

# The Jaguar Special

By PAUL R. BULLARD.

STRANGE things happen upon the railroad of Spanish Honduras. Hold-ups, collisions and run-away trains are of frequent occurrence on its 30 miles of length, but its most extraordinary incident was that in which George Powers took part.

It was in the "dry season," when the banana plants were weighted with their bunches of green fruit, ready for cutting.

"One day"—as Powers tells the story—"the fruit steamer Breakwater anchored unexpectedly in the offing of our Caribbean sea harbor of Porto Cortez. Soon, at her agent's orders, there was hoisted at her masthead the signal indicating 'Fruit, ready for a quick cargo.' And when the ship had reached the dock a fruit train was being made up.

"Then we learned that the Breakwater was expected to sail for New Orleans with a cargo of bananas early the next morning. Extraordinary efforts must be made to load her with a suitable shipment in less than a day's time. To hurry was decidedly untropical, but the bonus given by the railroad officials was as oil to lubricate the machinery of the transportation department; and I was handed these orders:

Engineer Powers will take engine No. 12, with 18 platform cars, and proceed with best speed to La Pimienta; load cargo of bananas; return to San Pedro; load fruit there. Report at this office after the run, and not later than ten p. m. to-day.

(Signed) COLVILLE (Supt. of Trans.).

"Such an order meant hurry. My fireman oiled 13, the only locomotive available, and the yardmen made up the train. By noon we were started. There was work enough ahead to keep us all out of mischief for the next ten hours. To cover a round trip of 100 miles, load 18 cars with bananas and pull them into Porto Cortez within ten hours would be the record. For speed upon the Honduras railroad.

"So old 13, with throttle wide open, was soon puffing up the rough road bed to La Pimienta at an unaccustomed pace. The telegraph line was equally busy, and when we ran past San Pedro the ox-cars were already unloading their nine and ten-hand bunches alongside the track in readiness for our return. Between four and five o'clock we whistled for La Pimienta, the terminus.

"There the station agent had a gang of loaders ready, and before the train had quite stopped the green bunches were being passed to the loaders in the cars. In an incredibly short space of time the bananas rose, tier upon tier, to a heavy load; and all the time my fireman fed the sticks of soft pine to our roaring fire box, for we should need a good head of steam to get back to San Pedro in season. The agent sarcastically asked me: 'Is the engine good for the heavy pull without a breakdown?' and I replied: 'Number 13 is about to surprise everybody by a record trip.' And so we did, both because of and in spite of an unprecedented adventure.

"At six o'clock we had loaded all the fruit in sight, and whistling for 'open brakes,' we started for San Pedro. The down grade helped us materially. In less than an hour we had covered the distance and were taking the fruit aboard from our last stop.

"Delay began here. There were few men to load the fruit, and the handling of it was slow; every bunch was thoroughly inspected by the loaders lest they should grasp tarantulas crawling among the bananas. But at eight o'clock the train was loaded, the pitchpine headlight was lighted, the throttle opened and the whistle shrieked its farewell to San Pedro.

"Two hours only were left in which to make the run in schedule time over 35 miles of rolling country and with a weight of 18 heavily loaded cars. The 'passenger,' with her light freight, was allowed four hours for the same run. The darkness was intense, and the vibration of the train soon became so great that the headlight was shaken into a mere sputtering, and at a lurch went out. The front of the engine became the limit of my vision.

"The white mile markers were passed so quickly that my fireman lost his count, and we could not tell where we were. But No. 13 was doing her best. Not a valve had blown out, nor a rod broken. Our clattering over the track was varied only by the frantic squealings of a fine, fat pig, sent by the agent at La Pimienta to the captain of the Breakwater as a delicacy for his table. Piggy continually squealed from its berth in an open fruit car.

"In one place a large limb extended from a tree out over the track, just high enough to clear the stacks of the passing engines. The pig seemed to scream more loudly than before and we heard a new sound.

"What was that?" asked my startled fireman. "Did you hear that crash?"

"Oh, never mind! Give me more steam," I replied, for I knew we must be nearing a steep grade. I blew the signals to release the brakes, but without avail.

"In a minute we struck the hill. It was a hard one to climb, and the engine puffed so loudly that I did not notice the cessation of the pig's squeals. Slowly but surely we were coming to a standstill. The brakes still seemed set. I again blew the signal for their release, but the train came suddenly to an irresolute stop, although making herculean efforts to keep going.

"The incline had but begun. To start the train was impossible.

"I lighted a pine torch, swung from the cab to ascertain the situation, and had passed several cars when the most terrible yells echoed through the forest. The men from the rear of the train were shouting at me. It was impossible to distinguish what they were saying, because of the yells which were rising apparently between me and them. These did not alarm me much for the creature seemed like a wildcat, a reckless, but not dangerous, night prowler. So on I walked toward the rear of the train.

"Approaching the trainmen, I heard them about: 'Look out for the Jaguar, Powers!'

"Now, no wild creature is more dangerous by night to man than a jaguar. I halted and stared. I could now see the glaring eyes of the fierce brute as he pawed the lifeless pig. Those eyes followed me with such hostile intent that I hastened back to the cab for the fireman and my Winchester.

"Of course, one of us had to stay with the engine, so I left my fireman in charge and returned alone, with torch in hand and rifle ready. The trainmen came toward me from around the rear of the train. They told me that the jaguar must have been crouching on the overspreading limb, and having heard the squeals of the pig, must have leaped recklessly into the passing train for his prey. The trainmen had discovered him when they started to answer my signal of 'brakes off.' The brute held them at bay. They were in the rear car, the jaguar was in the next one, and they could not pass over the train to release the brakes. The 18 loaded cars, most of them having tightened brakes had stopped No. 13 on the incline.

"I must either give up hope of getting to the port in time for loading the Breakwater, or else must kill or drive away the jaguar. The fire of his eyes was intensified by the flickering light of the torch. It was not a pleasant grimace when the brute suggestively wiped his lips and tongue with those huge paws.

"The engine gave a sudden lurch. My fireman must have been meddling. It threw the animal from his balance. His tail lashed. Handing the torch to a man, I raised my Winchester. The beast glared ferociously, and measured with his eye the distance to the ground. Some of the men ran. As the animal seemed about to jump, I took hasty aim and pulled the trigger. Apparently the jaguar was unharmed, but he had changed his opinion about the jump, and valiantly trotted along the tops of the bananas toward the engine. I aimed at him again and pulled the trigger. Then I remembered that the only cartridge in the Winchester was the one I had fired.

"I shouted to the fireman, but before I could make him understand the cowardly fellow jumped from the cab and scampered into the forest. Luckily, there was no other jaguar awaiting him.

"I went toward the cab, expecting to find the jaguar in possession, and determined to club him out with the butt of my gun; but he was not in the cab. I blew 'brakes off,' and casually looked around. On the floor of the tender, among the wood and casks of water, stretched out at full length and apparently crouching for a spring, I saw the jaguar. I jumped from the engine. The thought of the fireman's cowardice did not amuse me. As fast as possible I ran toward the rear of the train.

"Ten o'clock was approaching. The ship could not receive her fruit unless we started immediately. In my haste I had left the rifle in the cab; now I took a crowbar which one of the brakemen handed me. But the plan from which I hoped most was his suggestion that I should climb upon the engine from the front of the cab, and then reach in to open the steam valve on the chance that the escape of the hissing steam would frighten the brute to the point of leaping from the train.

"I opened the valve—the jaguar never moved.

"I then reached a heavy iron wrench and threw it at the beast with all my strength. It struck him upon the head, but he did not stir. I was startled! Climbing to the fancied security of the top of the cab, I poked him with a long-handled rod; but I could see no sign of life.

"After a close watch, I descended to the floor of the cab and opened the furnace door to have more light. The jaguar was dead. There was a hole through his head caused by the lucky shot from my Winchester. He had walked to the tender in a daze and died there.

"I blew the whistle vigorously. It was a welcome sound to the trainmen. The brakes were speedily released. The fireman came scrambling back; I opened the throttle, and slowly the train went up the incline toward Porto Cortez.

"At a little after ten o'clock that night the whistling of No. 13, approaching with her load of bananas, summoned the crew of the Breakwater, whose captain congratulated the officials of the Honduras railroad on the remarkable expedition of their fruit service. But when he saw the nine feet of jaguar stretched out in my tender and heard the story of the difficulties of the run, he remarked that the railroad officials should pass a vote of thanks to me upon the success of the record trip of the road.—Youth's Companion.

**A Woman's Awful Peril.**

"There is only one way to save your life and that is through an operation" were the startling words heard by Mrs. I. B. Hunt, of Lime Ridge, Wis., from her doctor after he had vainly tried to cure her of a frightful case of stomach trouble and yellow jaundice. Gall stones had formed and she constantly grew worse. Then she began to use Electric Bitters which wholly cured her. It's a wonderful Stomach, Liver and Kidney remedy. Cures Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite. Try it. Only 50cts. Guaranteed. For sale by Adamson & Winnek Co.

**NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION**

Notice is hereby given that the firm and partnership of White & Campbell, doing business in the City of Prineville, Crook County, State of Oregon, is hereby dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. John W. White retiring. All accounts due said firm will be collected and receipted for by Mr. J. E. Campbell, and all accounts owing by said firm will be paid by Mr. J. E. Campbell.

Dated, this 4th day of November, 1902.

Hon. R. A. Emmitt, representative in the state legislature was at Hotel Paisley over night last week on his way home from a month's sojourn in the vicinity of Summer Lake, where he was engaged in land plotting. Mr. Emmitt met many of his supporters here whom he had not met before, and made a good impression on all those he talked with.—Paisley Post.

**Says He Was Tortured.**

"I suffered such pains from corns I could hardly walk," writes H. Robinson, Hillsborough, Ills., "but Bucklen's Arnica Salve completely cured them." Acts like magic on sprains, bruises, cuts, sores, scalds, burns, boils, ulcers. Perfect healer of skin diseases and piles. Cure guaranteed by Adamson & Winnek Co. Price 25c.

**Petition for License.**

To the County Court of Crook County, State of Oregon:

We, the undersigned residents of Ashwood Precinct, Crook County Oregon, respectfully petition your honorable body that a license be granted to Larry Maloney to sell spirituous, malt and vinous liquors, in quantities less than one gallon, for a period of one year, at Ashwood, Ashwood precinct, Crook County Oregon.

Names.	Names.
C. F. Hamilton.	P. O' Rourke.
F. W. Driscoll.	Al Shenell.
L. L. Shreve.	G. B. Heath.
George J. Ribelin.	P. Lehman.
Geo. M. Massanoore.	James Robinson.
Charles D. Swanson.	J. M. Wood.
M. H. Graff.	Joe Bice.
T. L. Childers.	Milo Wood.
Dan Evans.	F. L. Anderson.
Charles K. Duncan.	H. C. Burton.
F. P. Hipe.	R. E. Eggleston.
Frank Shunbun.	S. W. Tomlinson.
Rees Lewis.	Lester Bryan.
J. D. Cunningham.	W. D. Walker.
W. H. Huston.	J. C. Brogan.
W. H. Grater.	C. C. Randolph.
W. J. Sayyess.	John Knight.
Elmer Knight.	Sam Carmichael.
Win King.	Glen Grater.
E. D. Gomer.	J. G. Poindexter.
Edward Mullarkey.	Lee Wood.
Hugh Sweeney.	Jack Bryan.
Frank Duak.	W. H. McCoy.
Patrick Kelly.	E. C. Finner.
A. W. Grater.	Chas. L. Freer.
J. H. OKelly.	Joe Toothmen.
Joel McCollum.	J. W. McCollum.

Notice is hereby given that the foregoing petition will be presented to the County Court on the 7th day of Jan., 1903, at which time the said Larry Maloney will apply to said court for such license to sell spirituous, malt and vinous liquors. WITNESSETH LARRY MALONEY.

**This will save your Life.**  
By inducing you to use  
**Dr. King's New Discovery,**  
—For—  
**Consumption, Coughs and Colds.**  
The only **Guaranteed Cure.**  
**NO Cure. NO Pay.** Your Druggist will warrant it.  
**ABSOLUTELY CURES**  
Grip, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Pneumonia, or any Affection of the Throat and Lungs.  
**TRIAL BOTTLES FREE.**  
Regular Size 50 cents and \$1.00.

Go to  
**Mrs. Wiegand's**  
THE PHOTOGRAPHER  
For Artistic and Satisfying  
**PHOTOS**

**Notice.**

My wife, Julia Cyrus and I have separated for all time to come, and I will not be responsible for her in anyway, or any debts she may contract.

W. H. CYRUS.

"Now is the Appointed Time."

The O. R. & N. Co. has just issued a handsomely illustrated pamphlet entitled, "Oregon, Washington & Idaho and their resources." People in the East are anxious for information about the Pacific North West—If you will give the O. R. & N. Co. agent at Shaniko a list of names of eastern people who are likely to be interested, the booklet will be mailed free to such persons.

**Notice.**

To all persons owing for horse shoeing at C. L. Salomon's shop, you are notified to call and settle one half of the amount due, with the estate of the said C. L. Salomon.

Signed; NAOMI SALOMON, Administratrix.

**COUGHS AND COLDS IN CHILDREN.**

**Recommendation of a Well Known Chicago Physician.**

I use and prescribe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for almost all obstinate, constricted coughs, with direct results. I prescribe it to children of all ages. Am glad to recommend it to all in need and seeking relief from colds and coughs and bronchial affections. It is non-narcotic and safe in the hands of the most unprofessional. A universal panacea for all mankind. —MRS. MARY B. MLENDY, M. D., Ph. D., Chicago, Ill. This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

**Estray Notice.**

Grizzly, Nov. 6, 1902.

Came to my place about the middle of October. One red three year old cow marked with split in right and underbit in left ear, branded big circle on right hip. Owner will please call and pay charges and remove same from my premises or the animal will be sold according to law.

H. L. MONTGOMERY.

**Lumber.**

For all kinds of rough and dressed lumber. Kiln dried flooring and rustic, go to  
**A. H. LIPPMAN & CO.**

**SALOMON JOHNSON & CO.**  
(SUCCESSORS TO C. L. SALOMON)  
...DEALERS IN...  
**GENERAL : : : MERCHANDISE**

**New Firm! New Goods!**

Call and see them and examine their stock

You will be pleased with their prices

**City Meat Market,** Foster & Lehman Proprietors.

A Complete and Choice Line of Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork, Bacon, Lard, and Country Produce.

Main st. Prineville, Oregon. Phone 31.

**A. H. Lippman & Co.**  
Manufacturers of Furniture  
—AND DEALERS IN—  
Fine Undertaking Goods,  
Carpets, Stoves, Ranges, Lead, Oil and Glass, Lumber and Building Material.  
Goods sold for cash and on the installment plan,  
PRINEVILLE, OREGON.

**Cyrus' Jewelry Store**  
John Cyrus Prop.  
Dealer in Silverware, Jewelry, Watches, Clocks. Optical Goods, Sewing machines etc.  
Repairing done by W. H. Cyrus.  
Prompt attention Given mail orders.  
Prineville, Oregon.

**Columbia Southern Hotel**  
At Shaniko, Oregon.  
The Finest Hotel in Interior Oregon.  
Rates \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day.  
J. M. KEENEY, Proprietor.  
"The Brick Hotel."

Get Your Job Printing Done at the Journal Office

With a new outfit of type and machinery, we line up with the very best printing houses in Oregon in turning out job work of the highest standard of excellence. : : : : :

**SALOMON JOHNSON & CO.**  
(SUCCESSORS TO C. L. SALOMON)  
...DEALERS IN...  
**GENERAL : : : MERCHANDISE**

**New Firm! New Goods!**

Call and see them and examine their stock

You will be pleased with their prices