

## A LAMENT.

De fraugs in de pon't is singin' every night  
Wid der hallelujah camp-meetin' tune,  
An' da' all peels to try, wid dar heart, soul, an'  
might,  
To tell us o' de comin' o' de June.

De gar wid er splash is er jumpin' fur de trout  
Dat's wallowin' near de cypress tree root,  
An' de hateful old grinnel wid his jaws so  
stout,  
Is er grabbin' o' de croppie by de snoot.

De ole mud turkie is er layin' mighty still,  
Waitin' fur de putty yaller peach,  
An' he's winkle fur ter stay till he's dun got his  
fill—  
Kai leab de ole turkie in de lurch.

De co'n's growin' fine, an' is ha'f leg high  
In de fiel' whar de water's dun dried,  
But I looks at it all er deep-fotch sigh,  
Fur it 'minds me so o' Tiddy dat has died.

Tiddy wuz de wife o' my bosom an' my breast;  
Mighty likely, sah, honest an' smart,  
An' when she turned erway frum dis life furter  
rest,  
It almos' broke the hame-strings o' mer heart.

I wuz wud her in de day, an' I nussed her in  
de night,  
An' I sot wid my han' on her head,  
When de 'stroyin' angel come in an' turned  
down de light,  
An' lef' me in de darkness wid de dead.

Er pain it sont all frum me like de stobbin' o' er  
dirk—  
My heart peered ter beat ergin er tho'n,  
For Tiddy, I emme tell yer, wuz er mighty han'  
ter work,  
An' I'd like to see her plowin' in de co'n.  
—Arkansaw Traveler

## THE KNAVE UNMASKED.

BY HENRY L. BLACK.



UST at the close of a bleak and dreary day in early winter, at a street corner in the residence section of the city of Brooklyn, a young, vigorous and handsome man was supporting a gray-haired, rather feeble-looking old gentleman, who otherwise must have fallen to the ground.

Night was fast approaching, and a blue wreath of pistol smoke above their heads was barely distinguishable in the twilight. "Are you hurt, sir?" It was the younger one who spoke.

"I can't say; I don't think so," answered his companion. "Lean on my arm; you seem weak. The villain appears to be making good his escape." As the young man spoke he looked down the thoroughfare, where the fleeing figure of a man was discernible, turning the corner of the next street.

"You have saved my life," murmured the old man, faintly, "but for your strong hand and clear head I would have fallen, the victim of an assassin's bullet."

"I did knock up his arm about the last moment to have availed you. But what could have been the object of his murderous assault?"

"Robbery, I make no doubt," replied the old gentleman, "for I'm quite certain that I've not an enemy in the world."

At this juncture one of those conservators of the peace, known as policemen, entered upon the scene, and inquired who had fired the shot.

"A large man, with a smooth face, and dressed in dark clothes and a stiff hat," answered the old gentleman. "I can't give you any better description, but I got a good view of his face, and would know him among a thousand. He attempted to take my life, and but for the timely interference of this brave young man, would doubtless have succeeded. Report the matter at headquarters at once, and have the detectives set at work. You know where I live, don't you?"

"Very well, indeed, Mr. Hapgood," replied the officer, "and this gentleman—" "Can be found through me," interrupted the elder man. "You will accompany me home, my young friend?"

"Certainly, sir," answered the young man, "here, take my arm; you will walk better, so."

"I can never properly thank you for what you have done to-night," said Mr. Hapgood, as they walked slowly along.

"Don't mention it, sir, I beg of you." "But I must mention it; you have saved my life, and at the risk, the imminent risk of your own—I expected to see the scoundrel shoot you. But you have not yet told me your name."

"My name, sir, is Clifford, John Clifford, and I am a clerk in the New York postoffice. I live in Brooklyn with my aged mother, and was on my way home when your cry for help attracted my attention, and I turned the corner just in time to arrest the murderer's hand."

"Mr. Clifford," said the old man earnestly, "I am pleased in you to find a young man struggling for advancement in the world. I have been through it all and know how to sympathize with you. But here we are at my residence." And they stopped in front of a stately, old-fashioned mansion, with broad steps and a high porch. "You must come in and dine with me. I wish to present you to my daughter Alice, my only child, that she may join me in thanking the man who has done me such a noble service."

"I thank you, Mr. Hapgood," said Clifford, bowing politely, "but I fear I must decline your hospitality this evening, and postpone the pleasure of meeting your daughter. The fact is that my mother is awaiting me. I am always punctual in arriving home, and I fear that she will be much worried if I am long delayed. It's very awkward, sir, and I am very sorry."

"No, sir," broke in Mr. Hapgood, "it is not awkward. It is fit and proper. Filial affection is the noblest thing in our imperfect natures. I have a daughter who loves me, and can appreciate your feelings. Go to your home and the supper your loving mother has prepared for you; you will no doubt enjoy it better than you would my fine dinner. But you must warn your mother not to expect you home early to-morrow, as you must dine and spend the evening with me. Go now, as I would not for the world cause the worthy lady a moment's anxiety."

"Thank you, sir. I will call at this hour to-morrow. Good evening." And, asking Mr. Hapgood's hand, Clifford hurried away.

A month later, a young man of about six-and-twenty, large and finely formed, with a handsome, intellectual face, Harry Winters by name, was seated in Mr. Hapgood's elegant parlor.

"Good morning, Harry," said the owner

of the mansion, abruptly entering the apartment.

"Good morning, sir," said the young man, rising and advancing. "I have called to beg a moment's conversation with you in private."

"Certainly, Harry; come into the library," said Mr. Hapgood, entering that apartment, and motioning the young man to a seat near him.

"Mr. Hapgood," began Harry, "I have known you from my boyhood, and for five years have been a constant visitor at your house. In these five years your daughter has grown from a winsome child to a beautiful and accomplished woman, and I have learned, sir—no hard task—to love her devotedly. You know my family, my condition, and prospects in life. What I ask is no small thing—the hand of your daughter in marriage."

Harry Winters bowed and sat down, while Mr. Hapgood sprang to his feet. "What is this?" he said excitedly, almost savagely. "Marry my daughter—why, you can't mean it!" Then, softening in his manner, he advanced to the young man's chair and grasped his hand. "You must pardon my abruptness, Harry, but I was taken by surprise. Have you gained my daughter's consent before seeking mine?"

"No, sir," answered Winters; "I could not in honor do that, but I must admit she knows my love for her, and that I have reasons to hope that it is not unrequited."

As Harry spoke the old man turned pale and sank back in his chair. "This is unfortunate," he murmured, "most unfortunate. You are an honorable young man, Harry. I love you like a son, but you cannot, it grieves me sadly to say it, you cannot marry my daughter."

"And why not, Mr. Hapgood? Pray tell me why not?"

"Because she is promised to another."

"Another?" cried Harry, starting wildly, "she loves another! Impossible! I know she loves me!"

"I did not say that. I said she was promised."

"To Mr. Clifford?" faltered Harry. "To Mr. Clifford? you have more than once met him here during the last month. He is an excellent young man. He loves Alice. And then, you know, he saved my life."

"I understand," said young Winters, sadly. "But Alice—has she consented?"

"She will, young man, at the proper time; have no doubt about that. She knows no will but mine."

"Perhaps you are acting for the best, sir. I know you think you are; but I feel that your daughter can never be happy with that man. Good evening, sir." And, bowing politely, Harry Winters left the Hapgood mansion.

"Alice," said Mr. Hapgood, as his fair daughter, in obedience to his summons, entered the library, "I have something serious to say to you. I have received an offer for your hand."

"An offer for my hand! And how much are you offered? and who is the bidder, papa?" said Alice, blushing, but not with annoyance, for she had seen Harry leave the house not ten minutes before, and surmised his errand.

"The offer, my daughter, which I have accepted for you, comes from a worthy young man whom I respect and esteem and whom you cannot choose but love, Mr. John Clifford."

Alice Hapgood spoke no word, but turned deathly pale, bowed her head in her hands, and sank into a chair.

"The young gentleman," pursued the father, not seeming to notice the daughter's agitation, "loved you at first sight, and has urged his suit upon several occasions. I have given my consent, and he will speak to you on the subject to-morrow."

"But, father, I can never love Mr. Clifford. I feel grateful to him as the preserver of my dear father's life. He is handsome, educated, brilliant, but I distrust him, and as for loving him—Alice Hapgood shuddered in a manner that

finished the sentence more forcibly than could have been done in words.

"My daughter, you do John an injustice; you do, indeed. He is an honest, industrious, and in all respects an exemplary young man, and as a son-in-law he will be entirely satisfactory to me."

"But as a husband he will not be so entirely satisfactory to me." And fair Alice smiled amid her tears.

"But, Alice, I've promised you to Mr. Clifford; you would not have me break my word?"

"No, father, but you have wealth, great wealth; offer him money."

"Would you have me insult the man to whom I owe my life, daughter?" And Mr. Hapgood frowned severely. "I did offer to loan him ten thousand dollars with which to engage in some business, but he declined it promptly, saying that he could not accept a reward for simply doing his duty; that was before he asked your hand."

"And now he claims a reward in a different form. He doubtless does not know that I am to be your heir."

"Daughter, your sarcasm fails to please me. But tell me," said the old gentleman, suddenly, "have you any other attachment that makes Mr. Clifford so distasteful to you?"

Alice turned red, then white, and finally burst into tears. "Don't ask me, father," she exclaimed. "I certainly am not attached to Mr. Clifford. Grant me this one favor. Let nothing be said to me on this subject by this

person for one month, until the fifteenth of January, and on that day, if you still desire it, I will plight my troth to Mr. Clifford."

"But I may tell him this? He will be all anxiety."

"Yes, father, if you choose; but in the meantime, you must do your best to change your mind."

That night Alice wrote Harry Winters a letter, in which she told him that she desired particularly to know something of John Clifford, his character and his record. "Find out all about him Harry," said she in conclusion, "and report to me on the fifteenth of January, when I will explain all to you. In the meantime don't call on me."

It was the morning of the fifteenth of January. Within the spacious library of the Hapgood mansion its master and his fair daughter were seated, awaiting the arrival of her suitor, Mr. John Clifford. They had been silent for some time, when Alice spoke:

"About this disagreeable business, father, do you still wish me to marry Mr. Clifford?"

"I certainly do. The more I see of him the better I like him, and the more worthy I consider him of my daughter. I will admit that somehow I would prefer Harry Winters, but then you know, John saved my life from a cowardly assassin. I can't forget that."

At that moment a servant entered and announced Harry Winters.

"Show him in," said Mr. Hapgood, "the son of my old friend will never be denied admission here."

A moment later Harry himself entered and was kindly received by the father and daughter, the latter giving him a look which plainly said, "How have you succeeded?"

"Mr. Hapgood," began Harry, "I have news for you; a man has been arrested charged with firing at you some two months ago, and the officers have brought him here to see if you can identify him."

"Very well, let them come in," said Mr. Hapgood.

Harry left the room as the old gentleman spoke, and returned immediately, followed by two detectives with a smooth-faced, villainous-looking young man between them.

"That is the man. I could swear to him any place," cried the old gentleman. "How did you succeed in finding him?"

"Mr. Winters is entitled to the credit," replied one of the officers. "He found a photograph, from which we identified the prisoner."

"But he had never seen him. How could he know him from a photograph?"

"This man, George Holmes," said Harry, indicating the prisoner, "had been photographed at Sing Sing with his chum and partner in crime, James Costello. I found their picture in the rogues' gallery, number 1921. Here it is." And he produced and handed Mr. Hapgood a card photograph.

"Great heavens!" cried the old gentleman, "what have we here?"

His daughter sprang to his side, and seized the card from his trembling hand. It was a picture of two men in the striped garb of the penitentiary; one, the prisoner before her; the other, the man she had known as John Clifford.

"I always suspected it," she murmured, giving Harry a grateful look.

"And what have you to say?" said Mr. Hapgood sternly to the ex-convict.

"I don't know," he growled. "I suppose I'd better tell for Jim will if I don't. He always saved himself. I fired the shot, sir, but the pistol wasn't loaded with ball. It was a scheme to give Jim a chance to rescue you. I urged him to take the ten thousand you offered, but he struck for a high stake and we've lost everything."

As he finished speaking a step was heard in the hall, and the next instant the door was thrown open, and John Clifford entered the library.

"Good morning, Mr. Costello," said Harry Winters, "here's your old friend, Mr. Holmes."

"Confusion!" cried Clifford, "what does this mean?"

"It means," cried the old gentleman, "that you are unmasked, you scoundrel—and you thought to marry my daughter! Officers, take him away."

Clifford made no reply, but sprang nimbly through the open window and disappeared.

"After him," shouted Mr. Hapgood.

"Never mind," said one of the detectives, quietly, "he'll find two officers at the street door. He's wanted on half a score of charges, and will go down for a long term. Good morning." And the officers vanished with their prisoner.

"And now, Harry," said Mr. Hapgood, "forgive an old man who has been foolishly deceived. Take my daughter, and be happy."

"Well, father," said Alice, slyly, "if he is your choice for a son-in-law, I'll not refuse him as a husband."

## Happy Thought.

"It is too bad," said the managing editor to the funny man; "here is a man in the counting-room desiring to put in a big advertisement, and the editor in chief and the publisher are both at the beach."

"Well, can't you manage that yourself?"

"Well, not very well. Somebody is wanted to swear to the circulation."

"Oh, I see."

"Unfortunately, isn't it?"

"I should say so. What's to be done?"

"Can't you swear to it?"

"Why, man, they won't accept me."

"Misery! Will I do?"

"You! Absurd."

"Too bad! Oh, by the way, is the religious editor here?"

"Gracious goodness, yes! Why didn't I think of it before? He'll be accepted without a murmur."

The thing is done at once.—*Boston Courier.*

## Grandpa's Journey.

"Taking a little trip, eh, grandpa?" said a little boy to an old gentleman who was busily engaged in paring his corns.

"I do not know that I can call it much of a journey, going over this infernal corn," replied grandpa.

"You will not take in the entire cornfield, probably, but you will be able to get over one acher, anyway," replied the boy.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Do not expect to be able to understand everything.

## AWFUL WRECK.

More than Seventy-five Lives Lost by an Accident Near Chatsworth Illinois.

Twice That Number of Persons Wounded, Many of Them Fatally.

A Heavily Laden Excursion Train Crashes Through a Charred Bridge in the Night.

The Wreck Takes Fire and Is Extinguished After a Desperate Fight.

[Forest (Ill.) special.]

One of the most horrible accidents within the memory of man occurred three miles east of Chatsworth, on the Toledo, Peoria and Western Railroad, late Wednesday night. An excursion train of sixteen cars, slowly Peoria went through a culvert and upward of 250 persons were killed and injured. So far as learned, seventy-three persons were instantly killed and about one hundred and sixty more or less seriously injured.

The train consisted of engines 21 and 13, a baggage car, a special car, five coaches, and six sleepers. Two and a half miles east of Chatsworth, a small village about seven miles east of Forest, there is a small culvert or ditch. It is about fourteen feet wide and thirteen feet deep. The bridge over this culvert was a wretched structure of wood, and the hot weather of past weeks had made it dry and brittle. Wednesday night the supports to the bridge and slowly burned until the entire bridge rested on the charred remnants of the timbers. When the train came thundering down there was nothing to warn the head engineer that the bridge was a death trap. The speed of the train was not slackened. It had steamed slowly out of Chatsworth at 11:40 o'clock, but striking a gentle down grade the throttle was pulled out and the train rushed along at a rate of forty miles an hour.

When the train struck the bridge there was a cracking of timbers, and the engine dropped. The leading engine was not thrown from the track, and continued on its way, taking its tender with it. The next engine dropped into the ditch, and the train rushed onward and was piled in a heap, with the exception of the sleepers, which escaped without a scratch.

The scene of horror and confusion that followed was frightful. There were about seven hundred people on the train, and of these fully one-half were in the coaches that now lay in a huge mass. Ten cars filled with dead and dying people were jammed into a space of two cars' length.

Horribly crushed and mangled. The six coaches were telescoped in the most horrible manner, and the occupants were simply crushed and mangled almost out of all semblance to human beings. Thirty-nine ladies were taken from the end of one of the cars. When the crash came they were swept off their seats by the rear car bursting in on them and crushed to death in the further end of the car.

As soon as the survivors recovered from the awful shock a train hand ran back to Chatsworth for help. The news of the awful disaster spread quickly and in a short time hundreds of people from Forest, Chatsworth, Piper City, Gnan, and the surrounding country were on the spot assisting in the work of rescue. The remnants of the bridge, which was still burning, received the first attention. Water was brought from farmers' houses near by and the flames extinguished. None of the cars caught fire, otherwise the horrors of a holocaust would have been added to an already frightful disaster. Attention was then turned to the shrieking inmates of the wrecked cars.

Such was the awful momentum of the train that the passengers were not only telescoped, but piled on top of each other. The other cars had rolled off the track after telescoping. Fourteen trucks were piled on the east side of the culvert. In the midst of this mass of human beings hundreds of human beings were intombed. One woman with her baby in her arms was thrown half the length of the car and killed. The baby was not injured. Four colored women sitting together were crushed to a pulp. They were from Peoria, Conductor Stillwell escaped with a few injuries about the body.

A man named Goddard, a butcher from Peoria, was caught between two cars and his lower limbs crushed.

"For God's sake save me," he cried to the rescuers. "I'll give \$100 to any one who will pull me out of here."

But it was impossible. His body could not have been chopped it out, and the poor fellow died a few minutes later. His son is thought to have been killed.

SHRIEKING OUT OF THE DARKNESS. As fast as possible the work of release was prosecuted, but about 12:30 o'clock it began to rain, and the horror of the night was complete. The black darkness, which was faintly illumined by lanterns and pierced by the awful yells and groans of the dying, injured, and imprisoned, was the majority of the dead and the pouring rain, lightning, and the roar of thunder made a scene that would appal the bravest heart. One young man who was taken out with both legs broken was carried into a cornfield near by and laid down. He yelled with pain for a time, but a hour later it was found that he had killed himself by blowing his brains out. The terrible excitement and pain had probably driven him crazy.

As fast as the victims were rescued they were placed side by side in the cornfield north of the track. By daylight sixty-five bodies were lying side by side, silent monuments to what seemed to have been a railroad company's carelessness. The majority of the dead are Peoria people. The train contained 175 people from Peoria city and county, and of this number at least forty-one were killed.

MR. J. M. PEERY, of Peoria, was in the first sleeper, and said: "I felt three distinct shocks and then heard a grinding sound, and on looking out saw that the car in which we were were teetering over the fire, which was slowly blazing on the sides of the bridge. I got out in safety, and the scene presented to the eye and ear was one I wish I could forever efface from my memory. But I know I never can. The shrieks of the dying and the glaring faces of the dead will always stay with me. To add to the horror it was pitch dark save for the fitful light of the fire under the sleeper, which lighted the faces of those about only to make their fear and anguish visible. On the mouths of most of the corpses could be seen foam, which showed that they died in agony. At last we secured some feeble lights, but the wind blew them out, and about 2 o'clock the rain poured down in torrents on the unprotected dead and dying in the hedges and corn fields. Our efforts were divided between trying to put out the fire and rescuing the dying whose cries for help were heartrending. Indeed, mothers ran wildly about crying for lost children and wives for husbands. Strong men were weeping over the forms of their beloved wives. Prayers, entreaties, and groans filled the air until daylight, when relief parties got to work and removed the dead and wounded from the scene. The bridge was on fire before the train struck."

C. Falroth, who was one of the fortunate ones occupying a berth in next to the last sleeper, says that to put out the fire no water was to be had. All went to work with a will with such tools as could be found on the cars to further destroy and tear away all the woodwork possible, and with dirt, weeds, dry grass, coats, and clothing; in fact anything that would act as a weapon against the fierce flames. After a terrible struggle the fire was put out.

Mr. Falroth, on passing one of the coaches, was requested, "For God's sake take my child," a babe, which he immediately did, and, leaving it in a place as could be found, went into the car and found the mother, Mrs. Neal, of Mosaville, just dead.

The scene in the cars was beyond description. One young child was found fastened near the roof of the car head down, where in the jar and concussion it had been thrown, and was dead when taken down. Others were found in all conceivable shapes, all were thrown off their seats and piled in the ends of the sides of the cars, bleeding from gashes in the face, arms, or other portions of the body. It was, Mr. Falroth says, the most sickening sight he ever witnessed.

William Ellis, one of the badly injured, says he was thrown four or five seats forward and stunned, and when he recovered himself he found others lying upon him. His watch was smashed, and had stopped at 12:13. He is of the opinion that the bridge was set on fire by loungers around there whose motive it was to plunder the dead, as he saw some of these suspicious-looking fellows taking rings from fingers and money and valuables from the pockets of others not able to resist.

H. W. White, of the Peoria Journal, gives the following account:

"I was in the second sleeper, and we were going along about midnight when there came a peculiar jostling. I thought that we had been derailed. Our porter said, 'We are all right' when some one said, 'There is a fire ahead.' I got up and went to the front. The head engine had rushed over the crash. The second engine had tumbled into it. It had telescoped, and the engineer was a shapeless mass. The first car drove through the wreckage with the track, and the remaining eleven cars had telescoped and piled up in one heap. "Several of us climbed on the cars with axes and lanterns and went to work. The first man we found was Billy Owens, the confectioner. He was dead. We pulled him out after some effort, and then pulled his daughters, Emma and Ida, out. They were all dead. Every one was groaning and crying. Their feet seemed to be jammed. Most of them had their legs broken. After an hour and a half we cleared the car. They were offering \$50 each for relief. Probably there were a dozen bodies taken out. Mrs. Deal was one of these.

"I then went down on the ground and assisted in taking the dead down. The people in the ground put a plank up and the bodies taken out were piled down the plank. The dead were put in one pile and the living in another. Every live person seemed to want to see their families at once.

"One little boy, the son of the Methodist minister at Abingdon—Frank Snodacker, about 12 years old—was found on the bosom of his dead mother. His left leg hung by the skin, his right arm was broken, and one eye was put out. They pulled him out and tried to give him a drink of brandy. He refused to take it and said: 'Give me water.' He never uttered a groan. I found a head hanging from a truck. It was apparently that of a man who had been caught by the hair.

"I found several headless bodies. Those who recognized the dead immediately ticketed them.

"One of the most awful sights was that some of those released robbed the dead of their watches and valuables, and some people held the theory that the bridge was set on fire in order to thus perpetrate robbery.

W. Gucker, one of the Galesburg passengers, relates a singular experience. His wife and he were in the rear of a chair car, the tenth car of the train. They had no warning of what was to come. The train was moving at a rate of thirty-five miles an hour. Mr. Gucker was aroused by the terrible crash of glass and breaking timbers. The end of the car was poised twenty feet in the air. He crawled through a broken window and saw the slanting side of the car. His wife followed safely. Several Galesburg people who were in that end of the car escaped without serious injury. The top of the car parted in the center. The other end was crushed into an egg-shell.

P. Van Liew, who walked from the safe end of the car the moment before, was caught and dangerously injured.

"There were thirty in the car," said Mr. Gucker, "and only six survived. Out of one party of nine only three were left. One man had lost his wife and child and was badly injured himself went into an adjacent cornfield and committed suicide. Six young men from Canton who were in the first car were saved by being thrown up through the partition. A woman seated near Mr. Gucker thrust her head through a car window and was decapitated. The pockets of a number of those injured were picked up unfeeling rowdies."

St. G. Risser, of Kansas City, who was at the scene of the wreck soon after the disaster, says:

"I was at El Paso and missed the excursion train by less than five minutes. Twenty-six minutes afterward I took a freight train, and when we got to Forest the conductor gave orders to bring all the physicians he could. When we arrived at the wreck we found the most heart-rending and indescribable scene ever witnessed. Every one was begging to be taken from the wreck, as they were afraid of it catching fire. The bridge was on fire and no water was at hand to put it out. All the trainmen and such passengers as could wait to work to smother the fire. We had nothing to work with except our own hands, and had to carry dirt as best we could.

"At about 1:30 a. m. a shower of rain put out the fire and we turned our attention to relieving the people in the cars. We worked until 3 a. m. and m and a lot of dead and bodies, besides scores of wounded people. They were terribly mangled. Relief trains took the dead and wounded to Piper City and Chatsworth. The city hall and school-house at Chatsworth were improvised into a hospital and the citizens came to our relief with coffee, bread, and butter, and everything possible, especially bandages and medicine for the suffering."

Mr. Risser said he stood the sickening work of relieving the wounded and getting out the dead until he came to his senses, and that the girls about the age of his own, when his humanity gave way and he was compelled to stop.

## THE DEAD.

The news of the disaster was brought to Chats