There has been interesting inquiry by Professor Virchow as to the relative number of blondes and brunertes in the Ger ... man Empire. The statistics embrace as many as 6,758,827 school children. Of these more than one-half belong to the mixed type, and of the remainder about two-thirds belong to the pure blonde and one third to the pure brunette type. In the mixed type gray eyes and dark hair are the commonest form. Among the Jewrish children there are three times as mony brunettes as blondes.

There was a break in an electric light wire in a St. Paul hotel the other day. and Superintendent Brockway, in order to expedite matters, went with his workmen to repair it. "You must be careful," said a looker-on, "or we'll have a coroner's inquest right here." Brock way smiled, seized the dead end of one wire with one hand and the lamp wire with his nippers, and fell dead. The full force of the current, which he supposen had not been turned on, had passed through his body.

The zebra is true grit. The annual trimming of the hoofs of one of these animals took place recently at the Philadelphia zoo, in the early morning before the visitors began to come in. The health wrecked, and even my mind so zebra never yields, even when cast effected that now and then my ideas get down and firmly bound. Leather straps were placed about each foot, and the four feet drawn together. A bar of wood tied in the mouth and a number of men seated had a bad fall some time and perhaps upon the zebra's body completed the de- taken too much bromide of potassium fense against the animal's efforts to scrape, which did not cease during the tor on the Southern Pacific system at the operation. The misshapen hoofs caused time it happened, and my run was from by the wooden floors were then sawed Tucson, Art., to Los Angeles. Old tour-

Inquiry among the New York insurance men has elicited the fact that none of the companies insure against earthquakes. If fire results from an earthquake in an insured building, however, the policies are paid. Manager Dane, of the Niagara Insurance Company, said: "The nearest we come to earthquakes are cyclones and hurricanes. Our company and the Continental as well have a special insurance contract for them, but we only insure, as a matter of course, in certain specified territory. I hardly think that this branch of the bus ness will last very long, however, as only those who are pecultarly liable to loss from wind storms insure against them. The money to be Paxton who was traveling with her inmade from insurance is in the generality of the risks. Do I think it probable that insurance companies will include earthquakes in their risks in the tuture? Well, ing. He had a dusty voice, little eyes, hardle. I don't presume we'll have an, with large pads of fat under them; and other shaking up in the time of the present generation. If earthquakes were general, however, I see no reason why the two ends sticking up like horns on property should not be insured against them the same as hurricanes. I never heard of such insurance companies in countries where earthquakes are common."

We read in Frank Leslie's Weekly that "musical taste, which is nothing else or eighty five pounds at the most. than a love for good music, has made great progress of late in the United States. Good music is now better appreciated here than it was twenty, and even ten years ago. That, however, this love for good music is in itself a proof that bride was a sight to behold, and the catoperatic ventures ought to be financially themen swore like pirates in the smokingsuccessful, is quite another matter. It room. Bliss cursed the management of seems to become more and more evident that artistic success and financial results are not in the same direction, the second decreasing with the increase of the first. Of this, the Italian, the German and the up the berths. The Paxtons had section American operas have alike furnished decided proof during the past season. lower and upper berths in summer, and The fact is as it should be, and it only a good many hold that the uppers are the repeats what has been experienced in best, as being nearest the ventilating Europe. Opera in Europe is, as a rule, not profitable, and the best theatres up I lifted the invalid girl in my arms could not afford to open their doors if into upper five. I remember hearing her they had no other resource than that af- say good-night to her mother, and telling forded by the sale of tickets to the pub- her she would sleep well. lie. The chief theatres of Europe either possess resources of their own, an independent income, or receive an annual tickets. aubvention from constituted authorities. Without this assistance the production of grand opera, with all the expenses connected therewith, would be absolutely impossible in most cases, and the operatic sesson would close at its inception. The Milau Scala, which has acquired so much artistic importance that a new opera or a new singer are not sure of success unless they have passed its ordeal, receives a subvention of not less than \$40,000 a year, and the season does not tied, "unless you pay for it." last over three months. Most other theatres are assisted in the same way, the difference being only in the sum they receive yearly and in the giver, whether a municipality, a petty prince or an Emperor. This is especially the case in Italy and in Germany, where opera is produced for its own sake, and not for love of Incre. The Bayreuth Theatre could not have produced Wagner's operas without the assistance of the late King Ludwig."

Che Forest Republican.

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Only a cloud in the summer day,

head, While the bird in its branches with bosom

Sang from its nest a soft lullaby.

Only a flash of lightning at even, From a cloud that had hovered all day in sight-

And the oak lay shattered, struck down in its might:

But the bird, still singing, flew toward heaven.

Only a cloud in the heart of man, Yet the strong frame bowed down 'neath the chill and gloom,

'Till his spirit had whispered, "be brave, for Success shall crown each purpose, each plan!

Only a flash; a gleam of death's rod-So vivid, so brief, like a dream that is o'er: The body is dust, shall be dust evermore But the soul set free rises up to God.

UPPER FIVE.

-Francis Foate, in Boston Traveller.

Why I left the Pullman car service at 11 o'clock at night at a water tank in Middle Arizona will also explain why, although I am not yet thirty-five years old, my nervous system is shattered, my uncoupled in a curious way and go running wild all over the division and breaking into sidings where they have no bus-iness to be. The doctor says I must have since, but I know better. It is all on account of "upper five." I was a conducists will remember my car. It was the Grenada. Most men say the business is a dog's life, but I own I rather liked it. A sleeping-car is a proscenium box in the theatre of life. Single acts of everybody's little dramas are continually played before me. l'eople become naturally unreserved and communicative on a train. You get down beneath the surface, their peculiarities are laid bare, their oddities stand out like bumps, you see their hopes, disappointments, prejudices, likes and dislikes, and feel before the end of the division as if you had known them for years. This was particularly true of a car load we carried out of Tueson one certain day in August. I remember we had a bridal party on board, two or three drummers, a couple of stockmen from "the Nation," and-what I especially recollect-a portly old gentleman named Bliss and a widow named valid daughter, a young lady of about

twenty.

Mr. Bliss was not in good health himself, and was full of querulous complain-I can see him, sitting exactly in the middle of his seat, growling and gasping. with his collar unbuttoned in front and each side of his face. Mrs. and Miss Paxton were, on the contrary, accomplished travelers, and made the best of everything. The mother was a pleasant, grave, old-fashioned lady, and the daughter, a sweet-faced, hollow-eyed, patient little feather of a girl, who could not have weighed above eighty

The weather was scorching. The desert of white sand was simply a big reflector that threw the sun back into the lower air until, when it stirred, it was like a breath from a furnace. Everybody was tattooed with the fine black cinders and hoarse with the dust. The the road, root, tree, and branch, and grimy perspiration poured off him in streams. Toward night the heat was still excessive, and I believe it was about 9 o'clock when the porter began to make five. There is a difference of opinion among travelers as to the comforts of windows. This was the view the ladies took of it, and when the berths were made

About half an hour later old Bliss came tottering and swaying into the smoking room, where I was counting my lie was furious. His berth was lower seven, next to the Paxtons, and he wanted to know why the upper berth had been let down.

"There is nobody in it," he sputtered. and it is all foolishness to make it up, It just makes mine as hot as a bake

I explained to him that the rules raquired all disengaged berths to be made up to accommodate possible local travel. 'But nobody's going to get on in this desert," he msisted, testily, can't you just push that one up!"

"I can't do it," I replied a little not-He abused the road, myself, and everybody else incoherently for a while, but the upshot of the matter was he paid for the upper berth, and asked in a surly voice that it be put up at once. By that time I was pretty mad, and hurrying back into the car, I parted the curtains unbooked the two wires that hold the upper berth down, seized it by it was with the gingerly caution of a perthe edge, and with one violent son who lifts a garment expecting to find

of the cattlemen had got into a political the moral courage to read a paper condiscussion, and it was near 11 o'clock taining them. before the old fellow became too indig-And the oak in the shadow bowed low its nant over some statement as to the civil service to continue the argument and went staggering and puffing out. He returned almost immediately.

"Conductor," he wheezed, with a sort of forced calmness, "I thought I bought that upper berth in my section?"

"So you did," I replied. "And you told me you put it up?" "Yes, sir.

"You did no such thing!" he exclaimed, suddenly bursting into a rage, the infernal thing has been down all night, and is down now, and my berth steaming like a sweat box. Give me my money back "

"You looked into the wrong berth," I replied. "I put that upper back my-self and nobody's touched it since."

'I looked into section seven," he said, furiously. "I don't believe you ever touched it,"

"I just want to show you that you don't know what you're talking about, I answered, leading the way back into the car, "Here is your section. See." At this I threw back the curtains and stopped dumbfounded. The upper berth down, and, what was more, the wires did not appear to have been touched. Bliss started to say something in reply, when I felt of a sudden as though a bullet had gone through my heart. A horrible thought had flashed across my mind, too quickly to be shaped in words. The blood came throbbing through my neck in slow, bursting waves, and more like a it was Miss Paxton. machine than a man I stretched out my arm and opened the curtains of section five. The upper berth was shut.

I had made a mistake. In a hideous, moving tomb, swung like Mahomet's start. coilin, between heaven and earth, I had buried the girl alive! For a moment it seemed as though the arteries of my throat would burst; my heart beat with quick, sharp pangs; my skin had all the icy contraction of a sudden plunge into cold water. It was then that a sort of secondary intellige ce seemed to work within me, and, while my senses recled push up the berth in the old man's sec- said : tion and get away. I scarcely knew what I was doing, but Bliss noticed nothing and grumblingly crawled into his berth, while I hurried out to the plat-

Why did I not open upper five? Because I realized instantly that the victim was long before dead. In a sleepingcar space is economized to the utmost ex-The swinging berth fits into space like a ball in a socket. The elasticity of the mattress and the slight figure of the girl alone made it possible for me to close it with her inside. I gave one haggard look at my watch. An hour on a half had elasped. She must have died in the first three or four minutes.

I stood on the steps and tried to think, but I could not control my mind In swift denie it pictured to me the discovery, the blackened corpse tumbling from the blankets, the stiff fingers clutching at nothingness, the mother's shriek, the consternation of the passengers, the excited theories, the quick conception of the truth, the search, the denunciation, the awful machinery of the courts, the prison! By a violent effort I surveyed the situation from several standpoints. They all led to one conclusion-flight. There was but one time when I could have taken the benefit of the accidentthat was at once, when I made the discovery-and I realized the impossibility. explaining my hesitation. These things passed through my mind like There was not an flu-hes of lightning. instant to lose. Mrs. Paxton might at any moment awake and call her daugh-Just then the engine slowed up a trifle. I saw indistintly in the gloom that the ground was level, swung off, and watched the dim outline of the train, carrying its burden of sleeping life and silent death, grow faint and fainter

and disappear into the night. The place where I jumped was near a water tank. I presently made it out and waiked wide around it to avoid a possible watchman. I knew the lay of the land in a general way and that I could not be far from the little town of Mohawk Sum-To get out of the country the mit. quickest way possible was my dominant thought, and old Mexico suggested itself at once. I realized that I must avoid the railroad with its accompanying telegraph lines, and I started, as nearly as I udge, southeast. As I walked along I cut the gilt buttons off my coat and vest and threw them away. I did the same with my cap and tore the gold braid from bround the brim.

I shall not go into the details of that night, nor the many days and nights that followed it. I was full of wild regrets at the course I had taken and saw a million defects in my plan. With agony I realized that my night destroyed the theory of innocence. I could see a do en ways that I might have remained upon the car-now that it was too late. lourney south was through innumerable hardships, and the ever present and sickening apprehension of pursuit. In the camps where hunger drove me it seemed to me that everybody looked strangely at If a man turned his head my heart me. bounded with panic. Twice I was lost on the arid, sage-grown plains, and once I wandered without water and burning with fever for two days.

I had \$94 in my pocket when I jumped from the train, but when I fluxly made my way to Guaymas I had less than fifty Then I was for ed to come into cents. town and go to work. Tan and tatters had pretty thoroughly disguised me, but I was still haunted with the fear of arress. It was a long time before I could look at a newspaper at all, and when I finally plucked up courage to open one swung it up in place. I a snake underneath. I had a terror of heard the spring locks click, threw the vesing the details of the tragedy in print, curtains together, and returned to the and, I believe, much as it might have smoking-room. Meantime Bliss and one sided my escape, I would not have had

After a good many months a great longing seized me to see my own country again. The adobe houses and the foreign chatter to which I could never train my tongue were on me like a nightmare. was miserably poor, but managed to make my way to Paso del Norte. On the other side of the Rio Grande is El Paso, the American town, and, although never ventured over the sight of visitors of my own nationality delighted, excited and frightened me by turns. hung about the place, living from hand to mouth, until one day a great event

happened. At the end of the main street is the principal curiosity of the town-the old cathedral. It is a venerable pile, built time out of mind, and falling into de-liberate and respectable ruin. The white stucco that once covered the walls has peeled off in places and given it an air picturesque dilapidation, and inside are curious effigies of Saints and the crucitled Christ. In a word, it is the objective point of all tourists and visitors. was in the place one afternoon in August, half dozing on one of the old carved benches, when a party of ladies and gentlemen came in. Back of me was the holy-water urn, and they were inspecting it when I looked up. At the sight of one of the ladies I felt as though I had received a galvanic shock. I tried to rise, but could not. I shut my eyes and opened them again to find her still there. It was no hallucination, no apparition;

"Why, mamms," I heard her say, "the gentleman is unwell, I believe.

"You are Miss Paxton," I gasped. "Yes, sir," she replied, with a little

Who was on the Southern Pacific train going to Los Angeles a year ago?"
"Yes, sir," Then she suddenly turned and said in a low voice: "Why, I belleve its the conductor who ran away with the company's money that night.

"Who ran away with the company's money?" It was a construction of my tlight I had never thought of. I conwith fear and horror, impelled me to trolled my impulse to shout out, and

"Were you not in upper five that

"Let me see," she replied. I think I was. Yes, I remember; I was in it for a while, and then the jolting made me sick and I crawled down with mamma." I rushed out of the cathedral like a mad man. I seemed to walk on air. My past life appeared as vague and unreal to me as the fabric of a dream. laughed and cried, and went along the streets talking to myself. That night I slept on the other side of the river. Perhaps the reaction was too much for me, for I have not been very well since, and the fits of nervousness have pulled me down to what you see me to-day. It seems as if there were chords twanging and quivering through me now and then, and that is when my ideas get sidetracked and wild trains go sailing over my mental railroad. But maybe that's the bromide. - San Francisco Chronicle.

A Remarkable Well.

One of the attractions of Lemoore, as yet but little known, although in the future it may become famous, is the artesian well of the railroad company, sunk for the purpose of obtaining water to the locomotives. When first tapped it attracted but little attention - however a few months since its medicinal qualities began to be talked about, it proving to to be highly impregnated with iron and sulphur, and now it is all the rage there. In fact, it is claimed that its continual use will effectually do away with the desire for ardent spirits. If such be the case, unnumbered millions of gallons of it could be beneficially disposed of in almost any quarter of the globe. A peculiarity of the water is that you can drink immense quantities of it, whether overheated or not, without feeling any injurious effects. A story is told of it that a gentleman who had for twentyyears been so seriously affected with that he dyspepsia could no solid food on his stomach, and who, being a man of means, had spent thousands of dollars with doctors and at various noted springs in a vain attempt to cure himself, was induced to try the water, and after several drinks was greatly clated to find that he could retain soft boiled eggs and similar food. In a few days his joy knew no bounds when he discovered he could with safety eat mest, vegetables or whatever his appetite might crave. He resides in San rancisco, and ever; week has a quantity of the water shipped to him. other gentleman informed the writer that he had for years been troubled with nervous sick headache, but that since he had commenced the use of this wonderful water, of which he drinks a large quantity daily, his afflictions had entirely disappeared, and he now enjoys perfect health. Many other like o corrences were related, but space forbids mention. If the well belonged to a private individual it is more than likely that a sanitarium would be creeted, which in time would undoubtedly become a famous resort for the afflicted. As Col. Sellers says, "There's millions in it."-Trapers (Dak.) Tidings.

> Figuratively Speaking. Astronomy is 1-derful And interesting 2 The earth 3-volves around the sun, Which makes a year 4 you.

The moon is dead and can't re-5 Hy law or physol great, It's where the stars alive Do nightly scintil-s.

If watchful Providence be-9, With good intentions fraught, Did not keep up its grand design We soon would come to 0.

Astronomy is 1-derful, But it's 2 80 4 I man 2 grasp, and that is why I'd hetter say no more. —H. C. Dodge.

NERVE OF A WHITE MAN. HE WHIPS A PACK OF REDSKINS IN ARIZONA.

A Hunter's Story of His Struggle With a Band of Hostifes-A Placky Stand.

The Silver City (Art.) Enterprise has found E. C. Montgomery, who had a fight with Indians a few weeks ago, and learned his story of the remarkable af-The Indian slayer was clad in a fitting blue shirt, tight fitting, plainly made trousers, over the bottoms of which came the tops of his heavy boots. His hair and beard, of medium length, were sprinkled with gray, though the owner was apparently only forty years of age. Small of statue, neatly built, quick in speech and motion, he gave an impression of being wary and dangerous in combat. He proved him self an lutelligent gentleman, a good conve sationalist, evidently truthful, and devoid of a swaggering or boastful smrit. In the course of the conversation that followed, and in response to numerous questions Mr. Montgomery told his

story about as follows: "I am a hunter, and the scalps of ani-mals I kill are paid for by Arizona. For mountain lions I get \$25, and for bears \$10, I have been on the frontier sixteen years. These scars you see on my body were made by Indian arrows when was acting as scout in a war waged upon Indians by McKenzie. place where I had this recent fight was in Arizona, twelve miles from the reservation and about forty miles from Clifton. I was thoroughly familiar with the ground having hunted there about four years. I was going along a trail with my horse and pack mule, on which were provisions and animal scalps, intending to reach water and make a stand about two o'clock. I was near my destination when I saw a fresh Indian trail. Apparently there was a party of three or four, with a horse. Soon I saw another, and concluded I was in for it, and that there were Indians behind me and others waylaying the trail. I led my horse up behind a swell, where bullets would pass over him, and the mule followed. My dog was growling all the time. Then I began picking my way along a ridge, protecting myself as far Soon two Inpossible and watching. dians, about two hundred yards away but some distance apart, fired at me. I tried to return the fire, but they disappeared. At that instant my dog gave a sharp growl. I wheeled, and as I did saw a big burly fellow, who was trotting for me, apparently thinking I had been shot. I felt a burning sensation in my right ear, the ball passed so close. As he was attempting to put another cartridge in his gun 1 threw up my rifle, saw his breast through the sights, elevated the weapon, aimed at his head and crashed his skull just above the He tumbled forward upon his gun, doubled up. He was between me and the horses. I had found where the Indians were, and saw that the animals must be moved. As I ran toward them W 110 straightened out by the dog. I took my hunting knife, circled the neck, and twisted the head off. In going to the horses I was shot at several times. When the horse and mule had been moved I sneaked back and waited, fearing that

twenty minutes and heard no sound. Then I took the head, partially exposed myself, and waved it above my head as high as I could reach. They arose and shot at me. I saw the outline of the form of one as he sank again. I fired, and he stumbled forward and lay there. The other fellow was not game. I did not see either again, and when an hour had gone I stole away and then began a journey. I would go half a mile, tie up, pick my way back to prevent them slipping on me, and then travel again. I kept that up until dark, then unloaded the mule and made a flying ride, using mule and horse alternately. At daybreak came to a white man's ranch and rested. From these I went to Clifton. It was a good square fight, and I won. Luck was with me when they had the drop on me, and after that I was even. Yes, I was excited during the fight, but I could shoot better than I could now, as I had been keyed up tight for twe ty minutes, but when I felt that I had got away from the gang I had to get down from my horse, bathe my head and lie down a few minutes. Two hours of such suspense unnerves a man. No. I did not have a Winchester rifle. That's a good saddle gun, but when a man leads the life I do one shot is all he wants, and he needs a better gun than a Winchester, had one of the latter kind in a fight with a bear once, and while I was trying to removes shell that had lodged the bear mutilated me so that I could not sit in the saddle during the next six weeks had a Sharp of a 6-calibre in this fight. am going to wait until that scalp is thoroughly tanned, and then write its record upon it and give the ornament to

the Indians were all around. I waited

Wealthy Americans are following the example of Mr. Winans, the Baltimore millionaire, in the purchase of important

my sister, who has two others that I took

Americans Buying Estates in Europe.

estates in Europeon countries, two islands, Loppen and Kaiven, in the north of Norway, were purchased by an American for the sum of \$5,000, which was considered a very small amount for the property, as it affords good sporting and fishing opportunities. Loppen is about eight miles, and the smaller island three miles in circumference, and the shooting consisted of pyper, suipe, ptarmigan, wild gees and wild lowl of every description, while in addition there was any amount of sea fishing. The climate was beautiful in summer, and the scenery very grand. Ancient estates are also capidly coming on the market in Engand .- San Francisco Chronicle.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-erly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in Job work-oash on delivery.

Marriage and death notices gratia.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one invertion \$ 1 00 One Square, one inch, one month..... \$ 00

One Square, one inch, one year 10 00

laif Column, one year..... 50 00

Life's common gifts themselves renew; Oh bless the power that wills it so i Behold von clover wet with dew-Only a few short weeks ago.

LIFE'S COMMON GIFTS.

Keen soythes laid low the fragrant store; And lo, it cheers again the eye-Thus is repeated o'er and o'er, The beauty of the earth and sky.

Our child's soft kiss, the love-lit eyes, The tender words that morn and night Ne'er fail us-can it be we prize Them all too little, hold them light?

Great Nature, may we learn of thes The worth of simple things to know; Prize more the grace of purity

Than aught of empty gaud and show; Nor mourn with eyes tear-wet the while, "Our blevings vanished e'er we knew Their value-Oh, dear kiss! oh, smile! Oh, clover blossoms wet with dew !"

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

-Springfield Republican.

A young man of polish-The boot-

A climbing plant with tendrils isn't half so annoying as a mosquito with one. -Philadelphia Call.

An exchange tells about a sailor who was tried for assault. He turned out to

be one, too. - Burlington Free Press, "Garments without buttons" are advertised. They are not the kind backelors are looking for .- Philadelphia Call.

"There's plenty of room at the top," as the champagne remarked when it flew to the dude's head .- Boston Transcript. It's pretty hard luck. In summer we have horsetties, and then again in winter

we have snow flies .- Burlington Free Of the bruise-producing skating rinks The country is bereft.

But the orange peel with its curious kinks.

We still have left.

— Merchant Traveler. "Women can do a great deal of talk-

ing with their eyes," says a Philadelphia editor, who has evidently stepped on a beauty's dress in a crowded ball-room.-Gmaha World. "You don't know Dr. A? Why, it was he who just passed us," "What! that

He looks like a corpse" "Well, man? yes. I always take him for one of his patients."- French Fun. The Abbe Liszt, one of the greatest pianists the world ever produced, died

poor. There are a good many people in this country who seem likely to die poor pianists. - Springfield Union. It has been pretty generally admitted that every man is the architect of his

own fortune, but it does seem that some men would have done better to have let the job out. - Kansas City Squib. Judge-"Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence upon you?" Prisoner—"Well, all I got to any is, I hope

yer honor 'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, an' let me off easy."-A cat that disappeared twenty years

ago through a trap door in the floor of a freight house at Ansonia, Connecticut, was found there on Monday by workmen who were tearing away the building. Contrary to expectations, it was not alive. -Norristoon Herald.

Fogg had said the meanest thing any man ever was capable of saying. When Mrs. F. left him alone in the house the other evening she remarked: "You won't be louely, dear? "No," he replied; "I shan't miss you at all. The parrot, you know, is here,"-Boston Transcript.

A Big Volcanie Wave.

The Krakatoa eruption which, two years ago, devastated a large part of the island of Java, was aided in its deadly work by a volcanic wave, one hundred and twenty feet high. Incredible as seems this stupendous assertion, it is supported by a reasonable inference from two or three facts.

At the Marak stone quarries there is a hill one hundred feet high overlooking the sea, on which the resident engineer had erected a large brick house. massive building was razed to the ground by the volcanic wave. It washed away the walls as neatly as if they had been sliced off with a knife, leaving nothing but the marble floors, which rested on the strong foundations. The English chaplain at Bataira, who explored the devastated district, met a Javanese laborer, one of the survivors of the deluge, On the fatal day, as he was working in a rice-field, a long way from the sea-const, he heard a noise. Looking around, he saw "a great black thing a long way off coming toward us.

"It was very high," he said, "and we soon saw that it was water. Trees and houses were washed away as it came along. Not far off was steep, sloping ground. We ran toward it and tried to climb up out of the way of the water. It was too quick for most of them. were drowned almost at my side. managed to get a long way up. water came very near me. I looked back and saw the waves wash the people down, as they tried to scramble out of the way. There was a general rush to climb up in one particular place. Tl caused a great block. Many got wedged together, and could not move. Then they struggled and fought, screaming and crying. Those below tried to make

those above them move on by biting their heels. For a few minutes thate was a great struggle, then all was over One after another they were all washed down by the rushing waters. Some of those washed down dragged others with them. Many were high enough up to have escaped. If they had not been dragged down by the death grip of their

Fifty thousand souls perished,

One forty-sere flaid in Dawson County, Nebraska, yielded 2,200 bushels of