## Scenes in Galveston After the Great Storm

Galveston has experienced storms before, and on several occasions severe damage has been done. But the peo-ple have grown used to the danger from inundation, and even when the storm broke on that fateful Saturday morning they were not unusually dis turbed, writes John Gilmer Speed, in Harper's Weekly. They went shout their business in ordinary fashion, confident that the storm would soon blow over. At ten o'clock a gale was blowing. By noon this gale had inblowing. creased to hurricane proportions, and those dwelling near the beach began to realize that this was something

an iron roof rolled up and was hurled across the street as though it had been across the street as model at her been paper; timbers were carried in the air as though the solid oak and pine were only grass or straw, while wires, tele-grapa, telephone, electric light and trolley, were everywhere, for the poles had snapped like pipe-stems and let their burdens loose. The force seemed irresistible, as mighty as it was ciless. All this was in unrelieved dark ness, which prevented even the most resourceft' from averting the dangers that were on every hand. There was little if any change for two hours and a half. Then the barometer be and a lowly to rise and the worst of the storm was over. In two hours more the wind had subsided, and by midnight there was quiet in stricken Galveston—the quiet of death. The water, which in some streets

had been eight feet deep, began quick-ly to run out, and by daylight the

bolted and the shutters that were not carried away by the wind fastened. "Suddenly the house gave a lurch

creaked mournfully and then began to swing to and fro. Our home was lift-ed from its foundations and set adrift. The waters rose higher and higher until they reached the second story. The "Up the garret stairs we rushed.

and soon the nine of us were clinging on the coped roof. "Hundreds of families were in the

same plight. We had gone about a block when the house struck against block something, which we discovered later was an old hut. "We remained there all night, while

our clothes were being torn from our backs by the wind, and house after house floated by us, telling its story

"On one coped roof, when Sunday which I judged to be some two months old, clinging as best she could. The more than an ordinary summer gust of wind. Great waves were dashed over the beach, and the summer re-light revealed! Wreckage on every did, clinging as best she could. The wind had taken every stitch of cloth-ing she had had on her back, and the



side, wreckage and death. A battlesorts were no longer habitable. Even

then the people in Galveston were not apprehensive. But shortly past in the afternoon it was apparent that something unusual was in the wind, which was blowing at forty-four miles an hour, while the barometer read 20.22 inches. Business men closed up their places and started for their homes to look after their fam-But before these tardily awak-people could realize what was ilies ened happent g the full fury of the tropical hurricar was upon them, and com-munication was cut off not only with the outside world, but it was impossi ble to get from one part of the city to another. T.vo great forces were fierce The Gulf waves drove WOIA high upon the beach, and the gale



from the northeast pitched the waters against the wharves and abutments choking the sewers and flooding the city from that quarter. The wind, which had been some fifty miles an hour, quickened to eighty-four, when the measuring apparatus of the Weather Bureau, was wrecked, and the rest can only be guessed at. The streets were rapidly filling with water, and each person had to stay where he was caught, as it was nigh impossible to move from place to place.

In times such as this, however, the impossible is done, and many men did succeed in getting their families lato the more substantial buildings, such as the public schools, the court house

field has its dread story to tell, but a city suddenly stricken as this was is a more pathetic spectacle. When men fight men the strong are killed alone, for all are strong, but here it was the weak, who suffered most severely, it was the women an ! children who died in the greatest number. They could not reach places of security for lack of strength, and the brave and willing men were powerless to help them. Those pinned down by solid wreckage lay where they had fallen, those drowned while fleeing for safety were carried out by the ebbing waters, while the fallen houses each held the secret of those who had been crushed in the downfall. A more pathetically wretched condition never met the eyes of men.

As the day got older, however, there was other work than grieving. There was no drinking water in There was no drinking water in the town, and the uninjured food supply was short, while commu-nication was cut off from the world that was willing to help. But above all was the necessity to get rid of the dead, which in so hot a climate began quickly to decay. In very many indeed in most, instances the dead could not be recognized, and therefore could not be claimed by relatives. The bodies were buried in trenches, and boat loads were taken to deep water and there sunk, yielding up to the sea the victims it had come ashore to claim.

But the vicious in the community many of them negroes, were as dili-gent in evil work as the rescuers were Hundreds robbed the dead bod od. ies of what valuables they could find, even cutting off fingers and ears to get finger rings and ear rings. The few United States soldiers stationed in Galveston were called upon to do police duty, and State militiamen were sent to help as soon as possible. Every man caught robbing the dead was shot, and some twenty-five more were tried by drum-head court-martial and shot immediately. The summary execution of these wretches put an end to this phase of the awful situation. One of the most thrilling tales of the

Texas disaster is told by Miss Sadie Hirshfeld, of New York, who has just returned from Galveston. She was with her family in their

and the hotels. From three o'clock in the afternoon the wind increased storm came, and until she was rescued

expression on her face was almost

heartrending. "All eyes were turned in her direction waiting to see her disappear be-neath fhe water. We had not long to wait. The babe slipped from her arms, and in her effort to save it she also was lost. "On the floating house tops men.

women and children knelt in prayer and sang hymps. Our family was half starved and on the verge of dropping into the sea and about to utter last prayer when I fired a pistol which brought about our rescue

"Two men from the convent for negro women a short distance away put



out in a raft and carried us to tha building

Miss Hershfeld said that she saw at least fifty persons lose their lives un-der the most trying circumstances.

## No Heads on Chinese Coin

Numismatics who may in the dim and distant future investigate the coinage of China in order to find some authentic record of the lineaments of its sovereigns will be doomed to dis-appointment. A representation of the human head separate from the figure is there an object of horror; hence there is never an effigy of the emperor on his coin. Further, the hermit-like seclusion in which the Son of Heaven traditionally lives is intended to stim-ulate veneration; and there are very few of the subjects apart from the officials of the palace, who ever see his face. A missionary recently returned from the celestial land observes that were it known that in Europe portraits of kings were suspended before inns, exposed to dust, wind and rain, and to the witticisms and perhaps the sar-

# A VINE-DRAPED WINDOW.

It Gives a Small Dark Roo fully Cool Effec

It was a small, dark dining-room, with only a narrow side yard separating it from the brick wall of the neighboring house. It would have been gloomy and unattractive but for the flowers and vine drapery of the one window. And this same window was a discovery well worth describing, and better worth imitating; for few beauty-loving housewives seem to re-



A WINDOW DRAPED WITH VINES.

alize that window boxes may flourish even at the most "heltered and shaded windows

As this one had only a glimpse sunshine in the early morning (be-cause of the surrounding brick walls), pansies and ferns and tuberous begonias were grown in the box, instead of the bloomers that demand plenty of sunlight.

The deep window box was arranged so that the upper edge was even with the glass, that the full benefit of the growing plarts could be seen from the inside. In eac., corner of the box thrifty honeysuck.e roots had been placed, and these soon sent strong branches up to the top of the window where pliable splints had been ar-ranged to form an arch. Clematis and other sun-loving limbers could be grown in less shady quarters, but in this position the honeysuckle proved most satisfactory.

With a very thin lace drapery on the inside of the window, to flutter in every passing breeze, and this vine drapery of green on the outside, and the blooming pansies and begonlas peeping in at the sill, this one window transformed the whole effect of that small, dark dining room.

## The Karri Tree.

It is generally known to most peo ple that the karri tree, which is now used so largely in paving the London streets, is the giant tree of Western Australia, but few are aware, however, of the enormous proportions which the species sometimes attain, and it may, therefore, be of interest to give the measurements of a tree recently discovered on the banks of the Warren River. The specimen in ques-tion is thirty-four feet in circumfer-ence three feet from the ground, four-

# DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject. Spread the Gospel-Efforts of the Churches Should Be Directed Toward Saving Sinners-They Should Get in Sympathy With Strangers. [Copyright 1900.]

Toward saving Siners-They Should Get in Sympathy With Strangers. IGOPTIGH 19901 WASHINGTON, D. C.-J.; this discourse for Talmage points to fields of usefulness that are not yet thoroughly cultivated, and shows the need of more activity. The best is Romans xv. 20, "Leest I should build upon another man's foundation." In laying out the plan of his missionary four Paul sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He preschood and the sanhedrin were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels he has especial work to do, and he means to do it. What was the result? The grandest life of usefulness that a man ever lived. We modern Chris-tian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We build on other people's foundations. If we creat a church, we prefer to have it filed with families all of whom have been pious. Do we gather a Sabbath-school class, we wan good boys and girls, hair combed, faces washed, manners attractive. So a of other churches. Some ministers spend all their time in fishing in other people's fourch ond and brig is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers used and throw the line into that out of other churches not out of other is a religious row in some neighbor-ing church, and a whole school of fish ware off from that pond, and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gined? Absolutely nothing for atem is a religious row in some neighbor-ing church, and a whole school of fish ware of from the flocks, we should build our churches not out of other unches, but out of the world. Lest we build on another man's foundation. The fact is this is a big world. When meter and circumference of this planet we ding tude and diameter and circumference or aciduate. This one spiritual conti-nent of wretchedness reaches across all some of want and woe and sin that no figures for want and woe and sin that no figures for wart and we and sin that no figures for wart and we and sin that no figures for wart and we and sin that no figures for the spiritual co

more, not building on another man's foun-dation. We need as churches to stop bombard-ing the old iron-clad sinners that have been proof against thirty years of Chris-tian assault. Alas for that church which lacks the spirit of evangelism, spending on one chandelier enough to light 500 souls to glory, and in one carved pillar enough to have made a thousand men "pillars in the house of our God forever," and doing less good than many a log cabin meeting-house with tallow candles stuck in wooden sockets and a minister who has never seen a college and does not know the difference between Greek and Choctaw! We treed as churches to get into sympathy tich the great outside world, and let then, know that none are so broken-hearted or laardly bestead that they will not be welcomed. "No," says some fastidious Christian; "I don't like to be crowded in church. Don't put any one in my pew?"

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steadily until it was at its highest, and | twenty-four hours later battled with certainly not less than 100 miles an hour. Tr  $\rightarrow$  barometer also continued which had become enmeshed with deto fall, reaching its lowest, 28.041/2 bris bound seaward.



SEARCHING FOR BODIES IN THE DEBRIS ON TREMONT STREET, GALVESTON, TWO DAYS AFTER THE TIDAL WAVE HAD RECEDED.

Two DAYS AFFER THE TIDAL WAVE HAD RECEDED. inches, at 7.30 p. m. This was the very height of the storm, but this high-est continued for more than two hours. The aimsy among the structures in the city were nearly all down, knocked into kindling wood by the fury of the wind, and even the met substantial of the buildings were b ing damaged. Here a state roof was blown off, there

held in even greater derision than we are.-London Daily Chronicle.

## Power of Modern Guns.

The power of the modern gun is a thing that cannot be grasped. The 100-ton projectile strikes with a force equal to 465,000 eleven-stone men jumping from a height of one foot. When the eighty-one-ton gun fires a shot twelve miles, it is fired at such an angle that the shell goes up to a height 5482 feet higher than Mont Blanc. Big guns have been longer in use than most people think. In the year 1478 they had guns called "bom-bards," which threw projectiles weighing a quarter of a ton. They were wider at the muzzle than in the bore, and were used for battering buildings. The English used big guns at the bat-tle of Crecy, and amazed the French, who had never seen such weapons be fore.-The Regiment.

### Teaching Little Ones.

It is wonderful how much knowledge can be imparted to small children by a quick nursemaid who has an inkling of the kindergarten system. Children never tired of asking questions. are



fluences drop him who get off the track but the all the men who get off the track but the even get on again. Destitute children of the street offer a field of work comparatively unoccupied. The uncared for children are in the ma-jority in most of our cities. When they grow up, if unreformed, they will outvote your children, and they will govern your thidren.

jorily in most of our clies. When any grow up, if unreformed, they will outvote your children, and they will govern your children. The whisky rings will hatch out other whisky rings, and grog shops will kill with their herrid stench public sobriety unless the charch of God riseg up with out-stretched arms and intolds this dying pop-ulation in her boson. Public schools cannot do it. Art galler-ies cannot do it. Blackwell's Island can-not do it. Almshouses cannot no it. Jails cannot do it. Chugch of God, wake up to your magnificent mission! You can do it? Get somewhere, somehow to work! The Prussian cavalry roount by putting their right foot in the stirrup, while the American cavalry mount by putting their left foot into the stirrup. I do not care how you mount your war charger if you or no strup at all. The uncecupied fields are all around us, and why should we build on another man's foundation? I have head of what was called the "thun-dering legion." It was in 179 a part of the Roman army to which some Christians belonged, and their prayers, it was said, were answered by thunder and lightning and hail and tempest which overthree an invading army and saved the empire. And I would to God that our churches might be so might in prayer and work that they would become a thundering le-gion before which the forces of sin might termole. Launch the gotes of hell might tremble. Launch the gotes of hell might the not the reefs in the foretopsail' gion before which the forces of sin a be routed and the gates of hell as tremble. Launch the gospel ship for other voyage. Heave away now, Shake out the reefs in the foreton Come, O heavenly wind, and fill the vas! Jesus aboard will assure our sa Jesus on the sea will beckon us forw Jesus on the shore will welcome us harver.