

# IN HOPE OF SAVING MOTHER, CHILD SEVERED HAND OF PINIONED SIRE

## GEORGIA GIRL PROVES A HEROINE

### Tragic Ordeal of Little Ada Price, Unscathed by the Tornado That Wrecked Her Home, and How She Met the Command of Her Imprisoned Father by Bravely Swinging the Rescue Ax.

OWDEN, GA.—All alone in the darkness stood Ada Price, a slip of a girl of 15. About her ears shrieked the last blasts of the fast-dying tornado, which had left everything in ruins in its twisting, whirling way. At her feet lay the ruins of what had been her pretty home only a few seconds before.

From beneath that shattered heap of boards and bricks, still wreathed in dust, came a moan and a groan. Next the shrill cry of a child smote her heart. Not a soul stood near. And then Ada Price knew the truth—beneath that ghastly pile lay buried her father, her mother and her two little brothers. And she was alone in the darkness.

Wreck and ruin lay all about her. There was no use crying for help; help there was none. The nearest neighbors were some distance away, and they, too, were having troubles of their own. It was for Ada Price to do for herself and hers alone.

And before that dreadful night was over she was called upon to do something more; perhaps, something that never a girl has been called upon to do before. She had to cut off her father's hand with an ax that he might be set free. The mother lay beneath the ruins, too—it was in the hope of saving her that the hand was sacrificed.

But all to no good.

Georgia never knew a worse tornado than that fatal one which swept down upon a doomed community recently without a word of warning. It snuffed out 34 lives in the twinkling of an eye. It leveled houses and barns

Price found the woodpile in the darkness. She knew an ax was there. Down on her hands and knees she went, feeling this way and that for the tool she knew she must have to chop out her father and her mother and her two little brothers. Then she got a lantern from the ruins of the woodshed—it had not been broken—and lighted it. Back to the wreck of her home she went, guided by the moans of her father and the screams of her little brothers. There was no one else to help.

Bravely the lone girl set at her task. She started chopping nearest the cries of her brothers, all the time fearful that a false stroke might end their sufferings. But she kept her wits and her strength, and finally there was a hole just big enough to pull out the little fellows, badly bruised but not seriously injured.

**Finally Chopped Her Way To the Side of Her Father.**

Her father was buried more deeply in the wreck. For an hour Ada Price toiled on, getting nearer and nearer to where he lay. One by one she loosened the timbers that pinned him down, chopping away at each with all the skill that love could conjure. At length she got down to him. The last timber was chopped away.

"Can you get out now, father?" she asked of the groaning man beneath her. "All the timbers are chopped through."

Poor Price made an effort to lift himself. It was no use—a huge stone was pinning him down by the hand; he could not move. With all her feeble strength the anguished girl



HEROIC LITTLE ADA PRICE (From a Photograph)

pende upon it; every second counts now!"

**Nerved to Strike by the Thought of Mother's Danger.**

"I can't do it; I won't do it!" was the girl's reply.

"Then I order you to do it," said her father. "If you disobey me now and let your mother die, then you must take the consequences. And be quick about it!"

To this there was no answer. Ada Price knew that she must. Without a tremor she lifted the ax and brought it down with one swift, sharp blow. The mangled hand was left under the stone and slowly the injured father tottered out of his prison, minus his left hand. Quickly the girl tore a piece of sheeting into strips and bound up the stump of her father's bleeding forearm as best she could. Faint and weak, still the man's indomitable courage kept up, and with his daughter they worked at the wreckage until they came upon Mrs. Price.

But their mutual sacrifice had been in vain. The wife and mother lay cold in death. She had evidently died of her hurts even before the little boys had been taken out by their devoted sister. Then Ada took her father to the nearest physician to have his handless arm properly treated.

Weak to the point of collapse; completely overcome with grief at the death of the mother she adored, Ada Price kept up until the last detail was done by the doctors. Even then there could be no let-up. There were the two motherless little boys to be cared for now, and that duty fell upon the frail shoulders of that brave little daughter of the house. Not a thing was left undone.

Every one who knows pretty Ada Price is loud in her praises. But Ada is very modest through it all.

"I don't see why people are making so much fuss over what I did," said Ada to a correspondent of the New York World. "I was the only one not pinned down by the wreckage of our house, and I had to get to work. It was too far to the neighbors for me to go and get help, and I was afraid to stay out in the dark by myself."

"I was waked by the crash of the house as it fell in. I don't see how any of us were alive when the roof dropped in on us. Anyway, it wasn't so hard for me to get out; but when I began to look for my mother and father, and my brothers, I soon found they hadn't been as lucky as I."

**Little Heroine Told Hard Without a Thought of Self.**

"Then I heard some low crying, and then the voice of my father crying out. When I managed to get near enough to talk to him he told me to get the ax and try to chop them out. I went to the woodpile—oh, it was an awful long way, or it seemed so, for it was mighty dark and the wind was blowing hard—and I got the ax. Then I came back to the house and found a lantern. I lighted it and put it where the light fell upon the ruins of the house."

"I started at the best spot and began to cut away the fallen timbers. I never worked so hard in all my life, and I thought I should never get through. At last, however, I found that I was making good headway and that encouraged me. My father kept talking to me and cheering me up, though he was suffering horribly at the time, and I kept cutting."

"In half an hour I got enough of the timbers cut and out of the way to get my two brothers out, and then I began work on getting out my father. That was the hardest part. When he found out that I couldn't get the ruins off his hand he told me to cut it off. I told him I would not do it, and begged him to let me go for the neighbors, but he was afraid mother was suffering."

"And so when he was free and we

got to mamma we found that it was all useless, anyway; she had been hurt by the roof when it fell in. She had died even before I got the children out."

And through it all Ada Price hadn't fainted or given up, or sat down to cry—she was just a plucky little girl who did what she could for those she loved.

### The Life of Man

Like to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flight of eagles pass,  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew,  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stand—  
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light  
Is straight called in and paid to-night.  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
The spring entombed in autumn lies,  
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,  
The flight is past, and man's forgot.  
—Francis Beaumont.

## A Watermelon Waterloo

By E. DE LANCEY PIERSON

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"Ther' pears to be consid'able doin' in reel estate in these parts," remarked Mr. Japes, who began to puff noisily on his pipe. We had been trying to get the old man interested in the purchase of town lots in the suburbs, but the eloquence was wasted.

"You young fellers keep away from it, I tell ye," after a pause. "I onced bought a farm through the papers, and mebbe my esperience might do ye a lot of good. The property was located on a steep hill 'bove the town of Crooked Run, Idyho. Ef they'd th'owed in a' elevator, I'd had a bargain, for the groun' was mighty rich. I concluded that I'd plant the hull ten acres with watermelons, ther' bein' consid'able call fur sich large fruit in them parts. Wal, sir, I never did see sich things fur growin' after they was sot out. In a week they was big as washtubs and aperiently was jist gettin' down to business. The Mammoth Mastodon Iron-Clad Gold Medal Melon they was called, guaranteed to have as hard shell and keep as long as a cokenut."

"While the crap was engaged in gettin' filled out I'd 'casionally sashay inter town to git groceries and have my jug filled. I tell ye that there hill come in mighty handy fer to lean up ag'in' when returnin' by night feelin' some proud!"

Here the patriarch wagged his head remorsefully.

"One night when I was comin' home and thinkin' no evil, I runs inter one of the wust windstorms ye ever see, but bein' well ballasted I didn't get rattled none."

"Sudden'y somethin' like a bar'l comes a-bowlin' out o' nowhar, and fetches me a knock that sends me to grass all spraddled out. Fore I

could storage. From the looks of these gents I see they would prefer I choose the latter. Naterally I axes the chief of these he-b'ars wherefore they was so eager to play it dirt on a' orphan, and they oblegingly shows their keards. It seems 'at the night my farm took to the road ther' were a' entertainment in the basement of the meetin'-house give by The Lambs o' Zion for the benefit o' suthin' or other. The chapel sot at the bottom o' my hill, and the revelry was interrupted mighty suddint when the front door busts open an' in sashays 'bout four dozen o' them iron-clad watermelons full o' business and mixes up with the company permiscus. Them what couldn't git in the door come tumblin' in th'ough the winders, which happened to be open on 'count of the warm night. Wal, ye'd imagined they hed hed special invertations, to see the way they made theirselves to hum."

"Now it happened they was two cliques 'mong the Lambs o' Zion, an' when this fruit invades the place they each accuses the other of puttin' up the job. Words flew back and forth, and soon the melons too. In ten minutes I was told the place looked like a slaughter house. It must ha' be'n a sight!"

"Thar' was one lady there doin' the Rebecca at the well act what got took back of the year by a green 'un. Here she leaves her duties and disappears in the lemonade bar'l. Bein' a sour party, it don't sweeten her disperation none. She makes onkind remarks to the gent what fished her out, and they exchanges compliments and other things. The room meanwhile was a loadin' up. The hull ten acres seemed to have fixed on that meetin' room for a rendywoo, an' the sociable folks was gettin' ter be anything but social."

"Ater a spell ther' was a simultaneous move for the door, but the melons had the right of way on the stairs, which the same was narrer. When all did manage to scrunch their way out I hear the remarks made was turble, and it was variously suggested by interested parties that burnin' at the stake and boilin' in oil would be showin' angelic mercy to the catymount that injured their clothes and feelin's."

"Sich was the theory the fust citizens onloads on me. They fu'ther requests me ter pursue my farmin' operations a dozen states away—the fu'ther the better, insin'ratin' 'at if I didn't see it in that light, a' improved method of plantin' would be shown as a' illustration of what might be done in that line."

"Now the idee!" exclaimed the patriarch, looking around the room for sympathy with a snort of indignation. "blamin' a man 'cause his farm had took to the road an' was runnin' amuck. Never herd sich foolishness."

"They says I orter ha' knowed not to plant sich heavy vegetable artillery on a steep hill 'thout chainin' it down or gittin' a shepherd to watch it by night with a dog, so's it couldn't git away and hold up the town."

"Course, I see it was no use to argify with them mushrats, so I slings my hand and quits the game. Since then, gents, I buys no land on'til I gets all the pints from the last feller what squatted there."

**China Preparing for Census.**

China is preparing to take a census of her 400,000,000 people. From a circular received in New York city it appears that the job itself is to be a most thorough one, and that after it is done the facts and figures are to be kept pretty well up to date. One provision of the regulations reads: "After the completion of this census, all births, deaths, marriages and adoptions must be reported by the head of the family to the local census office or police station; the records of the families must be revised every two months and records of individuals every six months, and reports must be made annually to the board of the interior by the directors general of the census from the various provinces."

**Not a Close Likeness.**

"I believe that in time of peace a nation should be in one respect like a well-behaved young lady."

"For goodness' sake, what respect is that?"

"Maintaining a proper reserve."

**Startled.**

"Don't you know what to say when I give you ten cents?" asked Mr. Titewad.

"Yes," answered the waiter; "I know. But I'm too surprised to talk."

**The Probable Reason.**

She (innocently)—What made Mr. Tiptle ro off so suddenly last night? He (reflectively)—I rather think it was because he was loaded.



"CUT OFF MY HAND! YOU MUST DO IT!"

right and left, and ruined hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of standing crops.

**Whole Family Buried Under Wreckage of Their Home.**

When the cyclone broke, the home of Mimic Price lay right in the teeth of the fury of the elements. The family of five were all sound asleep—Mimic Price, his wife, Ada, the daughter, and the two little Price boys. At the first sweep of the blast the Price home caved in like a house of cards, burying the family under the ruin of beams and boards.

In some wondrous way Ada was spared the fate of the rest of the family—she was not pinned beneath the wreck, but managed to work her way out into the air unhurt. Cries and groans came from under the mass of wreckage which had been her home but a minute before. It was so dark that the frightened girl could see nothing; but all the time she could hear those cries for help from those she loved best in all the world.

Half stumbling, half falling, Ada

sought to push the stone away and release her father. But her efforts were futile. She failed to budce it, struggle as she might against its superior weight.

"Where is mother?" gasped the father.

"I haven't heard her at all!" answered Ada. "She must be down there somewhere."

"Then you must get me out; she'll die if I can't get to her soon," said Price.

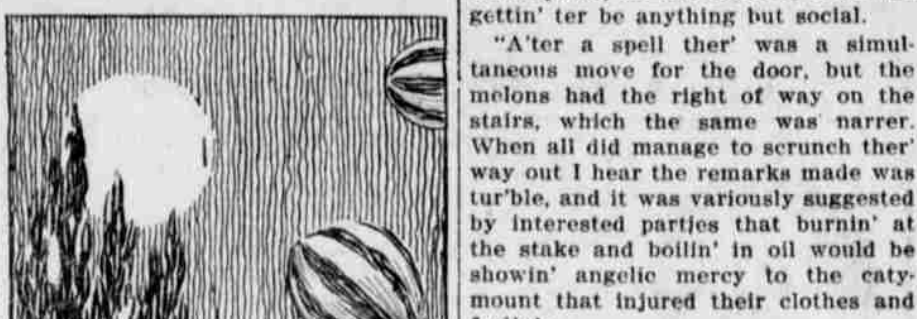
"How?" answered Ada.

"Cut off my hand!" begged her father.

"I can't, oh, I can't!" cried the girl. "If you don't," said her father, firmly, "then your mother's life will be on your head!"

This view of it hadn't struck the poor girl. Perhaps she could get her mother out alone. But there were no cries to guide her. If Mrs. Price was to be saved, it would have to be at once.

"You must do it; please, please," urged Price. "Your mother's life depends upon it; every second counts now!"



Piles Inter Me, Simultaneous-Like.

dozen what had took me about a dozen more of these ornery object's, on'y better, seein' me at a disadvantage, piles inter me simultaneous-like. Bless if the hull outfit of melons hadn't slipped ther' moorin's and was bearin' down on me with the intention of ploughin' me under the United States."

"Ef you mudtortles kin imagine 'at ye went to sleep in a bowlin' alley among the pins, and jost woke up when a tournament was in progress, ye'll have a faint idee how I was fixed on a suttin' night in July, 1898."

"I'm pooty good when it comes to a run, but I soon see that I wa'n't in the same class as them fruit, which likewise they had a good start o' me. Ther' was one feller 'bout the size of a waterbuttl, I take it, 'at seemed ter have a special grudge ag'in' me, a-trippin' of me up, and then jumpin' on me in the most unfriendly way. Then I sticks my foot in a ripe one, and the next thing I remembers was rollin' down the hill mixed up with about a carload of fruit that would have made a nigger throw a fit for j'y. A spell ater some distinguished citizens of the place gathers up my remains and I retires from public life for some two weeks."

"When I was able to open a' eye I was waited on by a committee of prominent parties of the town. Ater expressin' their dis'p'intment at findin' me alive, they proceeded to make remarks cal'ated ter hurt the feelin's. They axes me, among other things, would I prefer jumpin' the town that night or spendin' the dim future in

**New Arc Lamp.**

A patent was recently issued for an arc lamp in which use is made of a mantle similar to that of a Welsbach gas mantle, which surrounds the arc and is heated to incandescence there by.