

The death of the late Mahdi left upward of forty widows. There is the chance for Senator Hill.

PHYCATIONS must excuse plain, every-day people for their lack of enthusiasm over the discovery of the grip microbe. It will be time enough to throw hate in the air when a remedy is discovered which—unlike anti-pyrene—will not kill more people than the disease.

Librarian Spofford of the Congressional Library at Washington points out a curious error in the Encyclopedia Britannica, which, confounding state legislation in Virginia with national enactments, states that the United States Congress passed seventy acts authorizing lotteries.

More than 300 Baltimore girls have abandoned corsets as injurious to both health and beauty. The Baltimore girls may yet convince their sisters everywhere that what is beautiful in art is beautiful in life. The Venus de Medici statue has not a taper waist and it is the highest and best type of female beauty that art has given the world.

The false economy of the average country road is well exemplified, thinks the Detroit Free Press, by a recent dispatch from Iowa, which says: "It would take a million dollars to even up the losses in trade to the merchants, shippers and farmers in Iowa on account of the fearful mud blockade which exists not only in Iowa, but all over the Mississippi Valley."

One of the queerest things in modern exploration and development is the part played by the Chinews. They never do pioneer work, but as soon as the white man has opened a new country they come in to trade and take advantage of other opportunities to make money. They have just begun to appear in West and South Africa, and in the new mining camps they will reap a rich harvest.

Walters in New York city restaurants and hotels are up in arms because they have been asked to shave off their mustaches and whiskers. "We are already obliged," said one disgusted waiter, "to give our tips to the head waiter and spend half our wages in the house to keep on the good side of the proprietor, and now they demand our whiskers. That is too much and we must rebel."

It is announced that a "Passion Play" will be performed by Indians at a great gathering of Christian Canadian Indians, which will be held in Kamloops, British Columbia, next June. Father Lacombe is organizing the meeting, and it is expected that some 7000 Christian Indians from various parts of British Columbia and many pagan reds will be in attendance. The "Passion Play" will be but an incident of the gathering, and not its main feature.

The London (England) Lancet has published an analysis of samples of bread which is being furnished by Russia to the starving peasantry. This analysis shows that to every hundred weight of rye flour more than ten pounds of foreign substances had been added, made up of woody fiber, husks, broken leaves and seeds containing silica and sand. This adulteration represents the profits of the middlemen and serves to enrich the dealers. The color of this bread is a dirty brown, and its texture resembles that of coarse peat.

Funeral directors are reaping a golden harvest in London, England, just at present. This is due to the "grip." The increased demand for their services has had the effect of stimulating competition. A novel method of attracting custom has been adopted by one undertaker in the East End. He causes a horse to be drawn through the streets, bearing a large sign with his name and address, and the announcement that his charges for conducting a funeral are "only twenty-four shillings and sixpence."

HER ANSWER BY "MASON." "Train?" "Yes as you will, dear, and as we must." "Saying, 'God's will be done'—God's ways are just." "But 'tis you say 'Train,' dear, see, 'tis not I. Ever 'I'll think of you Ever 'tis 'Good-by.'"

A Bride for an Hour.

A Thrilling Story of the Johnstown Disaster.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER VI. THE RESCUE.

It was not weakness, although Somers had battled fifteen or twenty minutes in the flood, saving lives, and was almost exhausted, nor any dread that made him weep; he cried like a child because he was powerless to help the hundreds of human beings threatened with the most horrible of deaths.

He was distraught with horror one moment. It was only when he looked down and saw that he was clasping and unclasping his hands purposely that he realized his condition.

"Are we all going mad?" he asked a man near him. The man shivered, and turned his head aside.

"Can nothing be done? Is there no one who can try to save some of those people? Is there no way to get at them? Those people or shore—there, there! see the people in the boats. Why in the name of heaven do they not go to their aid?"

When one man, a big, muscular man whose coat, vest and shirt was off, slowly replied, "If we save ourselves we may thank God!"

Now for the first time Somers suddenly realized that half the men and women around him had lost the greater part of their clothing, and some were almost naked. He looked wonderingly at himself.

hopeless. Finally he left the beam, and once more was swimming—battling for life. A piece of scum-whirling in the water struck him on the side. He sank, rose, struck out again manfully—then felt his strength leaving him.

Human endurance could stand no more—the limit was reached; throwing up his hands, he sank once more. He rose again, and a powerful hand grasped his wrist.

"I've got hold—got a good grip, Mars Somers. Easy now, binny—don't you fear no one!"

Then Somers felt himself pulled slowly into the hat, where he fell powerless to utter his thanks to his savior.

"Don't you know me, Mars Somers? Wait; when we get ashore you'll come to me. I'm Si—Si Harkess—Squire Jenson's man."

Somers looked at him helplessly. When he recovered his breath, he sat up. Si's strong hands soon put the end of the flat against a house half covered with water.

"Dar', jump in dar'—dere's a shed roof back dar. You kin step right off in de roof to de ground. Dere's whole lot o' people dar; mos' likely dey'll know you."

"Where is the Squire—and Mrs. Jenson?"

"Don't ask me—I did see de Squire out'n de water—den he got in agin. I doan know—none of us knows what we doin' now—can't think—head's mos' burstin'—no time to cry, even. I see glad I saw you, Mars Somers. Is—is—why don't you git in dar?"

He lifted the dead boy; the father made no sign, and Somers, who, ten minutes before was so weak that he staggered, now felt strong enough to bear the boy further up the mountain side.

When Enoch Broadhurst sought him, he found him striving to comfort the distracted mother. Mr. Jerrold was compelled to turn aside.

"You have lost some one, too," said Somers to Jerrold.

"God help us all—yes. The apple of my eye—my only solace in the world has gone. My daughter and her babe—both before I could reach them—and me looking on."

Somers reached out a hand. Jerrold clasped it convulsively, and they wept together.

Enoch Broadhurst called to Jerrold loudly at that moment, waving a hand to point below him. Jerrold walked toward him, and Somers, after casting another look back at the group on the rock around the dead boy, followed Jerrold.

Mr. Broadhurst was bending over the body of a man. He had turned the face of the dead man upward. When Jerrold approached, Broadhurst straightened himself and waited for Jerrold to speak.

"Poor Mr. Rutledge!" exclaimed Jerrold.

"Yes," said Harkess with a shudder. "dat's Mr. Rutledge. He done killed. See his body? I called you. We must have found it sooner. I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do."

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perpetual holiday. All the world is journeying. It seemed like the end of the world. It was like the end of the world. It was like the end of the world.

Suddenly a scene of peril caused a gasp. It was a plain to Somers that the building would topple and plunge over a water fall greater than Niagara.

They were in a dent in the mountain side. Standing or lying there, it was possible for any one to witness the tors transpiring at the railway bridge.

Where is Mr. Broadhurst? "Where is Mr. Broadhurst? Where is Mr. Broadhurst?"

Griffiths Gets Two Years. He Tried to Kill Eisman After C. Thrustrated by His Wife.

Manager Tower Missing. MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 20.—Col. Tower, manager of the North Farmer Land company, of Chicago, is missing.

Mrs. Wheeler's Death. NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 1. Grace Munson Wheeler is dead, reaching the age of 99 years, 6 months and four days.

Actor Dixey the Defendant. Boston, Feb. 19.—Harry E. I. actor, is a defendant in a suit Superior Court which is soon to be tried.

Denied the Injunction. Boston, Feb. 17.—The application for an injunction restraining Beecher from making Mr. Potter's box papers before the grand jury, by Judge Aldrich, who, however, the box to be delivered to the court had sealed, pending proceedings.

Rev. L. T. Record Acquitted. LAWSON, Mo., Feb. 19.—The Rev. L. T. Record, charged with the murder of a woman, was acquitted.