



North Carolina Heroine Saves Passenger Train

A Pretty Mountain Maid Prevents a Bad Accident on the Southern Railway.

USES HER RED PETTICOAT FOR FLAG

The Passengers Wanted to Adopt Her, But She Would Not Leave Father and Sisters—The Railroad Company to Give Her an Education.

Asheville, N. C.—A tale that reads like a romance woven by an ingenious teller of stories is that of pretty Nannie Gibson, the South Carolina mountain maid, whose presence of mind saved a fast passenger train from plunging to destruction down a mountain precipice; whose loyalty to home and kindred caused her to decline offers from rich people to adopt her, and give her a life of ease, and choose instead the days of toil and care in this little mountain home of her father and sisters because she was needed there. And now comes the unexpected sequel to the story of her devotion—an education, the dearest hope of her young life. This has been guaranteed



off her red petticoat as the roar of the train was heard approaching and waved it frantically as the big locomotive came thundering down the mountain. The engine driver "reversed" and the grinding machine came along in a cloud of steam and with fire streaming from every wheel. The heavy train finally came to a stop not ten feet from the big rocks of the mountain avalanche. It was in that part of the canyon where the road runs through a notch in the mountain, 1,000 feet above the valley.

Wanted to Adopt Her.
When the passengers swarmed out of the train, and men and children looked into the dizzy abyss they realized what they had escaped. In an instant they brushed the trainmen away from the girl and hugged and kissed her as if she were the only heroine on earth. "Bob" Wewer, the engine driver, had already picked her up in his arms, calling her an angel whom Heaven had sent to save the train and its passengers. A dozen men, with tears in their eyes, came forward and wanted to adopt little Nannie on the spot, while others, swearing or crying, were taking up a collection. Enough money to fill a Baptist preacher's stovepipe hat was raised in two minutes.

Nannie thanked everybody in a sweet, bewildered way, but told them that her mother was dead, and that there was no one to care for the children and run the house in the absence of her father but herself.

Told Her Story.
With the modesty of the violets by her side, the girl talked shyly of her family affairs, and explained why it would be impossible for her to accept the many kind offers showered upon her for a home in a big house, with servants to wait upon her and a piano to play after she had learned music and other things.

She accepted the money, however, because it was pressed upon her, and they told her that she could do what she pleased with it. It was all hers, they said.

Like a dutiful daughter, she gave every penny of it to her father, who is an industrious and honest man. Instead of going on a North Carolina spree to drink moonshine whisky and have a big time with the boys at the crossroads, he went further down the mountain and bought the sweetest little home you ever saw. There is a patch of grass

around the house, a nice area of fern land under cultivation, with the clearest of trout brooks flashing down from the gleas above to irrigate the crops during dry seasons.

In a New Home.
It is an ideal place, where the blue-bells and violets bloom all the season, where the skies are as blue as in Italy, and the air is crisp and tingling with health.

It was in this new home that Nannie and her father settled down with the children the other day, and were six times happier than a Texas ranchman with 100 square miles of land and cattle. In this particular case it seemed as if virtue were really its own reward. There was only one possible thing that the girl hoped for, and that was an education. Like all resolute minds who read, she was ambitious for knowledge of books and the world she dreamed of.

Such was the situation in that quiet mountain home near the wonderful region of Asheville, where the Vanderbilts and other millionaires have their palaces, when the unexpected happened. A representative of the Southern Railway company appeared and said the corporation was anxious to offer the girl a substantial and permanent reward for her courageous foresight in saving the train in that awful emergency.

Wanted Only Education.
The girl said that she wanted nothing now that she had a home, except an education; but she little thought that anything short of a miracle or a cloud of angels from Heaven could bring that wonderful thing about. Then the railroad man told her that she should go to college at the company's expense and receive a first-class up-to-date education in the bewildering of this astounding information, when everything in the world seemed dancing to fairy music, she began talking of her brothers and sisters and asking herself what would become of them. It was explained to her that with education she could easily look after them.

So it came about that the matter was speedily arranged, and in that longest and most beautiful of all the sunny days of the girl's life she learned that she was to begin her education at the Asheville Normal Collegiate Institute.

It would take a diamond-pointed pen with an ink pot full of rainbows to begin to describe the joy of the girl and her household over their wonderful good luck in saving the train full of people and in getting a pretty little mountain farm, with a first-class college education thrown in. But that seems to be the way they do things on great occasions down among those mountains near Asheville, N. C.

Her Presence of Mind.
"I was listening to hear the train go by when the landslide came," said Nannie, as she afterward described the incidents in what was to prove to be the great and memorable day of her life. "I knew by the sun that it was pretty near the time. I was listening for the train to go along so as to put the potatoes in the oven when the landslide came. When daddy comes home to dinner, so when I heard the noise of the landslide I knew that it must be almost train time. That's what made me hurry so and run down the track to stop the train. I didn't feel very sure that I could stop it, because the train never do stop here. I was afraid that the engine driver wouldn't pay any attention to me even if I did get there in time. He might not know what I meant and I didn't know how to signal to have it mean stop."

Telling Time by Trains.
In sparsely settled mountain communities, like that where Nannie's home was, clocks and watches are scarce things. The sun is the most frequently consulted timepiece, and in many cabins the only one.

However, cabins located near the railroad are considered to be especially favored, as the trains go by at certain hours, and their passing answers the purpose of a town clock. When the up express goes along the mountaineer knows that it is half-past eleven, and that in half an hour dinner will be ready.

The passing of the trains are the chief incidents of the day. Everybody stops work to watch them, and watches are regulated accordingly.

Enough to fill a dozen books has been written about the charm and beauty of that wonderful health resort of the south. But nothing can compare with the clear romance of this little story, comments the New York Herald, which ends like a fairy tale of childhood, and which many a big six footer has read in preference to poring over stocks and high finance.

WEST INDIAN CARIBS

BUT FEW REMAIN OF THIS ONCE WARLIKE PEOPLE.

Waged Incessant Warfare on Spanish, French and English in Turin—Survivors Living in Island of Dominica.

The Indians are not the only American aborigines that are rapidly disappearing. The West Indian Carib, the first people seen by Columbus when he landed in the new world, have practically disappeared, only a small number of them, scarcely 100, still remain in the island of Dominica. There they are under government protection and live their primitive life on a government reservation.

The Caribs were at one time one of the most warlike races in the western hemisphere. They were more bloodthirsty, if possible, than any of the North American Indian tribes, and in turn waged incessant warfare upon Spanish, French and English, as one after another laid claim to and attempted to govern the islands.

Previous to the eruptions of Morne Pelee and the Soufriere of St. Vincent there was another small band of Caribs in the latter island; all of these, however, were destroyed by the eruptions.

Of the Dominican Caribs only about one-half are of pure blood, or so nearly pure that no trace of negro blood is discernible. The others are greatly mixed, and it is difficult to determine where negro leaves off and Carib begins.

In appearance the Caribs are rather short and thickset, with yellowish or coppery olive skin, stiff, straight, black hair and oval faces with distinctly Mongolian features. They are quiet almost to taciturnity, industrious and peaceable but, like "Poor Lo," everywhere have an inveterate fondness for strong drink, and also possess another unfortunate Indian failing, being incorrigible thieves. They profess the Catholic religion, dress in civilized clothes, and dwell in neatly made but primitive houses of mud, daubed cane or wattle, thatched with pandanus or palm leaves.

Few, if any, of their members now speak the Carib tongue, but many possess a limited knowledge of Carib words. Strangely enough, the Carib language had two distinct forms, one of which was confined to the use of the women, the other to the men. This state of affairs was doubtless due to the fact already mentioned that their wives were captured from other tribes. Their numeral system was also rather remarkable; they were unable to count numerically above five. The word for five was the same as for "hand." Ten was "two hands" or "half a man," 15 a "foot and two hands," and 20 "two hands and two feet," or "a man," and so on.

The Dominican Caribs are for the most part agriculturists in a small way, and cultivate little patches of cacao, cane, yams, plantains, etc. Some work as laborers on neighboring estates, and many are fishermen.

Their fishing boats are particularly interesting, inasmuch as they have apparently been patterned from the oyster spat of the palm tree. In fact, the boys use the natural spathe for the gunwale. The real canoes are formed from the trunk of the gommier tree, hollowed out inside and spread open by means of heated stones and hot water. To add greater freedom to the shell a plank is fastened to either gunwale and the whole is strengthened by hand hewed ribs and thwarts. These boats are used throughout the islands, not only by the fishermen but as passenger craft as well, and when larger and more stoutly built are even used as lighters in loading and discharging the steamship cargoes.

For speed, seaworthiness and rough usage these primitive craft have few, if any equals. It is no uncommon sight to see a fleet of these dugouts bobbing about far out to sea laden to the gunwale with huge albicore and dolphin, and under a press of canvas far out of proportion to the tiny vessels. As rowboats they are very fast, a good native oarsman easily pulling five or six miles an hour in a 20 foot canoe, while their "torpedo boat" bow and stern give them an appearance of even greater speed. Their especial recommendation to the natives, however, is their adaptability to beaching in a heavy surf on the rough cobbles which form the beaches of these islands.

Begged the Pope's Cap.
Writing from Malta to the Birmingham (England) Mail a lady tells an amusing story of a young priest and the pope.

"Our archbishop," she writes, "often takes parties of people to interview the pope. Our hospital chaplain, who is young and 'cheeky,' went two or three months ago. The pope asked him what he could do for him, and our priest replied: 'Holy father, will you give me your cap as a memento?'"

"The pope said: 'Would you give the holy father a cold in the head?'"

"No," said our priest, 'I have brought another request to prevent that, and he produced another skull cap out of his pocket. He got the pope's own cap.'"

Popular Cake.
During the June examinations at Belgrade university a professor saw the boys buying cakes in the campus. He bought one and found that, like the others, it contained the solution of one of the problems.

DOLLAR WORTH TWO

MUMISMATIC EXHIBIT AT LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION.

Mediums of Exchange from All Parts of the World Gathered Here—Some of the Interesting Monies.

To reveal in lucid to see 2 cents beyond price; to witness a perfection in art of over 2,000 years ago, now lost to man; and to view the rarest, oldest and most curious mediums of exchange from all the world during the past 30 centuries, is the reward of a visit to the numismatic exhibit in the Manufactures building at the Lewis and Clark exposition.

The space occupied by this exhibit is novel in its decorations, paper money entering into every part. More than 3,000 pieces of a face value of \$10,000 are used in the ceiling and wall coverings. This paper money is not of the currency of the times, but of former days, and is more than a memory of the hundreds of millions of private bank issues of the "wild cat" period that became worthless in the hands of the people. The lettering and insignia are produced from coins and medals.

Among the numerous rare and historic coins of America, are: The first silver coins of this country, issued in 1652 by Massachusetts, include the Pine Tree shilling and three pence; the various metal pieces of the colonists, the first experimental pieces of the United States government, among which is the continental dollar of 1776; the half dime made from the private silver plate of George Washington; the first United States coins for circulation, copper 1792, silver 1793, gold 1795; and some of the great rarities, including pattern pieces; the "Stella" or four-dollar gold piece; the 1804 dollar and the only coin of the confederacy, a half dollar in silver—all appeal to the interest of the numismatist.

The territorial and private gold issues command attention, particularly by the Pacific coasters. Following the gold finds of '49, and the rush of population to the western slope, the government permitted private gold producers to stamp a money value on pieces of gold of certain weight and fineness; many of these pieces are octagonal in shape. The then hazardous methods of transporting currency from the east, caused regular mediums of exchange to be decidedly scarce on the coast, and these private gold pieces continued to be issued some years after the establishment of the United States mint at San Francisco in 1854, and for many years this was the most popular currency of the coast.

Several varieties of \$50 gold pieces, "slugs," as they are best known to the coasters, are exhibited, with companion pieces of various denominations from 25 cents up. The very rare 1845 "beaver" money of the Oregon Exchange company, the Pike's Peak gold coins of Colorado, the Bechtler issue of Carolina and the Mormon pieces of Utah are all worthy evidences of historic periods.

Political history is marked by the exhibit of "hard time" tokens, war cards and satirical pieces; and encased postage stamps used as coins tell us of the small change scarcity during the first years of the civil war.

Colonial and continental currency—some printed by Ben Franklin in 1754, and bearing the imprint "To counterfeit is death;" the early "wild cat" issues; postal and fractional currency; confederate, private and state bank notes—are represented in the paper money exhibit, which is supplemented by an almost complete collection of United States stamps. A central exhibit piece is a five-foot fac-simile bronze cent, more than 1200 of the present type entering into its composition. One of the richest pieces of coin jewelry ever produced, a gold belt composed of Lewis and Clark souvenir gold dollars, is exhibited.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

MEETING OLD FRIEND

It Was a Deer He Had Betwined and Tamed and the Animal Remembered Him After Several Months.

Some readers may remember Actaeon, the little white-tailed fawn, which, after having broken its leg, was picked up by a guide in the Blue Mountain forest, and turned over to me to study. They may remember, too, that the broken bone knit perfectly, and that the fawn became as tame as a kitten, remaining close to the house at all times, and occasionally even jumped through the windows when threatened by danger, real or imagined. At first the fawn was reddish in color and beautifully spotted with white, but as the summer passed, the spots disappeared, and as the cold weather approached the reddish coat was changed for a thicker and warmer grayish brown one. All winter he stayed with us, coming on the piazza every day to be fed, and sleeping in the snow, quite at his ease, even when the thermometer registered 25 degrees below zero.

Early this spring, we decided to return Actaeon to his native forest, and this was a simple matter, as the fence which surrounds this great game preserve runs along the end of our garden, whence we can enter it by a gate. So into the forest we went, and with him a goodly store of bread, potatoes and other things which a deer will eat, for the grass had not yet begun to come up, and he had had little experience in foraging himself.

Last week, camera in hand, I was walking softly through the woods, searching for a doe elk, which I had seen half an hour before from a distant hill-top, and which I suspected had a fawn hidden thereabouts. Suddenly I caught a glimpse of red on the ground under a tree, but as I stooped to look more carefully, I saw that it was not an elk fawn, but a handsome young buck deer. I dropped to the ground, behind a mossy knoll, and then crawling quietly to the top of it, I was able to examine him at leisure. One look was enough to show me that he was my old friend Actaeon. When he becomes really very familiar with an individual animal, it is surprising how different it looks from others of the same species. At a distance, Actaeon might look very much like other white-tailed bucks, but if he were near enough to me to see his features I could distinguish him instantly from any one of 10,000 other Virginia deer. So I called him very softly, and he startled and turned his great dark eyes in my direction. His ears were bent to catch the slightest repetition of the sound he had heard, and he caught it, for louder now I spoke his name, and then I arose from my

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Albert Corey, the distance when French army six years ago in the time of 16 hours and 22 minutes. He wants a crispness to the atmosphere, he says, when he makes an attempt at the mark, and, accordingly, will wait until October before setting himself to his task. The run will be made in the vicinity of Chicago over roads on which he has been running almost daily for the last seven months. For more than a year Corey has been training with the hope of lowering the 100-mile mark. He started one month before the Olympia games last summer, and has been running from five to 30 miles daily since that date. Diet and sleep have little to do with his work. He has no set diet, has no hobbies about eating, and lives on only two meals a day, although he manages to stow away enough eatables on these two meals to last him for 24 hours. "There is no use in a man confining himself to any certain article of food," he declares. "I eat whatever I like, and it agrees with me. I like meat, especially when it is cooked rare, and I like eggs. I eat four or five eggs every day. I never take soup, and seldom eat vegetables. I live mostly on meat and wine. Wine if of the right kind, builds a man up, and I drink lots of it. Beer is not so good. I drink it only once a day. I do not like to sleep very long. I am never in bed more than seven hours at the most, and I generally average about five and one-half or six hours' sleep a night. I get up every morning at four o'clock and run over to the Chicago stockyards, where I work. Eight hours' sleep is unnecessary, and I believe that it weakens a man more than it strengthens him." Corey is 28 years old, and is five feet eight inches in height. He is said to be one of the best proportioned and most ideally built athletes that ever ran on Marshall field, at Chicago.

George Edward Waddell, better known as plain "Rube," is without a shadow of a doubt the most eccentric character that ever graced an athletic field. He has during his career on the diamond furnished more food for sensational stories and at the same time caused more gray hairs to enterprising managers than any other man who wore a uniform. His antics while with Pittsburg four years ago were harmless at first, but as the season progressed he would time and again fall to appear when advertised to pitch. Upon one occasion Rube was missing, and a hunt finally located the big twirler standing on a box in front of a ten-cent side show exhorting the crowd to come in and see the wonderful cherry cat. Mack finally induced him to return to the fold when all went well for a while, until one afternoon a spectator in the grand stand made some disparaging remark to the big pitcher, who threw the ball on the ground, jumped into the grand stand, grabbed the offender by the neck, and hustled him out. He was arrested for this, but the case was settled out of court. Another time, when pitching against Baltimore, Rube called in the outfielders and sent the infielders to the bench, and struck out the next two batsmen. Upon another occasion he failed to turn up and was found on a vacant lot pitching a game for a schoolboy team, and refused to go to the ball park until he had struck out the side. At Cape May he was billed to pitch against the neighbors, but did not like the job. To get away from the task he walked out to the edge of the pier and deliberately fell overboard. When he was hauled out of the water he laughed at his rescuers.

His experience on the stage in "The Stain of Gull" was one unbroken chain of adventures. He persisted in coming on at the wrong time, seldom knew his lines, and insisted in occupying the center of the stage at all times. The management was at last compelled to put Rube's trunk on the street and refused to let him enter the theater. After this experience he tried his hand at the butchering business, and after he had mangled pound after pound of choice steaks, chops and roasts he was once again cast adrift. Driving a hack was his next venture, but after he had ruined two or three good horses and scared the wits out of at least a half-dozen passengers he lost his job.

There has been no raiding or racing at Delmar race track, St. Louis, the track having been temporarily closed by order of the stockholders of the Delmar Jockey club.

For the third time in four years the Egan cousins—Chandler and Walter E.—have engaged in their favorite stunt at Glenview, Ill., dividing the western golf championship.

Manager Frank G. Seale of the Chicago National League club has been granted an indefinite leave of absence by the officials of the club.

Woman Swims at Eighty.
Past 80, Mrs. Mary Frankie, a guest in a hotel at Seaside station, Rockaway Beach, claims the distinction of being the oldest woman bather in an ordinary bathing suit, and plunged into the ocean with as much vim and swam about as if she were less than two score of years. Mrs. Frankie is an expert swimmer, and the pretty girl bathers envied her as she swam out far beyond the lifeboats, heedless of the big rollers which swished her about and at times promised to carry her far out to sea.



IT WAS MY OLD FRIEND, ACTAEON.

hiding place. Instantly he sprang to his feet, his white tail flew up in the air until I could see nothing but the white under side of it, and he was about to dash away among the trees, when I spoke again, and held out my hand to him. His tail dropped, swung from side to side a few times, and then he strode out to meet me.

After advancing a few yards, he stopped, shook his tail, moved his head to the right and left a time or two, as if to make quite sure he was not mistaken, and then he came up and began licking my hand and the sleeve of my shirt. And I stroked and patted and admired him, for he was marvelously beautiful. Not a shred of his long winter coat remained; he was clad in his fine red summer pelage, which displayed his graceful silver form to the best advantage, and gave him a look of great refinement, especially about the head, the beautiful modeling of which had been completely hidden by the heavy coat of brown hair which had lately fallen from him.

By and by he began to browse, and I took several photographs of him as he moved about among the trees. Then I bade him good-by, and started for home, but he did not let me get far before he came bounding after me. Over hills, across brooks and through the swamp, he followed, lingering here and there to nibble a leaf or a tuft of grass, while I never tired of photographing him whenever he took a pose which I admired. But often as I sought to get into a better position for my purpose, he would spoil my plans by trotting up to me and rubbing his head against the camera. He followed me straight home to the gate of the reservation, and would have followed me to the house and into the dining-room had I allowed him to. As it was, I went and brought him some bread and raw potatoes. He hardly looked at either of these, but some candy, which I brought him later, he took very daintily from a paper bag, into which he thrust his slender nose. Then I went out and locked the gate, and soon I saw him turn and walk briskly away in the direction of the woods.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

Lion Tamer's Titled Wife.
Capt. Jack Bonavita, the lion tamer at Bostock's at Coney Island, has a princess for a wife. She is no less a personage than Princess De Montglyn, divorced wife of Duke D'Avary, who is a French nobleman. She is the mother of the present Marquis D'Avary. The countess fell in love with Bonavita on seeing him in the lion's cage, though, since an encounter with a lion a year or so ago, he is shy an arm.