

... he was found on the rear of the passenger engine with a log lean splinter rammed through the nap of his fat, ball neck, but otherwise unharmed.

"Did it wake you?" Stollar asked him with unveiled sarcasm.

On a day many years later Stollar was just preparing to back out of a pass-track near Tucson, Arizona. That was on the Southern Pacific and he had risen to be an engineer on one of the road's best passenger trains. The flagman at the switch had just given the signal and Engineer Stollar in a new pair of overalls was easing his throttle open. The limited had passed and was roaring around a curve in the distance and the click of the rails and the exhaust of the engine was dying gradually on the motionless air.

Another Miraculous Escape

Suddenly there was a great commotion on the platform of that jerk-water station. The agent was yelling like a madman. Four cars of steel had broken loose on the track between Tucson and Cygrande. There was a two per cent grade for the entire sixty miles and when seen a short time before the cars were sweeping down the track like a hurricane.

Two hundred feet up the pass-track were four empty box-cars, and it was decided to turn the runaway cars into them if the runaway could not be stopped in any other way.

At the orders of the agent the road crew was called out and began to take up a rail in the main line a quarter of a mile above the station to ditch the incoming cars. However, before they could pull more than two spikes the black bulk of loaded steel thundered into sight, moving with the swiftness of a swallow. Down upon the engine and section crew and the frightened passengers who had gotten out on the ground to be sure of safety and to watch the gallant race against destruction, the brutal looking bulk bore, the rails echoing with the pounding wheels. Nearer and nearer the cars came, sweeping up a great typhoon of dust; and now the rails were clinking like lightning as the wheels passed over each joint.

Into the open switch they lurched crazily like a rammed dreadnaught, as they gave to the sudden curve in the rails, the wheels going over the switch rock with weird cries which were drowned in an instant by the hoarse

he floor below. Whether it was because he was not quite as young as he had been or whether fate had decided that he had about used up enough luck for ten men, he does not know. History is that the man who cared little for head-on locomotive collisions, fell from a stationary engine and was injured for life. He cannot walk a step but his routine. Already that day several unusual incidents had occurred; and though, like popular tales, they ended happily, they had been almost too great a stimulus to thought. Now here was another, in the form of a girl, young and beautiful, and apparently blown into his presence on the wings of the wild storm that was raging.

spends his days happily riding in the powerful electric chair presented to him by a railway company for which he formerly worked. He is now an agent for this vehicle.

Mr. Stollar is amused at what he considers the absurd story that got abroad here and was finally published that he lost the use of his limbs from the effects of a railway accident. The

MRS. HENRY STOLLAR.

Mary Ann, wife of Henry Stollar, died at her home in this place, about 8 o'clock on Friday morning, February 25, 1904, of catarrhal bronchitis following grip. Her maiden name was Dentzer, she was born January 7, 1835, and raised in the Newland school district of East Finley township. She came to Claysville with her husband about 12 years ago. In early life she united with the Enon Baptist church, but afterward became a member of the Fairmount U. B. church. She was married to Mr. Stollar about 1859. One daughter, Sarah, wife of C. W. Newland, survives their union. She was Mr. Stollar's third wife. Three brothers and one sister survive her—Jacob and Andrew Dentzer, of Washington; John and James, in Iowa; Mrs. Matilda Farabee, of Hundred, W. Va.; four stepsons also survive—William, Peter, James and Reuben Stollar. The funeral service was held at her late home at 10 o'clock Sunday forenoon, conducted by her pastor, Rev. Joseph Showers, assisted by Rev. E. H. Barnhart. Services were also held in Fairmount church, by Rev. Showers. In-