

## TWO HUNDRED BURIED ALIVE

### Awful Mine Disaster at Crebbs, Indian Territory.

Eighty-Five Men Taken Out Badly Injured—Over Two Hundred Still Entombed—Piteous Appeals of Wives and Children.

SOUTH McALLISTER, L. T., Jan. 8.—News from the mine disaster in the Osage mine at Crebbs, five miles east of here, is coming in very slow. It is learned that at the time of the explosion nearly 350 men were in the shaft. Most of them had stopped work for the day and were waiting their turn to ride out in the cage. They had congregated near the bottom of the shaft and that locality is completely jammed with dead bodies. It is stated that eighty-five succeeded in reaching the open air by means of an abandoned tunnel. About forty miners were rescued by the lowering of buckets by a rescuing party outside the shaft.

At daylight this morning ten dead bodies were carried to the surface. They were so badly bruised and blackened as to be scarcely recognizable.

The mouth of the pit is surrounded by a crowd of men, women and children, nearly all of whom have relatives in the mine. Their grief is pitiable and their prayers and cries are agonizing as they beseech the rescuing party to increase their efforts to save their loved ones.

Of the eighty-five men who were reached safely by means of an old tunnel over half have received such injuries that it is feared they will not recover.

It is believed that the explosion was caused by the firing of a shot when the mine was probably filled with gas. At the present writing (8 a. m.) 223 miners are unaccounted for. Of this number it is believed that nearly 100, and perhaps more, are already dead.

Owing to the great excitement at the scene of the disaster and the distance from any telegraph office, it is impossible to get a list of the dead and injured.

The explosion occurred about 5 o'clock last evening. The day men had just changed off and had reached the surface when a puff of smoke was seen to issue from the mouth of the shaft. Immediately after this a terrific report followed, which was heard for some distance in the surrounding country. The men who were around the mouth of the shaft knew instinctively what it meant and at once sounded an alarm. A throng gathered at once, but there was nothing they could do to rescue the unfortunates.

## PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

Must Suspend the Free Admission of Agricultural Products.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—The president's proclamation under the reciprocity section of the tariff act states that in view of the provisions in the reciprocity section of the tariff law of October 1, 1890, making it the duty of the president, after January 1, 1892, to suspend by proclamation the free admission of sugar, molasses, coffee, tea and hides against countries producing these articles, as after that date maintaining tariff duties upon any agricultural and other products which he may deem unequal and unreasonable, the president submitted to the attorney general the question whether the law authorized him to issue a proclamation fixing a future day when the duties imposed by virtue of the proclamation would take effect. The attorney general has given an opinion that the duties must attach and be collected on and after the date of the proclamation, and that a future day cannot be named by the president. Owing to this decision and to the fact that justice to importers of the articles named in section 3 of the tariff law requires that a reasonable notice should be given of the president's intended action, Secretary Blaine today sent notes to the diplomatic representatives of Austria, Hungary, Colombia, Haiti, Nicaragua, Honduras, Spain, Philippine Islands and Venezuela informing them that on the 15th day of March, next, the president would issue his proclamation, unless in the meantime some satisfactory reciprocity arrangement should be made with the countries named.

## COULDN'T FOOL THE PREACHER

A Boy Who Played Corpse Knocked Out by a Hoosier Parson.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Jan. 8.—During a protracted meeting at a church near Jackville, six miles east of this city, two weeks ago Sunday, a crowd of boys became so boisterous that the preacher, Mr. Johnson, ordered them to leave the church. The boys laid in wait for him on his way home and tried to scare him by playing ghost in the dark woods where he passed through. This did not frighten him, and the matter was supposed to have quieted down.

Last night he was called from his house and asked to sit up with a corpse a mile away. He got in his buggy and on reaching the house took his place at the head of the coffin and, having refreshed himself with a cup of coffee, began to sing a song. He had not proceeded very far, however, until the supposed corpse sprang up in the coffin and in a low, hollow voice exclaimed: "When a man is in the presence of the dead he should not sing." The preacher regained himself after the surprise and sprang back and dealt the corpse a blow in the face that left him lying on the floor in agony, at the same time remarking: "When a man is dead he should not speak." The reverend gentlemen then took his leave and it is safe to say he will not be tormented again. The boys who played the supposed corpse on the preacher are sons of C. P. Coughlin, a farmer, who is much humiliated over the joke.

Disabled Steamer in Tow. QUEENSTOWN, Jan. 8.—The steamship Regina, from New Orleans, December 3, of the Bremen line, and having in tow the disabled British steamer Landoff City, from New York, December 17, of the Bristol line, has been sighted off Kinsale head.

## SOCIETY SHOCKED.

Mrs. Henry Von Phul, of New Orleans, a Diamond Thief.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Jan. 8.—A clever robbery was perpetrated in the jewelry house of Scoller & Co., a few days ago, which had an unexpected sequel today. A well dressed woman visited the store to purchase diamonds. She picked out some large and handsome ones, but not having the money with her to pay for them, had the clerk accompany her with the diamonds to the residence of Mrs. Whitney, one of the wealthiest residents of New Orleans, whom she claimed as her aunt. The clerk went with her and remained outside while the lady went in to show Mrs. Whitney her diamonds. He waited half an hour, and growing suspicious sounded an alarm. The woman could be found nowhere about the house, and no one knew anything of her. The police and detectives have been looking for the diamond thief ever since. Yesterday she attempted to dispose of the diamonds at a pawnshop, but becoming frightened again disappeared, leaving the jewels behind.

A great shock was experienced today when the police arrested Mrs. Henry Von Phul, a member of one of the oldest and best known families in the state, as the diamond thief, just as she was about to take the cars for Baton Rouge. Mrs. Von Phul at first denied and then confessed and surrendered other diamonds and jewelry she had concealed about her room. She is the wife of Henry Von Phul, formerly a rich sugar planter of this state and son of Mr. Von Phul, of St. Louis. Her family say that she is insane and has been confined in an asylum and is not responsible for her acts. It is said that she has been in similar escapades in St. Louis.

## HAD A STRONG PULL.

The Despised Pony of a Westerner Fooled Southern Sports.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Jan. 8.—There is a lot of sports in this town today who are hunting for somebody to kick them around the block. All because they were picked up a wild westerner for a sucker and he "made monkeys" out of them. His name is Dr. Miller and he came to Memphis a few days ago with a drove of ponies. Among them was an ugly little beast that excited the derision of all who saw him. This morning a crowd of sporting stockmen gathered at the sale began to gully the doctor about his "Tacky."

"That pony, gentlemen, can do something that none of your fancy horses can do. He can pull 300 pounds of sand attached to a rope a mile long for a distance of ten feet," said the doctor. "What will you bet on it?" demanded the crowd. "Anything you like," said the doctor, calmly pulling out a wallet full of big bills and drafts. The sports called in their friends, and altogether they raised \$5,000 in cash. One of them also put up 100 acres of land in Iowa. The doctor covered all bets. The trial came off in the afternoon on a smooth turnpike. The bag of sand was weighed and the rope was measured and straightened. The doctor took the despised pony to the other end and hitched him to the rope, then slapped him on the rump and told him to "go." The little animal moved quietly forward till the rope was taut and then gave a steady pull. The bag moved twenty feet. "It's an old trick of his, gentlemen," said the doctor, when he rejoined the crowd. "He has done it before many a time. It's the gentle, steady pull that does it. Much obliged to you all," and he led the pony leisurely back to the stable.

## A WIFE AT TWELVE YEARS.

She Is a Musical Prodigy, and Her Husband Is Twenty-five.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 8.—Angelina Facenda, a musical prodigy, just 12 years of age, sat in Chief of Police Taylor's office yesterday afternoon. In a chair at her side was Frank Bennett, a handsome young man about thirteen years her senior. These two had been fond of each other for many months and took the first opportunity to elope. They were man and wife. Bennett is a grocery man. His child-wife lived with her father. Facenda is a professional musician and his little daughter was the pride of his life until a few weeks ago. The piccolo is her favorite instrument, and upon it she plays with wonderful skill. She always played with her father at concerts and private entertainments.

Sunday night the musician missed his daughter and her father instituted the police. In the afternoon the girl was found on Fourth street and was arrested. Her father was sent for, and Bennett, who had seen her arrested, was also in the chief's office. Before her father arrived Angelina produced a marriage licence, showing that on Sunday evening she had been married in New Albany. The police could not interfere between man and wife and so dismissed the child.

## BLAINE TOO STRONG.

No Effort Will Be Made to Send Harrison Delegates From Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 8.—No effort will be made in this city to send distinctively Harrison delegates to the Minneapolis convention. After looking over the ground the republican leaders have come to the conclusion that the Blaine sentiment is too strong, and that in consequence it would not be good policy to make any fight. Scarcely a dozen delegates in any of the congressional districts save the Fifth, where one has already announced himself and proposes to stick. The efforts of the federal office holders, however, will be felt in the interior of the state, and they have hopes of being able to secure a majority of the state delegates favorable to the renomination of the president.

Played the Horses.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—Parker C. Leonard, who was treasurer of the open board clearing house of 49 Broad street, was arrested this morning charged with misappropriating to his own use \$4,033.13 of the funds of the company. The money is said to have been squandered on horse racing.

## CANADA'S LATEST SCANDAL.

Lady Macdonald's Name Dragged Into a Questionable Transaction.

OTTAWA, Ont., Jan. 9.—There is a sensation in political circles over the charges preferred against E. H. Dewdney, minister of the interior. A parliamentary investigation will likely be held. The charges are preferred by a government supporter, N. F. Davin, M. P., editor of the Regina Leader. It is alleged that in 1882, when Dewdney was a high government functionary, he entered into an arrangement with other persons, certain government supply contractors among them, for buying government lands, whose value he proceeded to enhance by planting a government town site upon them, the site of Regina itself. The Leader states that a "personage of great influence at Ottawa" was in the pool. The personage referred to is Lady Macdonald. She, the wife of the premier of the day, is virtually accused of having been a partner with Mr. Dewdney. If they did not make a lot of money, it was not through any fault of their own, but simply because the whole northwest venture, on which public and private capital to the amount of \$150,000,000 has been spent, has ended in a fiasco. The statute of limitations has been invoked by the ministers of justice to shelter John Haggart from an inquiry into his alleged connection with a government railway contract in the same year. The Leader, if not controlled by its closely identified with a prominent member of parliament who supports the ministry. Mr. Davin will doubtless be prepared to lay such evidence as he has in his possession before a committee.

## ALTERING THE BUILDING

A Chicago Architect Remodeling the Minneapolis Exposition Edifice.

CHICAGO, Jan. 9.—David Adler, the prominent architect of this city, has already commenced work on his plans for the alterations necessary to the interior of the exposition building at Minneapolis in order that it may be available for the purposes of the national republican convention.

According to his preliminary outline, all the delegates and alternates will have seats upon the ground floor, and the spectators will be banded around them on every side, the tiers of temporary seats running up to the gallery. The press representatives will occupy the raised platform to the right and left of the presiding officer's desk, and also in the rear of the latter. Just how many people can be seated under his present plans is so far an open question, but it will be somewhere between 15,000 and 20,000.

## THEATRICAL MAN LOST.

Advance Agent Walter Southgate Cannot Be Found—His Family Anxious.

CHICAGO, Jan. 9.—Walter Southgate, the old-time theatrical advance agent, who mysteriously disappeared from this city in September last, has vanished as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up. He was universally known to the theatrical profession, but although inquiries have been sent to about every place in the United States that boasts of a place of amusement, not a trace of his movements from the hour that he was last seen can be found. His wife and family, who are residents of one of the suburbs, are in great distress over his prolonged absence, and, while hoping against hope, are fearful that he has met his death somewhere and been buried as an unknown.

## Fatal Train Wreck.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 9.—A freight train jumped the track on the Little Rock and Fort Smith near Reynolds' Spur last night. The engine and seven cars rolled down the steep embankment. Engineer Brown, Fireman Freeman and brakeman Kennedy were killed.

## Ravages of the Grip.

KEOKUK, Ia., Jan. 9.—Doctors report hundreds of cases of the grip at this place. J. E. Johnson and Mrs. C. E. Thiem were the victims yesterday.

## THE MARKETS.

Live Stock.

STOCKS CHICAGO, Jan. 11.  
Hogs—Light, \$3.75@3.85; mixed, \$3.50@3.60; heavy, \$3.90@4.00.  
Cattle—Extra, \$1.10 to 1.30; good, \$1.00@1.10; feeders, \$2.30@2.50; stockers \$2.30@2.50; cows, common to good, \$1.00@1.20; yearlings, \$2.00@2.25; bullocks, \$1.50@2.00; veal calves, \$2.50@3.50.

CHICAGO, Jan. 11.  
Hogs—Light, \$3.80@4.20; mixed, \$3.90@4.20; heavy, \$3.90@4.20.  
Cattle—Extra and native beefs \$3.90@5.75; stockers and feeders, \$2.00@3.75; mixed cows and bulls, \$1.40@3.75; Texas, \$2.20@4.00.  
Sheep—Natives, \$5.25@5.25; westerns \$3.75@5.00; 1 extra, \$3.75@4.90.

SOUTH OMAHA, Jan. 11.  
Cattle—Choice beefs, \$3.15@4.50; cows \$1.25@2.40; feeders, \$2.25@2.75; bulls \$1.20@2.10.  
Hogs—Light, \$3.80@3.90; mixed, \$3.85@3.90; heavy, \$3.90@4.00.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 8.  
Cattle—Extra fancy steers, \$1.00@1.25; cows, \$1.75@2.00; stockers and feeders \$2.50@3.00.  
Hogs—Extreme ranges, \$3.45@3.50.

Produce and Provisions.

CHICAGO, Jan. 11.  
Flour—Spring patents, \$4.55@4.85; winter patents, \$4.00@4.65.  
Wheat—Cash, 87½c; May, 91½c@93½c; Corn—Cash, 28½c; May, 41½c.  
Oats—Cash, 29c; May, 41½c.  
Rye—7c.  
Barley—6c.  
Flax—96½c.  
Timothy—\$1.24.  
Whisky—\$1.18.  
Lard—Cash, \$8.50; January, \$11.85; May, \$6.55@6.57.  
Short ribs—Cash, \$3.50@3.50.  
Shoulders—\$4.50@4.50; short clear, \$4.50@5.50.  
Butter—Creamery, 17@17½; dairy, 20@25.  
Cheese—Full cream cheddars, 10½c@11½c; Sals, 11@11½c; Young Americans, 12@12½c.  
Eggs—Fresh 12½@23c.  
Hides—Heavy and light green salted, 6c; salted bull, 4½@4½c; green salted calf, 6@6½c; dry flint, 8c; dry salted hides, 6@7c; dry calf, 8@9c.  
Deacons, each, 25c.  
Tallow—No. 1 solid, 4c; packed, 2@2½c; cake, 4½c.  
MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 11.  
Wheat—Closing: No. 1 Northern, January, 85½c; May, 87½c; on track, No. 1 hard, 87½c; No. 1 northern, 86½c; No. 1 northern, 79@89½c.

## THE EXILES.

### A RUSSIAN STORY.

Ladislav was charged with furnishing the household with birds and fish. The lad had pulled some hair from the horses' tails and made snares of them. He had snares fastened to stakes and snares with springs—snares suspended in the air and snares on the ground. M. Lafleur was forced to devise recipes for dishing up partridges, heath-cocks, jackdaws and starlings which were caught in the boy's traps. Nadege, on her side, prepared a partridge pate, the dough of which was formed of dry fish reduced to powder and mixed with a little rye flour.

The little Pole had also manufactured oster nets, which he kept beneath the water of the torrent by means of stones; the fish that entered them could not escape.

And while Nadege busied herself in getting ready winter garments, lining them with the skins of martens and zibellines which Yegor caught in traps set for that purpose, M. Lafleur was not idle. Seeing that the birds became daily more distrustful in the vicinity of Ladislav's snares, he had invented another stratagem for their capture. "I have lost my shoes," said he, "and hence no longer need my rubbers." And he melted them over the fire with resin, thus obtaining an excellent thick and pitchy glue. He placed upon the eagline bushes little sticks steeped in this mixture, and all the poor singing birds, which innocently settled on them, stuck fast by the claws and wings, and fell, uttering loud cries.

M. Lafleur at once hastened to the spot and put them in his huge pockets. Ladislav had at first been entrusted with the collection of the poor victims, but M. Lafleur noticed, at last, that the child, who, doubtless, pitied the little winged musicians, set free more than he brought home.

One day, the excellent M. Lafleur returned with a radiant look. Had he captured more sparrows than usual? He smiled archly and winked, holding one of his hands behind his back.

"Ladislav, my lad," cried he, "approach!"

When the child stood before him, he gave him a superb flute made of a reed.

"And now," said he, "blow in it, placing two of your fingers on these holes."

The boy puffed out his cheeks, blew, and clear, soft notes issued from the instrument as if by magic.

Ladislav passed several hours daily in practicing music, and, in the evening, M. Lafleur drew his little violin from his pocket to accompany the airs improvised by his pupil.

Does it not seem as though there were a fairy in every young girl? Nadege's but was embellished day by day, thanks to her care, her good taste and her love of neatness and order. She had made of that humble shelter of leaves something charming, a delicious nest soft with moss and perfumed with flowers; at the door, in the guise of a curtain, hung a great mass of ivy torn by Ladislav from one of the veteran trees of the forest; thick furs spread upon the floor over dry leaves served her for a bed. Yegor had made for his betrothed a rustic table and chair formed of the roots of a tree felled by the wind.

Upon the table, between two thin boards, was enclosed the young girl's most precious possession, her father's last poems, written in days of trial and trouble, which she designed to publish if she should ever set foot upon a land of liberty!

Above the Holy Image, carried every where by Nadege in her exile—as the ancients carried the lares of the earth—stood out from a background of gold, suspended beneath garlands of moss.

Meanwhile, the honest and good M. Lafleur suffered less from having lost his shoes than from being deprived of tobacco. Thinking to return to Yakoutska in a few days, he had neglected to supply himself with it. His use of respectable dimensions, planted like a red standard in the centre of his parchment-like face, had become melancholy from lack of snuff, and was visibly falling away. Tobacco was evidently as necessary for that nose, with its wide nostrils resembling two thimbles, as the dew for the plant and the manure for the fields. M. Lafleur incessantly drew his silver snuff-box from the depths of his vest pocket, and, opening it with a sad air, shook his head and rubbed his nose; then he restored the snuff-box to his pocket, uttering a deep sigh.

M. Lafleur, who claimed that his ideas had vanished with his tobacco, nevertheless, found one. "Tobacco," said he, "was brought from America to Europe. Suppose I were to look for some similar plant! In certain countries, they replace bread by the potato and even by tree bark." So he began to search, and, as all who seek find, he thought that a species of arnica which he encountered in his walks would supply the object of his desires.

He heated the leaves of that plant upon an iron plate and succeeded in reducing them to a suitable powder.

The first whiff of this chestnut-hued snuff made the good M. Lafleur sneeze for half an hour. His nose seemed transformed into a mitrailleuse. It exploded, thundered and raged. He laughed at it, with tears in his eyes. "Ah!" cried he, "I believe my nose is firing a salute of joy!"

Thus the first week of the encampment passed away. A few days more and the Yakouts would return with his sledges and reindeer. That would be freedom, almost deliverance! Yegor, without allowing his feverish impatience to be seen, counted the hours and the minutes. M. Lafleur still flattered himself with the hope that, Yermak dead and no witness of his complicity existing, he could readily return to Yakoutska.

Thus far, nothing had troubled the fugitives in their retreat. They, nevertheless, continued to be very circumspect and watchful. Near the encampment was an elevation, crowned with enormous pines, which overlooked the rest of the forest. Morning and evening, Ladislav climbed to the top of one of these trees to scan the vicinity; it was the fugitives' light-house and post of observation. From it, the glance embraced the immense forest, rolling away like a sea of leaves, of which the conical points of the fir simulated the waves. And, afar off, in a long greenish perspective, chains of bare mountains formed, as it were, the steep shores of this ocean of verdure. Away above, huge birds floated like shreds of torn cloth, borne along at the will of the winds in a tempestuous sky.

One morning the exiles found the trees and the ground covered with snow. The flakes continued to fall one by one, slowly and silently, veating a white winding-sheet for the earth, putting swans-down around the trunks of the aged pines, and on the branches of the larches, heaps resembling stalagmites of virgin wax. The bushes, sprinkled as if with cotton, produced a most picturesque effect, and every breath of life beneath the leaves and in the thickets was hushed and suspended.

Not the note of a bird, not the hum of an

insect, but a heavy, sad silence. One might have thought that this sudden irruption of winter in the green forest had frozen with terror all its inhabitants. But, for the fugitives, winter, cold and snow, leveling marshes and bogs, were instruments of deliverance!

Yet M. Lafleur, shivering, displayed a vexed look. Finally, towards noon, the flakes came in lessening numbers and the snow ceased to fall. The dancing-masted cast his eyes over the vast stretch of whiteness, which suggested an immense glacier of the primitive epoch, when part of the world was slumbering beneath a thick envelope of crystal.

That day, after the few hours duration to which the sunlight was reduced, they lighted in Nadege's hut the great copper lamp intended to furnish both heat and illumination.

The young girl made and served tea, recounting the while to M. Lafleur the sufferings endured by her father and herself on their journey to Siberia, in the midst of a severe winter, during which they encountered several of those terrible hurricanes so frequent beyond the Ural Mountains.

They saw wolves running on each side of their sledge, ready to leap upon the horses if they should fall or relax their pace. Such experiences were dreadful for an old man and a young girl so steeped in misfortune. They reached Nerchinsk exhausted, after a journey of more than forty-seven hundred miles, accomplished under the worst conditions!

"Poor father!" murmured Nadege, as she finished her recital.

"Poor Nadege!" said Yegor, extending his hands to his betrothed.

"My friends," said the Parisian, "you deserve a better fate! But patience; it will come! Filial devotion will have its recompense, and the energy and courage of him who is to be your companion in this life, Mademoiselle, will also be rewarded!"

While they were thus talking the night had advanced. M. Lafleur smoked a final pipe, discreetly puffing out-of-doors the clouds of his doubtful tobacco.

At last, bed-time came. Yegor and the Parisian bade the young girl and her brother good-night and retired to their hut. The preparations for bed did not cost them much toil; the two men put on fur night-shirts or kuchlankas; each of them crawled, feet first, into a large reindeer skin sack, burying himself up to the head, and sleep came quickly. The dog Wab kept guard over all.

Suddenly, a little before midnight, the guests of the forest were awakened by a strange noise made by the cracking, crunching, and fall of trees amid a great crash of branches. Roars of animals and plaintive cries mingled with it. Wab uttered furious howls.

On opening their eyes, Yegor and his companion saw the sky red with fire. Masses of ruddy smoke rolled across it, whirling one about another. A strong odor of burning green wood was everywhere.

At this sight they stood terror-stricken and overwhelmed.

"The forest is on fire!" cried M. Lafleur.

Yegor was already hurrying towards Nadege's hut.

He found her up. She had seen the first streaks of light in the sky, but had taken them for the effect of the aurora borealis. Little Ladislav, thinking it all a dream, was rubbing his eyes.

"The forest is in flames!" said Yegor.

"Then we are lost!" cried Nadege, with a look of despair. "Oh! Yegor! that after suffering and hoping so much we should come here to die! Ah! if I could have foreseen it! At Yakoutska, at least, I should have been buried beside my father."

"And she burst into tears.

"You take alarm too quickly, dearest," said Yegor, grasping her hands; "you despair too soon! Am I not here? Are we not resolved, all of us, to perish if necessary to save you?"

"Oh! see how the flames are advancing!" cried she.

"Fear nothing, Nadege! I will save you!" cried Yegor; "we will save you! But do not paralyze our strength."

"Be calm, be calm, my child!" said M. Lafleur. "Let us effect our retreat together and in good order. We must not separate. I will be your guide."

"But we cannot abandon our camp possessions," observed Yegor, "our garments and our provisions! If we do, what will become of us?"

"And the horses?" said the little Pole, on perceiving the three animal which, in their fright, were tugging at their ropes.

"The horses?" said M. Lafleur. "It will suffice to release them. Their instinct will teach them how to escape without us."

Nadege hastily gathered the objects which filled her hut, and, first of all, the precious manuscript—her father's songs of exile; Ladislav made bundles of them. Yegor and the Parisian attended to the clothing and food.

"Above everything," said Yegor, stoutly working away, "we must be careful of our stock of powder!"

At last, they set out, now preceded, now followed by Wab.

The conflagration increased with frightful rapidity. The larches, pines and all the resinous trees flamed like immense torches. The tallest of these trees, burning from root to crown, rose in close ranks like enormous pillars of fire. The flames, kept from ascending by the wind, extended their ravages afar. The huge branches detached themselves from the trunks with a crash, and, an instant after, the giants of the forest fell, one upon another, with hollow thuds.

Fire-brands and sparks, forcibly hurled into space, fell everywhere like incendiary fuses, kindling new conflagrations. A shower of fire accompanied them. On some elevated points, groves of tall trees, with their upper branches burning, suggested light-houses overlooking a sea of fire, in which were surging lither and thither, like fire-ships, lofty ridges of flame.

Soon this immense furnace spread around its insupportable heat; the conflagration fanned by the wind transformed this abandoned boreal region into a torrid zone. Here and there, a huge bird was seen, borne away in the tempest of fire and smoke and recalling the fabled phoenix reproduced from the flames of its funeral fire.

Wolves, foxes, wild sheep, hares, and even brown bears were fleeing in terror, pursued by an intense light; heath-cocks skinned along the ground, uttering half-stifled cries.

The fugitives, struggling beneath burdens much too heavy for them, although they had sacrificed a portion of their possessions, marched straight ahead, without turning around and with but one thought, one aim—to escape being burned alive.

They advanced through a fiery semi-circle, which was rapidly gaining upon them and bringing its two extremities closer and closer together as if to stop them in the flight. Yegor noted the progress of the conflagration with despairing gaze, but took good care not to communicate his terrible apprehensions to his companions.

Suddenly, Nadege stopped and said to him in a faint voice:

"Can I walk no longer, Yegor?"

"What is the matter?" asked the young man.

"I don't know—emotion—fear, perhaps. My limbs bend beneath me. It is impossible for me to advance another step."

"Then I will carry you," answered he resolutely.

He cast aside his burden and, seizing the young girl in his arms, bore her gaiterously away.

Nadege noticed the advancing flames and comprehended, as Yegor had done, that they would speedily cut off their retreat!

"Oh, heaven!" cried she. "I am retarding your pace and exposing you all to death!"

"No, no!" said Yegor; "we are getting along very rapidly, and you are no heavier than a turtle-dove!"

"But, Yegor, see the flames which the wind prevents from rising above the trees. They will soon be upon us; already the smoke stifles me. Save yourself—save Ladislav! Hasten—hasten! If necessary, sacrifice me!"

"Sacrifice you, Nadege! How can you talk in that way! If you die, it will be only after I myself have succumbed!"

"Ah! this is too much!" murmured Nadege. "I can hold out no longer. It seems to me that my life is leaving me. Yegor, adieu but never forget me!"

As, in a feeble voice, she uttered these words, which the roar of the conflagration would have overpowered, had not Yegor gathered them from the lips which murmured them, Nadege lost consciousness.

In the prevailing ruddy light, Yegor did not perceive her pallor; but he saw that her eyes were closed and realized that she had swooned.

"What is the trouble?" cried M. Lafleur, who, with Ladislav, was a few steps in advance.

"Ah! see, my dear Monsieur!" answered the young man. "She looks as though she were dead."

"It will amount to nothing!" replied the Parisian, briskly. "But the accident is to be regretted. Where is the package you were carrying?"

"I left it at the foot of a tree; it contained all the little possessions of the dear child. The torrent is not far distant, is it?"

"No; I hear it," said M. Lafleur. "A dash of cold water will revive her."

"Let us hasten on."

Now, blazing fire-brands fell upon their path and it was necessary to step over them. Several times Nadege's dress narrowly escaped taking fire. The smoke grew thick and rendered their progress uncertain. Happily, the noise of the torrent already rose above the din of the forest, shaken to its very foundation by the scourge which was devastating it