

# Daily Concord Standard.

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WHOLE NO. 1,690

## PASSENGER TRAINS COLLIDE.

### THREE LIVES LOST AND SEVERAL PROBABLY FATALY INJURED IN THE HORRIFYING RAILROAD DISASTER.

Fireman Donaldson, Postal Clerk Benton and Titus Eudy Killed—Others Wounded—No Passengers Hurt, But Violently Shaken Up—The Crash Heard for Miles Around—Hundreds of People Viewed the Scene—Track Cleared at 11 O'clock Sunday Night—Remains of Eudy Brought Here for Burial—A Second Escape—Engineer Kinney and Will Clemmons Will Probably Recover.

While the glorious rays of an April Sunday's sun shed its brilliant beams over this quiet portion of the universe and the Christian workers throughout the land were gathered together to praise His holy name, little thought was given those who, from necessity and station in life, were toiling and laboring for sustenance and continuance of same. No one ever dreamed of the horrors of the scene that took place at the little village of Harrisburg. It is a horrifying scene, mingling death and disaster in a most vivid form.

When the news of the disaster reached this city all kinds of rumors could be heard and the entire populace was thrown into a state of excitement somewhat unusual, and it was only a few minutes until every available conveyance had been taken and hundreds of people on their way to the scene of the wreck. The dead and wounded had been rescued and taken to Charlotte for treatment before many of our people got there. The great heaps of wreckage stood piled up high in the air, engine upon engine and car upon car.

No. 11, southbound passenger train, due here at 10.30 a. m., was belated 33 minutes. Captain Loyell was the conductor in charge, with Engineer J C Kinney, of Thomasville, at the throttle. No. 36, the vestibuled, is due to arrive here at 10.07, a. m., from the South, but it was also belated, and on its late schedule, was due to arrive at Harrisburg at 11.15. Capt. Lovell and Engineer Kinney, both of whom have had years of experience in rail-roading and making excellent time and superior runs, undertook to make an eight mile run and get on the siding at Harrisburg in twelve minutes time, but the undertaking resulted in a most disastrous experience. No. 11 had made the run and had slowed up at the upper end of the switch at Harrisburg, when No. 36 came steaming at full speed up the main line—a collision was inevitable, and a terrible one it was, although it might have been worse.

No. 36 was manned by Engineer W B Tunstall, Fireman Will Donaldson, of Danville, Va., and the Veteran Conductor, Captain Gentry. It left Charlotte late, but had orders to wait at Harrisburg until 11.15 on No. 11, the southbound. Fireman Donaldson watched for the signal at the station, but seeing it was clear,

informed his engineer of the fact, and accordingly the throttle was thrown open.

When the engineers and firemen saw their perilous situation, leaps for life were made—some escaped, some were killed. The two engines came together with a terrible clash at exactly 11.15.

No. 11 train consisted of the engine, one mail, one baggage, first and second class coaches, while No. 36 carried two vegetable coaches, two mail coaches, one baggage, first and second class coaches and two sleepers—nine in all.

When the engines struck, the southbound was knocked to the right of the track, while the northbound engine leaped up and over the southbound engine and plunged into the postal car of the southbound which was completely splintered, as were the two vegetable coaches on the northbound. Not a piece of these three coaches as large as a man's arm could be picked out of the massive heap of debris. One mail coach of No. 36 was thrown triangularly upon a ten foot embankment, a distance of probably 50 feet from the main line. It was demolished at both ends and the running works torn from it, bent and mashed into every conceivable shape, while the coach next following it was equally as badly splintered.

Vegetables and small parts of the two engines were found scattered in all directions, pieces being picked up seventy-five yards from the wreck.

Immediately after the terrible crash, there was a deathlike silence—the sight that confronted the startled passengers and trainmen was indeed appalling.

Work of rescuing the dead and wounded was begun.

A most ghastly sight presented itself when Postal Clerk Clingman Benton, of the southbound train, was found suspended by his legs between his car and the engine of train No. 36. He was hanging head downward and his appeal for the rescuers to cut his legs off was indeed heart-rending. After an hour and a half of hard work he was taken out alive, but died in fifteen minutes after being placed in the hospital—a coach provided for the dead and injured on Supt. W B Ryders train. Benton's home was in Charlotte, where his wife and children were awaiting his home coming.

Titus Eudy was the next taken out. Eudy was beating his way from Charlotte to this city on the "second blind" of the vestibule. His

head was mashed and his body bruised and internally injured. He was placed in the hospital coach, but died before reaching Charlotte. He was an orphan, and lived with his sisters at Forest Hill.

Fireman Will Donaldson, of Danville, was found buried underneath his engine and the great pile of wreckage. His head was mashed and his body mangled. It was some time before an arm and other members of his body was found. His death was instantaneous.

Engineer Kinney was picked up to the right of his engine. He was badly scalded and was internally injured.

Will Clemmons, of East Durham, who had been living in this city, working at the Cabarrus Cotton Mills, was found on the embankment to the right of the northbound train. His injuries were slight and he will doubtless recover. He was in company with Eudy, beating his way here.

Engineer Tunstall leaped from his engine to the right and was struck by flying timber and badly scalded by steam. Not seriously hurt.

Lee, the negro flagman on No. 11, who was on his way to open the switch for his train to enter, was caught in the crash. His legs were caught by the steam pipes of the mail coach of his train and was rescued with difficulty.

R E Gallagher, express messenger on No. 36, was hurt about the face and arm—not seriously.

Capt. Lovell, of the southbound, received a painful gash on his face by ramming his head through the glass door of the second class coach.

Howard F. Hamilton, baggage master of No. 11, received slight bruises on his face and head. His shinbones were skinned by a fall.

Baggage Master Jerome, of No. 36, was found pinned between his car and the mail coach to the front. He was extricated with great difficulty, but was not hurt. Mr. Jerome told a STANDARD reporter that this was his second narrow escape within the past few weeks. He was in the wreck on the Southern at Lulu Junction, near Atlanta, several weeks ago.

None of the passengers were hurt, though they were violently shaken up.

The resounding of the great crash had hardly ceased vibrating when fire was discovered in the splintered postal car of No. 11, and it was principally due to the heroic work and daring efforts of Postal Clerk John Carter, of No. 36, that a fire was averted, which would cer-

tainly have cremated the dead, dying and wounded that were buried beneath the debris.

It was only forty minutes from the time the two engines collided till Superintendent W B Ryder, with physicians and a relief car arrived from Charlotte and were actively engaged in rescuing and attending the injured. Wrecking crews from Charlotte and Salisbury were on the scene and at work clearing the track at 12.15 o'clock. But not until 11 o'clock Sunday night was the track clear, and trains passed along slowly but surely.

Telegraph Operator E. I. Ervin at Harrisburg, was almost overcome by the terrible accident, but withal stood at his post and was courteous and kind to all and related as best he could how it all happened. He and Mr. M Oglesby were standing on the platform when the two trains

pulled in, but did not see No. 11 until 36 had passed the station at full speed. They realized the horrors of the disaster at once, but too late to prevent it.

There is a difference of opinion as to where the blame should rest.

One incident of the wreck that was of peculiar interest to the hundreds of Concordians who visited and viewed the scene was the miraculous escape of little "Coot" Martin, the four-year-old son of Mangum Martin, who lives at the Cabarrus Mills. Mr. and Mrs. Martin and their little child were on No. 11, going to Harrisburg to visit Mr. Martin's father. The child was leaning with his head and body partially out of a car window and when the terrific crash came the child was thrown violently from the window against the bank of the

(Concluded on Fourth Page.)

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