

Sad Fatality.

John Hartman, the well known engineer of the electric light works was instantly killed at 7 P. M., Saturday by being struck by the fly wheel belt which suddenly broke. The facts are as follows. Hartman was filling his cylinder lubricator with oil, when as it is reasoned now, there a short circuit somewhere which for the instant threw a heavy load on the engine. This sudden increase in tension broke the endless, 58 ft. long 15 inch wide, double ply belt, and one end whipping over, struck the unfortunate engineer on the right temple, fracturing the skull, and then wiped him down the body to the highs.

Poor Hartman fell in a heap as the lights went out and the engine, relieved of its load, started to run away. Supt McConaughey who was outside in the yard, heard the noise and saw the lights go out. So he rushed in in the darkness to shut off the steam, and in so doing, fell over the dying man. McConaughey put his hand down and it came in contact with Hartman's face which was covered with blood, and the mouth was full of dirt. The superintendent shut off the steam, cleared the dying man's mouth of the dirt, and calling help, laid him out on a table. Hartman's heart beat for two or three minutes, and then stopped. The remains were carried over to the Star Stables undertaking rooms where Mr. Ross cared for them; and as it was noised abroad what had occurred, many citizens called to see all that was left on the unfortunate engineer.

Workmen were at once called in to repair damage at the works, and by yesterday noon a new belt was on, so that the electric service last night was as usual. The loss to the company is about \$125.

Hartman's funeral was held yesterday afternoon from the undertaking rooms, and the spontaneous turning out that occurred showed in what high estimation poor John Hartman was held in the twelve years he has been in El Paso. There were between twenty and thirty carriages, besides the large turnout of the Knights of Labor, and the fire company of which the deceased was an honored member. The services were those of the Knights, and were held at the grave in Concordia cemetery. Hartman was about 45 years of age, and single. He was a quiet, industrious, reliable man, well thought of everywhere.