

A Train Derailed.

Forty-Five Persons Injured in a smash-up.

St. Louis, May 24.—The west-bound train on the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad, which left St. Louis last night at 8.15, was wrecked three miles from Sullivan, Mo. Not a passenger escaped unhurt, and forty-five are known to be seriously injured, though no deaths are reported. The train was running at a high rate of speed when suddenly, without warning, the track gave way, and the locomotive, baggage car and five coaches went over the embankment. The train men and those who were only slightly injured at once set to work to prevent the additional horror of fire, in which they succeeded, and then turned their attention to the more unfortunate injured, and in a short time forty-five passengers, all badly hurt, had been released for the debris. A temporary hospital was improvised at Sullivan, and the most seriously injured were taken there, while others were brought to St. Louis on the relief train, which was hurried to the scene of the disaster. It was 11.25 p. m. when the accident occurred. The train was travelling at high speed, and most of the passengers had already gone to sleep, while the few remaining awake were about to do so.

There is a curve on the road three miles west of Sullivan, and when that point was reached a sudden jolt and a jar was felt all over the train, and the people in the rear cars could hear the forward cars rattling over the ties and crushing noises of cars being demolished. A creek is crossed by the road at that point, and there is an embankment thirty feet high. Most of the passengers thought the train was going through a bridge, and

A FEELING OF HORROR

chilled their blood. In an instant all the coaches except the two sleeping cars had been thrown from the rails. People were thrown about in the cars in all directions and some of them were thrown through the windows and down the embankment.

The train properly was made up of a mail car, an express car, baggage car, a smoker, a ladies' coach, a reclining chair car and two Pullman sleepers. Back of these sleepers were hitched five empty coaches which had been picked up at a way station. The front truck of the first sleeper jumped the track, but the rest of the car remained and the rear sleeper and empty coaches behind it never left the track. Fortunately there were no fires in the car and the jolt extinguished the lights immediately.

The explanation given of the accident by the train men was that the spikes and fish-plates had been removed from the rails at the curves, leaving the rail loose on the ties. The forward portion of the locomotive passed the place all right, but the tender jumped the track and was thrown part of the way down the embankment. Who removed the spikes and plates is not known, but the supposition is that it was the work of train robbers. The railroad officials claim that this is a case of train wrecking. On the train was a large body of physicians returning from Springfield, where the national convention is being held, and they rendered valuable assistance in caring for the injured.

A Coil About His Leg.

A company of Englishmen was on a tiger-hunt in India. The beaters had been at work for some time, when a shout was heard which meant that a man-eater was making toward the sportsmen. All hands put themselves into position to receive the attack. One of the company describes the meeting, which ended with an adventure which no one was expecting.

Lieutenant Farrington was on my right, in line with the mouth of the gully, and not more than twenty feet from my elbow. He had a double-barrelled rifle of heavy calibre, while I had a repeater. In three or four minutes after the cry of warning the tiger appeared in the mouth of the gully, head on to Farrington, and looking him straight in the face.

"Hold on! He's my meat!" shouted the lieutenant, as he brought his gun up, and it became a point of honor with the rest of us to hold our fire. He took cool and careful aim, but the bullet simply touched the skin between the tiger's ears. The beast dropped like a stone, but was up in an instant, and with a roar to shake any man's nerves, he sprang forward at the lieutenant.

In the tenth of a second I turned my eyes to the officer, and what was my horror to see a serpent twining itself about his legs, and rearing its head to a level with his shoulder. I forgot all about the tiger and for the first time in my life my blood seemed turned to ice.

Farrington stood with his left foot ahead and his right foot braced, and as the tiger touched the ground for his last spring the rifle spoke again, and the beast rolled over with a ball through his brain. Then, while we all kept our places like so many blocks of stone, he dropped his rifle, seized the snake just below the head with his right hand, and came walking toward us.

The serpent writhed and twisted in its rage, and as it uncoiled itself from the man's leg, he flung it thirty feet away. It was rushing back at him, when one of the party with a shotgun blew its head off.

"Good shot!" remarked Farrington, as he walked back and picked up his rifle.

We ran after him, and shook his hand and showered unstinted praise on him for his nerve, but he would not be a hero. It was the presence of the serpent which had disturbed his first aim. He felt it under his foot, and realized that its bite meant death, but a maddened tiger was before him, and he did not give the snake a second thought.

We are all dissatisfied. The only difference is that some of us sit down in the squalor of our dissatisfaction, while others make a ladder of it.

A boy's description of having a tooth pulled expressed it about as well as anything we have seen:—"Just before it killed me the tooth came out."

A LITTLE ROMANCE.

The Death of Charles Fiske Recalls some Interesting Facts.

WICHITA, Kan., May 20.—In the death of Charles Fiske on Saturday an interesting bit of romance was revealed.

Thirty-five years ago at Buffalo, N. Y., he fell in love with his cousin, Harriet Fiske, but she rejected his suit and married Albert Stage. A few years of happy married life ensued, and then Stage went to the war and was heard of no more. Fiske, having accumulated wealth in Colorado, again renewed his suit. Mrs. Stage, thinking her husband was dead, married him. They came to Wichita and lived very happily until the son of Albert Stage, learning the mystery of his father's life, determined to solve it. After several years search he found his father alive in Florida. Correspondence was opened which resulted in the return of Stage and his marriage secured him to his wife. After the separation Fiske went abroad, but returned a year afterwards broken in health and purse. His former wife found him and took him home, where he received the tenderest care and warmest sympathy from both his wife and her first husband until his death.

The Queen's Genealogy.

Sometimes we are puzzled to remember how Queen Victoria came to inherit the throne of England. We remember that she was the daughter of the Duke of Kent, the niece of her immediate predecessor on the throne. Here is a paragraph for your scrap-book, giving the names of the lines of rulers through whom the simple-hearted daughter of the wise Duke and Duchess of Kent came to the English throne:

"Queen Victoria is the niece of William IV., who was the brother of George IV., who was the son of George III., who was the grandson of George II., who was the son of George I., who was the cousin of Anne, who was the sister-in-law of Wm. III., who was the son-in-law of James II., who was the brother of Charles II., who was the son of Charles I., who was the son of James I., who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was the sister of Mary, who was the sister of Edward VI., who was the son of Henry VIII., who was the son of Richard III., who was the uncle of Edward V., who was the son of Edward IV., who was the cousin of Henry V., who was the son of Henry IV., who was the cousin of Richard II., who was the grandson of Edward III., who was the son of Edward II., who was the son of Edward I., who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard I., who was the son of Henry II., who was the cousin of Stephen, who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror, 800 years ago."

An African Queen's Sad Tale.

Here is a glimpse at woman's lot in Africa from a chapter in a recent book on South Africa, which describes some of the customs of the Sawzee tribe: "A beautiful young wife of the king had in some innocent way displeased him. The order was given to smelt her out, and the witch doctors did their horrible work. Executioners were told off, and they were sent out to the young wife to tell her of her sentence. She dressed herself in her best ornaments, and determined to appear before the king to say 'good-by.' She had been the ruler's playmate and favorite sweetheart as a child, and she ventured to send a message to him asking permission to say 'good-by' to him. The king refused the request. Calmly preparing for death, the young woman disregarded the denial, and walked to where His Majesty was sitting drinking champagne. She said to him: 'King, I have come to say 'Good-by'; tell me why you are killing me.' The King vouchsafed no answer and turned his face away. The poor woman proceeded to bid adieu to the other wives and girls of the monarch. They stood in a row, and as she walked down in front of them she said: 'I am the first, but there will be more of you to come after me. Without another word she quietly followed her executioners. They led her about three miles from the kraal, across the Tiltian river, and there hanged her on a low thorn tree. The rein by which she was suspended being too long, her feet nearly touched the ground, and strangulation was completed by beating the rein with sticks, the person of royalty being sacred to the common touch."

Under Serious Charges.

PORT ARTHUR, May 20.—Quite a sensation was created in town to-day by the arrest here of Lee Whitehead, of Eau Claire, Wis. Whitehead came here on the steamer Ossifrage last Thursday and registered at the Albion hotel. This forenoon on the steamer United Empire from Duluth came a person said to be his wife, and also Sheriff Clarke, of Wisconsin; and lawyer S. E. Cheeseman, of Duluth, having followed the woman, immediately after their arrival a warrant was issued for the arrest of Whitehead, who, it is said, is wanted for big forgeries and embezzlement in Wisconsin. He was foreman and paymaster in the woods for the Chippewa Logging Company. It is alleged that he embezzled the company's funds and used fictitious names in paying men, and then endorsed the cheques and pocketed the money. It is said that he had full power to issue the company's cheques, and that the embezzlement is heavy. Whitehead is now lodged in jail here, and if he refuses to go back extradition proceedings will be taken at once for his return. A preliminary hearing of the case will take place in the morning before Judge Hamilton.

An Athletic Wife.

I see that some hypochondriac has written a letter to the papers protesting against the vigorous exercise now indulged in by young women, claiming that it gives them hands like those of hired men, and partly destroys the beautiful outlines of their person so deeply admired by men. He goes on to say that when a fellow wants a wife he doesn't look or ask for such accomplishments as the ability to ride a fiery horse, drive in a tuck with a rifle ball, row a boat, or be a specialist in any acrobatic games. I used to reason in the same way years ago.

When I was a young man I married a girl who still abides with me. She was the daughter of an athlete, and from him she inherited a love for such unwomanly practices as boxing, walking, and so on, much to my annoyance. I used to tell her that she might have been better employed reading her Bible; but she seemed to enjoy it, and I didn't want to be harsh. Well, one villainously cold winter I fell sick. I was stretched out on a bed, suffering the agonies of the laetia and gentlemen in the nether world, unable to move hand nor foot.

On a memorable morning a rap came to the door and my wife responded. When the portal was swung ajar she was confronted by a big raw-boned tramp, who looked as strong as a draught horse. He assured her with a choice collection of imported and domestic oaths that he wanted something to eat, and wanted it right away. Some what frightened at his manner, my wife

endeavored to close the door, but he grasped her arm violently and prevented her. I was lying there like a corpse, unable to lift a hand, and you may imagine that my feelings were not boisterously hilarious. Well, what did she do?

Recovering from her scare, she wrenched her arm free and patted that tramp in the mouth with her left. Before he could figure out what struck him he caught her right on his neck and went down like a church. He came up pretty groggy and mad all over, but she wasn't through with him. She just lammed that tramp around the eyes and neck until he made a sneak for the gate, looking as though he had been run through a corn-sheller.

You bet I never said much more against athletic exercises to my wife after that, and I have no sympathy for anybody who does rant on that question. I have two able and accomplished daughters at home, and although they are gentle and womanly as anybody's daughters, they can take care of themselves with more ease than a great many broad-shouldered men I know.—Nebraska Journal.

Protection from Clothes Moths.

During the latter part of May or early in June a vigorous campaign should be entered upon. All carpets, clothes, cloth-covered furniture, furs and rugs should be thoroughly shaken and aired, and, if possible, exposed to the sunlight as long as practicable. If the house is badly infested or if any particular article is supposed to be badly infested, a free use of benzine will be advisable. All floor cracks and dark closets should be sprayed with this substance. Too much pains cannot be taken to destroy every moth and every egg and every newly hatched larva, for immunity for the rest of the year depends largely—almost entirely—upon the thoroughness with which the work of extermination is carried on at this time. The benzine spray will kill the insect in every stage, and it is one of the few substances which will destroy the egg. I would, however, repeat the caution as to its inflammability. No light should be brought into a room in which it has been used until after thorough airing and until the order is almost dissipated.

The proper packing away of furs and winter clothing through the summer is a serious matter. A great deal of unnecessary expenditure in the way of cedar chests and cedar wardrobes and various compounds in the way of powders has been urged by writers on these pests. But experience fully proves that after a thorough treatment in May and June, garments may be safely put away for the rest of the season with no other protection than wrapping them closely in stiff paper.

An excellent plan is to buy for a small sum, from a tailor, a number of pasteboard boxes in which they deliver suits, and carefully fold and pack away all clothes, gumming a strip of wrapping paper around the edge of the cover so as to leave no crack. These boxes will last for a lifetime with careful use. Others use for the same purpose ordinary paper furo sacks or linen pillow-cases, which answer well. The success of these means depends entirely on the thoroughness of the preliminary work. Camphor, tobacco, naphthaline and other strong odorants are only partial repellants, and without the precautions urged are of little avail.—Good Housekeeping.

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"I never complained of my condition but once," said an old man, "when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented."

"What's a life insurance?" asked one boy of another. "Well, I make out," said his companion, "it's a concern that keeps a man poor all the time he's alive so that he may die rich."

VERY LIKELY.—On a new building being erected in Partick recently a mason accidentally let a large stone drop from the scaffolding inside the building. In its descent it narrowly missed striking a labourer, who immediately yelled up—"Bad luck to ye, now; if that stone had hit me I'd ha' come up an' warmed somebody for it." "Weel, Pat," replied the mason, a canny old Scotchman, "if that stane had hit ye, ye wadna ha' come up here ava, ye wad maybe ha' gane straucht doon an' got warmed yersel'."

A ROTHEWAY STORY.—A carter was in the habit of delivering goods at the house of a lady in Rotheway who, though of a religious turn of mind, was very much averse to opening her purse strings, and instead of the usual "tip," invariably handed over a tract. Getting tired of this little arrangement the Jehu determined to pay the lady out. Calling at the house one day the lady as he was returning handed him the tract as usual, when, holding it in front his horse's nose he said, in quite a surprised tone, "See, mistress, it'll no' eat it!"

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Table with financial data: ASSETS, \$32,620,676; SURPLUS, 7,319,000; INCOME, 5,000,000; DEPOSIT AT OTTAWA, 2,098,223.

MATURED ENDOWMENTS.

The government blue books of the past five years (pages 58, 68, 72, and 86) show the cash paid to living policy holders in Canada, in settlement of Endowment Bonds during the five years ending January 1st, 1888, as follows:—

Table with financial data: AETNA LIFE, \$446,998; CANADIAN AND BRITISH COMPANIES COMBINED, 135,666.

Besides the \$446,998, the Aetna Life paid to living members in Canada \$447,577 in annual cash dividends upon their policies, and \$729,434 to widows and orphans of deceased members, making a total of \$1,624,000 during the past five years in Canada.

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