuesday, September 22.

Closing—Friday, October 2.

Early application should be made to the Secretary, 13 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B., for space and accommodation for Live Stock, Farm Produce, Machinery, Manufactures, and all other description of Exhibits, as also for Premium Lists, which will be issued at an early date.

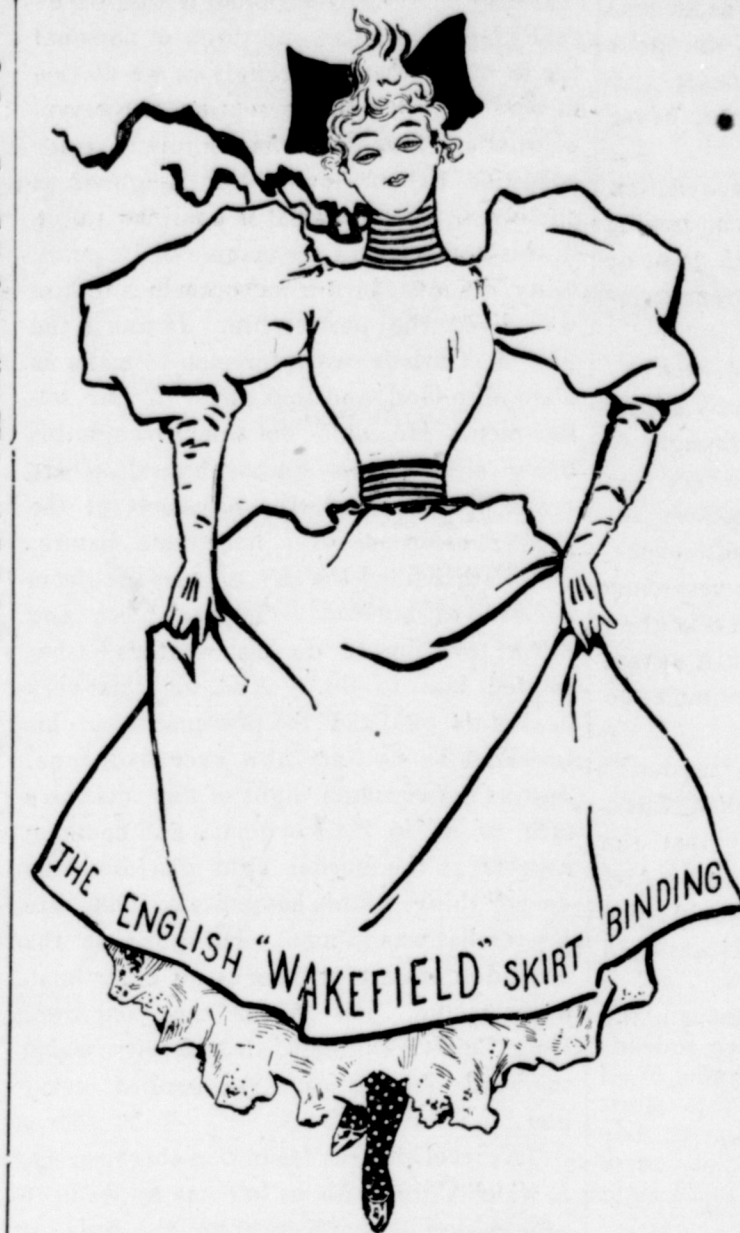
Exhibits must be in place on the opening day.

The Provincial Government will exhibit their Imported Live Stock—not in competition for prizes—and will make public sales on the grounds. Other auction sales will be permitted.

More extensive and better attractions will be presented this year.

Further particulars will be given in a later advertisement.

CHAS. A. EVERETT,  
Manager and Secretary,  
13 Canterbury street.



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ENGLISH

## 'Wakefield'

LEATHER

## SKIRT BINDING!

Imparts a stylish appearance to the skirt and keeps the edges always trim and neat. The leather used in this binding, by a special process in preparation known only to the manufacturers, is made soft and pliable and impervious to the effect of moisture.

## It Lasts as Long as the Skirt.

Used and recommended by leading European and American Dressmakers. To insure yourself against fraud and inferior imitations, see that EVERY YARD is marked in Gold Letters "Wakefield Specially Prepared Leather."

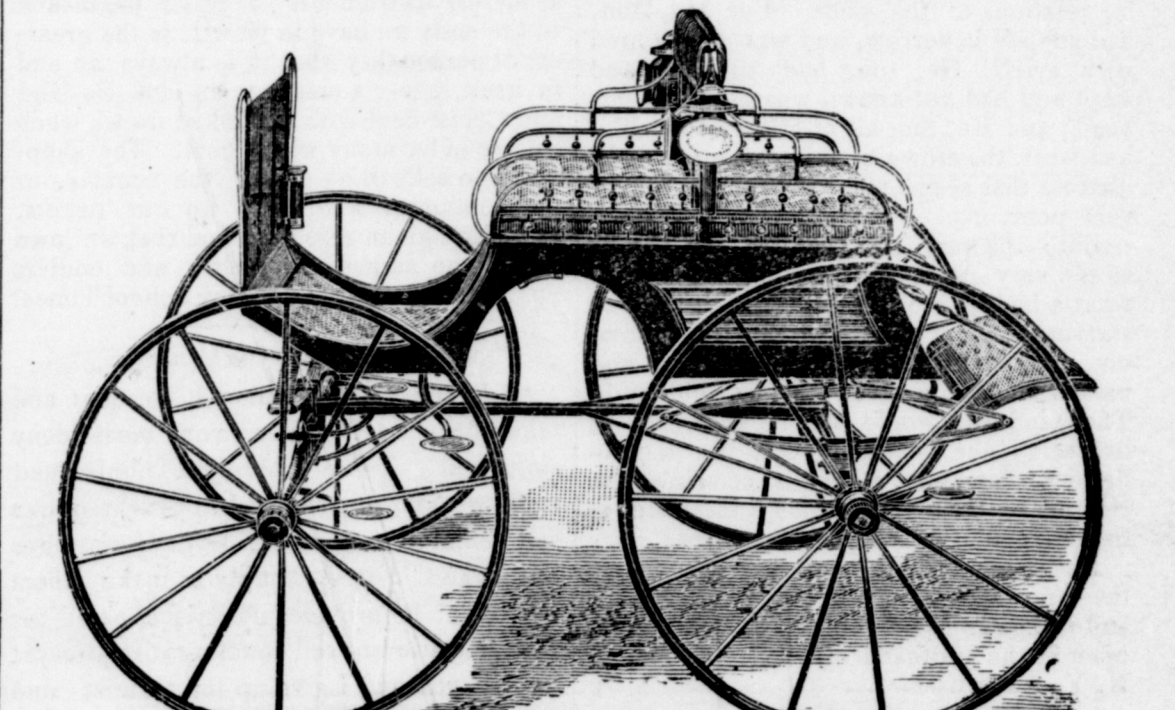
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Handsome and Comfortable; Well Constructed and Elegantly Finished.

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Will carry Two or Four with comfort.



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Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable single Carriages built. Rides as easy as a cradle. Not too heavy and as light as you want it made.

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