

### SCATTER YOUR CRUMBS.

Amid the freezing sleet and snow,  
The timid robin comes;  
In pity drive him not away,  
But scatter out your crumbs.

And leave your door upon the latch  
For whosoever comes;  
The poorer they the more welcome  
Give.  
And scatter out your crumbs

All have to spare, none are too poor,  
When want with winter comes;  
The loaf is never all your own,  
Then scatter out your crumbs.

When winter falls upon your life,  
The day of reckoning comes;  
Against your sins, by high decree,  
Are weighed those scattered crumbs.  
ALFRED CROWQUILL.

### A Break in The Levee.

Clang! clang! clang! rang the big  
plantation bell, and Jeff started up,  
springing out of bed before he was  
quite awake.

Lights flitted back and forth in the  
yale below, lanterns waved and flick-  
ered high up on the embankment at  
the river's edge, and beneath the clang  
of the bell came the confused shouts  
of many voices, and in all and through  
all the ominous roar of rushing water.

As Jeff slipped into his clothes he  
heard the lap of the water when it  
reached the house, and by and by saw  
the light stream through the window  
below, gleaming far out across the  
flooded fields.

"Are you awake, Jeff?" asked his  
mother, coming in softly, shading the  
candle with her hand. "Ah, you know  
then? The break was just in front  
there, by the big cottonwood tree."

"By the big cottonwood?" Jeff re-  
peated, breathlessly. "My God, mother,  
not there, not there!"

"What is it, lad?" she asked, gently,  
putting the candle on the table and  
taking his hand in hers. "What is it,  
Jeff, dear?" she repeated, when he did  
not answer.

"Oh, mother," he cried, tearing his  
hand from hers and covering his face.  
"How can I tell you, even you? Do  
you remember last Wednesday—my  
birthday, you know?" he went on,  
speaking rapidly and clutching his  
mother's hand again, helplessly. "As  
I started off to go hunting that morn-  
ing, riding down the river road there  
just below the cut-off, I met Colonel  
Shenham. He stopped and came  
back with me to show me a weak place  
in the levee just there by the old cot-  
tonwood in front, and he said I must  
be sure to tell father, and, oh, mother,  
what shall I do? I forgot, I forgot!"

"Oh, my poor, thoughtless lad!" said  
his mother, soothingly.

"You'll tell father for me, won't you,  
mother?" the boy cried.

"I think I'd better not, dear," an-  
swered his mother, but there were  
tears in her eyes. "This is your first  
great trial, and you must face it like  
a man."

There were tears in the boy's eyes,  
too. "I'll do it, mother, so help me,"  
he said, firmly, and turned at once to  
leave the room.

"Mother?" he cried, suddenly, coming  
back and flinging his arms around her.

"God help you, my child," she said,  
kissing him, and he was gone.

Jeff scarce recognized his father in  
the bowed and broken man whom he  
found in the chamber below. Every  
lap of the water without was like a  
sword thrust into the boy's heart, but  
he made his confession quite bravely.  
His father listened, seeming scarce to  
understand, but when it was over he  
said, in a voice Jeff never had heard  
before:

"You forgot, and I may be a ruined  
man. You had better go now, I think,  
until I, too, forget."

The words, the tone, smote the boy  
like a blow, stunning him. He set his  
lips firmly together and left the room.

"Go, until I, too, forget," He heard  
his father's words over and over again  
in the sound of his own footfall on the  
bare floor. The hall door stood open,  
and the swinging lamp within sent  
its gleam far out over the waste of  
water. Above the submerged steps a  
little row of boats rose and fell on the  
lapping waves, tethered to the posts  
of the veranda. Jeff soon found his  
own little green skiff moored among  
the rest, and it needed but a moment  
to reach his hat and coat from the  
spreading rafters behind the door.

He heard the sound of his mother's  
footfall in the hall as the oars cut the  
water, but above that, above the beat-  
ing of his heart and the rush of the  
waves he heard his father's words,  
and a moment later his skiff skimmed  
out of the lantern's gleam and the  
darkness swallowed him up.

At Saunders' big Texas ranch, in  
the early morn of a scorching October  
day, all was bustle and stir and com-  
motion. On all the parching prairies  
not a blade of grass was left for the  
hungry herd; tanks were empty,  
streams were dry, and the men were  
making ready to drive the cattle out  
of the land of drought to the flush of  
waters and green pastures of the In-  
dian Territory.

In the dusty yard, around the cabin  
spurs rattled, saddles creaked, ponies  
neighed, men shouted and halloed,  
and beyond, in the great corrals, the  
cattle bleated and bellowed with their  
thousands of thirsty throats.

"You'll have to go an' help Mason get  
up a bunch of cattle in the north pas-  
sure, Little Partner," said Saunders to  
a boy who stood near the cabin door  
fastening his spur strap, with his  
arm through his pony bridle.

"All right, sir," said the boy, spring-  
ing into the saddle.

"Tell Mason to fetch a thousand an'  
fifty-two head, an' meet us at the river

to-morrow night, or—bust. We want-  
er start fur the Nation in the mornin'.  
A thousand an' fifty-two head, don't  
furgit."

"I shall not forget," said the boy  
firmly, but a shadow crossed over his  
face as he spoke—a shadow that did  
not leave it as he galloped off over the  
prairie.

The sun streamed down, blistering  
his back through his flannel shirt, and  
the fiery alkali dust burned into every  
pore of his body. Heat and dust were  
everywhere, with now and then the  
gleam of a white, shaly river-bed, dry  
and glistening like a silver thread  
winding across the brown prairies,  
which the dead and dying cattle had  
turned into vast charnel houses, where  
the buzzards held full sway.

STORY TWO.

By daybreak the next morning the  
cattle in the north pasture were bunched  
and ready for driving.

"You'd better lead with me, little  
'un," Mason said kindly, when the boy  
galloped up for orders before the march  
began. "There'll be less ridin' in  
front," the man added to himself as  
the boy swung through the gate, "an'  
the chap is sore to the touch now."

Mason had watched the boy nar-  
rowly with his kind, womanly brown  
eyes, ever since the day of his com-  
ing to the ranch, and he knew, no one  
better, how the lad's bones ached from  
the constant fatigue which the short  
snatches of rest were not long enough  
to remove; he knew how his temples  
throbbled when the hot, dry air almost  
boiled the blood in his veins and stifled  
his nostrils.

"The young 'un's got grit," he told  
Saunders in his lazy way after the  
boy's first round up, and he kept his  
eye upon him.

"We must make the river to-night or  
bust," Mason yelled, as the herd swept  
out of the pen.

The men answered with a shout,  
and the boy, galloping along at the  
head of the mighty procession, felt  
like a warrior going into battle, and  
heard Mason's musical halloo as a  
clarion cry. Behind him came the  
heavy tramp of hoof beats, the bellow  
of thirsty throats, the crack of whips  
and the shouts of the men.

The sun was almost down when the  
distant smirch of trees against the  
horizon showed where the river lay.  
Mason's horse had gone lame toward  
the middle of the afternoon, and now  
jogged along, stiff and painful, but  
jogged along, stiff and painful, but a  
short distance ahead of the herd.

"Poor nag, maybe I can spell you a  
bit," he said, preparing to dismount.

As he slipped his foot from the stir-  
rup a noise in the rear startled him,  
and he cast a quick eye over his shoulder  
for a moment.

"My God, the cows have smelt water!"  
he said, breathlessly. "Fly fur  
your life, little 'un," he went on, al-  
most gently, as he rose in his saddle,  
and leaned forward. "Bear to the  
northward," he cried. "Now ride  
hard and God he'p you!"

The boy's hand tugged at the bridle  
and he felt the pony bound forward  
stung by a blow from Mason's quirt.  
Another moment and he would be  
safe.

But Mason? In one quick, back-  
ward look the boy saw his spent pony  
rear on his lame legs, and gave one  
wild leap forward. He heard a heavy  
thud as they went down, and man and  
horse were lying in a heap together  
on the dry grass in the path of the  
stampeding herd.

"Oh, God! Oh, mother!" cried the  
boy, and his voice was a prayer. The  
pony wheeled in his tracks and bore  
him back in the face of the oncoming  
death.

There was one moment of breathless,  
eager energy while he slipped the loose  
end of his riata under Mason's helpless  
arms, and wound it round the limp  
body another, and he was in the stirrup  
again, with the riata's loop held hard  
and fast on the saddle's horn. He felt  
his spurs cut deep into the pony's hips  
as the poor beast sprang forward, but  
he felt the tugging of Mason's impotent  
body as it dragged behind; he heard  
the swell and surge of mad voices as  
the infuriated beasts swept on in the  
dust cloud, he felt their hot breath in  
his face, and heard the wild neigh of  
his pony when the hoofs struck him;  
then a fierce, sharp pain, and all was  
over.

"Mother."

The boy opened his eyes for a mo-  
ment, but the whitewashed hospital  
walls, the narrow cot and Saunders  
bending over confused him. The eye-  
lids quivered and closed.

Slowly it all came back to him—the  
long ride, the hot sun, the dust and  
the stampeding cattle.

"Where is Mason?" he asked by and  
by, looking up again into Saunders' kind  
blue eyes.

"He's all right now, poor old chap,"  
said Saunders gently, and there was  
more in the tone than in the words,  
but the boy understood.

He lay quietly for a long while, with  
the bed clothes pulled up over his eyes,  
and the sheet was wet when he looked  
out from under it again.

"Mason was kinder to me than any-  
body in the world had ever been—ex-  
cept my mother," he said, by and by,  
"I wish I had been the one to go," he  
added, wearily.

"Don't you say that, lad, don't you  
now," Saunders said, stroking the  
boy's hand with his own brown palm.  
"It'll all come right."

"But you don't know, Saunders, you  
don't know," and the boy turned his  
head over on the pillow wearily.

"Maybe I do, mo' you think fur,"  
Saunders went on soothingly. "You've  
been lyin' here prit nigh two months  
now, you know, an' durin' that time  
I've been here, off an' on, sorter  
constant, an' you've said things as maybe  
you wouldn't a' said to me, confidential  
like, of you'd bin at yourself, but I  
reckon they ain't no harm done. I  
was only waitin' tell you got strong

enough to travel to ast you of you  
wanted to go home."

"Oh, no; I can't. Saunders, I can't,"  
the boy cried.

"You mean 'bout the levee, don't  
you?" Saunders asked gently. "You  
see, you've tol' mos' ever' thing, an' I  
jest piced out the rest, little chap, an'  
blamed of I ain't felt mighty sorry for  
you. That's straight, now, an' no mis-  
take, but the mo' I study about it the  
mo' it seems to me there was a kind of  
a hitch somewher. Don't you misun-  
derstan' me now, little 'un, I ain't  
never had no call to preach; I ain't  
even been a good man, but somehow,  
when a feller's spent the best part of  
his live aridin' over these here ol' pa-  
rains where they don't seem to be nat-  
ural, but 'jest God and the universe, he  
natchally has time to do a deal or think-  
in'. An' anyhow, seems to me the  
Lord puts diff'ent thoughts in a head  
after it begins to get gray. Now, little  
chap, maybe so I'm wrong, but it seems  
to me that the biggest' forgettin' you  
done want about that break in the  
levee. I know it looked mighty big to  
you that night when the overflow  
come, an' you knowed a word 'um  
you an' a few san' oags maybe could a'  
kep' it out, but what I aim to say is  
your forgettin' didn't stop there. I  
s'pect I would 'a done the same thing  
myself' twenty year ago, an' maybe so  
I'd a felt just as proud an' 'jest as hurt  
an' 'jest as brave as you did. You  
thought about all them that night,  
didn't you, little partner, an' how you'd  
do somethin' great to make up fur for-  
gettin', didn't you? I bet you did, an'  
you thought about yourself' an' you  
thought about your father, too, some,  
maybe, not just as you would of you'd  
'a waitin' tell nex' day or nex' week,  
but wasn't there somebody you furgot?  
Somebody, too, as was with the whole  
world to you, somebody as would 'a  
gone down into her grave to 'a saved  
you, somebody as waited an' watched  
after the waters went down, an' who is  
waitin' an' watchin' yet, please God,  
when ever' body else has give you up.  
Ain't I right about it, little man?"

"Oh, Saunders, Saunders," said the  
boy, taking his friend's hand, while  
the tears streamed down and wet the  
pillow. "What shall I do?"

"There ain't no trouble 'bout answer-  
in' that question now," Saunders said,  
"hard as it is to go back of our wrong-  
doin' an' make things straight, but  
mothers is mothers wherever you put  
'em, an' maybe so I'd a been diff'ent  
of mine had been left to me longer.  
But your way is clear enough, an' it  
ain't such a powerful long journey 'um  
Texas to Louisiana."

"Do you mean it, Saunders," said the  
boy with a smile on his wan lips,  
"and can I go to-day?"

"No, but it won't be very long befor'  
you start of you keep on like this,"  
Saunders answered, "an', somehow, of  
chap, you've made it mighty easy fur  
me to tell you somethin' I've jest been  
bustin' to tell you ever since you've  
been lyin' here," and Saunders cleared  
his throat, while the boy looked at  
him eagerly.

"You see," he went on slowly, "Mason  
warn't quite gone when the boys  
picked him up, tho' he was done fur  
before you got to him, lad; the pony had  
fell across him, an' he'd jest breath  
enough left to tell me all about it.  
Po' old Mason. They was a smile in  
them big, dyin', woman eyes of his  
when he looked up at me an' said:  
'Didn't I tell you the little chap had  
grit? An' then he tol' me somethin'  
else, poor ol' partner. He tol' me he  
didn't have nobody in the world but  
jest hissef, but you could 'a knowed that  
by the lonefulness in his eyes, an' he  
said to let his sheer er the cattle go to  
you. Seems of he kinder 'spected  
things was pretty bad with you one  
way or 'nother, an' he tol' me to let  
the cows go the first chance I got, an'  
turn the proceeds over to you. What do  
you say now to a little wad er ten thous-  
and dollars to start home with?"

"Poor old Mason," the boy said, and  
his eyes were brimming with tears as  
he sat up in bed. "I can make it up  
to father now, Saunders, can't I?"

Two weeks later, when the Valley  
Queen steamed through the draw-  
bridge at Shreveport, Jeff stood on her  
upper deck, glad with the prospect of  
home near at hand. How dear and  
familiar everything looked! Behind  
were the broken red hills dotted  
with cottages, the slender church  
spires, the crouching, cavernous ware-  
houses of the little city; beyond were  
the black plantation lowlands, the  
great sprawling, grass grown levees,  
and the dark, treacherous river wind-  
ing between, shrunken now within its  
muddy banks, waiting calm and qui-  
escent for the swell of the spring tides  
to send it sweeping on in its work of  
destruction.

When the whistle blew, and the boat  
rounded the curve, Jeff saw with a  
little pang of bitterness the old cot-  
tonwood which marked his own home  
landing, but he sprang ashore joyfully  
before the waverin' stage plank had  
touched the bank. He was not the  
only passenger for Steel Dust Planta-  
tion he found, as the men who crowd-  
ed after him pushed by, hurrying up  
to the house. Jeff followed eagerly.  
Was this the homecoming he had pic-  
tured so often as he rode over the  
dusty prairies, or lay on his hospital cot  
in those sweet days of convalescence?

Surely something was wrong. About  
the yard the stablemen were hurrying  
to and fro, while others were sampling  
cotton from the bursting bales under  
the big gin house shed. Teaming wag-  
ons blocked the broad avenue which  
led to the house, and, under the spread-  
ing oaks, mules were bunched or  
stood in long lines tethered to the lot  
fence. Barn doors were wide open,  
and ploughs and hoes and scrapes, in  
desolate heaps, littered the lawn.

Jeff saw it all in the brief interval  
which it took to reach the house, and  
the noisy chattering of the crowd in

the hallway suddenly ceased, even the  
blatant yell of the auctioneer broke  
confusedly, and his hammer fell to the  
floor with a bang as a bright young  
voice from the doorway shouted clear  
above the eager bobbing heads:  
"I forbid this sale!"

Jeff elbowed his way to the crier's  
desk, unbuckling the leather belt from  
beneath his coat as he went.

"What is the amount of your attach-  
ment, sir?" he asked.

"Eight thousand, seven hundred and  
fifty dollars, with costs," replied the  
astounded auctioneer.

"Then dismiss the crowd and count  
your money," Jeff said, pulling a roll  
of bills from his belt pocket.

And was that the end of the tri-  
umph? Is there no more to be told?

Some one was calling his name from  
the stairway, the crowd fell back for  
him to pass, and the boy bounded up  
the steps with a glad light in his eyes.

"Father, mother," he cried, and they,  
folded him in their hearts. The victo-  
ry was won, the breach was healed.

Cast Up by the Waves.

Edwin B. McClelland, of this city,  
has received a letter from J. B. Burke,  
of Croby, Alderney Channel Isles,  
which he prizes very highly. It con-  
tains two visiting cards, his own and  
that of a friend which had tossed  
about on the waves of the Atlantic for  
ten long weeks in a bottle, and which  
Mr. Burke writes he picked up on the  
shore October 28.

Mr. McClelland told a most interest-  
ing story about the cards, which were  
thus cast up by the sea and returned to  
him. Said he:

"The other card besides my own, you  
see, is that of David McGowan, Jr.,  
of Newton, Kan., whom I met on board  
the steamer St. Louis, bound for Eu-  
rope last August. On the morning of  
August 12 we were somewhere in the  
middle of the ocean, and he suggested  
to me in his state room that we put  
our cards in a bottle and throw it into  
the sea. A small, four-ounce bottle  
was soon obtained, and you can see  
how our cards were crumpled in put-  
ting them in. The address of each  
was written below the names. It was  
about 10 o'clock in the morning when  
the bottle was cast overboard. I am  
sure I never thought of the affair again,  
until I received this letter, showing  
that the bottle had been washed ashore  
just eleven weeks later on the Alder-  
ney Islands.

"As near as I can judge the place  
where the bottle was found is about  
1000 miles from where we dropped it.  
The little craft held the cards well.  
There is a brown weather color on the  
edge of each, but that, I figure, came  
from the sun beating through the  
glass as the bottle rode the waves.  
One thing I yet want, and that is the  
bottle. I shall write Mr. Burke to-  
night, thanking him for his kindness  
and asking him to send the bottle in  
case he did not break it in getting out  
the cards. My friend in Kansas, of  
course, will get his card and a photo-  
graph of Mr. Burke's letter as soon as  
I can get it fixed up."

A Color Test on a Large Scale

A color test on a large scale oc-  
curred recently near Geseke, Germany.  
The Volmde, the Wald, and the Heder  
are three brooks which have their  
source near Geseke, and according to  
tradition their waters had subterranean  
connections with the Alme, a  
mountain stream whose bed is some  
five miles distant. Millers located on  
the lower Alme dumped refuse in cer-  
tain eddies of the upper stream, and  
the millers on the Volmde, the Wald,  
and the Heder claimed that by doing  
this the water supply of the latter  
streams was materially diminished.  
To determine this connection, about  
four pounds of potassium fluorescein  
was dumped into one of the eddies  
five miles from the source of the  
Heder. This substance is marvellously  
powerful, and a solution containing  
one part in 10,000,000 shows a distinct  
fluorescence in transmitted light.  
Twenty-five hours later the Heder  
took on a beautiful dark green color,  
showing conclusively the connection  
between the two streams. An experi-  
ment at another point showed with  
equal clearness that there was a sub-  
terranean connection between the  
Alme and the Wald and the Volmde,  
though in this case forty-four hours  
elapsed between the depositing of the  
dye-stuff in the Alme and the appear-  
ance of the coloration in the other  
streams.

Facts About the South.

A recent pamphlet by Mr. R. H. Ed-  
monds, of the Baltimore Manufacturers'  
Record, gives in a condensed shape  
so many interesting facts about the  
South that we would like to see it ex-  
tensively circulated.

The South produces more than 60  
per cent. of the world's cotton, but this  
statement is exceeded in value by her  
grain crops, which aggregate about  
650,000,000 bushels a year.

More than one-half of all the stand-  
ing timber in the country is in the  
South.

Iron and coal exist in unlimited quan-  
tities, and pig iron can be made here  
cheaper than anywhere else in the  
world. Pittsburg and Chicago are  
now using Alabama iron and basic  
slag making.

Nearly every Southern State has an  
abundance of the best water power.

The Earth and Man Compared.

If it were possible for a man to con-  
struct a globe 800 feet in height—  
much less than twice the height of  
Washington's monument—and to place  
upon any portion of its surface an  
atom 1-4380th of an inch in diameter  
and 1-120th of an inch in height, it  
would correctly denote the proportions  
man bears to the gigantic globe upon  
which he stands.

### DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

A large steamer was reported wrecked near  
Drumhead, a fishing village at Isaac Harbor,  
Nova Scotia.

A Delaware, Lackawanna and Western lo-  
comotive in the yards at Hoboken exploded.  
Two firemen were injured.

The factory of the Confectioners and Bak-  
ers' Supply Company, in Chicago, was dam-  
aged by fire to the extent of \$60,000.

A Lake Erie and Western train ran into an  
electric car at Elwood, Indiana. Chris Hines  
was killed and four others were seriously  
injured.

James Doran, aged 30 years, and Miss  
Bridget C. Fitzgerald were struck and killed  
by a New York Central train at a grade  
crossing in Oneida, New York.

An electric car ran into a carriage in St.  
Louis, and Mrs. Daniel Bergar was probably  
fatally injured. Four other occupants of the  
carriage were seriously cut and bruised.

The building of the C. D. Beverington  
Hardware Company, in Winterset, Iowa,  
collapsed, carrying with it an adjoining  
building. Several persons were seriously  
injured.

The rear coach of a train on the Great  
Northern Railway left the track at George-  
town, Texas, and was overturned, killing  
Sam Gainer, colored, brakeman, and Fred  
Searly, one of the passengers.

A Columbus, Sandusky and Hoeking freight  
engine blew up near Fultonham, Ohio. En-  
gineer Bert Mead, Fireman Frank Hesse and  
Brakeman Fred Kreits were killed and Con-  
ductor Ira Morris fatally injured.

Eight men were caught in a cave-in in the  
Anna Lee mine of the Portland Cold Mining  
Co., at Victor, Colorado, and it is believed all  
perished. The victims included Assistant  
General Superintendent Sheldon.

A passenger elevator in the Criminal Court  
building in Chicago fell from the fourth to  
the first floor, and 12 persons had a narrow  
escape from death. The "dogs" above the  
first floor checked the fall of the car.

A fire in New York city, destroyed the  
stocks of the United Shirt and Collar Com-  
pany, Blumenthal & Steiner, flower and  
feather merchants, and M. Wasserman, flow-  
ers. The total loss will probably amount to  
\$150,000.

A freight train on the Louisville and Nash-  
ville Railroad went through an open draw  
of the bridge at Bigotets, 30 miles South of New  
Orleans. Four cars and two spans of the  
bridge went into the lake. The fireman is  
missing, and the head brakeman was seri-  
ously injured. Several tramps who were  
stealing a ride are also thought to have been  
drowned.

LEFT \$15,000 BEHIND.

Burglars in New York Made a Bold Attempt to  
Steal Silver Bullion and Coins.

Two burglars made a bold attempt to steal  
\$15,000 in silver bullion and coins from Zim-  
merman & Forsyth, dealers in gold and sil-  
ver at No. 11 Wall St., N. Y. The thieves  
forced the door of a small closet in which  
the silver had been temporarily stored. Then  
with the precious metal before them, they  
found themselves unable to carry it away.  
They had forgotten that it weighed nearly  
1400 pounds avoirdupois, and had neglected  
to bring a truck with them.

In pulling the bags and boxes of bullion  
about the thieves dropped one on the cement  
floor. The noise was heard by Engineer  
Tilley, who was at work in the basement, and  
he hurried to the main floor of the building.  
As he reached the corridor he saw two  
men run out of the closet, through the out-  
side door and crawl through the opening in  
the iron grate. The inside doors of the cor-  
ridor were locked and prevented him giving  
chase. Then he went to the eighth floor and  
aroused Janitor Nelson, who was asleep.  
The two came down and found the open  
doors and the bullion scattered about the  
closet. The rest of the night they took turns  
watching the treasure.

When Mr. Zimmerman came down in the  
morning he was notified of the attempted  
robbery, and counted the bags and coins. He  
found that nothing had been taken.

A GIRL SAVED A TRAIN.

Built a Fire on the Track to Give Warning of  
an Obstruction.

A wreck on the Baltimore and O. Co. South-  
western was averted by little Mary Oeh, a  
nine-year-old girl, near Slocum Bridge, O.  
The little girl was out with a lantern hunting  
a stray horse, which she discovered was  
caught fast in a bridge, near a sharp curve  
of the railroad.

Knowing that the evening accommodation  
train, which is generally crowded with pas-  
sengers, was nearly due, the child crawled  
aboard the lofty trestle, passed the frightened  
and plunging horse, and then around the  
curve, where she built a large fire in the  
center of the track to attract attention to the  
trouble.

Her efforts were successful, the train being  
stopped within a few feet of the beacon. Had  
the engine struck the horse, it, with the train  
would probably have been thrown into the  
creek-bed, a distance of eighty feet. There  
were over 100 passengers on the train, and  
their gratitude to the brave little girl was un-  
bounded.

FIRE CAUSES TWO DEATHS.

One Person Burned—Another Killed by Leaping  
From a Window.

One person was burned to death and an-  
other was killed by jumping from a third-  
story window of a burning building in Phila-  
delphia. The man who was burned to  
death is supposed to be Harris Levi, but his  
body was so badly charred that recognition  
was impossible. The other victim was Max  
Finberg, who jumped and broke his neck.  
The building was a four-story brick, the first  
floor being occupied as a grocery store; the  
second as a hall; the third a tailors' employ-  
ment agency, and the fourth floor by Abra-  
ham Zoushy and family. When the fire  
broke out, Levi, Finberg and several other  
persons were on the third floor. All escaped  
with slight burns except the above named.

The Zoushy family, consisting of father,  
mother and five children, were taken from  
the roof of the burning building by the fire-  
men. The fire originated in the cellar, but  
from what cause is not known.

### A DUEL IN FLORIDA.

Two Rival Lovers Kill Each Other and the Lady  
Shows No Emotion.

For the love of a woman Henry Thomas  
and Albert Stafford fought a duel to the  
death near Mount Pleasant, Fla. For two  
months they have gone heavily armed and it  
was known that when they met a fight  
would follow.

Thomas and two friends went hunting, not  
knowing that Stafford and three friends had  
gone on a similar errand. In the afternoon  
they met and it seemed that a general fight  
would ensue. Thomas, however, said that  
only he and Stafford were concerned and  
asked that they be allowed to fight it out.  
This was agreed to, and Thomas and Staf-  
ford, armed with pistols, faced each other at  
thirty yards and began firing.

Neither was injured by the first ex-  
change and the men advanced on each other.  
At the second shot Thomas fell with a bullet  
in his bowels. Stafford still advanced on the  
prostrate man, firing, when Thomas stag-  
gered to his feet and, steadying himself by a  
tree, took deliberate aim and sent a bullet  
through his foe's heart. Thomas died two  
hours later.

In taking the bodies of the young men  
home they were borne past the residence of  
the girl for whom they fought. She showed  
no emotion.

KILLED BY A CAVE-IN.

Terrible Fate of Miners in the Battle Mountain  
Shaft, Colorado