

WEST VIRGINIA FLOODS

500 Lives May Be Lost

Illiterate white inhabitants in southern and border states are most numerous among the mountains.

Baron Benvenuto d'Alessandro, an Italian, has invented a means of checking the force of waves by means of nets made of waterproof hemp.

Amid all the demands of the public purse the Salvation Army has succeeded in making a remarkable collection as a result of its self-denial week.

Count E. de Keratry informs the Paris Matin that his grandfather was born in 1698, and his father in 1769.

Mr. Edison, who has been partially deaf since childhood, was recently told by a specialist that an operation might restore his hearing.

A bas relief of Clodion, representing fawns, nymphs and cupids at play, has been discovered in a Paris nursery.

A comprehensive plan for the work of the naval war college during the summer months is being considered by the officials of the navy department.

Two new uses have been found for the camera, both of which are helps in detecting violations of law.

A weak point in the graded school system is that clever pupils are held back to the general level of the class.

Fall River easily leads all other cotton manufacturing centres in America. It has about one-fifth of all the cotton spindles in the United States.

A cloudburst in the Pocahontas coal fields in West Virginia destroyed hundreds of lives and millions of dollars of property Sunday.

Fearful Loss Is Possible. The flood may prove to have been a more disastrous one to life than the Johnstown horror.



MAP OF DISTRICT FLOODED.

Death of Secretary Hay's Son. Adelbert S. Hay, who was killed at Yale college last week.



ADELBERT S. HAY.

personal bravery that, though never recklessly or boastfully evidenced, was still manifested on more than one occasion.

TRAIN CAUGHT IN THE FLOOD.

A passenger train was caught in the flood near Vivian, W. Va., and the lives of the passengers were saved by the use of ropes thrown over the coals.

men are already at work trying to restore the tracks.

Elkhorn Valley Devastated. The scene of the worst part of the flood was the Valley of the Elkhorn.



BIRD-EYE VIEW OF SCENE OF WEST VIRGINIA FLOODS.

along the Clinch river also suffered, but not so severely. Elkhorn creek flows between two mountain ridges.

Dreadful Deluge of Waters. Then came the cloudburst. Its wall of water started down the valley shortly before 9 o'clock in the morning.

DEATH OF SECRETARY HAY'S SON.



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given the people to save themselves on the hills, and then all was over for those who had failed.

Two Hundred Are Dead at Keystone. The death list there is reported to mount up toward 200.

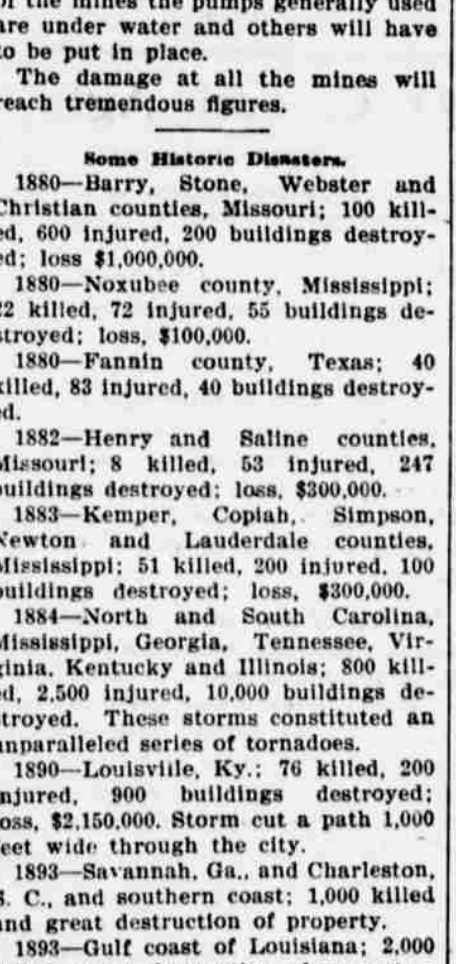


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Mildred Trevanion BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"You should not hit a man when he is down," he said, reproachfully.

He looked kindly at Denzil as he spoke, but the latter would not accept the insinuation conveyed in his words.

After this Denzil made rapid strides toward recovery, growing stronger, gayer and more like the Denzil they had known in the first days of their acquaintance.

It wanted but a fortnight of Charlie's wedding day, and Denzil, who was feeling a little tired, and was anxious to attain perfect health before the event came off.

"I did not know you were in from your drive," she said. There was less constraint between them now than there had ever been.

"Very much indeed," she said. "So you ought," she said. "Could there be a more beautiful day?"

"By the bye, did you like the bunch I gathered for you this morning? See—there they are over there."

"Mildred," said Denzil suddenly—he had risen on her first entering, and stood leaning against the chimney-piece.

"Come over here then and sit down; I can not speak to you so far away."

"I will warm my hands while you tell me," she said, determined that, should it prove to be what she half-dreaded to hear, he should not see her face during the recital.

"Well, then," he began, "I thought that, as I lay in bed one evening, the door opened, and you came into the room, and walking softly over to my bedside, stood there very sorrowfully looking down upon me."

ner rear of his next words, and trying passionately to withdraw her hands.

"How dare you?" cried Miss Trevanion, bursting into tears. "You know I did not; it is untrue—a fevered dream—anything but the truth."

"Over there"—pointing to a distant couch—"we met again, after weeks of separation and oblivion—since you say that past thought of mine was but a dream—and I felt when you entered the room how undying a thing is love.

"I shall always care to recall anything connected with you," he answered, simply; then—"Did I ever thank you, Mildred, for coming to my assistance on that last hunting day? I think not. I have no recollection of all that occurred, but they told me how good to me you were."

"Of course that was all. You would have done the same for anyone. I know that. Still I am grateful to you."

"I know I have, and I know also how rude a question it is to ask; and still I cannot help wishing to learn the answer. Will you tell me?"

"He discovered, or fancied, that I did not care sufficiently for him; and he was too honorable to marry a woman who did not accept him willingly of her own accord."

"When did he make that discovery?" "We ended our engagement the evening of your accident," she answered, evasively, and with evident reluctance.

"Do you still turn from me, Mildred? Am I distressing you? Darling, I will say no more. It is indeed for the last time in all my life that I have now spoken. Forgive me, Mildred; I am less than a man to pain you in this way; but, oh, my dearest, do not shrink from me, whatever you do; do not let me think I have taught you to hate me by my persistence. See, I am going, and for the future do not be afraid that I shall ever again allude to this subject."

"My love!" he said, turning. And then in another moment she was in his arms and all the world was forgotten. (The End.)

To be a good cook means the knowledge of all fruits, herbs, balsms and spices, and of all that is healing and sweet in the fields and groves, and savory in meats. It means carefulness, inventiveness, watchfulness, willingness and readiness of appliance. It means the economy of our great-grandmothers and the science of modern chemists. It means much tasting and no wasting. It means English thoroughness, French art, and Arabian hospitality. It means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always ladies (longfingers), and are to see that everybody has something nice to eat.—Ruskin.