

### THE BRAKEBEAM PASSENGER

#### Daniel Barry Saved \$13.50 but Was Sorry.

#### Holding on by Teeth and Toenails Not Conducive to Comfort in Railroad Traveling.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

Never again will Daniel Barry travel by the brakebeam route. Never again will he try to save a railroad fare by stealing a ride. Never again will he practice economy by beating the railroad.

Once, he says, is enough for him. He has had an experience that will last him a lifetime, and after it railroad tickets to him are cheap at any price.

It is all because of a wild ride under the Owl train to Los Angeles.

It is all because, hanging by his teeth and toenails, as it were, to the underside of a fast flying Owl Pullman he was literally bumped along at the rate of 40 miles an hour from Burbank to Los Angeles.

Traveling on the bucking, bounding Owl is quite rough enough, in all conscience, even when one is snugly braced in a plush seat of a Pullman, say the captious critics who have a preference for well ballasted roadbeds; but traveling underneath the bucking, bounding Owl, between the ties and the truck, hanging on for dear life with precarious hold, is—well, Daniel Barry, who had the experience, says he thanks the Lord he is alive.

Daniel Barry is an athletic young man of 21 years, who, with a cash fortune of \$13.50 in his trouser's pocket, decided to abandon Oakland for the more alluring charms of Los Angeles. Barry had formerly worked in Los Angeles driving an oil wagon, and counted among his Los Angeles friends Miss Mary C. Howell, a sweet girl of Union avenue, which perhaps had something to do with his desire to travel southward.

He felt that he couldn't afford to waste his \$13.50 in railroad fare, so he took the Owl—while no one was looking.

Fortune favored him by giving him a short day that put the starting time at dusk. In the friendly darkness he crawled under the train just before it left Oakland, and arranged himself on a brakebeam as comfortably as that sort of accommodation permits for his long night ride.

Things went very well with him. The train made 14 stops, and the trainmen missed 14 chances to interrupt his ride. As the hurrying limited rumbled and bounded and rolled along he chuckled to himself over the folly of the passengers overhead who paid fare while he, with his \$13.50 safe in his pocket, was traveling as snug as a bug in a rug on his brakebeam—a little cramped perhaps, but leaving the miles behind as fast as they.

The police of big cities have a disagreeable habit of gathering in the travelers who arrive over the brakebeam route; and Dan Barry to avoid any such humiliating discomfiture planned to arrive at Los Angeles in the orthodox way—as a passenger on the other side of the car floor. He meant to slip out from under the train at Burbank, board it again right side up, and pay his way from there to town.

At Burbank, however, the train stopped only for an instant. He thought he had time to make the change, but just as he crawled down from his retreat and was about to slip out between the wheels the train started. A second earlier and he would have been ground to pieces, but he escaped death to encounter the most harrowing experience of his life.

The train was moving and he had to get back to his roost somehow. With the quickness and agility that tear and athletic training gave him, he managed to by good luck to throw his feet over the brakebeam, and with one hand caught willy nilly at a providentially provided rod. There he hung between the truck and the ties, clinging for dear life, while the train gathered speed and more speed. Every now and then his swiveling body gazed the ties. He felt the thrill of every grinding turn of the wheels. With the swaying and jerking of the hurrying train his body brushed from side to side against the projecting bars. Twice his free hand sought additional support against the flange of the truck. With all the strength of despair he held on with his feet and one hand, shrieking for help.

Through the clanging turmoil of travel one of the passengers above him

heard his agonized cries, and wondered idly what the sound meant, but he said nothing about it to anyone, until the train stopped at a station and Barry was found, when he announced: "That must have been what I heard—his cry for help!" As the train sped out of Burbank, too, a bystander saw Barry himself from the wheels, and realizing the poor fellow's perilous predicament, tried to flag the train, and failed.

From Burbank to River Station, the first stop, it is only 11 miles, but to Dan Barry, bumping and thumping along at the rate of 40 miles an hour, it seemed the longest distance he had ever traveled, and that it took an eternity to travel it.

Finally, with one last thump, the train stopped at River Station, and then the trainmen and alighting passengers discovered Dan Barry bruised and bleeding under the train.

His clothes were torn, his shoes were in tatters; his body was battered from head to heel, and covered with blood.

Tenderly he was taken out and cared for. The sweet girl who made the attractions of Los Angeles outweigh those of Oakland was sent for and went with him to the County hospital. There on examination it was found that not a bone was broken.

Although his clothes were wrecked, his body covered with bruises and he had to spend a week in bed, he succeeded in saving his \$13.50.

But in spite of that Daniel Barry is determined never again to try to economize by beating the railroad.—Examiner.

## A Rank Mixture

In these days when the horn of plenty is being poured out over the land, when evaporated eggs and corned beef are but as a memory of an unpleasant dream, when chechako potatoes can be had at 10 cents per pound, when, in fact, all nature is putting herself on the back in a self-congratulatory manner, there is no excuse for eating saw dust or other egg packing.

Mike Stone was in police court this morning charged by the proprietor of the Yukon Bakery with having sold to him flour which is unfit for human food—flour in which eggs had been packed in cases. According to evidence adduced the flour had not prevented a number of the eggs from breaking, with the result that the combination possesses an aroma that would drive a hound from a tannery. Mike made a strong plea for himself and contended that he had sold the flour at \$3.50 per sack as damaged goods. Health Officer McArthur had examined the mixture which he pronounced unfit for use as human food. Magistrate McDonald's decree was that Mike pay a fine of \$50 and costs or do one month's time at hard labor; that he refund the \$35 he received for the all-gold flour and that the stuff be at once destroyed.

Dan Malone had looked upon strong drink until he had become imbued with a spirit that caused him to become a disturber of the usual peaceful air that pervades the Dominion club room where the little ball is wont to go around and where "hit me and take it" is a current expression. Proprietor Sparks had endeavored to quiet the obtrusive Daniel but had failed and had enlisted the aid of Constable James. Daniel was given the option of contributing \$10 and costs to the crown exchequer or of supplying the brawn and muscle necessary to produce a "swish-swish" melody with a roval saw for ten days.

#### HONEY AND SALT.

Rose leaf daisy, tell me this—  
You with your seventeen years—  
How much money is in a kiss,  
And how much salt in tears?  
"Nay," she said, "such words, I wis,  
Are not for maidens ears.  
How should I know the sweet of kiss  
Or the bitterness of tears?"  
White haired woman whose grief and bliss  
Over an seventy years  
Tell me true, does the sweet of a kiss  
Outweigh the bitterness of tears?  
"Yes," she said, "but the bitterness  
Enmixed with the sweet appear  
My life's most tender treasure kissed  
Is kept in brine of tears."

#### B. C. Legislature Meets Today.

The British Columbia legislature was called to meet today. From Victoria papers it is reported that the session will be one of considerable importance.

Application will be made at the session for a bill to incorporate a railway from Ashcroft to the mouth of Bonaparte river, thence northerly up the valley of the Bonaparte to the forks of that river; thence along the west fork to Bridge creek; thence to the Caribou road; and thence to Quesnelle, with power to build a branch to Barker-ville.

### OZARK MOUNTAIN RANGE

#### Has Undergone Many Changes in Former Centuries.

#### Salt Water Once Ebbcd and Flowed in the Great Mississippi Valley—Scientific Deductions.

To walk or drive across the Ozarks is not without pleasure; but no one, during such a walk or drive, can measure the history of the range nor fathom its mysteries. When we visit the majestic, snow-capped Rockies, and contrast Pike's Peak with Dixon's Hill, we are prone to indulge a sentiment of contempt for the low-lying and gently undulating Ozarks. In fact, only by suffering and license may we use the word "mountain" in speaking of our beautiful Missouri hills; yet, in point of record, these hills tell a story of age and magnificence, growth and decay, long antedating the rise of the Rocky mountain system. The most ancient land on earth is that upon which Missouri's big red apple grows.

Long ago, when the earth was young, the heavens, heated by this lately heated liquid ball, poured torrents of water upon the world's wide and unbroken ocean; and as the earth's crust cooled, so, also, it shrank. But the shrinkage was irregular, uneven and in two long, almost equilateral districts, extending northeast to southwest. The fragile crust broke and dipped toward the earth's center, creating two immense basins. Between those two equilateral basins a tract of land of varying width extended—land appeared, not so much by some great and sudden upheaval as by the slow subsidence of the crust on either side of it, for as the ocean's bed deepened in those two basins, hundred of miles apart, the intervening land was correspondingly elevated. So the Ozarks were born—slowly brought into being by the labor of mother earth. It was a labor not performed in a day, nor in a year, nor in a century of centuries; yet, giant like, the mountains grew at last to stand above the clouds. The war of the elements had created dry land. The spirit of God had moved upon the face of the deep.

At one place in Boone county a solid edge of fossil rock 15 feet in thickness extends a distance of several miles along the Missouri river. Pick up a piece of this rock. Look at it. It consists of a mass of fossils, and each fossil is distinct. The rock seems porous and ready to fall in pieces. But examine it more carefully. It is closely woven. It is cemented by calcite. It is impervious to water, and its durability is attested by the fact that, exposed on the top of the bluff, it has, but slightly affected, withstood the effects of time and the elements. Such is the basal rock in the Burlington-Kookuk series, and it underlies fully one-third of the state, but in only a few places does it appear upon the surface. Generally it is overlain by hundreds of feet of rock, clay, coal, drift and loam.

The Ozark range, extending from northeast to southwest a distance of some 1500 miles, must have been, in those early days, of truly sublime proportions. Just to the west of where the great lakes are, there once the mountain towered to the skies. Lake Superior in the north, and Texas to the southwest, mark the original length of the Ozark. How tall these mountains were we have now no means of knowing. We may only guess; but that they rose to a height of three or four miles is confirmed by reasonable evidence.

Let me submit the evidence. Drillings to a depth of from 1500 feet to 2000 feet in Western Iowa and in Nebraska, Kansas, the Indian territory and in parts of Texas, develop rocks of a secondary character—that is, rocks formed by the concreted remnants of other rocks, which have been worn off and washed away by the elements. Such drillings have often developed at great depths clays and vegetable remains which must have been at the surface somewhere. When it is remembered that formerly the entire western slope of the Ozarks emptied their waters into the ocean basin where Nebraska, Kansas, the Territory and Texas now are, the mystery of vegetable remains and surface clays, found at great depths in Kansas is explained. Even while the Rocky mountains were being slowly raised above the waters, washings from the Ozarks were filling up the intervening basin. But another ocean valley was also being filled. In what way do you suppose the lands along our majestic Mississippi happened at last to rear their heads above the salt water? Why has old ocean

ceased to wash the eastward slope of the Ozarks? The answer is easy. The valleys filled up and the waters receded. But from whence came the mud, which, purified, so diffused, was turned to rock in the depths of that old valley? From whence could it come, save from the Ozarks?

But the tale of the Ozarks is not thus easily told. Their birth pressed and made necessary the rise of the entire American continent. The subsidence of the earth's crust on their side of the Ozarks compelled a corresponding uplift on either side. That uplift, to the east, has developed into the Alleghenys, the western uplift we call the Rocky mountain system. And when the ancient world-wide ocean was so divided by the central mountain system, the Ozarks, and on either side of it by lowly rising islands, which later became mountain ranges, the dim configuration of the American continent here only in outline. Our valleys were then an ocean waste, washed by the waves and tides and slowly filling up. Then a sea filled the Kansas and Nebraska valleys. Another sea occupied the space of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, and when in the fullness of time the American mountain system were complete, these inland seas were almost entirely separated from connection with the surrounding ocean. Then the valleys filled more rapidly. And when at last the encroaching land filled all the valleys' space, the continent became a solid field—became a thing of fact.—S. G. Douglas in Globe-Democrat.

## Problems In Law

When the territorial court began its morning session a decision from Justice Dugas settled some differences between counsel as to points of law, and Mr. Beicher was recalled to decide the matter of a date given in his previous testimony. He was asked by Justice Dugas if he had previously testified that during the month of June he had or had not had a conversation with one McCormack in the office of Alex McDonald, in which he had said that he knew that Calder had kept all his accounts and that the \$100,000 note had been given in lieu of property.

The witness denied having had any such conversation in the month of June but admitted that some of the questions touched upon had been spoken of on the 8th of July. He said he had never stated that the note had been given in lieu of property, and never given of such a thing.

Mr. McCall read a statement concerning the evidence of Duncan McDonald, but the court decided that it could not be admitted, whereupon Mr. McCall asked that the witness be recalled for examination on these points touched upon by the statement.

Mr. Wade objected on the ground that such a proceeding would be contrary to the rules of evidence and Mr. McCall presumed that the rules of evidence were made with a view to ascertaining the truth.

Justice Dugas said the witness could not be recalled, and the attorney for the plaintiff announced his readiness to close his case.

Mr. Wade, on behalf of the defense moved the striking from the records of the evidence of C. M. Woodworth, who, he said in the eyes of the law was solicitor for both sides at the time his testimony referred to, and cited a long and somewhat intricate case to show that such evidence was not admissible.

When the noon hour was reached the question of the evidence of Woodworth still hung in the balance.

#### Millions of Letters.

Ottawa, Jan. 18. — The annual report of the postmaster general was issued today. It shows that there were 178,000,000 letters posted during the year ending June 30th last, as compared with 150,000,000 the year previous.

The gross revenue of Vancouver post-office was \$51,148; the amount of money orders issued was \$250,783, and the amount of money orders paid was \$247,575.

In the city of Victoria the gross revenue of the postoffice was \$42,835; the amount of money orders issued was \$157,479; and the amount of orders paid \$211,291.

During the year 9,750,000 letters were posted in British Columbia.

#### Stenographical Change.

Mr. F. X. S. Gowans who has well and faithfully performed his duties as stenographer in the gold commissioner's office for these many days, has resigned his position which has been filled by Mr. Chas. Shannon, formerly of the timber inspector's office.

### LEADING QUESTION TODAY

#### Is as to What Disposition Is to Be Made of Dogs.

#### Many Think the Canine Race in the Yukon Should Be Extirminated—An Intricate Problem.

That genuine rabies is now prevalent among the dogs of this country there is no longer the least doubt. Both forms of the disease, dumb rabies and violent hydrophobia is said by authorities to be fully developed in an alarming number of cases and every day that passes brings additional cases before the attention of the public. Up to the present time the number of known cases where death ensued, either by the inroads of the disease or by killing as a precautionary measure reaches a figure up in the hundred mark at least. The A. E. Co. alone has had to kill ten dogs out of twelve owned by that company, all of which contracted the disease, some in its most violent form. That many people have been bitten by these rabid beasts is a well known fact and that these may contract hydrophobia is at least a possibility. Those who have given the subject special attention are watching with the keenest interest the possible development of a case of hydrophobia in a human being.

All the town is talking mad dog and that the subject is one which is considered most serious is shown by the following interviews which expressions were elicited in response to an inquiry from a Nugget representative as to what, under the present conditions, should be done to avoid being bitten by a rabies infected dog:

L. R. Fulda said: "I believe all dogs should be exterminated. Out of twelve of our dogs ten of them have gone mad. We are confronted with a condition far more alarming than that of smallpox and the measures taken to eradicate the disease should be most drastic. There is no comparison between smallpox and rabies or hydrophobia, the one can be cured and in fact, with modern methods for treatment responds readily to the physicians' care, but hydrophobia is fatal. In the east if a mad dog is discovered the people fly for their lives while here we have them all around us, not knowing at what minute we are to be bitten by the enraged animals. Erepet that the solution of this frightful condition is only found in extermination."

Dr. Cook answered the inquiry as follows: "According to the greatest authority in the world, Pasteur, rabies is absolutely fatal and should the disease develop in a human being there is no possible chance for recovery. Smallpox does not compare in terror to the horrors of hydrophobia. Of course the latter can be treated by the infusion of serum which has been successfully accomplished by the famous Frenchman, but that is out of the question here. I believe immediate steps should be taken towards the building of a pound in which every dog is isolated. Instead of a safeguard the present pound is a menace to the people, as all dogs which are confined there are liable to be bitten by an infuriated disease-infected animal, they having no way of escaping from his assaults. All dogs on the streets should be closely muzzed and the police should immediately dispose of all stray animals. Immediate action should be taken by the authorities."

Dr. Shoff answered: "I was skeptical at first that rabies was prevalent in any form owing to the fact that I had treated a number of cases in canines which suffered from arsenical poisoning. However, later developments proved that the cases which at first glance I took to be due to poisoning developed into genuine rabies, and both forms of the disease was observed—dumb rabies and the violent form of the same. I believe all dogs not claimed by owners should be shot. The trouble is the action has been too long delayed. There should not be a dog loose on the street. I believe the authorities are taking the matter well in hand at present. One bad feature of the pound is the danger of dogs biting each other there and cases developing after the beasts are claimed by owners."

M. A. Piska thought an effective measure would be the tying up of all dogs, they not to be allowed on the street unless when at work or with their master."

D. A. Shindler also advocated the tying up of all dogs, stating that if for no other reason than a precautionary measure against losing the animal by death from the disease he would confine his dogs.

J. P. McLennan did not think the dog were mad, but as loose dogs are a public nuisance in more ways than one the same should be kept tied up and that measure strictly enforced.

Sam Kirk advocates the enforcement of a license law, all dogs not being licensed to be killed as is done in all outside cities.