

THOUSANDS DIE BY FLOOD AND WIND.

Coast Cities of Texas Visited by West Indian Hurricane.

Advises regarding the awful effects of the storm which raged along the gulf coast of Texas began to arrive Sunday and the story they told was fraught with horror. First in importance was the news that Galveston was struck by a tidal wave and that the loss of life there was between 2,500 and 3,000. The water was fifteen feet deep over Virginia point. Every effort was made to get telegraphic or cable communication with the wrecked city, but to little avail.

From the Red river on the north to the gulf on the south and throughout the central part of the state, Texas was

south of Waco, every town on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe south of Temple, and every town on the Houston and Texas Central south of Herne has been badly injured.

Early telegrams were received at Houston from most of these places except those still further south than Houston, and hardly one failed to report some deaths, along with a story of many buildings wrecked, in some cases even to the destruction of all the buildings in the town.

The only serious railroad accident reported as due to the storm occurred south of Houston Saturday night. A

trade in 1892 exceeded \$70,000,000, and since then has largely increased. It shipped to domestic and foreign ports more than 1,000,000 bales of cotton in 1893, and these figures have since been greatly exceeded. According to the census of 1890 it had a population of almost 30,000 and contained 187 manufacturing establishments, representing a capital of almost \$5,000,000, and an annual product of about the same amount. The population in 1900 is \$7,789.

W. S. Wall of Houston, who has a summer home at Morgan's Point, relates the escape of Mrs. Wall during Saturday night's tidal wave:

"My wife had not been long at the hotel, where she was taking supper," said he. "James Black, a merchant, rushed into the dining room and called upon all to flee for their lives. The tidal wave was on them in an instant, and almost before they could leave the hotel to go to a higher point, the rushing waters were all about them more than three feet deep. Mr. Black struggling against the elements, bore my wife in safety to the Vincent home.

"Returning immediately to the hotel, Mr. Black in a like manner brought safely to the Vincent home his aged father and mother. His next act of heroism was to rescue Mrs. Rushmore.

Santa Fe train was lifted bodily and blown off the tracks about two miles north of Alvin. Mrs. Prather of Rosenberg, Texas, was killed and half a dozen people were injured.

The train was running slowly at the time of the wreck, which accounts for the comparatively small loss of life. The car in which Mrs. Prather was riding was thrown into the water and she was pinned down with her head out of a window in such a manner that she drowned before help came.

Not a House Standing.

Among other towns south of Houston, Hitchcock is reported to have suffered severely, while Alta Loma, a little village, is said to be without a single house still standing. Pearland met the same fate.

At Seabrooke four persons are

known to have been killed, but as only two houses are still standing there it is supposed that the loss of life was greater than this. Seventeen persons are missing. A Laporte relief train that got as far as Seabrooke picked up three bodies on the way.

At Brookshire also four deaths are reported, and there four houses are still standing.

Towns further north add to the stories of horror. Cypress, Hockley, Waller and Hempstead are thought to have lost about 20 per cent of their buildings.

At Taylor the Missouri, Kansas and Texas depot was destroyed and several lives are reported lost.

Bastrop, Smithville and Temple also suffered very heavily, both in lives and property.

Galveston a Beautiful City.

Galveston, the second largest city in Texas and the commercial metropolis of that state, is situated at the north-east extremity of Galveston island, at mouth of the bay of the same name. It is a beautiful city, laid out with wide and straight streets, bordered with numerous flower gardens, magnolias, flowering shrubs and trees. The streets are only a few feet above the sea and have been frequently swept by surging waves stirred up by cyclones and tornadoes.

The city is the third cotton shipping port in the United States. Its foreign and domestic trade is large. Its total

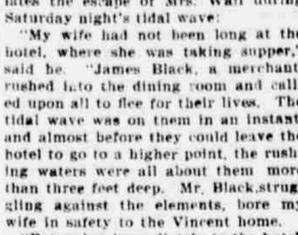
of safety and making the air hideous with their cries. There were nine families in the house, which was a large two-story frame, and of the fifty people residing there myself and niece were the only ones who could get away."

she two daughters, two grandchildren, and a woman whose name I cannot recall.

"Louis Braquet, manager of the Black hotel, was engulfed in the waves and gave his life up in the successful rescue of his wife and a colored servant girl."

Among the refugees which the Galveston, Houston & Henderson train picked up at Lamarque, four and one-half miles south of Virginia Point, was Pat Joyce, who lived in the west end of Galveston.

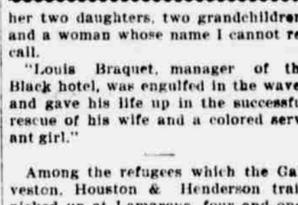
"It began raining in Galveston Saturday morning early," said he. "About 9 o'clock work was discontinued by the company and I left for home. I got there about 11 o'clock and found about three inches of water in the yard. The water rose and the wind grew stronger until it was almost as bad as the gulf itself. Finally the house was taken off its foundation and entirely demolished. People all around me were scurrying to and fro, endeavoring to find places



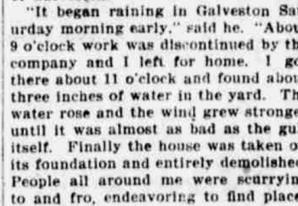
SECTION OF TEXAS DEVASTATED BY HURRICANE.



BRIDGE OVER GALVESTON BAY.



STRAND STREET, GALVESTON.



THE COTTON DOCKS AT GALVESTON.



GALVESTON JETTIE.

of its inhabitants drowned, is the chief sufferer in the hurricane horror of southern Texas.

Port Arthur, its rival further to the east, has escaped with a drenching from a foot of water in the streets and with the loss of a few piers.

But many other towns and villages and cities have suffered as well as Galveston, and, in proportion to their size, suffered almost as severely.

The situation for all of southern Texas is a terrible one, but for Galveston it is one of horror.

The bridge across the bay from the mainland to the island on which Galveston is built are either wrecked or too badly damaged to use. The only one that may by any chance be standing is that of the Galveston, Houston and Northern railroad, and it cannot be used because the drawbridges over creeks to the north are gone.

As to the country north of Galveston it is thought that every town on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad

A Sacrifice To Conscience

by H. B. Welsh

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

She hesitated. And he saw her bare hands—they were very small hands he had noticed, with slenderly-shaped fingers—wring themselves together as if in overwhelming distress or perplexity. Then she spoke in a half-stifled voice:

"I think I shall go home to him. I am afraid to bring another doctor. I—I shall do what I can for him myself."

A thought struck Enderby and he said quickly, with a shade of embarrassment:

"If you are afraid of Doctor Howarth's charges, Miss Lloyd, I think you can let your mind be easy about that. He is, I believe, a very kindly and generous man."

He saw the girl start and flinch a little, as if his words had stung her. Then she said:

"It is not that. I think I had better go straight home."

"Very well."

Enderby stopped the driver and stepped out. The gaslight fell full on the girl's face as he turned to look at it. What a ghastly, pale, troubled young face it was! Yet it struck him that it might under certain circumstances, be beautiful.

The features were small and aquiline, the brow childishly smooth and white, the mouth and chin softly and roundly formed, though the former had a strange expression of self-repression now; the eyes were weird and dark, though the hair seemed auburn, the brows above them of startling blackness. And what a child she looked! Hardly sixteen, he thought, as he looked at her.

"What address shall I give the man?" he asked.

"Burdon Mansions," she answered. "They are only about five minutes' walk from here."

Enderby knew them well by name—small flats, mostly occupied by needy clerks and poor working women.

He stood still for a moment thinking.

"I hope your foot will be all right," he said then, "and that your father may be no worse. May I call in a few days and see?"

She gave him a quick, almost terrified glance, then suddenly her lips began to tremble pitifully, and she turned aside her head.

"How kind you have been!" she faltered, "and I have never thanked you." She put out her hand as if impulsively, then drew it back before he could touch it. "It is kind of you to wish to call," she said. "Yes, I shall be very grateful if you do. We live two stories up."

"How will you get up with that sprained foot of yours?" he asked. "Don't you think I had better come with you and help you?"

"Oh, it is not much," she said, her voice faltering; but without another word, Enderby got in again, and they drove on to Burdon Mansions.

They were a pile of dull, dreary looking buildings. Enderby paid the man and helped the girl, who limped painfully within the buildings. But when they attempted to climb the stairs, he saw that it cost her terrible pain, and he turned to her, saying quietly:

"Will you allow me to carry you up?" It is the easiest and speediest way.

A little crimson patch suddenly showed on her cheek, like the mark of a warm finger; she put up her own hand and rubbed it feverishly as if it burned.

"No, no; you mustn't!" she said. But Enderby had already stooped and taken her in his arms. How light she was—not so heavy as many a child of ten!

Enderby had never had a woman in his arms before, and he was almost astonished himself to find how tenderly they enfolded this girl. But for the sake of one woman Enderby was tender to all.

They were soon at the landing of the second flat. Enderby set her down, and she stood leaning on the wall, her face deadly pale again, but her eyes shining strangely.

"I cannot thank you," she said, her lips trembling oddly and uncontrollably. "But perhaps God will repay you for your kindness to me—a stranger of whom you know nothing. They say London is full of wickedness, but it must be full of goodness, too. Now I must go."

"I shall wait for a moment here," said Enderby, with a sudden resolution. "And you will come out and tell me if your father is any better. Perhaps I can do something yet to help you."

She turned away and opened the door on the left with a latchkey, then closed it gently. Enderby remained where he was. In a few minutes the door opened again, and the girl stood at the entrance.

"He is sleeping," she said, whispering. "Perhaps he will be better now."

"That is good," Enderby answered, heartily. "May I call in a few days?"

"Yes; but my father does not wish anyone to know where he is. You won't tell anyone about us?" she hesitated.

"You may depend upon me," said Enderby, heartily. "Good night."

He put out his hand, the girl laid her small, slim one in it, and Enderby gave it a friendly pressure. Then he went away.

As he emerged into the open air again he fancied a shadow flitted noiselessly round a corner of the mansions. Then he drew himself together with a short laugh, for a disagreeable thrill had run through him at the fancy.

He had hidden the hansom wait, and he went up to the man, who was sitting drowsily before him.

"Did you notice a man go round the mansions as I came out, driver?" Cabby shook his lousy head.

"No, sir, I haven't. Why, all wise folks is in their beds in this 'ere locality hours ago, I should say," he retorted, with a touch of personal feeling.

Enderby got in, and was soon being driven to his rooms in the West End.

Somehow, the strange incidents of the night had oddly unsettled him. Even when he went to bed his dreams were disturbed by strange, uncomfortable reproductions of these incidents, grotesquely and even horribly deformed. For so matter-of-fact a man Paul Enderby was oddly fanciful over them.

Still, undoubtedly the experience had been rather a peculiar one.

He felt sure the girl was refined and of gentle birth; it is not difficult to detect the signs of these. Her accent was not exactly an English one, yet it was not peculiar enough to be pronounced un-English.

Who was she? Who was her father? What reason could she have for absolutely refusing to allow another doctor but this Doctor Lyndon to see her father? Who was this Doctor Lyndon?

With the morning the incidents of the night before seemed to have drifted off into the same region as that in which dreams are made; but one reminiscence of them remained with Enderby, and oddly annoyed him. It was the memory of the man who had passed in the hansom while he was speaking to the girl who called herself by the name of Lloyd.

Enderby sauntered along to the Courts, where he assumed gown and wig, and listened to the cases. He was not absolutely a briefless barrister and he was considered very clever.

But, besides that, Paul Enderby came of a very good family, and was not, though he himself was poor, so very far removed from the Barony of Eglin, having only five lives between him and it. So that Enderby was somewhat of a spoiled child of society, being a good-looking, straight-limbed, handsome fellow enough after the pure Saxon type, and without a talent upon his name.

He was coming out of the Courts when some one tapped him on the shoulder.

"Ah, Enderby, going to the club, are you? I'm due there at five and have one or two engagements after dinner. I suppose you will put in an appearance at the Penningtons tonight?"

Enderby's pleasant, fresh-complexioned face had been overshadowed by a look of annoyance as the newcomer addressed him. He was a man a little older than himself—not above middle height, and slender with it, with a pale, dark face, black eyes placed rather close together, and a smooth, straight, unpleasant mouth, which had a disagreeable habit of curling upwards when he laughed. He was Digby Dalton, and was by profession also a barrister.

"I dare say I shall look in at the Penningtons," he answered, drily. "But I have another engagement."

"Miss Lennox's reception?" smiled Dalton. "Yes, of course, you will be there, Enderby. What a man you are for being asked out! By the by, had you anything on last night?"

Enderby looked straight into the smiling face.

"Perhaps I had. May I ask why you inquire, Mr. Dalton?"

"Oh, nothing!" The other shrugged his shoulders. "Only curious, wasn't it? I was driving over Westminster about half past one, and I saw a man with a girl on the bridge. I could have sworn it was you. Curious, wasn't it?"

"Not at all," Enderby answered coldly. "It was I."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I really would not have mentioned it if I had thought that was the case," said Dalton, as if with regret. "Of course, we men of the world don't inquire too narrowly into each other's affairs; but you know there are a few men whose lives seem open to every one and whose slightest action will bear investigation. I don't require to tell you, Enderby, that we all consider you are one of those. In fact, your membership at the Bayard Club is sufficient proof. Well, I shall not detain you. I have a little matter of business to settle in the Strand." And lifting his

hat with elaborate politeness, he disappeared.

Enderby knew every word he had spoken had been armed with a venomous tip. Dalton had hated him from the first time they had met. That hatred had become deepened into something vindictive and malignant when, through Enderby, though more by accident than choice, Dalton had been dismissed from the club, which was sometimes mockingly called the "Bayard," on account of having been found cheating at cards.

"He recognized me, of course," Enderby said to himself. "And he will go to-night to Miss Lennox, and tell her. Well, she has more than an ordinary woman's sense of fairness. She will let me speak for myself. And will she believe him? Or will her heart have something to say on my behalf? Cecil, Cecil!"

He whispered the name to himself as a devotee might whisper the name of a sacred shrine. For to Paul Enderby, to whom all womanhood was sacred, Cecil Lennox was the incarnation of all that was noblest, purest and fairest in woman. So little does the simple, straightforward nature of a good man understand a woman.

CHAPTER III.

It was two days after the reception at the West End mansion of Sir Henry Lennox, the well-known Queen's Counsel, who was considered one of the wealthiest men connected with the legal profession.

Enderby had seen Cecil Lennox but for a few minutes, but she had then been able to utter the words that thrilled Enderby through as no other words could have done.

"Come to see me on Friday. It is not my day at home, but I shall be at home to you."

Paul Enderby was thirty, was a barrister, and was prosaic, yet his heart and pulses throbbed like those of a sentimental boy of twenty as he was admitted into the presence of Cecil Lennox.

She was certainly a very beautiful woman. As she came forward to greet him, her tea-gown of pale sea-green and billow lace falling in graceful folds about her, Enderby thought that no woman who ever lived could have excelled her in beauty and grace. But there were others who might have thought that the beauty of Cecil Lennox—of the soft, exquisitely tinted face, of the rounded chin and throat, the red-lipped, smiling mouth, the deep, changeful, soft, violet eyes—had something sensuous and voluptuous in it.

Enderby did not think so. He loved the woman—or was it the woman he imagined her to be?—and that was enough.

Cecil let her soft little hand lie in his for a moment, then she drew him towards the silk-covered couch from which she had risen.

"It was good of you to come," she said, in her low, caressing voice. "We shall have tea presently. I suppose I needn't ask you how you enjoyed my crush? People never do enjoy crushes. Why do we give them at all? Oh, I often wish I had the courage of my convictions, and could throw off this yoke of social fashions and conventions, and be what I should like best to be—a simple human being, asking to my house only those I really cared for, and being able to interchange thought and friendly kindness with them!"

As a matter of fact, Miss Lennox would not have given up her "social fashions and conventions" for anything that could have been given her in exchange. But she was clever enough to suit her tastes, as well as her conversation, to the individual characters of her companions.

(To be Continued.)

How Plants Gain Weight.

As far as is known the first botanical experiment ever performed was conducted by a Dutchman. He placed in a pot 200 pounds of dried earth, and in it he planted a willow branch which weighed five pounds. He kept the whole covered up and daily watered the earth with rainwater. After five years' growth the willow was again weighed and was found to have gained 164 pounds. The earth in the pot was dried and weighed and had lost only two ounces. The experimentalist, therefore, looked upon this experiment as supporting the theory that plants required no food but water. But he was wrong. Later it was discovered that much of the increase in weight of plants was derived from carbonic acid gas in the air. Vegetable cells contain a liquid known as "cell sap," which is water holding in solution various materials which have been taken up from without by the roots and leaves. Thus it is in the living cells of the plant that those "digestive" processes are carried on which were once believed to occur in the soil.

Coachman Obeys Orders.

From Downs there is reported an instance of "carrying a message to Garcia," which did not result so satisfactorily as it might. G. W. Young telegraphed his coachman at Downs to "meet me tonight with team at Salem." Salem being a small town a few miles away. But when the coachman received the message it read, "Meet me tonight with team at Salina," a big town ninety-six miles away. The coachman asked the telegraph operator to have the message repeated, and it came "Salina" again, whereupon he started for that place and reached it by night, though he ruined both horses in the finest team of Osborne county.—Kansas City Journal.

Historic Hurricanes in the Southern States.

1840—Adams county, Mississippi; 317 killed, 100 injured; loss, \$1,260,000.

1842—Adams county, Mississippi; 500 killed; great property loss. 1880—Barry, Stone, Webster and Christian counties, Missouri; 100 killed; 600 injured; 200 buildings destroyed; loss, \$1,000,000.

1880—Noxubee county, Mississippi; 22 killed, 72 injured; 55 buildings destroyed; loss, \$100,000.

1880—Fannin county, Texas; 40 killed, 83 injured; 49 buildings destroyed. 1882—Henry and Saline counties, Missouri; 8 killed, 53 injured; 247 buildings destroyed; loss, \$300,000.

1883—Kemper, Copiah, Simpson, Newton and Lauderdale counties, Mississippi; 51 killed, 200 injured; 160 buildings destroyed; loss, \$300,000.

1883—Izard, Sharp and Clay counties, Arkansas; 5 killed, 162 injured; 60 buildings destroyed; loss, \$200,000.

1884—North and South Carolina, Mississippi, Georgia, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, and Illinois; 800 killed, 2,500 injured; 10,000 buildings destroyed. These storms constituted an unparalleled series of tornadoes, there being over sixty of them scattered over the territory after 10 o'clock the morning of Feb. 9. 1890—Louisville, Ky.; 76 killed, 200 injured; 900 buildings destroyed; loss, \$2,150,000.

Storm cut a path 1,000 feet wide through the center of the city. 1891—Louisiana and Mississippi; 10 killed, 50 injured.