

Central train from the south. It was deemed best not to attempt to go back overland, as it was feared that an attempt would be made to rescue them. The sheriff did not consider the risk necessary, so concluded to go by rail. On April 10 he placed his prisoners in the city jail for safe keeping, and continued his journey next day, going by way of the Union Pacific to Denver; thence the party will make the trip by rail to Arizona.

The prisoners are a decidedly hard-looking quartette. Clark is about five feet six inches high, medium complexion, slender build, and about 32 years of age. Quince is about 36 years old, dark complexioned, near six feet in height, and weighs about 160 pounds. Smith is also dark complexioned, five feet eight inches high, sharp nosed, and is slightly lame in the left leg. Stirer is aged about 38, is 5 feet 9 inches high, light complexioned, very small eyes, prominent nose, heavy build, and walks with a swagger. He keeps his eyes on the floor most of the time, but occasionally glances up without raising his head. Smith and Quince were chained together by the feet; Stirer and Clark each had a set of irons on. When spoken to they would seldom reply, and when they did it was in a most surly tone. They evidently think the game is up with them, and are as sullen as though the death penalty had already been pronounced. In the afternoon their irons were taken off by a machinist and the men took a bath. The manacles had been fastened on by a blacksmith at Panguitch, Garfield County, this precaution being taken that they might be given no chance of escape.

#### Railway Disaster.

The following is an account of the accident on the Chicago, Santa Fe & California Railroad April 10: The regular eastbound train was just leaving Lorenzo station, fifty miles from Chicago, at 4:30, when the accident occurred. Attached to the rear of the train was a private car of Manager McCool, of the California Central, occupied by J. F. Hart, Mayor of Brookline, Massachusetts, and a director of the California Central Railroad, his wife, his son Henry Robert Hart, his niece, Miss Winslow, J. L. Lamb, a porter known as "Harry," and a cook named Thos. Smith. Just as the train was pulling out of the station with a fast stock train following, it ran into the rear of a passenger train at high speed, demolishing the private car and exploding the boiler of the freight engine. Large quantities of steam escaped, scalding those who got away from the effects of the crash.

As soon as the wreck could be cleared to allow of the removal of the dead and wounded, they were found to be as follows: Killed—Miss Winslow, Henry Hart, porter and cook. Scalded: J. F. Hart and wife; J. D. Palmer, brakeman. J. L. Lamb and another engineer and fireman of the freight train jumped and escaped without injury. None

of the cars except that of Hart were seriously damaged.

The dead and wounded were put upon the train and brought to Chicago. The bodies of the dead were taken to an undertaking establishment, and the wounded were conveyed to Mercy Hospital. It cannot be learned that Manager McCool was on board, but the party in his car were friends who had been visiting him at Los Angeles. It is difficult to get the exact facts. One account says that the freight engineer was crushed to a jelly against the boiler head; another that he escaped unhurt. It is also said that several of the wounded in the other cars of the train were left at the scene of the accident. This is not believed to be true, as the other cars were not badly damaged.

Later—The passenger train was running on time and the extra freight, through some inexcusable error of the train dispatcher, was allowed to follow. At Lorenzo the grade is very steep, and the engineer of the extra saw the train was unmanageable just as he perceived the lamps of the passenger train. He whistled for the brakes, but too late. His engine crashed into the private car, driving it upon the steps of the Pullman car ahead. In addition to being scalded, James L. Hart had both his legs broken; Henry W. Lamb, also in the private car, was scalded about the face and body; Palmer, the freight brakeman, was hurled over the freight engine into a mass of debris and escaped with a scalded face and terribly burned hands. John Byender, engineer of the passenger train, was severely hurt. The fireman of the passenger train said: "We cannot be blamed for the accident; it was pitch dark and densely foggy when the crash came. We were running on time, but the freight ran extra". The freight engine ran right through the last coach, and then the boiler burst. The cries of the dying and injured were simply awful. Boiling water had been thrown over them, and their flesh was terribly scalded.

#### Boulanger's Trial.

During the last few days scenes of furious disorder and excitement have taken place in the French Chamber, over the question of trying Boulanger. By a very small majority the resolution to have him tried by the senate instead of by an assize was adopted.

According to latest advices Boulanger may be permitted to remain in Belgium, though it was reported that he had been ordered to depart from that country.

#### A Railroad Train in a Fire.

During a terrible gale, and the fires of last week, a train from the east had a terrible experience two miles east of Mount Vernon, Dak. A destructive fire was raging at that time and dust and smoke made surroundings dark as night. The engineer plunged the train into the darkness and the first thing he knew he found the ties on fire for nearly a mile ahead. He checked the train, fearing to advance

lest he should find no track ahead, and there in the suffocating smoke and heat, with blazing ties underneath the train, and flames on each side of the track, the crew sought to extinguish the flames and save the train. Passengers became excited and pleaded to be released from the death by fire or suffocation that seemed so near at hand.

For a time escape seemed impossible and several passengers gave up. Several ladies prayed aloud, and on all faces were pictured the fright natural to mankind when death appears to be only a few moments hence. The train crew and passengers worked heroically. Men bent forward gasping for breath, felt their way to the tender, and found water to dash on the burning ties, while others went a few feet ahead of the engine to see whether it was safe to move ahead.

Behind the road was on fire as far as the eye could see, while ahead all was darkness and mystery. But it was death to linger in that caldron of fire, and when the surroundings either meant moving or death, the effort was worth the attempt and a start was made. The suspense and horror of the few moments required to pass over the burning track and through the terrible heat and smoke cannot be expressed, but the train finally pulled out of the flames to fresh air and safety.

#### Storms and Fires.

Since the opening of the present month, snow and wind storms of extraordinary severity have swept over portions of the Middle and Southern States. At points on the coast, great damage has been done to shipping. At Norfolk, Va., a cyclone created a tidal wave, which flooded portions of the city, doing great damage. The water coming in contact with some lime piled on a wharf, caused a fire to start, which destroyed property valued at over \$200,000. The damage by wind and water is probably an equal amount. A few days ago a fire swept through the business portion of the city of Savannah, Ga., doing damage to the extent of \$2,500,000.

#### An Outlaw Killed.

Following is an account of a desperate fight which occurred a few days ago, resulting in the killing of a noted desperado named Bill Moran, the outlaw, who has been terrorizing Bramwell Co. W. Va. for a year past. Two weeks ago he raided the railroad station at Fall's Mills, and the railroad people determined to put an end to his career. Detective Baldwin swore out a warrant for Moran and, accompanied by Detectives Wallace and Robinson, located their man in a house in Tazewell County, Virginia. Early in the morning they went to the house and Baldwin at once sprang into the room. Seeing a man he supposed to be Moran in bed, he called him to surrender. Just then Moran appeared at the door of another room and fired two shots at Baldwin, one passing through his coat and the other striking his arm