

A STEAMER DISASTER.

THE CORONA EXPLODES HER BOILERS AT FALSE RIVER

OVER FIFTY LIVES LOST.—NO EXPLANATION OF THE DISASTER.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 3.—Steamer Corona, of the Ouachita Consolidated Line, left here at 7.30 last evening for the Ouachita river with a full cargo of freight and a good list of passengers. She exploded her boilers at False River, nearly opposite Port Hudson, at 11.45 this morning, causing the loss of the steamer and about 40 lives. The Anchor Line steamer City of St. Louis, Captain O'Neil, was near by, and her crew and boats saved many lives. The surviving passengers and crew were taken on board by Captain O'Neil and very kindly cared for by him and his crew.

Following are lists of the lost and saved as far as known:

CREW LOST.

J. W. Banks, captain.
J. H. Jordan, first clerk.
Charles C. Ellis, second clerk.
Swin P. Hanna, third clerk.
Fred Dinkie, barkeeper.
Fred Verman, barkeeper.
Pat Ryan, steward.
Dick Curtis, fireman.
Tom Shook, engineer.
Henry Doyle, porter.
James Swilpe, porter.
Tate, barber.
Henry Davis, deck hand.
Tom Cook, sailor.
Billy Young, second mate.
Sam Steele, a boy.
B. H. captains of the deck watch.
Eight rousters.

Mrs. Tom Hough, of Opelousas, a sister of Captain Blanks, with Mr. Wilson, of Red River Landing; 15 rousters, names unknown.

PASSENGERS LOST.

Dr. Atwell, corn doctor.
Four negro musicians.
Mr. Scott, Smithland, La.
Mr. Davis, Stockman, Texas.
Mr. Koench.
Mrs. Huff, of Opelousas.
Mrs. Kaufman's nurse and oldest child.

CREW SAVED.

H. H. Jolie, pilot.
L. Hawling, pilot.
Charles Pierce, steersman.
J. W. Handy, engineer.
Jack Miller, mate.
Eily Higgins, bill clerk.
Robert Carns, carpenter.
Wm. Fleming, second steward.
Sam Greer, watchman.
Tom Burns, deck hand.
Milt. Glover, fireman.
Dan Slembeck, pantryman.
Frank Reeves, cook.
J. Steel, baker.
Charity Lambert, chambermaid.
Miss Reilly, second maid.
Joe Rayman, greaser.
Several cabin boys.

PASSENGERS SAVED.

Mrs. Henry Blanks and two children.
Mrs. Mann.
Mrs. Robert Robertson.
Captain B. G. Cornwell.
Mrs. J. K. Brown.
Mrs. J. J. Meredith.
Mr. L. F. Mason.
Mr. Baughman.
Mr. Comstock, Donaldsonville.
Mr. John Carr, Harrisonburg.
Mrs. Kaufman and infant, of Smithland.
Hon. L. F. Mason, of Baton Rouge.

INJURED.

Captain B. G. Cornwell, slightly.
Baughman, residing on the Black river, but inside, not dangerous.
Mr. Comstock, Donaldsonville, slightly.
J. J. Meredith, Columbia, La., slightly.
Wayne, a little son of Harry Black, slightly hurt about face.
Charles A. Pearce, of New Orleans, scalded.

None of the injured are expected to die.
Pilot Rollings, badly scalded on the hands.
Capt. T. C. Sweeney, slightly hurt by flying timbers.
Mrs. F. W. Robertson, slightly hurt.

Mrs. Robertson says when the Corona arrived opposite False Shore landing, about 16 miles below Bayou Sara, one of her boilers exploded, tearing the boat to pieces, when she sank in deep water in a few seconds.
Mrs. Robertson says she was wedged in the ladies' cabin with some of the debris laying across her lower limbs, but was suddenly released and found herself floating in the river. She sank twice, but was luckily picked up and escaped with only a few bruises.

Mr. Rollings, pilot of the Corona, says. I was asleep in the Texas at the time of the explosion. He does not know how the explosion occurred. He was awakened by the noise it made. He was painfully burned on both hands.

No one seems to be able to give any explanation as to the cause of the sudden disaster.
The Corona was on her first trip of the season, and had but recently come out of the dry dock, where she received repairs amounting to nearly \$12,000. She was built at Wheeling, W. Va., by the Sweeney Brothers, of that city, seven years ago, and had a carrying capacity of about 2700 acres of cotton. At the time of the accident she was valued at \$20,000.

WENT DOWN IN A STORM.

THE SEAMSHIP EARNMOOR FOUND-ERED AT SEA.
BALTIMORE, Oct. 3.—The steamship Earnmoor, Captain Richard J. Gray, which sailed from here for Rio Janeiro August 29th with a cargo of wheat, foundered at sea in a gale September 5th, and it is feared that 19 of her crew were lost. A small boat belonging to the Earnmoor, with seven men in it, survived the gale. The men made their way to Nassau. The Earnmoor cleared from Baltimore August 29th and sailed next day August 30th. She left Hampton Roads and put to sea. The storm which prevailed

early in September struck her when she was off the West Indies. She labored several days in the heavy seas, and then began to fill. The men gave up hope, and on the 5th of September determined to abandon the ship. Two boats were launched. In one of them were the first officer, Mr. Palmer, Second Engineer Meldrum and five seamen. In the long boat were Captain Gray, the first engineer, second officer and 16 others of the crew of 26 men. The long boat, containing 19 men, has not been heard from. Joseph R. Foard & Co., the Earnshaw Company's agent here, received a cablegram, dated to-day, from St. Jago, saying that First Officer Palmer and Second Engineer Meldrum have arrived at Nassau in a boat with five of the crew. A later cable says the five sailors are dying. Captain Gray and the others in the long boat may have been picked up by another vessel. Among the missing are Second Mate Stone and First Engineer Soudar. The storm that wrecked the Earnmoor was the great cyclone from the West Indies, which played such havoc along the New Jersey coast in the middle of September. So far as learned the crew were all Englishmen.

THE NEW STATE ELECTIONS.

Washington.
TACOMA, Washington, Oct. 2.—It is too early to predict the result through-out the State, but enough has happened to warrant assertion that the Republican majority will be as large as anticipated by the Republican State Central Committee.
The vote in this and adjacent counties is very badly mixed, particularly in the legislature tickets. The Republican majority in the Legislature will probably not be over fifteen. The Democrats admit the defeat of Sempla for Governor, but claim three of the Supreme Court Judges and the Legislature by a majority of five. The returns are too meagre for any accurate report. The Constitution will be ratified, but by a smaller majority than expected.
The capital question must be voted for at another election. The Prohibition and Woman Suffrage planks of the Constitution are defeated.

North Dakota.
ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 2.—In the Dakota elections it was evident last night that both the North and South States had given a decisive majority for the Republican tickets. The returns received to-day simply make more certain what had appeared to be the case, and give a better idea as to the size of the majorities. It seems that while North Dakota last November gave 7000 majority for the Republican candidate for delegate to Congress the new State will not be able to give a greater majority for the same party this year. In other words the vote of North Dakota is much lighter than anticipated, and the reason assigned is that many wavering voters refused to take the time from their log to attend to their voting.

For Governor, John Miller, the Republican candidate, received 5300 more votes than W. N. Roache, the Democratic nominee. All returns yet received indicate that the vote for Congressmen drew out at least 2000 more votes, making the majority for H. C. Hinsbrough for Congress 7000 or more. There has not been any doubt to-day as to the complexion of the Legislature, the only point to be settled being the proportion of the parties. Returns sufficient to indicate the result have been received from 26 of the 31 Legislative districts in the State. There are 20 Republican, five Democratic and one Independent Republican Senators, and 42 Republican and 10 Democratic Representatives.

South Dakota.
SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Oct. 2.—The Republicans have carried the State by about 7000 majority. Prohibition has been carried by a small majority, and, judging from present returns, Pierre, with about 25,000 votes, will be temporary State capital. The Republicans have a big majority in the Legislature. The minority representation clause of the Constitution has been rejected.

Montana.
HELENA, Mont., Oct. 2.—Returns are coming in very slow, and the figures are so close that the majorities will not be much either way. The Democrats claim the State by 300 to 500, and the Republicans by 600 to 1000. As a rule the Democratic Legislative ticket is running ahead, and a majority is claimed by both parties. In Lewis and Clark county the Democrats made large gains, but in some others the gains have not been up to expectations. The Republicans lost in Republican counties, but make gains in the Democratic strongholds.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Frank Ward, the well-known Alderney dairyman, of Washington, who has been in jail since he shot Maurice Adler in a saloon more than three months ago, was released on the afternoon of the 30th ult. on \$20,000 bail. Adler is a total, mental and physical wreck, paralyzed and, the doctors say, fatally injured, but he has clung to life with remarkable tenacity, and, it is said, may possibly live six months or more yet.

—Jacob Zintmaster, Treasurer of Bethlehem township, Stark county, Ohio, has been compelled to resign. He was over \$4000 short in his accounts and tried to satisfy the township trustees with a four dollar certificate of deposit which had been raised to \$4000 by the addition of three ciphers. Forged notes to the amount of \$2000 have also been presented for payment. Zintmaster's father and brothers have met all obligations, and it is rumored that the young man has disappeared.

—Ida Schmidt, who was known as Anarchist Ling's sweetheart, has been arrested in Chicago on the charge of stealing from persons who employed her as a servant.
—Charles Lacey, a well-known liverman of Memphis, Tennessee, was shot and killed on the 29th ult. by a negro named Bill Swift. The trouble arose over a mule, which Swift stole

and disposed of to Lacey. John Duncan, colored, was murdered by masked men near Spring Place, Georgia, on the evening of the 29th ult. The fact of a white woman living with him is supposed to have been the cause.

—Lester Markle, of Hublersburg, Pa., was thrown from his carriage and killed on the 29th ult. while trying to subdue a vicious horse. The tender of the yacht Cygnus capsized on the evening of the 28th ult. off Nahant while four young men were rowing out to the yacht. Three of them clung to the upturned boat until it was floated ashore. The other, Augustine Anderson, was drowned.

—Four miners have arrived at Port Townsend, Washington Territory, from the Yukon River, Alaska, via St. Michael's Island and Ounalaska. They report that about 250 miners are in the Upper Yukon, 1000 miles from any settlement, and are in destitute circumstances, without available means of relieving their wants. The new steamer Arctic, laden with supplies for them, was wrecked a few hours after leaving St. Michael's. The old steamer Yukon, a much smaller boat, has been with provisions, but it is very doubtful if she can reach the miners in time. The season will soon be closed, and starvation will face the men, who will undoubtedly be attacked with scurvy, and many of whom will probably die of hunger and disease.

—A severe storm visited Williamsport, Pa., on the afternoon of the 1st. There was an unusually heavy fall of rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning. Several buildings were struck, but no serious damage was done. Mrs. David H. Snyder, living on Front street, received two different shocks, knocking her down. Her son was also prostrated by the concussion when a bolt struck their chimney. A telegram from the City of Mexico says that the late storm caused terrible havoc at Islas del Carmen. Twelve foreign sailing vessels, two steamers and twenty coasters were lost. Campeche also suffered heavily.

—John Herzberg, a Swede, employed by the Edgemoor Iron Company, was struck by a train near Edgemoor, on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad on the evening of the 1st. He lived three hours. He was walking on the track and stepped out of the way of one train and was struck by another. He leaves a wife and two children.

—Several laborers were buried by the caving in of a sewer trench at Eau Claire, Wisconsin, on the morning of the 1st. Christian Schunning was crushed to death, and his brother Jacob fatally injured. Two others were injured internally.

—On the morning of the 2d, a large piece of rock became detached from the face of the cliff in Quebec, immediately underneath Dufferin terrace, and went crashing into a house on Little Champaign street. The slide took place several yards to the east of the scene of the recent fatal disaster. No lives were lost.

—Earthquake shocks lasting half a minute were felt in the City of Mexico and throughout Guerrero on the 2d.

—Edward Fennell was killed and four workmen were injured on the 2d at Miller's quarries, at Glen Gardner, New Jersey, by the explosion of a charge that was being drilled out. John Welsh was killed on the 2d in a freight wreck on the Lake Erie and Western Railroad near Arcadia, Ohio.

—A despatch from Little Rock, Arkansas, says that an attempt to wreck a train full of passengers was made on the morning of the 1st on the Pine Bluff branch of the Iron Mountain railway, at Sappington's Switch. A heavy piece of railroad iron had been wedged between the guard rail and main rail, and two brake shoes were spiked into the frog. The train at this point was 70 feet above a ditch. The train struck the obstruction but did not leave the track. Two robbers attacked William Leffingwell, in Lima, Ohio, on the evening of the 30th ult., while he was returning home, beat him until he was insensible, and, after securing his money and valuables, placed him on the railway track, where he was fatally injured by the train.

—Charles Stevenson and William Johns were found dead at their home in Omega, Wisconsin, on the 2d. Apppearances indicate that Stevenson killed Johns and then committed suicide. During a prayer meeting in the Presbyterian Church in Moss Point, Mississippi, on the evening of the 2d, a shot was fired from the outside through the open front door, by some unknown person, killing Daniel K. Minnis, fatally wounding his little daughter, and severely wounding Henry Blumer. Arthur Bickert shot and fatally wounded his wife in Grand Rapids, Michigan, on the morning of the 2d, and then committed suicide. No cause is known for the tragedy.

—The delegates to the International American Congress assembled at the State Department at noon on the 2d and were received by Secretary Blaine, who delivered a short address of welcome. Mr. Blaine was then chosen President of the Congress. The delegates then proceeded to the White House, where they were given a special reception by President Harrison and members of his Cabinet. An informal lunch was served in the State Dining-room.

—Details of the recent hurricane in Laguna del Carmen, Mexico, show that one hundred and five houses were destroyed and twenty seven vessels wrecked. A storm was raging in the Gulf on the 3d. Breakman John Fitzgerald was killed and Conductor Miller was badly injured on the 3d in a freight wreck on the Ashabula, Youngstown and Pittsburgh Railroad, near Hazelton, Ohio. John Scott, aged 25 years, was found drowned in the Lackawanna river, at Scranton, Pa., on the 3d. He fell into the water from a railroad bridge. A furnace in the Scottdale Iron and steel companies works exploded on the afternoon of the 3d. George Rudder was killed by the molten metal, and Jacob Dick and Henry Ravey badly burned. Mrs. Rudder, on hearing the news, fainted and, falling received probably fatal injuries.

Woman's Love for Woman.

"Good night, dear heart, good night," she said, Clinging her hands at parting, And as I left her standing there I felt the tear-drops starting. For like a benediction breathed On suppliant low kneeling, Fell soothingly upon my ear, Those kind words full of feeling. They sank into my inmost heart, Renewing every power, As heaven-sent due revivifiers The faint and thirsty flower. A woman I, with human needs, Grieved by this gracious woman, Whose sweet-voiced blessings near and far, My pathway shall illumine. Would there were more such hearts as hers, So godlike, although human! For rarest of all earthly loves, Is woman's love for woman.

HIS MOTHER.

"Hush! it's his mother." The crowd parted right and left,—a curious city crowd who had stopped for a moment to see what caused the excitement. Small boys, barefooted and ragged, men with nothing to do; old women with bundles and baskets; business men seeking their offices; curious people of all ranks, stayed a moment to look and wonder, and now moved to right and left, as a young man, with quick nervous step, came forward.

"It," was a woman, some said a lady, for she was well dressed, and had—underneath the mask which her condition threw about her,—a countenance expressive of refinement; but she was so far lost to all sense of her position by reason of liquor, that she crouched or leaned against a lamp post for support, and talked foolishly and at random, much to the amusement of those who stood near.

The young man who now reached her side was tall, slender, well dressed. He looked anxious, but not surprised. It was a chill October day, yet before he spoke to her he lifted his hat a moment, and wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead. The crowd hushed and waited.

He bent down and touched her "Come mother," he said. The woman was half asleep, but something in the tone, although it was by no means rough or loud, roused her instantly.

"I knew you would come, Will," she said. "I told them my handsome boy would not have me arrested. Tell them yourself Will, how it is." She tried to sit up, and struggled with a numb feeling which seemed to creep over her.

"Be quiet mother," he said, sternly, and with a firm hand on her arm he raised her to her feet. "You must try and walk a few steps," he continued. "I have a carriage here. Do not speak," he added, as she began to utter some words in a thick unnatural voice, and she seemed to understand and fear him, for she was quiet.

He gave no glance to the crowd who again parted almost silently to let them through. A carriage was waiting a few steps on, and he led her to this, and helped her in. The crowd followed as if to do its duty, until the end; and when the carriage door was shut, and the curtain drawn hastily down, they seemed to fade away into the city's rush and roar.

It was all over; in five minutes it was forgotten by almost all the crowd who had watched, but there is a bird of ill omen which seems omnipresent, and that bird "carried the matter."

Will Bruce, from his place at his desk the next morning, was sent for by the head of the firm. He had known Will from childhood, and had brought him from his village home, where the town gossips were quite busy with stories of the mother's "weakness," and given him a position in his office.

"Will," said he now, as the young man appeared "it seems your mother has been disgracing you again." He felt a pang of sorrow as he saw Will's troubled face, and knew the trial of his life.

"Yes—she has," replied Will, almost hopelessly. "I think you will have to make up your mind to send her to some kind of an asylum Will," went on Mr. Dare, who felt kindly toward the young man, "it stands very much in your way to have such scenes as that of yesterday, likely to occur at any time."

"I know it Mr. Bruce," replied Will, and again he wiped away the beads of perspiration from his brow, brought there by his anxiety and trouble; "but she is my mother, and she tries so hard to keep away from drink for my sake, that I fear she might cease even to struggle against it, if I sent her away. It was trouble which made her take it the first time."

"You look at the matter too kindly Will," said Mr. Dare. "Trouble does not drive you in the same direction. Why should you stand in your light, and how can you ever be in a position to ask Nellie Wainright to marry you, with such a disgraceful burden on your hands. You know I speak only for your good, Will."

"What can I say, sir. I know it all, but she is my mother," replied Will, with an anxious face. All day long at his desk he tried to reach some conclusion. His mother's face with its pleading look, and the sweet face of the girl he had left in his village home, each came before him over and over again, and seemed to plead.

"Oh," he cried in agony, "what is my duty?" "Another little bird, in the meanwhile 'carried the matter.' Nellie Wainright walked up from the

village post-office behind two young men, who had just come by the evening train.

"I hear Will Bruce's mother has been off on a spree again," said one. "Yes, picked up on the public street; she's a disgrace to any young fellow, but he goes and picks her up, and carries her home, as if he liked it," and they both laughed.

"Miserable kind of a home that must be," said the other, "I pity him. He must be worried about her every hour he is away. He never will rise, with that to drag him down."

"I hear Mr. Dare threatened to discharge him if their was too much stir made about her. If she had somebody to watch her, I mean like a daughter, or a niece, or somebody she liked, I don't believe she would be so bad. She's sorry enough when she is sober, but when she is left alone, the temptation is too much."

Poor Nellie had heard quite enough! She hurried home and sat in her own room until the night came on, and the stars began to twinkle in the sky. She was Will's promised wife. Was it not her duty to help him bear this burden, and yet, how could she. She shrank from Mr. Bruce. All her pure, sweet, healthy nature revolted against an association with a drunken woman. Yet did not Will shrink as much as she? Did he not loath the whole matter? How could he bear it, and yet he was bearing it alone. If she could only comfort him, but instead of being able to do it, she had not even heard from him for almost a week. Was he going to give her up, because of this disgrace. She started up at this thought, seized pen and paper, and ran down stairs for a light.

The office messenger brought Will a letter the next morning. He turned pale as he saw in whose hand it was written, but he need not have been afraid.

"Dear Will," she wrote: "I am coming to town for about a week. Ask your mother if I may stay with her? I did not get your letter yesterday. I think you must have forgotten to write."

NELLIE. How much there was in between those lines! What a shrinking of heart was Nellie's when she wrote them, but her plan was fixed.

Will was more than surprised. He had denied himself the pleasure of writing to her, after a bitter struggle, feeling that for her sake perhaps he must give her up, while his mother lived. He was trying to make up his mind to tell her so, and nowhere was this letter. "Mother," he said gravely, that evening, "Nell wants to come to town, and come here. Do you think you could be quite like yourself for a week, if she should come?"

"Will, my dear boy, I would try, indeed I would," said the poor weak woman, tearfully.

"You know it would break my heart if you took anything while Nell was with you," he went on.

"Yes I know, and I would try. Oh Will, I should so like to have her here. It would make me seem like myself to have another woman take to me, and like me."

If Nell had heard that, she would not have prepared for her visit with such a shrinking heart. But she was determined, and Will's note in answer to her own who had held such an undertone of sadness, that she was the more resolved.

She was like a burst of sunlight in the gloomy house. Neither mother nor son dreamed that she knew just what was the trouble, that she saw what Will was enduring, and even surmised what he had intended with regard to her. She was tender and affectionate to the mother, who brightened and seemed to grow into another person under her influence. Nellie took her shopping and sight-seeing, she made her accompany them when she and Will walked out in the evening. She drove the thought of stimulant away from the poor mother's mind entirely, so that she was like a new creature.

At last the week was ended, and she and Will sat on the front porch together, for a last talk. They had been silent for sometime, however, and then Will said, sadly.

"Oh Nellie, life will be worse than ever, when you go."

She knew what he meant. She knew all that involved, of anxiety and gloom and sadness, of disgrace and remorse, of despair maybe. She was his promised wife, and she took the step.

"Will," she said, "why do you let me go?"

"Nell," he cried starting up, "is it possible you would stay? Could you come here as my wife, and live with her. Think Nell, don't speak until you have counted the cost, but if you could, what a gift it would be to me."

"I have thought, Will, and I have decided. I will come."

"Throw herself away," said the gossips "went to take care of Will Bruce's drunken mother."

Did she? No, Mrs. Bruce never drank again. The loving influence that folded itself about her like a dove's sheltering wing, took from her all desire for such a life, all wish for that which had ruined her. She lived in an atmosphere of loving protection and was at peace.

"Hush! it's his mother," so said the crowd again, but this time they bore her to her tomb, and son and daughter followed with bowed heads. They had fulfilled their task, they had made the closing years of her life happy and

peaceful, and she had passed on to the life beyond, without a shadow of her old sorrow.

Will may Will hold his little wife dear above all others, well may he cherish her above his life; she had given up her own will for his sake, she had stood by his side through his time of need, and if a life's devotion can repay her, she will have her reward.

The King's Goldfinch.

One afternoon, the good king Rhoud went to take his customary walk in the wood of Ledre with his friend Earl Reigin, who felt very much alarmed about the dangerous enemies that were daily multiplying themselves in the king's own palace. He urged the king to consider some means to prevent it, and to send immediately away from his household any whom he suspected of being treacherous or untrustworthy.

As they were walking and talking thus earnestly through the beautiful wood, they heard something scream piteously in a tree.

"It is only a little bird," said Reigin. "It does not sing, it screams," said the king. "The poor thing is in trouble."

"Let it scream," said Reigin. "Just now we have more important affairs to think of than a little bird in a tree." "The nearest duty first," said the king. "There is nothing more important just now." And he looked up into the tree.

"It is impossible to rescue it," said Reigin; "it sits too high up."

"In the Isle of Vifils, I have learned to climb a tree; and am not yet so old that I have forgotten it."

"But there are no branches down below on the trunk," urged the earl.

"Then you must lift me. I am only a small man, not heavy to raise."

"But, if you fall and get killed, it would be an eternal shame to have it said that your king lost his life for the sake of a bird."

"Many have lost it for less," said the king, as he prepared to climb the tree. So the strong, square shoulders of the earl helped to lift the slender, agile king up the trunk; and from thence he climbed and ventured himself out on the uppermost branch. He came down safely with a little goldfinch in his hand. It had caught its little leg in a narrow crevice of the wood, and could not fly away.

"It shall be my adopted child," said the king, tenderly stroking the feathers, "and the playmate of my little son."

He took the bird home, and had a beautiful cage made for it. "How childish the king is!" said one of his most faithful warriors, who disapproved of his giving any time or thought to so small a thing as a bird.

"At the moment when war is at the door, he finds time to save a little bird, and takes care of it himself. Does he not carelessly run into his own misfortune?"

Meanwhile their desire for vengeance never slept. The death of Rhoud was decided upon. He had discovered the secret of the conspirators; he had their destiny in his hands, and he must soon die. They had secretly sworn his death, and by promises and threatening had bribed the two slaves that waited on the king's bed-chamber, promising them liberty and great wealth if they helped in the king's destruction.

One day, when the king was hunting with his men, an oaken plank was loosened in the ceiling of the king's bed-chamber over his head; and by some ingenious contrivance, they had made it keep its place until some one could lower it down from the second story with a rope, and let it fall. The king could thus be crushed on his couch, and the whole be thought a terrible accident.

The king returned at night late and weary, and went to bed. He soon was sound asleep and would probably never have risen again, had not the little bird by his screaming suddenly awakened him. He sat up in bed, and collecting his thoughts, perceived immediately that he had forgotten that day to give the little creature water and food, and at evening was so overcome by fatigue that he had not thought of it then. He sprang from his couch, saying:—

"Oh, thou poor little creature! did I save thy life only to let thee perish?" With these words, he poured water into the little glass and put grain in the little box.

Just then the plank fell from the ceiling with tremendous noise, and, striking the bed, crushed it flat to the floor. There was a great commotion in the palace yard; the warriors awoke and seized their swords, the frightened servants rushed in with torches shaking in their trembling hands.

"The king is killed! he is killed!" they cried. "King Rhoud is crushed to pieces."

But there stood the king unharmed and smiling, with the bird cage in his hand, and he cried out to them:—

"Do not fear, my friends; God has kept His hand over me."

When Earl Reigin heard how everything had happened, how the plank had fallen, and what had saved the king, he stood long speechless. Then, fixing his tearful eyes on the king, he said:—

"I shall never again doubt a Divine Providence."

Rhoud, smilingly, answered:—

"Then you can see, Reigin, one should not scorn little folks. Can a king save a bird? Then the bird can also save the king!"