

WAKENING.

The broad white curve of the beach, That lies like a banded arm; The amorous waves that seem ever to reach To kiss it and die a calm.

EMBERS.

It was snowing, and Dick Snivers's old felt hat and meagre overcoat were all white and soft looking; you couldn't see the holes in the crown of the one nor the threadbare edges of the other.

Snivers stopped in front of Weld. In one of the rooms in the north wing there was a red glow, telling of a good fire. Snivers couldn't help thinking, then, of his own poor little room in College House.

Snivers sat down, watching his host uneasily as he pulled the heavy curtains across the windows, kicked off his arctic, and drew a chair up to the fire. He was a big fellow, with a rather pale but pleasant face.

At the end of the hall there was an open door, through which, past the little vestibule, he could see the room with the terra-cotta wall paper. Over the floor flickered an orange light.

There was an odor of cigars in the air that made the room seem all the more cosy. In one dark corner glowed the polished black front of an ebony piano, the keys gleaming like white teeth on the grin; pictures, signs and shingles were scattered here and there on the walls, and beside a large desk in the middle of the room, littered with books, papers, tobacco and a couple of thin glasses, was a small, open steamer trunk.

Suddenly he caught sight of a little piece of paper, folded once across the middle, lying on the hearth. Mechanically he reached for it and examined it. "Why, it's a check!" he exclaimed, as with trembling hands he held it in the firelight. "Pay to the order of Charles P. Graff \$100," he read. It must be fine, thought he, to have \$100 and to spend it on anything you wanted, as Charles P. Graff would do.

When Snivers held the face of the check under his little brass lamp that night he was surprised to see how blurred it was; "I don't believe I understood that follow," said Snivers, thoughtfully shaking his head.

HUNT LEVEE BREAKS.

WIDE CREVASSE FORMED AND FARMS INUNDED.

A District Twenty Miles Long Entirely Submerged—Stock Drowned and Crops Ruined—Belief That the Levee was Out.

QUINCY, Ill., June 7.—A crevasse occurred in the Hunt levee last night and the district which it protected, twenty miles long and four miles wide, extending from Warsaw south, is now under water. The break occurred at a point about twenty-four miles above this city, and a vast volume of water is pouring through the crevasse, which is now 200 feet wide and rapidly widening.

Snivers rose to go. "Hullo, Gus! is that you?" said a voice behind him. He turned hastily to the door. Before him stood a rather tall fellow, wrapped in a light mackintosh, with a felt hat pulled over his eyes.

"I—I just came in and sat down to get warm," stammered Snivers, confusedly, and blinking in the light. The man in the mackintosh stood looking curiously at Snivers, slowly drawing off his gloves. "That was cool in you," he said at length, with the faintest twinkle in his eye.

"Why, I—I saw it on the floor—I was just looking at it—it's not endorsed," he added hurriedly; "it wouldn't have done me any good if I had—er—taken it."

"Mr. Snivers? My name is Graff," said the man in the mackintosh, doffing it and snapping the lock on the door. Snivers sat down, watching his host uneasily as he pulled the heavy curtains across the windows.

After another silence, with an effort, Graff began hesitatingly. "Mr. Snivers, I suppose you are pretty poor. Whether you're honest or not has nothing to do with the case now. Now the Faculty—the Faculty—well, they think I'm a hand-ball and they've used me accordingly. I haven't made a success of my college life—I don't believe my being here has done me or any one else the slightest good—so if you—er—you could accept—that check—well, I'd be awfully grateful. I'd like to be able to say I have helped somebody here, if not with my own brains with the old gentleman's money, so—so—won't you please accept it?"

"Mr. Graff," said Snivers, blushing. "I will accept it thank you sincerely." Graff endorsed the check and showed Snivers to the door. "I wish I were going to be here a little longer," he said, smilingly, "so that I could see you again. A warm fire is good, but a warm friend and a warm fire—well, I won't paint the good times you've missed through the efforts of the Faculty," shaking Snivers merrily by the hand.

"What a light-hearted fellow," said Snivers as he plowed back to his room; "he doesn't seem to care a bit about being expelled." When Snivers held the face of the check under his little brass lamp that night he was surprised to see how blurred it was; "I don't believe I understood that follow," said Snivers, thoughtfully shaking his head.

Huron, S. D., June 7.—Mrs. K. M. Foote and three children living south of Harold, were drowned last evening in attempting to cross a ravine after an immense downpour of rain yesterday afternoon. The storm is said to have been a cloudburst, deluging a great stretch of country.

BURIED BY A FALLING WALL.

One Boy Killed and One Fatally Hurt—Several Workmen in the Debris.

CHICAGO, June 6.—The south wall of a two-story building at 312 West Fourteenth street collapsed instantly killing one or two boys and fatally injuring another. Several workmen who were engaged in tearing down the building are missing and it is feared they are buried beneath the ruins.

CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE. CHICAGO, June 6.—During the first half hour wheat sold 1/4c lower than Saturday, corn 1/4c lower, oats 1/4c lower. Pork opened 1/4c lower with the easier corn market and a great run of hogs at lower prices at the yards.

CHICAGO PRODUCE MARKET. CHICAGO, June 6.—The following quotations are for large lots only. Smaller quantities are usually sold at advanced rates: BUTTER—Fancy Elgin stock, 17 1/2c per lb; fancy creameries, 15 1/2c; fancy imitations, 14 1/2c; Western goods, 12 1/2c; fancy dairies, 10c; No. 1, 14 1/2c; No. 2, 12 1/2c; select, 10 1/2c; fine ladies, 10 1/2c; fresh packing stock, 10c; grease, 4 1/2c.

GRANITE CUTTERS STILL FIGHTING. NEW YORK, June 7.—This week is likely to see important developments in the strike which is being carried on by the Granite Cutters' National union against the proposition of the New England Contractors' association to change the date for signing the yearly wage scale from May 1 to Jan. 1.

WRECK ON THE READING. SHENANDOAH, Pa., June 7.—This town was completely cut off from all railroad communication this morning as the result of last night's heavy rains, which caused washouts on the Lehigh valley and Reading roads. The Reading had a wreck south of here during the night, caused by a coal train running into a washout, completely wrecking the engine and several cars. The engine rolled down into the creek and the fireman was badly scalded.

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EXCURSION TRAIN COLLISION.

Four Men Killed and Twenty-Six Colored Excursionists Injured.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., June 6.—News was received here of a terrible accident which occurred on the Owensboro & Nashville railway about 9 o'clock yesterday morning near South Carroll, Ky., in which four persons were killed and a number injured. A colored excursion train consisting of three coaches and a baggage car which left Owensboro, Ky., at 7:30 o'clock collided with the regular north-bound passenger train.

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HUNDREDS ARE DEAD.

TERRIBLE FLOOD IN NORTH-WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Oil City and Titusville Devastated—Oil Tanks Take Fire and the Burning Fluid Flashes Through the Valley—Outside Help Appealed for.

OIL CITY, Pa., June 7.—The most appalling calamity in the history of Oil City came yesterday, resulting in destruction of life and property which as yet can only be approximated. Thus far sixty-nine lives are known to be lost, hundreds of people are known to be missing, and it is believed the loss of life will reach 200 or more.

At 11:30 o'clock in the forenoon a large proportion of the population of the city was distributed along the banks and bridges of the Allegheny river and Oil creek watching the rise of the flood in both streams, the chief cause of the rise of the latter being due to a cloudburst above Titusville which resulted in the loss of many lives at that point. At the time mentioned an ominous covering of oil made its appearance on the crest of the flood pouring down the Oil Creek valley, and the dangerous foreboding waves of gas from distillate and benzine could be seen above the surface of the stream.

Almost all the town was on fire within three minutes of the time of explosion, and no one knows as yet how many of the inhabitants are dead in the ruins of their home. A correspondent stood at the end of the creek bridge mentioned. Almost as quickly as the words can be written fully 5,000 people in that portion of the town were on the streets, wild with terror, rushing to the hill. Men forgot that they were men, and scores of men, women, and children were knocked down and trampled upon by both horses and people in the mad flight for places of safety.

Hundreds of people thought the day of judgment had come, and many prayers were heard mingling with the moans and lamentations of the fleeing multitude. The heat was intense, and the weird and awful spectacle presented to the panic-stricken people was that a cloud-burst of fire, bordered and overcapped by a great canopy of dense black smoke, was falling upon the city.

The flood in the Oil Creek valley has inundated the upper portion of the town, flooding from fifty to seventy-five houses along North Seneca street. The most of their inmates reached places of safety by the use of boats or by swimming or wading, but a number of them were yet in the upper stories or in the water when the fire came and their fate was quickly sealed. Some of them were seen to jump into the water to escape death in the flames.

The distillate and benzine on the creek came from a tank lifted by the flood and is supposed to have been ignited by a spark from an engine on the Lake Shore road, just above the tunnel at the northern part of the city. The fire shot up the creek as well as down and several tanks are on fire at a number of the refineries above. But it is believed that their burning contents can be kept within the tanks and that a second baptism of fire may be averted.

It is almost impossible to find words to describe this awful calamity and at this time no one has any idea of the number of lives that have been lost. For miles up the creek on both sides everything is in ruins, and hundreds of families have been rendered homeless. The fire came so suddenly and so unexpectedly that little if any property has been saved along this stream, and the sky for miles around is still black with the smoke from burning dwellings and oil tanks.

The water in Oil creek is falling slowly at this time and it is hoped the worst is over and no more lives will be lost. The creek is fifteen feet deep and 100 yards wide now and in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has never been so high before.

Call for Outside Help. As the devastation is so great it has been decided to call upon the outside world to furnish financial means to relieve the distressed. Such contributions should be sent by telegraph to Roger Sherman, president of the relief committee, as no mails will be received or dispatched for several days, owing to three railroads entering the city having their tracks washed out almost entirely for many miles. The following appeal is issued: Our suffering and destitution are terrible. There is a great loss of life and manufacturing interests are wiped out by flood and fire, hundreds of families are homeless and destitute. In the absence of our mayor we appeal to a generous public for help in this, our time of distress.

HOUSE BLOWN UP.

Two People Instantly Killed in a Dynamite Explosion Near Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 6.—About 1 o'clock Saturday an explosion of dynamite occurred at Kensington, Pa., in the house of J. K. Turner, a jeweler. Two persons were killed instantly. They are: J. K. TURNER, jeweler. MISS EMMA SCHEFFER, of Emlenton, Pa. The wife and two children of Turner were badly injured.

TOWN OF CORY DELUGED. Streets Became Streams and Railroads Are Badly Washed—No Lives Lost. CORY, Pa., June 7.—The most destructive rainstorm that has ever visited this locality began yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock. It was a heavy cloudburst, and by 9 o'clock the business and eastern portion of the town was under water with the rain still falling in perfect torrents. There was no loss of life and few were injured.

JIMTOWN IN ASHES. A Colorado Mining Town Wiped Out by Flames. DENVER, Colo., June 7.—The bustling camp of Jimtown, which is separated from the famous mining town of Creede by a mile and a half, was almost totally destroyed by fire which started at 5:30 o'clock this morning. The flames were started by an explosion of coal oil with which a family living in the Kinneavy block were starting a fire to prepare breakfast. As there was no fire department the flames were unchecked and in a short time they burned through the rows of frame buildings for a distance of a mile in the narrow gulch in which the town is situated. The total loss is estimated at \$1,000,000. It is rumored that four persons perished in the fire. This cannot be substantiated at present, although a searching party has been at work for several hours.

MRS. FRIEND ACQUITTED. The Jury in the Electric Sugar Case Return a Verdict for the Defendant. ANN ARBOR, Mich., June 6.—C. Knowlton, Jr., and R. J. Sawyer, Mrs. Friend's attorneys, made the argument for the defense in the case of the Electric company vs. Olive E. Friend yesterday. They presented a strong defense, the main points being that Cottrell, the president of the company, was cognizant of the frauds and carried them on from the beginning. The closing speech was made by A. P. Wheeler of New York, who made an argument in behalf of the claims of the company. After being out only three hours the jury rendered a verdict of no cause of action.

THIRTY HOUSES SWEEP AWAY. ERIE, Pa., June 7.—Last evening Clark's mill dam at Union City burst and a wall of water swept through the town carrying thirty houses from their foundations, and while many persons were badly hurt none lost their lives. Deamore's three-story brick building fell demolishing frame buildings adjoining. The Keystone block was undermined and fell. Goodenough's jewelry store and the rear of the Postoffice building and Cooper's planing mill were all wrecked. Hundreds of horses and cattle were drowned. The damage will reach not less than \$100,000. The towns of Garland, Pittsfield, Columbus and many other places are under water. At Pittsfield the operator, J. E. Mead, stood at his post and worked at his instruments with the water three feet deep in the office and the building surrounded by debris and roaring flood.

OMAHA MERCHANT MISSING. OMAHA, Neb., June 7.—George Heyn, a wealthy merchant of this city, is mysteriously missing. He started for Europe nearly a month ago and by reason of illness, stopped at Milwaukee. Recovering, he went to Buffalo where he registered at the Arlington Hotel, May 25, as George Hendricks. There all trace of him was lost. He is 35 years old, of slight build and light complexion, wears side whiskers and a mustache, and has dark hair.

Mrs. Harrison Improved. WASHINGTON, June 7.—Mrs. Harrison slept unusually well last night and feels better to-day. She is able to sit up for a few moments at a time, and her appetite is improved. A correspondent was assured at the White House that the family no longer felt any alarm about her and that they are confident of her recovering sufficient strength to permit of her removal to the mountains (probably Deer park) in a fortnight.

DECREASE IN DRY GOODS IMPORTS. NEW YORK, June 7.—As shown by the manifest just given out from the custom house this week's import movement of dry goods at the port of New York was considerably below that of last week, the money value of the total entries having fallen to \$1,593,618 from \$1,770,994. The amount thrown on the market likewise exhibits a decrease of similar proportions, having declined to \$1,576,435 from \$1,743,113.

HE IS WANTED IN CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS, June 7.—Frank Brady, a negro, was arrested here last night and is being held for the Chicago authorities. Over a year ago Brady stabbed and killed Charles Harris in a quarrel over the affections of a woman.

Table with columns: ARTICLES, High, Low, June 5, June 6. Rows include Wheat, Corn, Oats, Pork, Lard, Short ribs, etc.

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