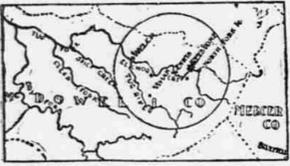


WEST VIRGINIA FLOODS

500 Lives May Be Lost

A cloudburst in the Pocahontas coal fields in West Virginia destroyed hundreds of lives and millions of dollars of property Sunday. The wall of water swept through a narrow mountain valley already flooded by thirty-three hours of continuous, heavy rains. Two ridges of the Allegheny Mountains hemmed it in and helped it to gather force. It swept a dozen busy towns. It destroyed many miles of railroad tracks and telegraph lines. It tore from the hillsides the outer building of hundreds of coal mines, and it carried locomotives and trains of cars down the valley. The cataclysm crushed and drowned the inhabitants by hundreds as they struggled to escape up the mountain sides. The loss of life is estimated at 500. The loss to railroad and mining property is at least \$2,000,000 and the loss to other property probably as much more. These figures are, however, merely approximations, for communication with many of the villages is yet impossible.

Fearful Loss Is Possible.
The flood may prove to have been a more disastrous one to life than the Johnstown horror, and the list of the dead may mount into thousands, or it may be that there was sufficient warning to permit the escape of the great majority of the people. Reports from many places indicate, however, that hundreds of bodies are floating down with the flood. The difficulty of getting relief to the district for perhaps a week or ten days until the railway lines are replaced means that there will probably be great suffering among people who were fortunate enough to save their lives, as all their stores were swept away. Fifteen hundred

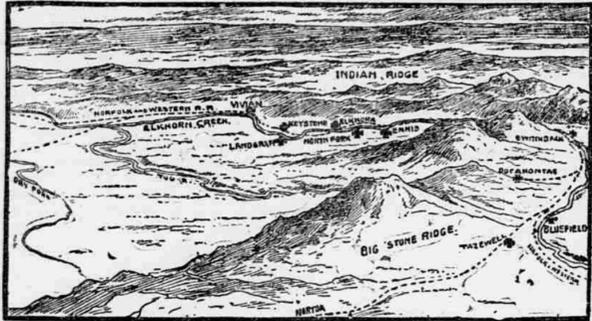


MAP OF DISTRICT FLOODED.

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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, in McDowell county, in the southwestern part of West Virginia. Another valley to the south of this one



BIRD'S-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, Indian Ridge to the north and Big Stone Ridge to the south. In some places the valley is not over a quarter of a mile wide, the hills rising precipitously from the banks of the stream, along which ran the track of the Norfolk and Western railroad. Over the high valley when the atmosphere was heated to a high degree the winds brought clouds saturated with moisture. The fall of rain that resulted was tremendous. The swollen mountain streams all poured their water into the Elkhorn and the narrow valley was filled by it.

Dreadful Deluge of Waters.
Then came the cloudburst. Its wall of water started down the valley shortly before 9 o'clock in the morning, and the damage had all been done by 11. There was nothing in its path that could resist it. Houses were whirled away like sticks, railway embankments melted like snow in the sunlight. There was just a few minutes

given the people to save themselves on the hills, and then all was over for those who had failed. The region of the worst destruction stretches from Welch, the county seat, on the west to Coalfield on the east, a distance of about twenty miles. Of the towns between, Keystone, a place of 2,000 inhabitants, is reported to have suffered the most.

Two Hundred Are Dead at Keystone.
The death list there is reported to mount up toward 200. Sixty-six dead bodies have been recovered. There were thirty-five saloons in that town, and of them only one is left standing, it being located high on the hillside. The rumor is that it is the only building in the town still standing. Vivian,

the next largest town, is reported to have been almost wiped out of existence. In both of these towns the miners had assembled with their Saturday night's pay. They cannot have got back to their mountain huts, and must have shared the fate of the inhabitants. After the flood the railroad company started men on foot to walk along the hillsides to survey the condition of the line. A trainmaster, who walked the twelve miles between Vivian and North Fork, counted thirty-eight dead bodies floating on the surface. That is an indication of what may be expected when full information is obtained.

Flee from Water.
The remarkably heavy rains of the past few weeks have caused the flooding of a number of mines in the Carbonate section of the anthracite coal belt in Pennsylvania and operations have been suspended at four collieries, throwing about 7,000 men and boys out of employment.
At the Glenwood mine the water has reached the height of 33 feet, and is still rising despite the fact that extra pumps have been put in says a special telegram from Scranton. At several of the mines the pumps generally used are under water and others will have to be put in place.
The damage at all the mines will reach tremendous figures.

Some Historic Disasters.
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, 40 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, 100 buildings destroyed; loss, \$300,000.
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.
1890—Louisville, Ky.; 76 killed, 200 injured, 900 buildings destroyed; loss, \$2,150,000. Storm cut a path 1,000 feet wide through the city.
1893—Savannah, Ga., and Charleston, S. C., and southern coast; 1,000 killed and great destruction of property.
1893—Gulf coast of Louisiana; 2,000 killed; great destruction of property.
1896—St. Louis cyclone; 500 killed, 1,000 injured; great property loss.
1900—Galveston, Texas, flooded by tidal wave from gulf; 6,000 lives lost, thousands more injured; property loss, over \$40,000,000.

A Manila Mint Discussed.
A prominent government official in discussing the proposition for the establishment of a mint at Manila said recently:
"I have heard nothing about the matter since the adjournment of Congress, but I know that it is receiving the attention of the war department, which is obtaining all the information possible on the subject. Army officers seem to favor the establishment of a mint at Manila and an effort to substitute American coinage for the Mexican now in general use. There is considerable opposition, however, as it is certain that to attempt to push the American dollar and redeem it in gold would precipitate commercial disturbances that might result in disaster. Secretary Gage is opposed, and I am inclined to think that this plan will not be adopted."

houses were overflowed and the families took refuge in the second stories, from which they were rescued.
In the mad rush to escape the families were separated and the children lost, and this added to the general excitement, making it impossible to accurately estimate the loss of life.
The scene along the Elkhorn valley beggars description, and the full damage and loss of life cannot be correctly ascertained for several days. Relief movements have started and telegrams are being received from other cities offering assistance.

personal bravery that, though never recklessly or boastfully evidenced, was still manifested on more than one occasion.
An extended public career was scarcely possible for one of his years, yet in the short time that elapsed between his graduation from Yale and his death he had achieved a reputation worthy of emulation. Upon his return from the Philippines trip he was appointed United States consul at Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal republic.
Secretary of State Hay collapsed at New Haven, Conn., under the strain of fatigue and mental agony Sunday evening as he stood by the remains of his son Adelbert, whose dead body was found on the sidewalk in front of the New Haven Hotel at 2:30 a. m. The secretary was at once assisted to his bed and a physician summoned. An hour later his daughter, Miss Helen Hay, arrived, and, although herself nearly prostrated by the news of her brother's sudden death, assumed the care of her father.

drift mouth until the town was partly inundated. He made his way to the cabin that served as his home, where his wife and new-born babe were lying helpless. He tried to rescue both, and after a fierce battle with the flood, which was filled with logs and debris, he reached a place of safety only to discover that both were dead.
From Enns, W. Va., to Vivian, a distance of ten miles, the country was lined with debris of all kinds.
At Elkhorn the lower floors of all the

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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INTRODUCTION.

Horam, King of Damascus, then at its glory as the zenith city of the east, bemoaned the coming of old age without prospective heir to the throne. In his younger days he had loved Helen, his queen, but fearing that she was disloyal to him had her cast into the black, swift flowing Phorpar. At the time the story opens Ulin, the daughter of Aboul Cassem, the king's prime minister, three times dreams that she has become the wife of the king and that a son being born to them is heir to the throne. Cassem tells the story to the king. The latter having long admired the many charms of Ulin, seeks an interview with her and on the sixth day following they are to be married. He thereupon abolishes his harem. Within the week Albia, the pretty slave maid-in-waiting to Ulin, tells the story of the tragic fate of Helen. The story makes a deep impression and preys upon the mind of the bride-to-be. But her father urges her on and she now deems it a sacred duty to become the queen. On the morning set for the wedding Ulin's mother dies. According to the laws of Damascus she must go into mourning retirement for thirty days. Horam agrees with her father that she shall pass the period of mourning in a secluded palace in the beautiful Valley of Lycanium. This valley is the sole possession of the king and can only be reached by one passage through a mighty mountain, capable of admitting but one person at a time. Thither Ulin goes with Albia, where they are placed under the protection of the attendants by the king and Ulin's father. Six days after their entering Horam returns unexpectedly. Ulin acting on the suggestion of Albia, treats him kindly.

CHAPTER I.

Julian the Scourge.

She asked if her father had come. "No, my sweet lady," returned Horam. "He was busy. It may appear unseemly for me to come hither alone; but my great love and my deep solicitude for your welfare, must be my excuse. I hope you have found it pleasant here."

The maiden said she could not have asked for a more pleasant place of abode.

The king was charmed by her smiling speech—so different from what she had ever before given him—and he fondly believed that she was delighted with his presence.

Ulin, fearing that the least sign of coldness or reserve might excite the jealousy of the grey-headed monarch, and bring down upon her some terrible evil, exerted all her powers of pleasantness, and wore the smile upon her face while a pang was in her bosom.

But Horam's visit was destined to be cut short. While he was, for the sixth time making excuses for his visit the door of the apartment was unceremoniously opened and a black entered—not one of those who had been on guard in the valley but a stranger to Ulin, covered with sweat and dust, as though he had been riding hard and fast.

"Ha!" cried the king, starting to his feet. "How now, Sadak? What is the meaning of this?"

"Pardon, sire. I knew not that you were thus engaged. They only told me that you were here and I stopped to inquire no further."

"Not that—not that Sadak. Why have you come from Damascus in such hot haste?"

"I came to inform you sire that Julian the Scourge of Damascus is approaching our city!"

"Death and devastation!" cried Horam starting back with alarm. "How know you this?"

"We heard from him by way of a merchant who was in a caravan that he had robbed."

"What caravan?"

"The caravan from Tadmoor, with the riches which were on their way from Bassora."

"Those riches were mine," said Horam.

"Aye, sire; and Julian took them— took all that belonged to you, but spared the poorer merchants. But that is not the worst. He sends word that he will lay Damascus in ashes. Aboul Cassem bade me hasten hither and give you warning."

The king was fairly beside himself with fear and rage. The name of Julian was a terror to him, and at the sound thereof he trembled exceedingly. And he seemed to fear more than the mere physical prowess of the Scourge. There was a mystic quality in his fear—a nameless dread of the avenger.

"Where is the demon now?" he asked, after he had gazed awhile in silence upon the messenger.

"He is not far from the city, sire. Somewhere to the eastward, we think. Your journey back, if you make haste, will be safe."

"I will return," cried the monarch, smiting his fists together; "and I will bring out an army and sweep this terrible Scourge from off the face of the earth!"

He bade Sadak go and make ready for the start, and then he turned to Ulin.

"You will be safe here, sweet one; and it will not be long before our happiness shall be complete."

His words of parting were few, for he was much excited, and his voice trembled as he spoke. He turned back once after he had reached the door, as though he would say something, but finally went away without giving the intended speech. From a window

Ulin watched the royal cavalcade until it had disappeared within the narrow pass, and when the last man had gone from her sight she turned to her companion.

"Albia, what is it about this terrible robber—this Scourge of Damascus? I have heard something about him. I heard my father once speak of him; but my little knowledge of the world did not lead me to be inquisitive. Do you know anything about him?"

"I have heard a great deal of him, my lady. He has been a terror to Damascus for a great many years."

"How many years, Albia? I was thinking that my father said he had not been long known in this section."

"I may be mistaken," said Albia, trying to recollect herself. "I know that he is a terrible Scourge, and that men fear him; but I do not know how many years he has been so. It may not be so many as I thought."

"But who is he? Where did he come from?"

"Ah, there is a mystery, my dear mistress. Nobody knows where he came from; but it is said that he is one whose family has suffered some great calamity at the hands of Horam. He is alone in the world, so far as relatives are concerned, and Horam hath done it; and so he comes to seek vengeance. He has a large body of bold men under him, and twice has he met and overcome the forces which the king had sent out to capture him. He does not rob as common robbers do. He never troubles the poor, or those of the middle class; but the rulers and princes of Damascus he causes to suffer."

"Did you ever see him, Albia?"

"Mercy! no. I would not see him for the world. He must be terrible to look upon. I have heard one of your father's officers say that he could strike a blow with his fist to fell an ox, and that before the lightning of his eye brave men shrank in terror. O, I should be afraid to see him."

"It seems to me that I should like to see such a man," said Ulin, in a musing tone. "I have never seen such men. The man whose arm can strike down an ox, and whose eye flashes forth such power, could not harm a helpless maiden."

"Upon my life, you have a curious taste," Albia returned.

"Because," added Ulin, with a smile, "I never had my taste cultivated. Still, in all seriousness, it does seem to me that I should love to lean upon a strong, bold man. If I were to love a man with my whole heart, I should like him to be so strong and so powerful and so brave, that his very presence would be protection to me. Is that very strange?"

"It is so strange," replied the slave, significantly, "that I fancy the king would feel new cause for jealousy if he should hear you say so."

"When I am the king's wife I shall be true to him, and I shall honor and respect him. I will love him if I can. But, Albia, there is no need of saying more. We will have our dinner, and then we will walk out into the garden."

Suddenly a messenger appears asking for assistance from the guard. With 50 stalwart guards he hurries toward the gates.

"What can it be?" cried the princess, in alarm.

But Albia could not imagine. She could only beg of her mistress to take courage, and hope for no evil.

Ere long, however, another messenger came to the palace, who made his way to the room where the princess was sitting. He trembled with excitement.

"How now, Aswad?" demanded Ulin. "What is the meaning of all this disturbance?"

"Alas, my lady, an enemy is at our gates. The terrible Scourge of Damascus demands entrance into the valley."

"What does he seek?"

"I dare not tell you."

"What seeks he?" cried the princess, authoritatively. "If there is danger, I would know what it is."

"There may not be danger for you, lady. We may beat the robber off. We will do so if we can."

"But the king told me that a handful of determined men could hold that pass against a thousand."

"But these are not ordinary men. This Julian is a very demon, and I verily believe that he hath more than human power. Still we will do the best that we can."

"You have not told me what he seeks. Answer me that question—answer it without further hesitation."

"He seeks the maiden whom the king is to take for a wife."

"Seeks me?" uttered the princess, with a start.

"Yes, my lady. Such is his avowal."

"In mercy's name, good Aswad, protect me. Let not that dreadful robber gain access to the valley."

"Hurry, hurry!" cried Albia. "Away to your companions, and bid them strain every nerve. If they suffer the Scourge of Damascus to gain passage hither they know what the wrath of the king must be."

"Powers of heaven!" cried Ulin with clasped hands and quivering frame "the demon must not find us."

"You are not so anxious to see him as you were" remarked Albia. "I thought your whim was a strange one."

"Speak not of that" said Ulin quickly and severely. "I meant not that I would have him come to seek me. O Albia, what can he want?"

"Indeed, my mistress, I dare not

think. But let us look in another direction. If he does not find us, we care not why he comes. Ha! See! Here comes Aswad again. He looks frightened."

Aswad entered the chamber with trembling step and seemed afraid to speak; but the demand of the princess opened his lips.

"Lady, I fear that the robber will prevail against us. He is accompanied by fierce, furious men, who fight like lions, and his own sword is irresistible. His body is covered with scales of finest steel and the blows of our men fall harmless upon him."

"But the dreadful man has not yet broken through?" said Ulin eagerly.

"No, lady. Our brave men fight as well as they can."

"Has the robber entered the pass?"

"Not far."

"Then you may hold him at bay yet. O, Aswad, if you would be blessed forevermore let not the Scourge gain the valley!"

"We will do our best, lady; but you must be prepared for the worst. If we are finally overcome you must hide yourself."

"Where? Where can we hide?" asked Albia.

"In the palace or somewhere in the gardens; or upon the mountains."

"There is no hiding place which a keen eye would not detect. I have looked in every direction. So, Aswad, save us by your stout arms."

"I fear the demons will prevail," said Ulin, in a tone of breathless suspense.

"I dare not hope otherwise," returned Albia.

"If they do come, we must find some place in which to hide."

"Alas, my dear mistress, there is no such place. If we go up among the rocks, we not only run the risk of being easily found, but we run the greater risk of starving."

"I would rather starve than fall into the dread Julian's hands," said Ulin.

"It would be a terrible death to starve upon those bleak rocks!" returned Albia, with a shudder. "But I will share your fate, my mistress, let it be what it may."

"And would not death by starvation be preferable to the fate which must meet us if that monster captures us? O, Albia, I cannot think of it!"

Before the slave could reply they saw Aswad again coming toward them; but he did not enter the palace. He struck off into a path that led to the westward, and fled with all his might. Directly afterwards a score of the guards came rushing from the pass, and when they had gained the open space, they threw down their swords and sank upon their knees.

"What means that?" cried Ulin. "Are they killed?"

"No," answered Albia. "They are overcome, and have surrendered. See! there come the victors!"

"Let us flee!" exclaimed the princess, starting to her feet. "O, we must find some place of refuge!"

Albia was more thoughtful. She saw very plainly that flight would be useless.

"My dear mistress," she said, taking Ulin's hand. "We must hope for the best. If we leave the palace, we shall be overtaken at once; for the way to the mountains lies only through the park of fountains. If we flee to the garden in the rear, we shall be surely found, and it may be worse for us in the end. If this dreadful Julian has the least spark of humanity in his bosom, he will respect you more in your own chamber than he would if he found you hiding in the garden."

"Spirits of mercy defend us!" ejaculated the princess, clasping her hands upon her bosom, and sinking back in her seat. "O, Albia, Albia, the presence of the king would now be a blessing!"

The faithful slave crept close to her mistress, and tried to speak words of comfort; but her own fears were too deep and intense to permit comforting power to her words. She could not be calm in view of the coming of that dreadful man, at the sound of whose name even the monarch trembled.

(To be continued.)

Dress in the Senate.

It is not always safe to judge a man by his clothes, but dress goes a long way in certain localities. If any one doubts our democracy let him spend a day in the gallery of the United States Senate, the least dignified "Upper House" of legislation in the world. "Befo' de wah" all members were clean shaven, wore black frocks and high stocks, beavers, peg-top trousers, and a solemn air of public importance privately expressed. They believed in their hearts that they were statesmen, and the world acknowledged them as such. Dignity was their chief quality, pride their most cherished possession. The old-timers, like Morgan, Teller, Cockrell, Berry, Proctor and Daniel, still wear their before-the-war clothes, dignity and pride, but the post-bellum regiment of politicians is uniformed in the sack suit or the cutaway.—New York Press.

The West Point of Mexico.

In Mexico experience has conclusively shown that officers and even soldiers cannot be improvised, and the very first care of General Diaz has been to establish a good school for instructing scientific officers. The military school of Chapultepec in its actual condition is the fruit of his efforts. Many foreign officers of different nationalities have visited that establishment and believe that it ranks among the first in the comprehensiveness and perfection of military instruction there imparted and in the severe but just discipline to which the cadets are subjected.—National Geographic Magazine.

Not all are asleep who have their eyes shut.

DEATH OF SECRETARY HAY'S SON.



ADELBERT S. HAY.

Adelbert S. Hay, who was killed at Yale college last week, was the eldest son of the secretary of state and was born while the latter was living in Cleveland, O., about twenty-five years ago. His second name is Stone, which he bears in memory of the late Amasa Stone, his maternal grand sire. He was educated in private schools of Cleveland and prepared at St. Paul's Academy in Concord, N. H., for Yale. At the university he was a popular scholar, for, though outwardly reserved in manner, he was capable of warm and steadfast friendships, and was of charming manners. At Yale Adelbert gave much time to athletics, and thus splendidly developed his naturally robust frame, so that he stood at 21 full six feet high, with chest and limbs of corresponding proportions. The stalwart figure of young Hay, with the look of reserve power in his face, undoubtedly went far towards securing for him the respect and consideration which is not always exhibited to one of his years.

With the physique went a degree of

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 from the coke ovens which lined the Vivian yards. The passengers caught the ropes and willing hands dragged them from the flooded train and over the open barricades.

The pathetic story of a Hungarian family at Keystone, is told. The father was at work in the mines and when the alarm was given, did not reach the