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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

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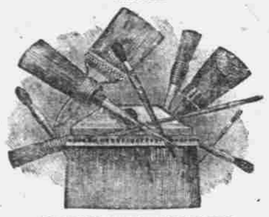

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HORROR OF HORRORS

Such the Chicago & Atlantic Railway Disaster Proves to be.

In Point of Execution and Ghastliness, Equaled Only by Chatsworth.

Thirty Dead and Disfigured Bodies, and Fifteen Seriously Wounded.

President Cleveland and Party Grandly Received at Minneapolis.

The Knights of Labor—Cleveland on the Mexican Land Grant.

By Telegraph to the NEWS.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—A special to the *Evening Journal* from North Judson, Indiana, says: Another Chatsworth railroad horror occurred on the Chicago & Atlantic Railway this morning, sixty miles east of Chicago near Kouts station. Seventeen passengers were killed and

BURNED UP

in the wreck and from 20 to 30 were more or less injured. A heavy fresh meat train telescoped the evening accomodation train (the New York express) which leaves Chicago at 7:40 p. m. The accommodation with one luggage car, two coaches and one sleeper had stopped at a water tank for water about one mile west of Kouts and the freight train following crashed into the sleeper telescoping and burning up the entire passenger train as above stated. Wm. Perry, auditor of this (Stark) county, and wife and child were victims of the terrible fire which broke out almost immediately after the freight train crashed among the passengers. Not a particle of their bodies was rescued from the flames. The entire responsibility appears to rest on

THE ENGINEER

of the freight train. At this writing the names of the others killed and wounded cannot be ascertained.

KOUTZ, Ind., October 11.—The worst horrors of Chatsworth were duplicated here to-day. A dozen blood-stained, smoke-begrimed, injured victims of railroad carelessness or blundering, were brought into the village at this little station house, early this morning, and this afternoon, nine charred corpses, the victims of some blundering or carelessness, were laid upon the station platform, while three miles west down the track of the Chicago & Atlantic Railroad, near a lonely old water tank, piles of fearfully tangled debris mark the spot where a collision seldom equaled for terrible results had occurred. According to the best estimate obtainable, for only an estimate was possible, fully

THIRTY HUMAN LIVES

had been sacrificed outright, and half that number of persons had suffered injuries more or less serious. The east bound express train for Chicago last night with a great load of passengers, had without a moment's warning during a temporary wait, been smashed into from behind by a heavily loaded fast freight plunging madly forward in the darkness, bent on beating all competition in hurrying dressed meat to the markets of the seaboard. Some part of the machinery of the passenger engine had been thrown out of order during the run from Chicago. A trifling stop at a water tank would make it all right, it was thought, and the stop was accordingly made. Suddenly, out of the darkness behind, came the flash of a headlight, a rush and a rattle of many wheels, and then the

MIGHTY CRASH.

Just as at Chatsworth the sleeping coach now got in its deadly work. The massive framework of the sleeper was transformed into a huge catapult, and pushed mercilessly forward by the freight it crushed into the cars forward, smashing their comparatively light timbers and making the work of destruction complete. The wreck quickly took fire and the sight of the shrieking victims and the dancing flames was one never to be forgotten.

To-day on his bed of agony at a hotel at Kouts, the engineer of the passenger train told the

FOLLOWING STORY:

We passed No. 40 at Boone Grove on time and started towards Kouts. No. 49 pulled out of the station less than two minutes behind us, when they should have waited much longer. When we were well away from the town we could see her light a little way behind. We were not running fast because the engine was on one side. We had broken an eccentric strap and were running but one pair of wheels, having been forced to disconnect the other pair of wheels which were running loose. Of course the accident held our speed down a little, but we had no idea the engineer of No. 49 would have any difficulty in keeping off our heels. The last time I looked back there was ample room between us. We stopped at Boone Grove tank and were there almost a minute before

THEY STRUCK US.

In the little sitting room of the cottage which serves as a hotel in this town two of the wounded survivors of the accident still remained late this afternoon. Henry Miller, a Bohemian boy on his way from Dundee, Ills., to the old country, is stretched on one lounge in a low dark room. His head is fearfully battered and his right leg is fractured.

The other wounded man is Jos. McCool, a bartender, of Boston, who, had he not been a passenger on the fated train, would have been welcomed in Chicago by relatives whom he has not seen for years. His injuries are for the most part internal and are not so severe but that his recovery is possible. He was able to tell of the awful occurrence

AS FOLLOWS:

I was in the passenger coach at the time of the accident, which was next to the last car in the train. Just before midnight I went into the smoker, which was just ahead of our car, and chatted for an hour and came back to the coach with a young man who sat down near me. That's the last I've ever seen or expect to see of the poor fellow. Just as I had stretched myself out to go to sleep, and almost before I had closed my eyes, there was an awful, unearthly crash which, God help me, I never want to hear again. I could feel myself thrown violently toward the top of the car, and then I became insensible. On the way up I realized that all was confusion in the car, that canes, valises, rods of iron and lamps were in confusion about me. I must have regained my consciousness in a very short time, for when I awoke all was darkness in the car and the

HORRIBLE SHRIEKS

and piercing wails of agony almost deafened my ears. In the end of the car farthest from me, the stove was overturned and the flames were just at the point of starting to spread with magic rapidity. There was some sort of new gas lamp in the cars and reservoirs reaching from one to the other. The flames leaped up the sides and in less time than I can tell it, the gas was burning the whole length of the car overhead. I was wedged in between two seats, where I could not move a limb of my body, and there watched the fire slowly creep upon me. It was a terrible sight. In the end of the coach near the fire, I could see a lady caught between the seats. As the fire slowly crept across the car, her dress caught fire and in agony she burned before my eyes. Just across from my seat, I noticed soon before the accident a father, his wife and daughter. I saw them also

CRUSHED TOGETHER

and burned. Just as the flames were blazing but a foot or two away from me, a man pulled me into the aisle and said, "Come to the window." He must have taken me, or some one else, for the moment he looked closely at my face he dropped me and hurried through the window with an exclamation of evident disappointment. I then, painfully, crawled after him in safety.

This afternoon, when the reporters who had been long delayed in reaching Kouts owing to the secretiveness of the railroad officials, began at last to arrive, there was little in the aspect of the village to indicate the calamity that had so recently taken place. All the dead bodies had been carefully removed from sight; only two of the wounded were still in the village, and the local authorities of the road were

DEAF AND DUMB

to all seekers after information. The coroner had been obliged to go to Huntington, over fifty miles distant, to obtain the statements of witnesses and the village seemed wholly at sea regarding the extent of the disaster. About the only person about and willing to tell the details of the horror was Dr. C. W. McKee.

The doctor is a prosperous-looking, intelligent man of about 37, who promptly responded in the dead of the night to a call that he take a hand-car and go to the scene of the wreck, three miles from his residence. Dr. McKee rendered noble service. He had scant time to give his experience in detail, but stated to the best of his knowledge it would not be overstating the facts to say the collision had cost the lives of fully

THIRTY PEOPLE.

It was shortly after 1 a. m. when he reached the wreck, and he immediately began to give his services to the wounded. Those who were badly hurt when the crash came, he said, must have had little chance for their lives, so quickly had the cars taken fire and so thorough was the work of the flames. As an illustration of the destruction and the difficulty of arriving at a correct idea of its magnitude, the doctor said that probably not a soul would have been made aware of the all but total wiping out of the Miller family of six had not their boy been saved. Dr. McKee stated that only nine bodies had been recovered, and they were so badly scarred as to be almost beyond recognition, the most left of scarcely any of them being a blackened trunk, and in some cases little beyond

HANDFULLS OF ASHES.

The nine were as follows: The Miller family, of Dundee, father, mother, two brothers and a girl (their 14-year-old boy Heterman will probably die also); Dr. Perry, of North Judson, Ind.; Dr. Perry's wife, Dr. Perry's daughter aged 11, and a young Irish lady.

Supt. Parsons, of the Chicago & Atlantic, was seen late in the afternoon gloomily pacing the station platform. He was extremely taciturn and was sure no more bodies could be, by any possibility, under the wreck. Only nine persons had been killed, he declared, and not more than 11 or 12 hurt and none of the latter seriously. He admitted that no flag man had been sent back from the passenger train when the stop was made. Mr. Parsons said the train men were depending upon the semaphore light fully 2,000 feet in the rear of where the stop was made.

THE CONDUCTOR

of the train had pulled the cord for this light when he stepped from his train. This would throw the glare of the red danger signal on the track. The night, however, was foggy and the engineer of the fast freight must have failed to see the signal. Superintendent Parsons thought the accident would have been an ordinary one had not the stove in the sleeper upset. That caused the destruction of the sleeper, two coaches and the baggage car, and that in the main was doubtless the cause of the loss of life. Coroner Leatherman, Mr. Parsons said, reached the scene from Valparaiso about 11:30 a.m., and after viewing the debris and making some inquiries, had found it necessary to go to Huntington in search of witnesses. The wounded, Parsons explained, had been taken there as early as possible and the passengers who

WERE UNHURT,

to the number of 25, had been forwarded to their destination without delay.

It appears that Coroner Leatherman did not impanel a jury, and that the procedure is not a necessity according to the laws of India a. At the wreck the coroner was met by Mr. Johnson, attorney for the Chicago & Atlantic, and being told that the engineer of the freight had been taken with other survivors to Huntington, decided to go there, which he did in company with the railroad's lawyer and several other gentlemen. The coroner is well spoken of among the people at Kouts. They did not criticise his action in going to Huntington, believing him square. The coroner is described as being rather a young man to be charged with such an important duty as determining the responsibility for the wreck.

A PATHETIC INCIDENT

of the wreck is related by the station agent. It is the story of a young lady from Ohio whose name could not be remembered. She was one of the passengers on the ill-fated train, and when the crash came, with the presence of mind and energy worthy of strong-minded masculinity, she seized an axe from its resting place on the side of the car and hewed her way through the window. Her own safety assured, her thoughts turned to the helpless unfortunates whose cries for assistance sounded behind her. They did not call in vain, for she rushed in the direction of the cries and personally aided those poor persons from the wreck. To use her own language, "I did all I could and would have continued had I not heard Dr. Perry crying and moaning piteously that his feet were burning. Then my

STRENGTH GAVE WAY

and I was compelled to desist and seek assistance myself."

KOUTS, Ind., Oct. 11, 11 p.m.—All efforts to obtain information from Huntington as to the names of the killed and wounded have up to this hour been unavailing. The Chicago & Atlantic Railroad officials who went there with the coroner to-day seem to have complete possession of all the sources of information on this point, and they refuse positively to make public the names of the victims of the disaster. The killed and wounded were taken from the scene of the wreck to Huntington early this afternoon, accompanied by the coroner.

The water tank at which the wreck took place was tended by an employe for whose accommodation a small shanty was attached to the pump house. For a long time he has

NOT USED IT,

but has gone into Kouts every night, leaving the tank early alone. He was asked to-night what precautions were taken in his absence to prevent such catastrophes as that which had occurred. "Not a precaution," he answered, "except a thing they call a semaphore. It's an English contrivance, and is supposed to act as a signal, but it don't." The wrecking force at the scene of the disaster numbers 300 men, and their many lights stretch along the full length of the wreck and can be seen miles away over the marsh. Enough of the wreck is still left to give an idea of the mass of ruins strewn before the tank after the collision. The freight train in part escaped, but the front cars were heaped in the most fantastic way upon each other. Not a vestige of the passenger coaches was left, the telescoping of the baggage car, smoker and day coach being complete, and the

SPEEDY FLAMES

did the rest. The bodies which the coroner found were burned to a crisp. At midnight the track is still impassable.

The coroner telegraphs the Associated Press from Huntington at 1 a.m. as follows:

Cannot as yet give the names of the killed. There were eight adults and one child dead and two persons wounded at Kouts. Know nothing of any others wounded.

THE PRESIDENT.

He Arrives at Minneapolis.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 11.—The President and party arrived here at 1 p. m. from St. Paul and were immediately escorted to the hotel. The streets were thronged with people and the party was accorded a magnificent ovation that the chill breezes were powerless to affect.

When the party arrived at the West Hotel lunch was served in private, after which the party was driven about the city in carriages until about 4 o'clock, when

THE PRESIDENT

was conducted to the balcony of the West Hotel, whence he addressed the multitude briefly. He highly eulogized the State of Minnesota and particularly the "twin cities," regarding the respective merits of which he said he had become confused by the many facts and figures adduced, but that he had arrived at the conclusion now "that if these two wondrous cities are not satisfied with their respective conditions of growth and greatness, all the rest of their amazed fellow countrymen are; and while the people of the rival places are twisting figures about to determine which is the greatest, the rest of us are pointing to you both as the best exemplification of what American pluck and energy can accomplish."

After the speech the party proceeded to

THE EXPOSITION

in carriages escorted by the military bands. They went directly to the stand.

Mayor Ames briefly introduced the President to the throng waiting, and the latter spoke again in praise of the exposition, which he said gave proof of the prosperity of Minneapolis. He believed the suggestion sometimes made, that there should be more sentiment and less of the practical in our national life, is insincere and delusive. The crowe should be