A WILD NIGHT AT WOOD RIVER.

A Thrilling Tale of Early Days on the Union Pacific.

'Keep that kid quiet,' said Bankers in a hoarse whisper.

'I'm doing the best I can,' said his wife, trying to hush the little one, who was sobbing and meaning in her lap. In the baby's milk wagon a bitter fight was going on between paregoric and pain, and the latter was dying hard. The wind drove the rain against the side of the car and made it rock to and fro. 'Emma,' said Mrs. Bankers to her friend, 'take that bottle and hold it between you and a crack in the car, and when it lightens drop ten drops into the spo n. I suppose we must

not strike a light.' 'You bet you don't strike any light here unless you are ready to give up your his eyes from the crack through which he was peeping. Emma took the bottle, and at each flash of lightning dropped a drop of hush medicine into the spoon, and when she had put in ten drops they gave it to the baby. That made 20 drops. It was dangerous, but it was sure death to all of

them if the baby cried aloud.

The rain came in great sheets and with such torce that it seemed that the car could hardly hold the rail. It was not a Pullman car; just a common red stock car standing on a siding, with a few armfuls of straw upon the floor. Occasionally Bankers turned to glance at the two women who were crouching in one end of the car, and when the lightning lit up their faces they were fearful to behold. Now the rain, cold as sleet, came through the cracks in the car and stung the taces of those within. Mrs. Bankers had seen three winters at Wood River, but her friend, the young woman who had come out to Western Nebraska to teach school, was in every sense a tenderfoot, and the experience of this wild night had almost driven her mad.

'There they are,' whispered Bankers. reef of feathered heads that formed a half | room. circle around the house, like a feather boa about a woman's neck. Halt the band dismounted and made a rush for the cottage. The door was broken, and the red devils swarmed in. One of them took a newspaper and lightedit at the open fireplace to make a torch, and by the light of it the little party in the stock car could see the Sioux running, half crouching, from room to room in search of the occupants. Finding the place deserted and smarting under their disappointment, the Indians now set fire to the house and by the light of it started to loot the rail road station, less than a hundred yards

The station agent had been warned, as the others had been, by a Pawnee scout, but had bravely refused to leave his post. He had made no light, but sat in one end of the dark little room which served as a ticket office, telegraph office and sleeping room and as the Indians approached opened fire. At the very first shot the leader of the murderous band leaped high into the air, came down on his feet, leaped up again and again and finally tell in a heap, to rise no more. With a destening yell the angry band made a rush for the door and began to beat against with tomahawks clubs and guns.

Having emptied his rifle, the agent now took up a pair of 45 caliber revolvers, and the lead fairly rattled against the door, and no fewer than a half dozen savages sank to the platform, causing the besiegers to fall back a space. From a distance they began to pour the lead into the building, but the agent, crouching behind the little iron safe was still unburt. An Indian brought a torch from the burning cottage and attempted to fice the station, but the rain and wind put out the fire. Two or three Sioux, noticing a string of cars upon the siding, began to search for stock er eatable freight. From car to car they ran. thrus ing their rifles into the straw. "Uh!' said an old buck as his rifle found something soft in one of the cars, and Bankers felt a hurt in his short ribs. Laying hold of the side of the car, the Indian began to pull and strain. By the merest chance he had taken hold of the car door, and now, as it opened, he thurst his hideous head inside. Bankers could have blown the top of the Sioux's head off, but he knew that to fire would be to attract a dozen redskins, against whom he could not hope to hold but long. The women scarcely breathed. The baby, full of paregoric, slept as though it had already entered upon the final rest.

The other two Indians had given up the search among the empty cars and gone back to the state n, where the agent, having reloaded all his guns, kept the gang hopping and dencing about the station platform. The old Sioux at the car door cocked his head and listened. He must have fancied he heard something breathe, for now he put his hands upon the sill and lesped into the car. He had scarcely straightened up when Banker's rifle barrel fell across his feathered head, and he drop ped like a leaf. The schoolma'am uttered a faint scream, and that was the last sound that came from her corner for some time. The Sioux never moved a finger, and Bankers having removed the warrior's firearms and ammunition, gave the gun to his wife and then covered the dead Sioux with straw. Already the little frame cottage had burned to the ground, and the rain had nearly quenched the fire. Every attempt made by the band to fire the station had ended in failure, and the Sioux were now preparing to storm the fort. It was hard tor Bankers to keep quiet in the car while the sgent sold his life bravely and so dearly to the Sioux, but there were his wife and baby and the helpless school ma'am, who

come to this wild region, and he felt it his duty to protect them as best he could. Presently Bankers telt the stock car vibrate perceptibly, as though it was being rolled slowly along the rails. His first thought was that the Indians were pushing the empty cars down near the station, and that they would set fire to the straw, and then there would be no possible escape. Now there was a roar as of an approaching train, and an instant later a great dark object hove in sight drawing a dezen box cars and running without a headlight. The shouts of the besiegers, the rattle of ritles and the wild cry of the night prevented the Sioux from feeling the vibration or

bearing the sound of the approaching train. The agent, who had been severely wounded, had crawled to the key and called Ogallala. At the first attack he had wired for help, and now he told the operator there he could hold the place only a little while longer. The agent was still at the key when the engine, rolling up to the station, shook the building, and he knew the moment he felt the quiver of it that help was at hand. Instantly the doors of the box cars came open, and a company chignon,' said Bankers, without taking of government scouts, all Pawnees except the officers, leaped to the ground. The Sloux were making their last desperate charge upon the station. Before they could realize that re-enforcements were at hand they were beset by the scouts, who always tought to kill. The battle was short and decisive, and when the Sioux fled they left m. re than half their number

upon the field. Probably the most anxious man in the whole party was the conductor of the special train that had brought the scouts from Ogallala. He had ridden all the way on the locomotive, and the moment the train stopped he had leaped to the ground and gone through a shower of builets to where the cottage which had been the home of at his ear, and was told to slow the Bankerses had stood. The sight of down at a certain spot, which he the house in ashes made bim sick at heart, but there was still hope. They might have taken refuge in the station, and, facing about, the fearless conductor fought his way to the door. By this time the Sioux were giving all their attention to the scouts, and the conductor forced his body through the shot riddled door. The agent lay upon the floor in a pool of his own blood, but Now the women put their eyes to a crack, he was still alive. 'Where are they?' askand when a flash came they could see a | ed the conductor, glancing about the dark

> 'Among the stock cars, if they are still alive,' was the reply which came in a faint whisper. 'I saw them leaving the house at dusk. Go to them-I'm-I'm all right." And the conductor, having placed the wounded man upon his bed, made for the

> stock cars. 'Bankers, where are you?' he called, and Bankers answered, only two cars away. Now the conductor lighted his white light and climbed into the car. The brave Mrs. Bankers greeted him with a smile that soon changed to tears, for in the light of the hand lamp she had seen her baby's face and it looked like the face of a dead child. Emma,' she called excitedly, but there was no answer. 'Is she dead ?' cried the conductor, falling upon his knees and hold ing the light close to his sweetheart's face.

No, you chump,' said Bankers. 'She only fainted when I killed this Sioux,' and he gave the dead Indian a kick and rolled him out of the car.

'But the baby?' pleaded Mrs. Bankers. 'She's all right,' said the busband. Only a little too much paregoric.' And so it proved.

'Here, Em,' said Bankers, shaking the young woman, who was regaining consciousness, 'brace up. You've got com-

'Are we all safe?' asked the school ma'am, teeling for her back hair. Oh, my dear, brave triend, you have saved us ail! 'Yes, I've been,' said Bankers, 'hiding here in the straw while the agent was being murdered.'

'But you saved the women,' said the conductor, who was overjoyed at finding 'Yes,' said Bankers, 'that's something

after all. And all this is not a dream. It is only a scrap of history of the early days of the Union Pacific. The brave station agent is an old man now, and one of his legs is shorter than the other—the one that was shot that night. The baby, having recovered from her severe tussle with colic and paregoric, is now one of the most charming women in a western city. The cona general superintendent of a well known railway. The snows of 40 winters have fallen upon his wite's hair. It is almost white, but her face is still young and handsome, and I remember that she blushed when telling this story to me and recalling the tact that she had fainted in a stock car on that wild night at Wood river.

THE INVENTOR OF TRAIN RUBBING It is Said to Have Been Jack Davis of Virginia City, Nev.

'You see that tall gray-haired man?' said a hotel proprietor, indicating a man wearing a sombrero, who was walking up and down. 'Yes, the one with the scar across his face. I was on a coach in Nevada once when he stepped out of the bush and lined it up. Now he's a prosperous farmer down in San Diego county. Yes, they sent him up, but he got out after a while, and I reckon he wouldn't care to be reminded of

The number of highwaymen there then was surprising. One of my friends was stage robber, but I never found it out until he was killed in the act of holding up a stage. He lived next door to me, and is large and additional works are building. was a model man, so far as was known.

held up almost daily. One of the robbers was named Waterman. He was sent to had been persuaded by the Bankerses to | jail but scon got out. The Wells Fargo | Australia, New Zealand and South Amer. | Picton, Feb 2, Daniel Robertson to Bessie Fraser.

people knew that he would return to the old business, so they sent for him.

'Looking for a job ?' asked the superin-

'I am,' said Waterman. 'Tired of the old game ? asked the cffi-

'I don't know as I am, Waterman replied, laughing.

Fargo man. 'I never found it so, particularly,' said

the hold -up man. 'Well, how would you like a steady job ?' asked the other.

'That's what I'm looking for,' said Waterman. And the long and short of it was that the express company engaged him at a good salary to retire, just do anything except hold up their stages.

'The plan worked well so far as he was concerned, and was not very expensive, for his former pals thought he was an informer, and one of them soon picked a quarrel with him, and killed him.

But there were others to take his place in the field, and the hold-ups continued just the same. One of the robbers was Jack Davis. who was a hail-fellow wellmet with every one in Virginia City, and for a long time he was not suspected.

'The Virginia and Truckee Railroad finally reached town, and gold was shipped on the cars. But it was evidently easy matter to hold up a train, and one night the engineer found a muzzle did. The leader of the robbers was Davis. This was the first railroad holdup in the country, and Davis might be called the inventor of the method which at other times paid well.

Davis was caught the next time he held up a train, and was sent to jail. One day after he was released he turned up with the famous Hamilton brothers near Eureka, Nev. They captured every man at coach station, tied them up and stowed them away like sardines. When the stage came up there were two Wells Fargo men with guns on board. One got down, suspecting nothing, when Jack grabbed him, supposing that his partners would attend to the other man. For some reason they were demoralized and ran. The second guard watched his chance and fired, and Mr. Jack Davis, the inventor of train robbery, passed in his chips.'

PROGRESS OF COLD STORAGE.

It Is Revolutionizing the Methods of t Meat Trade in Great Britain.

The possibilities of refrigerating processes seem to be endless. These processes are influencing more and more the methods of trade in perishable goods. Butchers and poulterers are no longer afraid to buy in large quantities. If they have a surplus stock on hand they have only to put it in cold storage to await a demand. This practice is coming widely into vogue in Great Britain. Such cities as Birmingham and many smaller ones now have coldstorage plants of large extent. Of the 14, 000,000 rabbits now annually received in England from Australasia, scores of thousands are constantly in the freezing chambers awaiting their turn to get into the retail market. Many of the animals now in cold storage were placed there fully six

Wholesale meat dealers are not afraid that they will lose their investment if they bring to market a shipload of meat at a time. It is asserted in England that the quality of Canadian turkeys and fowls is actually improved by the lapse of considerable time between killling and marketing. ductor of the soldier train is at this writing | They are delivered alive at such centres as Toronto and Montreal. Then they are killed, plucked and bung for a day in cold air chambers on board ship. The temperature is maintained just about the freezing point, for the birds are never frozen, but are kept in the chilled state; and as the quality of beet and venison is said to be improved by handing for several days in larder, so also, it is asserted by the Birmingham Daily Post, the quality of the Canadian birds placed on British markets within fourteen days of being killed is quite as good as that of birds killed and marketed in the ordinary way in England.

The greatest development of cold storage is in Great Britain, because so many million dollars worth of the meat supply is brought thousands of miles from America and Australia. Vast quantities are sometimes received within a tew weeks and placed in cold storage till needed for the 'I was living in Nevada at the time. | market. In Birmingham, for example, as one of the local newspapers asserts, over a million persons are now regularly supplied with food from the city markets. The cold storage plant established thirteen years ago These cold stores always contain many 'The stages of Wells Fargo & Co., were | hundreds of quarters of American beef. In one room are thousands of carcasses of sheep in cotton coverings forwarded from

ica. They are piled one on top of another like bricks. Thirty thousand sheep carcasses may be stored and the new rooms now building will increase the capacity to 100,000 sheep. One of the newer importations is chilled pork from this country. which is said to be of high quality and rich flavor and cheaper than English pork.

Canadian eggs and Danish and Siberian 'It's a risky business,' said the Wells | butter are also preserved in these stores and large consignments of British Columbia salmon. Special storage rooms are set spart for the reception of fish and fruit. The midwinter steamers from Cape Colony and Australia are quite certain to bring many fresh grapes which are placed in the cold rooms until they are wanted. Just as refrigeration has lengthened the killing season at Chicage to twelve months a year so it has also made it possible to enjoy fresh grapes, peaches and other fruit the year round by bringing them from one or another part of the world; for somewhere or another they are always ripening.

> Though the trade in chilled and frozen meats is constantly growing there is still considerable prejudice against it. In Germany, for instance, very little refrigerated meat is sold, for most of the people believe it is distinctly inferior to fresh meat. A similar prejudice exists in England, though in a lesser degree. For a long time the public there could not be persuaded that frozen meat was palatable, but cheapness and improved quality finally made many converts. It is not eaten yet by those who can afford to pay high prices for meat: but for some years the frozen mutton of Australia and New Zealand and the frozen beet of America have been the staple meat supply of the laboring classes.

Cold storage is having no more important effect upon any branch of the meat trade than upon the commerce in poultry. Until within a few years Great Britain has depended largely upon northern France to make good her deficiency in poultry. Today France is losing a considerable part of this trade, while Canadian poultry reaching the British market in large quanti-

One of the New Women.

The ambition of Miss Albena Carpenter, of Nashua, N H., is to travel from Atlantic City to England-more than a 3 000mile trip-in a canvas boat eleven feet long. The boat is now being built by Capt. Andrews, "the lone ocean voyager." It is expected that the start will be made in June. The captain has several times made the trip slone, and each time in a boat smaller than the one used on the last trip. Miss Carpenter is a noted swimwer. Through her ability in this direction she first came to the notice of Capt. Andrews. When she heard of his intended trip she applied for a place in the boat. The obstacles and haroships are many, she knows, but she is determined to make the trip. Whether or not she will go, howover, depends on the decision of Capt. Andrews.

Passenger (to station porter) -Now, it's 4 o'clock, and the time table says the rain arrives at 3.14

Station Porter-Oh, well, you mustn't take the time table too seriously.

BORN.

Sydney, Jan. 31, to the wife of John Young, a son. Yarmouth, Feb. 1, to the wife of R Pendrigh, a son Truro, Feb. 4, to the wife of E. Hassberger, a son. Wolfville, Jan. 27. to the wife of W. Ford, a daugh-

Guinea, Feb. 5, to the wife of Ambrose Walker, a St. Louis, Jan. 28, to the wife of Herbert Stuart, a North Sydney, Feb. 6, to the wife of James Gowan

Millipsiat Mines, Feb. 3, to the wife of B. Boliver Beverley, Dec. 9, to the wife of Lewis Wood, twin

North Sydney, Feb. 5, to the wife of W. Christie, a Amherst, Feb. 2, to the wife of Ralph Trotter, a Colchester, Jan. 29, to the wife of A. Staples, a daughter.

Summerville, Feb. 1, to the wife of Capt. Card a Economy Point, Jan. 17, to the wife of H. Brown, a Pembroke, Feb. 5, to the wife of Geo. Bain, a

Roxbury, Feb. 3. to the wife of George Talbot, a Glenwood, Feb. 2, to the wife of F. Whitman, a Mount Pleasant, Jan. 20, to the wife of Richey Tut

Ingram River, Feb. 3, to the wife of Robert Tag-Summerville, Jan. 31, to the wife of Otis Vaughan, gram River, Jan. 25,

Ingram River, Jan. 25, to the wife of Rand Gibbons, a con. Barachois, Shediac, Jan. 11, to the wife of Zoel Vienneau, a son Clark's Harbor, Feb. 2, to the wife of Capt, Bran, ner, a daughter.

Dayspring, Jan. 31, to the wife of Edmund Mullock, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Hants, Hugh Fraser to Johanna Kechan. Vermont, Feb 6, Peter Faris, to Annie Morton. Windsor, Jan 24, Harris Smith to Annie Anslow. Digby, Feb 6, Jesse Lee Haight to Emily Foster. Sheet Harbor, Jan 30, H. Anderson to E Coady. Grand Etang, Felix LeBlanc to Matilda Cormier. Grand Etang, Simeon Gaudait to Ellen Chaison. Shelburne Co, Jan 30, L A Coffin to Sarah King.

Friars Heal, Joseph Delaney to Clothilda AuCoin. Nelsor, N B, Feb 5, Andrew Doyle to May Dower. Out am, Kings, Jan 22, Wm Bent to Effie O'Neal. Middleton, Jan 23, Levi Redden to Maude Burdide Glace Bar, Feb 4, Frederick Webb to Kate McKen

North Sydney, Jan 30, Arthur Hickey to Ethel Fourchy, C B, Jan 20, Gibson Severance to Lizzie

Antigonish, Feb 6, Donald Carthew to Marie Mac-Little Bras D'Or, Feb 4, Servine Guthre to Bell Fredericton, Jan 30, Arthur Irvine to Minnie

River John, NS, Newton Langille to Gertrude Mu phy. Grand Etang, Jan 20. Sylvain LeBlanc to Annie Amaerst, Jan 31, James Trenholm to Rebecca

Cele Harbor, Jan 30, Laura Henneberry, to Stan-Lune burg, N S, Jan 30, Enos Publicover to Edna

Clement-port, Jan 30, Robert W Caffrey to Lena West Pubnico, Jan 29, Arthur Leblanc to Lousie

D'Entremont. East Magarece, CP, Jan 29, Elias Cormier to Zelia AuCcuin Bathurst, on Monday Jan I4, Miss H Smith, to Joseph Burbridge

DIED.

South Side, Cape Island. Feb 2, Ernest Nickerson

Halifax, Feb 8, John Giles, 46. Halifax, Feb 5, James Allen, 43. Halifax, Fet 6, Wm P Power, 29. Halifax, Mrs Margaret Grant, 77. Halifax, Feb 8, John L Fahey, 69. Halitax, Feb 2 Mary F Doyle, 59. Amberst, Feb 2, Ira Patterson, 69. Burir, Jan 18, Charlotte Mayo, 82. Sydney, Jan 12, Daniel McNeil, 41. Boston, Feb 6, Charles W Bird, 25. Quinan, Feb 4, Mrs Frank Muise, 38. Sydney, Feb 3, Mary A McSween, 16. Tremont, Feb 3, Zeincy McGregor, 77. Tracadie, Feb 3, Rebecca DeLorey, 42, New Canaan, Feb 1, Burton Brown, 21, Moncton, Feb 6, Dr George Dunlap, 45. Marshalltown, Feb 6, John Comeau, 76. Greenwich, N & Jac 31, Elias Calkin, 88. Berwick, Feb 6, Miss Ennice White, 71. Victoria, B C Jan 24, Andrew & Hay, 43. Springfield, Jan 28, Allan J Cameron, 43. Hopewell Hill, Feb 3, Eleanor Rogers, 90. Upper Stewiscke, Feb 4, James C C.x, 70. Bath, Me., Jan 27, Thomas Livingstone. 63. Medford, N S Jan 16, Levetta L Sauford, 35, Pinkie Town, N S Jan 27, John McIsaac, 12. Sheet Harbor Feb 4, James W Quillinan, 19, Bruce Milis, N & Feb 1, Angus Inverness, 67. Chipman, Jan 26, Augus M McLeau, 2 months. comquette, N S Jan 31, Margaret McDonald 60. Indian Reserve, Truro, Feb 3, Flora Francis, 17. Barrington Passage, Jan 30 Mrs R K Hitchens, 58 Shebs, Queens Co, Jan 13, Joseph Hornbrook, 89. L.ttle River, Colc. ester, Jan 18, Peter Ogilvie, 88. South Boston, Feb 3, Annie, wife of Peter Staple-Arlington, Mass., F. b 3, Edith F wife of Everet

Halitax, Feb 8, Isabella, wido of the late R B

Chelea, Mass, Jan 20, Louise, wife of B H De Wolfe, 41. Yarmouth, Feb 1, infant son of Capt and Mrs Art-

Scuth Boston, Jan 24. Mary J widow of the late Wesley Wheelock, 79. Dartmouth, Feb 3, Lella Gertrude, daughter of Mr

and Mrs Wm Conrod. 17. Crowe's Mills, Colchester, Jan, 24i Sarah, widow of the late John Brundige, 87. Port Williams, Jan 28, Donald Seymour, infant son of Mr and Mrs H L Rafuse, 1 month. Crowe's Mills, Colchester, Jan 12, Letitia J infant

child of Mr and Mrs John Roode, 12 days.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PAGIFIC Tourist Sleepers.

MONTREAL -10-

PACIFIC COAST,

EVERY THURSDAY.

For full particulars as to passage ratas and train service to Canadian Northwest, British Columbia,

CALIFORNIA.

Also for maps and pamplets descriptive of journ, ney, etc , write to D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N.

Free Farms THE Canadian Northwest For each adult over 18 years of age. Send for

A.J. HEATH. D. P. A., C, P. R. St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows :-

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton Express for Sussex. 16.40
Express for Quebec and Montreal. 17.05 Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney,.....22.13 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Halifax. 4 Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Campbellton......19.15 Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton *Daily, except Monday. 24.44

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation,

D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager Moncton, N. B., Nov. 26, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.