

A Bride for an Hour.

A Thrilling Story of the Johnstown Disaster.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Somers lay thinking. It would be well if he could go to sleep and never wake again. He thought of the problem of life and death in the next ten minutes than he had thought during his life.

He sank into slumber again, and again he dreamed.

He was journeying again. Now he was traveling by rail. He was whirled over endless countries, all new to him. There were as many stations as there usually encountered in the United States, but for some inexplicable reason the travelers passed through these depots one after the other. Never by any chance did two walk abreast.

Somers was accompanied in these journeys by his wife. His wife always entered the cars first, always left them first, entered, passed through and out of the depots first. Somers had a premonition that he would lose her, spite of the order in which the vast body of people traveled.

Suddenly he mistook her, and then he was in an agony of apprehension as he strove to find her.

He woke with a start. Tom Jerrold was standing over him.

"You were dreaming?"

"Yes; I had the nightmare, I think."

He sat up, and could not be induced to risk closing his eyes again lest he should experience equally horrible dreams. Mr. Broadhurst, who was near at hand, came to him. Mr. Broadhurst talked of life in a way Somers had never heard any man talk before. There was a philosophy that did not rob the world of religion or a God. It ennobled the philosopher, and placed him on a higher plane than most preachers placed the ruler of the universe. Listening to Mr. Broadhurst, Somers fell asleep a third time, and again he dreamed.

When he woke up the third time, this dream was the most vivid and the most disturbing of all.

He walked about in the darkness, keeping poor Tom Jerrold company. Tom was thinking of his daughter and his grandchild. If the flood had taken one—but to lose both was more than Tom Jerrold's philosophy was equal to.

"I heard Mr. Broadhurst talking to you. I hope he comforted you. I am sorry to say all the religion and all the philosophy in the world cannot reconcile me to my loss, Mr. Somers. It doesn't lessen the pain to me. That baby clutched my heartstrings tighter than his mother ever did. It was never out of my sight twenty-four hours since it was born. They were all I had in the world. There is neither chick nor child left now. I have not a soul I can call a relative this side of the ocean."

Somers sympathized deeply with him, and thus it came about that long before day broke Jerrold was comforted by Somers.

Long before dawn the people who crunched on the mountain side, dazed with grief, suffering cold (scarcely one in a dozen had clothing sufficient to keep them warm), were astir.

Here and there fires were lit only to flicker a few minutes and then go out. The fewest number were able to find dry wood.

As the light broadened, the scene revealed to them surpassed in its simplest features the greatest ruin human eye ever beheld. Where the city of Johnstown sat between the mountains they beheld a waste of waters, with a few houses standing here and there. Hundreds of buildings were swept away. The devastation wrought in an hour was indescribable. It appalled those who looked on; the stoutest hearts grew faint looking over that scene of woe, where death overtook entire families in many forms.

There was enough work for an hundred hands where there was only one. By noon on Saturday Somers was fainting—exhausted by his labors.

It was well on in the afternoon, however, before either he or Mr. Broadhurst found anything to appease their hunger, and even then the crackers they moistened with water almost choked them as they thought of the thousands up and down the valley who had nothing.

But there were the dead to arrange decently, so that they could be buried. Among the first to whom friendly attention was paid was the remains of Alexander Rutledge, the lawyer. Numbers who knew him well looked at him as they thought of the thousands up and down the valley who had nothing.

Enoch Broadhurst helped to dig the grave. St. Harkness and Tom Jerrold were also present. Before Broadhurst wrapped the body in the sheet, a man approached the group. There was no one near the body at the time but St. Harkness, who looked up and beheld Giles Brockle.

Giles looked down on the face of the dead man. As he looked, he drew a long breath; then, turning on his heel, suddenly walked away as quickly as he came.

St. Harkness looked after him curiously, muttering: "He must be skeered to death. Couldn't a bear to look at Mrs. Rutledge."

While Giles thought was, "The only man I feared is out of the way. John Watson, the preacher, is drowned. The only living man who knew there was a will in Tom Jerrold over there, for whom I do not care a snap. The property is mine—all mine now. I defy any one living to prevent me from having it. I please with it—as soon as my uncle is dead."

He did not wait until his uncle died. Before nightfall Giles adopted a manner and tone, addressing many who were tenants of Tom Peters, which indicated proprietorship. One of these, more courteous than the others, resented Giles' tone.

"Are you acting for Mr. Peters, Mr. Brockle? If you are, I would like to see your authority. I am not in the habit of dealing with two men when I bargain with one."

"You may have me to deal with alone, possibly."

"Then there will be no deal," the tenant retorted, hotly. "I am going to burn this shed and this fence if I want to, either to accommodate suffering people or to please myself. I'll answer to Mr. Peters for it. As to answering to you, there can never be any bargain between us two."

"I'll make you rue that speech," said Giles, calmly, as he looked steadily at the tenant.

"I'll make you rue you ever trespassed upon my premises if you do not get off them at once. You are an intruder, Giles Brockle."

"What will you do?"

"I'll knock your teeth down your throat," said the tenant. "A man who talks of saving senseless wood at a time when thousands are dead and dying of hunger and cold, who tries to prevent another from warming people who are perishing for lack of clothing—be off with you!"

And then Giles, realizing his danger as the tenant advanced toward him, suddenly walked away.

"What was Brockle saying to you?" Enoch Broadhurst inquired of Tom Peters' tenant a minute later. Broadhurst witnessed the scene but did not understand it. The very tenant rehearsed all that passed.

"You are not aware his uncle is dying."

"Is Tom Peters dying? Then God help all of his tenants that have dealings with Giles Brockle!"

"I am inclined to agree with you," said Broadhurst. "There never were two men more unlike than Tom Peters, as honest a man as ever lived, and Giles Brockle."

"As big a sneak and rascal as ever lived in my opinion," said Tom Peters' tenant.

By nightfall half the male survivors in Johnstown knew that Tom Peters was on his death-bed, and that Giles Brockle would inherit all his possessions. The physicians who were called in when he was seized were in demand everywhere. There was work for scores that livelong day. Spite of their labors, they were unable to corroborate the report that all probability from Tom Peters would never set foot in Johnstown again.

Squire Jepson and Tom Peters were very intimate—"what one knew the other knew," Broadhurst added. "This matter must be determined speedily. Brockle is acting like a man who is not going to lose any time asserting his rights. He is taking it upon himself to protect the property as if it were his own."

Then Broadhurst related all that occurred in his view between Brockle and Tom Peters' tenant.

"So! The wind sits that way, does it?" Tom Jerrold replied. "Well, then all the more reason for giving Giles plenty of rope—and I'll predict he will hang himself."

The death of the richest man in the county was a matter that did not concern them. Tom Peters was never ruined—indeed, only those immediately concerned and connected with him gave the rich man lying out on the mountain slope, in his large empty house, a thought.

There were matters of much more importance requiring attention.

CHAPTER X.

SURVIVORS OF THE FLOOD.

When Rose Somers sank beneath the flood, her last thought was that fate had ordained she and her husband should die together.

She felt the surging waters closing around her, and surrendered herself to death without a struggle. Then she became unconscious.

When dimly conscious of life again, she suffered indescribable agony. A mountain of waters was pressing her downward. Pains racked her back, her neck. Her limbs seemed to be torn from her. In her agony she moaned. Then a voice came from above. "Get up!"

It was like the roll of thunder—it filled all space. Death was, indeed, horrible. Could anything mortal endure it? Then she became unconscious again.

Her next sensation was one of exquisite relief. She had passed the boundary line. The heaven. There was no pain. No weight. No feeling such as she experienced in the other world. She knew that she existed—further she knew nothing, cared for nothing.

"She is breathing more naturally now. See!"

Rose opened her eyes. An old man was looking at her. She moved her head. A woman stood with her back to her. The woman turned that instant, and advanced to her.

"Don't speak. Lie quiet. Sleep, if you want to. You are with friends. Human nature is a puzzle. Rose Somers burst into tears.

"You will be well soon," said the old man. "You will be strong again in an hour or two, you will see."

Poor Rose. She was crying because she was brought back to life, while her husband was dead. She would rather be in heaven. But she closed her eyes again in a delicious languor, and instantly fell sound asleep.

When she woke again there was only the woman near her. There was a dim light—the light issued from a small lamp. Rose Somers looked around her curiously. Yes, she was in some sort of a house. It was a log house. She could just make out that the spaces between the logs were "chinked." The floor was made of very broad boards. There was no sign of a carpet or rug.

She was lying on a bed. There was something over in the corner of the room that looked like a bed on the floor. She managed to raise herself on her elbow. She was quite strong. She sat bolt upright.

Where was she? How did she come there? Was Algonquin there too? In an instant her feet were on the floor. She would ask the man—that was no dream; it was all real now—the woman where her husband was.

No; it would be ingratitude to disturb her. Rose Somers pondered long, sitting there on the bedside. Then she resolved to look on the bed in the corner. Possibly Algonquin was lying there, within arm's length of her.

She stole softly over the floor and looked down upon the face in the corner. It was a woman's face, but not the face she had seen before she fell asleep. She turned around, staggered back to the bed, and, sinking upon it, moaned. Her disappointment was more than human heart could bear.

Instantly a figure stole into the room and a voice she recalled said: "What is it? Do not be afraid. Nothing can harm you here."

"Pardon me; I could not help it," said Rose, between her sobs. "I thought my husband might be here in this very house; but I know he is dead. We sank together in that awful deluge."

"He may be living as you are. Hope for the best. Can I do anything more for you?"

"No; a thousand thanks for all your kindness. I will try to go to sleep again. I hope I shall not disturb you any more."

"You do not disturb us. I hope you will sleep soundly; you will be the better of it."

Then the figure disappeared, and Rose Somers was left alone again with her thoughts. She lay awake hours seemingly, and then sank into a peaceful sleep.

She was aroused the next morning by a crackling sound. It was fat meat frying. The odor of the fat was borne into the room. She coughed. Presently a middle-aged, care-worn-looking woman entered.

"How do you feel now?"

"The woman looked at her kindly. "Very well. I want to get up."

"Yes—well—but you must wait a minute. There was a hesitancy in the woman's speech that puzzled Rose.

She disappeared, and returned in a few minutes carrying a pair of trousers, vest, and coat in her hand. Rose looked at her in astonishment as she said:

"These are all we have for you to wear. I gave my other clothes to some woman who came here before you were brought in. I haven't a skirt left, even. There isn't a blessed bit of woman's clothing around either."

"Must I wear them?"

"Don't see what else you can do. You don't want to lie in bed, and you might as well—better wear these than try to go with a blanket or quilt around you."

"Oh, I ought to be thankful," Rose replied, and the woman disappeared.

She got up and dressed herself in man's attire, wondering. What next? He might as well be in another world. All traces of the world she knew had disappeared.

"Breakfast will be ready in a minute," said the woman, looking in at the door. The woman who had been in the corner was vacant. Where was the woman who slept there? Rose entered the next room. This was where the fat was frying.

A small table was placed near the solitary small window in this room, which served the purpose of kitchen, dining, and sitting room. There were but two rooms in the log house.

Sitting beside the table was a curious figure. The figure was bowed down. The figure was bowed down. The figure was bowed down.

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walk up and down the mountains—you'd get lost anyhow if you tried," John said. "Well, but I can't stay here. How far is it to a telegraph station?"

"Now I think of it, I can't tell. I know of things Jim Sands says there isn't a wire standing. They've tried to get word to Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and had to give it up. The country's wild back there in Sang Hollow."

John shook his head toward the mountain side.

Rose drank her coffee in silence and reflected. She ate another biscuit, and by that time she felt strong enough to undertake anything. She said as much. The woman of the house laughed at her.

"Nonsense! You can't do anything for a day or two, till we get some way to take you two to the river road. That's all."

"But I can't. I must not stay here. I must get to the railroad."

"You can't get back to Johnstown then," said John. "You're both welcome here for weeks."

"I shall walk to the nearest station today," said Rose, resolutely.

"You can do as you please," said the woman of the house, "only you may as well stay with us as go to another house."

"If I can reach the nearest station, I can find some way to get word to my friends if I can't go to them. I must send word to my friends."

"You began to hope her husband was living. It was like death to stay an hour longer with these people, simply grand and kindly as they had proved themselves. John was a hero in common life—his sister a woman who was ready to reform her duty at all times."

The woman who had lost her child. "I'll go, too."

"Well," said John, "if you two are going, I don't know but you ought to go together. But I'd rather you'd wait till I can find a horse for you to ride—you might spell each other; it would be a heap easier."

"No, no! We have given you sufficient trouble—more than you can ever be rewarded for now," said Rose. "Will you give me your name, sir? I want to call my friends who saved my life."

"John Franklin, and my sister's called Sarah. Same name—never married. Neither of us two married."

"How are you two going to travel in them clothes?" Sarah asked.

"I don't care what I wear—I want to go where I can send word to my friends. I want to go where there is news coming. I want to go where I can get down the river to look for my dead baby. It will be somewhere—I must find my poor baby. I'll never rest till I find it."

"Can't you find some place somewhere, John? I'd give them my sunbonnet, only—how would they look with your old clothes and any sort of bonnets?"

"I guess I can make up an old straw hat somewhere, Sairy—and there's another."

"No!" said Rose, resolutely. "You were in the house. It is all you have."

"No, it isn't. I've another just as good."

"I want to see the other, then."

John was a long time getting the other. When he handed it to her he looked guilty. A tinge of color rose in his wrinkled cheeks. It was torn and battered.

"This will do me very well," said Rose, and she refused to take the best.

"Be you two going right now? I wish you wouldn't—you'll never find your way."

"The power that has preserved our lives will sustain us, Miss Franklin," said Rose.

"Now, tell us the nearest way to New Florence."

John scratched his head. "I don't know as you can do better—but it's awful foolish—thru to keep right straight over the hills. Don't go up to the top—you'll have to travel half-way up. Back a mile you'll strike Diddert's, and near there is Dick Sande. Long a mile or so—straight back—is Bob Sande's and Jim. They'll find plenty of farms for awhile, but like as not there won't be a horse or wagon, and the roads—nobody is making much head-way on them now. Everything's so torn up by this flood."

Rose turned and kissed Sarah Franklin on either cheek. Then she extended a hand to John.

"Good-by, and may God reward you and return nothing better than words for all I owe you."

"I—I guess I'd better go along with you two."

Rose shook her head. Sarah kissed the weeping mother, who also shook John's hand convulsively; then these two survivors of the flood walked slowly but resolutely up the mountain side, while John and Sarah Franklin stood watching them.

"And to think, Sairy, I never thought to ask them their names."

"Never fret, John; the one with the coat on will be sure to let you know who she is, and she will tell you all about the other. I don't think 'Sairy' would let the other go if the one you took out of the river didn't look like as if she could take care of both."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE first white woman that ever penetrated the mysteries of the Olympic Mountains has just returned from an extended trip accompanied by her husband, Phil Hamilton, and twenty others, says the Seattle Press.

The party entered the range from the head of Quilcene River, this county, crossed over the divide, and descended down the Press Valley to the Elka River, thence to Port Angeles. While in the Press Valley the party distinctly heard subterranean noises, which indicated internal disturbances. Large bands of elk and deer were frequently seen, and several exciting bear fights were indulged in. Mrs. Hamilton rode the entire distance on horseback.

TAMED LIONS.

MORE READILY BROKEN THAN ANY BEAST OF THE FOREST.

Taught to Appear Ferocious—Experiences of Circus Men With "The King of Beasts"—Romances About Circus Accidents.

The writer has taken the trouble to hunt up the records of lions that have been shown and performed in the United States during the past twenty years and finds that there is not a single instance on record of a performer or anybody else having been bitten by a ferocious lion.

In all that time only one man, who was drunk at the time of the occurrence, has been struck by the paw of a lion. This man was paid for brutally maltreating one of his charges by a blow that knocked him senseless and was left lying in the bottom of the cage for twenty minutes, while the four occupants of the cage which he was in quietly curled themselves up in the corner and watched him.

That occurred in Pennsylvania, and he was a man named Adam Wenzel, who was with the O'Brien show.

There is a school for the training of lions, we begin with the simplest of tricks; for instance, take the act of a lion jumping through a hoop. One attendant holds the hoop on the ground and the lion is made to walk through; if he does not walk through or does not understand, why take hold of the back of his neck and haul him through. After he knows that he has got to go through that hoop anyway, it is lifted up a little higher from the ground, until finally the desired height is reached.

"How do you train a lion so that you can put your head in his mouth?"

"That doesn't require any training; just yank his mouth open and put your head in."

"How about the sensation when the lion stands up and puts his paws on your shoulders?"

"Well, we lift him up until he is made to understand that he must get up himself. The usual performances of the lions are in this manner: The cage is divided into three compartments, with a door between each, and the trainer goes in there and he first makes a picture; he stands in the center with a whip in each hand, while one lion stands up with his paws on the cage in one corner, and then crouches in one end, and the other two squat and watch him in a restless fashion; and then the trainer puts them through all their tricks, separately and together, such as jumping over a pole and through a hoop bound with oakum and saturated with naphtha, all flaming, puts his head in their mouths and winds up the act by firing rapidly a six-barreled revolver, and jumps out and slams the door of the cage behind him. And if he has an especially well-trained lion, as he slams the gate that lion will jump against the bars and make them rattle."

"How are they trained to jump against the bars?"

"In the same way they are trained to jump over a pole. We wind up the act in the same way every night, and the closing of the gate is a signal for the lion to jump."

"Are they amenable to kindness, Mr. Conkling?"

"Yes; but they are much more amenable to the discipline of the gad. But they are unlike other animals in this particular; they do not have to be constantly watched after once broken. A leopard is treacherous, and no matter whether you have worked him ten years or ten days, if you take your eye off of him for one instant he will strike you. Of course, some animals are more easily trained than others, and so when we get a lion that is not easily broken we don't waste time on him, but set him aside and train those that are most intelligent."

"Are there many performing lions in the United States?"

"Well, I couldn't say just how many, but there are a great number. Mr. Forepaugh had so many at one time, over thirty, that he gave them away for almost nothing to save the cost of his meat bill. The female will have a litter every six months of three to five cubs, and as the whelps are ordinarily healthy and breeding of lions has been going on for the past thirty years there must be a great many throughout the United States. A good specimen, full grown, and well broken male is worth \$2000."

One of the animal attendants at Central Park had something to say about lions, and he confirmed the statements of Mr. Doris and Mr. Conkling as to their docile qualities. He said: "Young man, have you ever seen an attendant clean out a cage? He just gets in there and sweeps away, and if the big 'cat' is in the way, he sweeps him to one side with the dirt; there is no more harm in lions to a man that knows 'em than there is in a big dog. I'll tell you a curious thing about lions and animals. Just watch animals that are fat and healthy, and then you look at the man that takes care of them and feeds them, and you'll find that he is a great, big, red-faced, healthy man himself. Animals don't like thin, consumptive-looking chaps, and they get thin and worry and lose their tempers with that kind of attendants. I was with Forepaugh for ten years and he wouldn't have a thin man 'round the show—that is, near the animals. No, I never did hear of a man being bitten or scratched by a lion, except one man and he didn't know his business. Why, lion performances are so common that the circus people don't think the act any good any more, and a lion trainer can't get over \$30 a month. That's the reason I quit the circus business. I can remember a time when there was good money in it. I first went with Van Amburgh, who was the greatest animal trainer that ever lived."

Every season, while a circus is traveling around the country, wrecks occur. Cages get smashed and animals get out. When that is the case and a lion gets out of the cage which is his home he doesn't know what to do, and crouches on the ground much more frightened than the people around him, and he stays there until somebody takes and puts him in his cage or brings the cage up to him and then he will jump in. A good illustration of that kind occurred in a railroad accident in a tunnel just outside of Baltimore about two years ago. In the Colow show the lion and tiger cages were wrecked in the center of the tunnel, and the lion got out and roamed through the tunnel in the dark until finally he walked out one end and jumped into an empty cage. But Mr. Colow had to take a lantern and go in the tunnel and secure the black tiger himself, which he did without much difficulty.

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