

## CARS PLUNGED INTO RAGING TORRENT.

Further Details of the Great Railway Disaster at Steele's Hollow, Near Eden, Colorado—Hundred Lives Probably Lost—Victims Went to Their Death Without Warning—Story of the Fireman—Experiences of a Survivor Given.

Pueblo, Colo., Aug. 8.—Two carloads of human freight plunged into the raging torrent that destroyed the trestle over the hollow, near Eden, about 8 o'clock last evening. Two sleeping cars and the diner stopped at the brink of the hungry chasm filled with a boiling, seething current that quickly snuffed out probably 100 lives. So quietly had the catastrophe been enacted that the occupants of the three cars remaining on the track did not realize that an accident had occurred until they alighted from the train, and they were utterly powerless to render any assistance to the victims who had disappeared in the rushing waters.

### FALL OF THE BRIDGE.

On the lookout for danger, warned by the equally clouds and heavy rain to the north, Engineer Charles Hinde was running cautiously, about 15 miles an hour, as he approached the arroyo, which was spanned by a bridge 30 feet in length. The condition of the bridge was not known until the locomotive, one of the monster passenger type, had nearly crossed. Fireman Frank Mayfield, with a large torch, had been using to ascertain the condition of the track, was in the gangway. When Engineer Hinde felt the tremor in the great machine and caught a glimpse on the water, he shouted his last words: "Put out that torch," evidently thinking that in the accident he felt certain was coming, the flames would serve to spread fire. But before Mayfield could obey, while the words were still on the lips of the doomed man and his hand seeking the mechanism controlling the bridge gave way as it had been a stack of kindling wood, and the locomotive dropped with the hissing of steam through 20 feet of flood to the bottom of the arroyo, crosswise to the track.

### CARS SWEEP AWAY.

The baggage car, smoking car and chair car followed the locomotive into the stream and were swept away. The occupants of these cars, say three men, perished, and had not the roof of the chair car burst asunder, not one would have escaped. The fireman, as the locomotive caught a glimpse on the water, he shouted his last words: "Put out that torch," evidently thinking that in the accident he felt certain was coming, the flames would serve to spread fire. But before Mayfield could obey, while the words were still on the lips of the doomed man and his hand seeking the mechanism controlling the bridge gave way as it had been a stack of kindling wood, and the locomotive dropped with the hissing of steam through 20 feet of flood to the bottom of the arroyo, crosswise to the track.

### "NOTIFY PUEBLO."

"Notify Pueblo," came the voice of the running man. "The train's gone down and everybody is killed." Even as he spoke, relates the operator, there were cries coming from the distance. The two men ran to where the bridge had been, to search, but in vain, for victims of the disaster. When they reached the spot all cries for help had ceased. Relief trains with physicians, wreck and pile-driving outfits and scores of workmen were hurried from the city. The first train from the wreck came in shortly after midnight with J. M. Killin of Pueblo, whose escape was miraculous; H. S. Gilbert, Tony Fisher and Fireman Mayfield.

### HANGING ON THE BRINK.

The end of the Pullman Ashmore extended four feet over the brink, while broken timbers and twisted rails hung still further over. The Arroyo had been widened to 100 feet at the point where the bridge had been. The water tore a zigzag course across the prairie to a depth of 30 feet in several places. There was but little left of the baggage car—a few rods, a truck or so dimly seen in the muddy water; a half-buried iron safe.

The great locomotive, the boiler free of the trucks, the cab and tank gone, lies where it fell.

### PARTS OF THE WRECK.

A quarter of a mile to the east, where this gorge of death, debouched into the Fountain, lay the chair car, windows gone, three-fourths filled with mud and sand. A hundred feet farther on was the smoker, bottom up, against a sandbar. A hundred and fifty feet farther in the bed of the Fountain was the coal tender of the engine, and from that point on for four or five miles, wreckage of the coaches, engine and tender stuck up from the bed of the stream or lay along the shore or on the islands. Red plush seats of the smoker were strewn along the stream. Brass rails from the coaches were found in the sand half a mile from the site of the bridge and pieces of the baggage car stuck out from the water in several places. Bits of clothing, coats, skirts and women's hats were found in the brush along the shore, and the searchers scanned the foliage for bodies. Masses of earth had caved in from the high sides of the river at many places and searchers passed these with the fear that bodies were buried under them which they were unable to reach.

Five hundred men scanned every inch of the river and its surroundings a few hours after daylight. They waded the stream and carried out mud-begrimed bodies which were found at widely separated points, some of them miles from the scene of the accident.

### FIRST CORPSES RECOVERED.

The first corpses recovered were those of Miss Irene Wright and little Dorothy Johnson, the sister-in-law and daughter, respectively, of Harry Johnson of Pueblo. An unknown woman lay beside them. Engineer Hinde was found with his watch still running a few feet further down the stream. And since the sun rose nearly over the drenched land, automobiles with sand-covered, dripping bumpers have been carried every few minutes to the railroad tracks where the death train

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moon trip. Gilbert is one of the three men who miraculously escaped from the chair car. His wife, who was sitting beside him, was lost, and although he is unscathed, her death has made him a nervous wreck. He is now in the Pueblo hospital. He has been wired chief of the Western Union Telegraph company at Oklahoma City.

A dispatch from Jacksonville, Fla., inquiring for Miss Alice Wood of that city was received by the Chief of the name has been reported among the dead or missing. A trunk was found, containing a package of visiting cards bearing the name of Mrs. Everett Hoose of Durango, Colo., and she is supposed to have been a passenger.

### STORY OF A SURVIVOR.

J. M. Killin Tells of a Remarkable Escape from Death.

Pueblo, Colo., Aug. 8.—The most remarkable escape from death that the railroad officials have yet learned in connection with the wreck was that of J. M. Killin, a well known hardware merchant, who was one of three occupants of the chair car, who came out of the wreck alive.

Mr. Killin was badly cut about the head, hands and arms, but no bones were broken and he will entirely recover within a few days if no serious complications ensue. His escape was due entirely, he believes, to his ability as a swimmer, his great strength and his presence of mind, which led him to hold his breath while he was submerged with the other passengers in water.

### CRASH DESCRIBED.

"When the first crash came we were riding along as smoothly as any could go," said Mr. Killin. "It was just as though the train had struck against a stone wall. The lights went out, all the passengers were thrown forward and there were the most fearful cries for help and the grinding of timbers. I saw the man next to me was down and I helped him up, but just then another crash came and the train seemed to sink free to continue the hunt for others. Everybody and could not think of anything but to save myself. I remember well the sensations that I had at that time. I knew I was in terrible danger and my first thought was that I must get out of the car. At the second crash I was about to my waist in water. All the time the grinding and crushing of timbers was going on. In another crash I was thrown about a third of the length of the car right up against the front door. I grabbed the top of the door and the car went over in the water three times.

### UNDER THE WATER.

"My first instinct when the water went over my head was to hold my breath. I thought I was under water for a full minute. The car naturally righted and when it came up the water was just above my lips. I could breathe all right and saw that the train was just above me. With my right hand I smashed out the glass, hoping I could get out in that way.

"At that moment another crash came and my first thought was that I must get out of the car. At the second crash I was about to my waist in water. All the time the grinding and crushing of timbers was going on. In another crash I was thrown about a third of the length of the car right up against the front door. I grabbed the top of the door and the car went over in the water three times.

"The only man I could see in the coach as I left it was F. H. Messenger, a banker from Central City. He sat just behind me and once came to the end of the car and I saw that he would be saved, but before he could be saved he went down and was lost.

"As I approached an island I heard a faint cry for help. I saw a man, I answered, shouting, 'I am coming, but at that moment I heard a gurgling sound, as if the poor unfortunate was lost, and I have not seen him since.

Mr. Killin was taken to a hospital in Pueblo.

### FIREMAN MAYFIELD.

First Person to Give Any Details of the Awful Wreck.

Pueblo, Colo., Aug. 8.—Fireman Mayfield arrived here early this morning and is the first person to give any details of the awful wreck. He is dazed and almost insane because of the awful crash he passed through, yet each little incident is fixed so

### Every Throb

Of My Heart Was Plainly Felt, and Sometimes Very Painful.

If your pulse is too strong, and your heart throbs so that you can feel the force of the heart-beat against your chest, your heart is weak and needs attention.

This is usually caused by long continued palpitation, over-work, excessive exercise, heart strain, and the condition indicates serious heart trouble. You should act at once.

The best thing to do is to take Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, a remedy that will strengthen the nerves and muscles of the heart, and restore them to their normal condition.

If you neglect to do this, disastrous consequences will surely follow. You will have more heart pain, pain in the heart, faintness, the valves of the heart will become leaky, and the heart left in a death struggle.

"My heart bothered me so that I could feel every pulsation. Could not sleep on my left side. Doctors told me that I had some enlargement of the heart. I had all the usual symptoms of heart trouble. I took about 15 or 20 bottles of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and am completely cured. I have had no symptoms of heart disease for two years, and as attending to my business affairs, which I could not do before."

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firmly in his mind that he will remember them until his dying day. "It all happened so quickly—and, my God, it is so terrible," he said. "It had been raining all evening and we had a hard time to keep the steam up in order to run on schedule time. A little while before we reached the bridge that crosses Dry Creek I turned to Charley Hinde, the engineer, and said to him: 'Charley, is there enough steam to carry us to Pueblo?' Charley said 'No.' And I began firing up.

### ENGINE LURCHED UPWARDS.

"Just as I was putting in the second shove, the engine lurched and a sudden lurch upward. I lost my balance and was thrown from the train on the bank of the creek. I must have struck partly on my head, as I was dazed and did not know what happened for several minutes. When I came to I saw the Pullman cars standing near me, but could not see the engine or the rest of the train. I went up and down the stream looking for my partner, Charley, the engineer, you know. We were such good friends. I looked everywhere for him. I did not notice whether water was running over the trestle as we approached the bridge, but when I was thrown out the water was much higher than the trestle.

"After a long time I met a body of men, who told me to go with them, but I wanted to find Charley and didn't want to go with them. They said Charley was dead, and that the body was found near Eden.

### DANGER NOT ANTICIPATED.

"We did not expect anything at all. We were going along at a good speed all the time, and never dreamed that anything was wrong. We thought that if there was any kind of a flood near Eden the operator there would know, and that he would flag us. We passed there, but saw no signals of any kind and never for an instant felt any fear. It is only a mile or so from Eden to the bridge that went down, and it was a few minutes after leaving Eden that we got there. I scarcely know how it happened, as I was dazed in the mud on the bank of the creek. I only know that there are dozens and dozens dead—but so help me God, I am in no way responsible for their deaths."

Fireman Mayfield is one of the most trusted employees on the Rio Grande.

### DINING CAR SUPERINTENDENT.

R. Brunazzi, superintendent of the dining car service of the Denver & Rio Grande, one of the survivors, had a narrow escape.

"I was sitting in the front end of the forward sleeper Wyuta," he said, "near the door. The train had slowed up on account of the bad condition of the tracks, and I think we were going about 15 miles per hour when all at once I felt a sudden jolt, then a terrific crash and our car turned almost on its front end. I rushed to the platform and saw before me a black, raging torrent, with three coaches whirling down the stream. It was horrible, horrible. I have never experienced anything like this awful sensation that came over me when I saw the cars, packed with human beings, floating down that raging flood. The water was rushing against the banks with terrible velocity, and no human being, it seemed to me, could ever withstand that awful current.

### HARDLY ANY SCREAMING.

"Strangely enough, there was hardly any screaming. I listened to hear the cries, but it was all over in a moment, and the coaches whirled away down the stream with loads of human beings. Apparently the people were swallowed up in the flood, the water surging into the coaches and drowning them instantly. There was not a sound. I heard no calls for help.

"I reached the bank and joined with those who were trying to rescue the survivors. I worked as best I could, but hope I shall never see anything like it again. It was terrible, it was terrible."

### A PORTER HERO.

To His Nerve and Bravery Many Owe Their Lives.

Eden, Colo., Aug. 8.—W. Vance, porter on the forward sleeping car, Wyuta, was one of the heroes of the disaster. To him and his nerve and bravery the people on that car owe their lives. He was standing near the front end of the car when the crash came, and with rare presence of mind rushed to the handbrake on the front of the car and began lighting the brakes on the wheels. His car was slipping forward from the momentum and from the terrible drag in front, caused by the forward car, falling into the stream. Vance held on to the brake like grim death. His hands clenched the wheel until his fingers almost bled, but he held on until his right grip stopped the car. The forward car broke from its moorings and fell into the water, while

the car which Vance had held with the brake stopped one-third of the way on the brink of the chasm, overhanging the gulch below. The forward trucks had left the track and gone down, but the remainder of the coach stayed on the tracks and the lives of the passengers were saved.

It required two engines and nearly a half-hour's work to pull this sleeper back from the brink of the chasm. Nothing but Vance's cool and brave work at the brakes kept the car from plunging into the stream.

### CAPT. FRANK WHITMAN.

Lyndon, Kan., Aug. 8.—Capt. Frank Whitman, killed in the Pueblo wreck, was on his way to his home in this city to see his aged father, Prof. J. S. Whitman, who is on his deathbed. Capt. Whitman graduated from West Point in June, 1896. He was major in the Twentieth Kansas regiment during the Spanish war. After being mustered out as a volunteer he resumed his place in the regular army, being promoted to captain.

His last station was Fort Logan, Colo. After visiting with his father here he was going on to Manassas, Va., where he was to act as umpire in the eastern army maneuvers.

### A STANFORD STUDENT.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 8.—Miss Irene Wright, one of the victims of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad wreck, was a roommate last year at Leland Stanford, Jr., university in California. Miss Clara Lathrop of this city, Miss Wright was editor of the Stanford Sequela. She was on her way to Los Angeles to accept a position in a school there.

### THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

Alexieff Informs the Czar That It Has Been Very Active.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 8.—Emperor Nicholas has received the following dispatch from Viceoy Alexieff, dated at Mukden, Aug. 7:

"Telegrams received today from Port Arthur and from the commander of the squadron (Rear Admiral Witthoff), state that the cruisers Bayan, Askold, Pallada and Novik, and some gunboats of the head of the harbor on July 29 for the purpose of bombarding the enemy's positions. They were attacked by the Japanese battleship Chinyen, the protected cruisers Chiyoda, Itatsushima and Matsushima and two second-class cruisers with 30 torpedo boats.

"An eight-inch shell from the Bayan burst in the stern of the Itatsushima, placing that ship out of action. Thereupon the Japanese ships steered for the open sea and, at the same time, the Chiyoda was damaged by a Russian mine. As the Chiyoda was sinking by the head she started toward Taiwan bay. A shot from battery 22 also damaged a Japanese gunboat which was sighted.

"On July 27, in view of the Japanese having taken the general offensive against our land positions, the Bayan, Captain Reitzelstein; the battleship Retzivan, the Pallada, Askold and Novik, the coast defense ships Gremyashinski and Osvoboditel, the gunboat Giliad and 12 torpedo boats, under the command of Rear Admiral Leschinsky, were ordered to support our right flank in the defense of the island of Chosen, commander of the military force at Port Arthur.

"Our ships, preceded by mine dredges steamed toward Lungtan, from where they bombarded the Japanese positions until 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

"On their return, which they effected with the same precautions, a mine exploded underneath one of the dredges.

"Rear Admiral Witthoff estimated that the enemy's naval forces off Port Arthur July 30, consisted of five battleships, four armored cruisers, 10 other cruisers and 43 torpedo craft."

### N. A. TRUST.

Petition for Receiver and Winding Up Affairs Made.

Boston, Aug. 9.—A petition for the appointment of a receiver and a closing up of the affairs of the North American Trust has been brought in the supreme court by John M. Barry and Francis C. Webster, two of the trustees. The petition is brought against the North American Trust and Frank E. Lewis of Lowell, Mass.

The petitioners claim that because of the various legal actions that have been brought against the company and because of the publicity it has lately received it can no longer conduct its business. Barry and Webster, the petitioners, were arrested last Thursday by deputies from the United States marshal's office on a charge of conspiring to defraud the public. The government officials claimed that the company's business was a lottery and was fraudulent.

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I THINK The Designer is a little different in its aim, and very different in its accomplishing, from any other of America's magazines. It, first of all, presents practical, tasteful fashions that are not too difficult for reproduction by the average woman, and supplements this by as many articles as possible each month on subjects of especial interest to those who have adopted the needle for occupation of spare moments, or as a means of support—hence dressmaking, millinery, trimmings, accessories to the toilette, embroidery and fancy work of all kinds are given prominent position in The Designer pages.

After them in importance rank the three departments edited by our readers themselves: "What Women are Doing," which encourages those who have to make their own way in the world, by presenting incidents showing how others have successfully overcome obstacles as formidable as any that lie in their path; "Helps Along the Way," and "The Mothers' Club."

I believe that every shareholder in a business is far more concerned for its welfare than are outsiders, and for this reason I have closely allied many of our readers and subscribers by making them co-editors of these departments, which gives the more or less isolated woman in the country a chance to run in (figuratively speaking) to her neighbor's for a little friendly talk on the easiest way to accomplish the household tasks, or to manage the babies, or as to opportunities for earning a few dollars in pleasant ways.

There are many other regular departments, of course, and fiction and articles of general interest; but the magazine itself can best describe itself. I think I can add truthfully that The Designer is a cheerful, practical magazine which earnestly tries to help those who want to help themselves.

Lillian Dymov Rice

EDITOR

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