

THE DAILY BEE.

MAHA PUBLISHING CO., PROPRIETORS. 916 Farnham, bet. 9th and 10th Streets.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

LEAVE OMAHA. No. 2 through passenger, 11 a. m. No. 1, Oakland passenger, 8:30 a. m.

ARRIVING FROM THE WEST AND NORTHWEST. O. & N. W. No. 1, through passenger, 8:30 a. m.

Opening and Closing of Malts. OMAHA. Abstract and Real Estate. JOHN L. MCCAGUE, opposite Post Office.

Business Directory.

Abstract and Real Estate. JOHN L. MCCAGUE, opposite Post Office. W. L. BARTLETT 317 South 13th Street.

OMAHA

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NEVER GUMS! Used on Wagons, Buggies, Reapers, Thrashers and Mill Machinery.

THE FLOOD.

Not Noah's, but one equally as disastrous as far as it went, as they know in Minnesota.

Lucy Fanchen, standing in her brother-in-law's door-way, looking out over the snow at the figure of a man who had just turned and waved his hat to her, had no idea it was coming.

"Lucy," called her sister from the little bedroom, "who was the man at the door?"

"Charlie Rosecoe," said Lucy, demurely, "what is it to you, Colonel?"

"What is it to me. I'll teach you, miss, when Peter comes you shall go home and marry Joe Alm, as you have been told. You're not a Yankee girl, if you have been to their school, and you shall do as you are told. I'll ask old Gaudiere to go for Father, Cleverly when he comes into the house."

"I don't care," said Lucy, still more defiantly, "you may get a dozen priests, if you like, I'll not marry Joe Alm if he has a thousand cattle. Charlie is better with nothing."

"So foolish you talk, what do you know you are not to talk alone with men at my door, it is not decent. You should go back to France, miss, and learn manners, and not to talk of your priests so disrespectfully. Fix the fire and come and take the baby and let not Charlie Rosecoe come here once more!"

Lucy filled the stove with corn, the railroads had brought but little wood yet and that was so dear they still used corn as they had done during the blockade. When she had done that she took the baby and sat by the window, rocking it and looking out on the snow where Charlie had passed out of sight.

Old Gaudiere had come in from the barn where he had been to take care of the cattle and horse, and Colomb was telling through the open bedroom door of Lucy's rebellion. The old man muttered and Colomb scolded, but Lucy only looked more rebellious and defiant than ever, and gave them a sharp answer now and then, tossing her black braids about with every scornful movement of her coquettish head.

The old man mumbled and muttered about the black night, and that some one had told him the river was rising above there, but Lucy paid no attention to his words, and after once more removing the fire lay down on the lounge near the door of her sister's room, ready to answer any call during the night.

Sometime in the night, she did not know how long she had been asleep, she was awakened by a terrible crashing and grinding about the house. She could not tell what it meant, she had never heard anything like it. Colomb was screaming and old Gaudiere stood on the stairs half-dressed and wholly terror stricken muttering about the river.

The water began to pour in under the door and almost while Lucy looked it rose ankle-deep. She rushed to her sister's bed and called to the old man. She had bound many an acre of wheat, and her arms were not weak, and with the help of the old man could give her they dragged off the bed with her sister and the baby upon it, and by much pulling and pushing got them up the narrow stair-way.

The grinding and crashing continued; they could hardly hear each other speak, and the water rose rapidly. Lucy could see it rising higher and higher on the stairs, she had hurried back and matched the lamp from the table as soon as Colomb was safe upstairs. She had to wade through water to do it, and noticed that even then it was as high as the chair seats and was putting out the fire. She watched the water as it crept step by step up those stairs and soon saw they would not be safe there. The only place of escape left was the attic and that was a very small and low one, but they must take refuge there. She set her wits to work to plan a way to reach it. The chamber was unfinished, only a few loose boards lay on the beams overhead. Old Gaudiere's bed stood near and an old rickety table beside it. She placed the table on the bed and got the old man up on the beams, then she reached up bed clothes and a feather bed and directed him to arrange a bed on the loose boards, finally she lifted Colomb till she had her where the old man could take hold of the quilts about her and pull her up.

They were not a minute too soon, for just as she reached up the baby and prepared to swing herself up from the old table, there came another and louder crash, the house rocked to and fro for a minute, the lamp went down with a crash, there was a rush and sweep of water, and they felt they were moving off. Colomb was shrieking and the old man fairly howling in terror. Lucy put her hand down between the beams below them, it struck into the water. It was as high as that then, it would soon be over at that rate. She thought of Charlie, where was he? He had gone straight on down the valley, he would be drowned. She cried out at that for the first time, but just then the house surged to one side and Colomb shrieked, and they all huddled down together in the darkness.

On and on they went, the house swinging to and fro in the current, the water dashing and splashing about, and the ice grinding and crashing outside. The old man mumbled his prayers and Colomb repeated hers, shrieking out now and then to some saint for mercy, or calling loudly to Lucy to stay near her. How long this lasted they could not tell, but after what seemed to them a lifetime, the house stood still. When they were they did not know but Lucy, digging open a little crack in the gable, could see cakes of ice all about, and beyond that the river running furiously by. A church was floating along with the current, and above all the grinding of the ice and rush of the water, she could hear the awful tolling of its bell. Down on the cakes of ice stood Colomb's best cow, chewing her cud as if she were safe at home in her stall.

The hours passed on drearily enough with no food, no fire, no light, only the darkness and noise. It was now, Lucy could see that, but the little stie was still dark. But it was some consolation to know that they were standing still, and no longer in that crushing, crushing mass. Lucy widened the crack in the gable as the day passed on, and reported what she saw. A lot of wood went by out in the river—wood that had been placed

on the river bank for the use of steam-boats when the river opened. She knew what it was well enough, for she had seen some of the neighbors burning a part of it during the blockade. Trees went by, and pieces of houses, and a dead body rolled over and showed her its white, rigid face. She would not look again after that!

Night settled down at last, and that was worse than day; it was pleasant to know that there was light outside even if they could not see it. Lucy did not sleep, the others slept a little, waking with frightened cries that made the night more hideous. She was fearful lest they should start again and the house go to pieces in the ice, but it stood firm, and she began to fear they must stay there and starve. Perhaps the ice had frozen hard enough to allow her to get to shore somewhere, for though the river was open, it seemed frozen solid where they were, which probably was not really the river, only where it had overflowed, and she resolved to try and get out in the morning.

When the first streak of light was visible, she began her work, but having nothing but her hands she was giving up in despair, when Colomb cried out that she heard voices. They listened. Surely there were voices, he had come. They shouted to let the rescuers know they were there and alive, but the voices were growing fainter and fainter, evidently they had concluded no one was there and were going away. With all their united voices they called again and Lucy looked out through her little opening in the wall and saw them, two men and one of them was—yes, it was Charlie Rosecoe. She put her mouth to the opening and called with all her might: "Charlie, oh, Charlie! come back we're here!" Then she looked again and saw they had turned and were running back.

"They're coming, they're coming!" she cried to Colomb; "it's Charlie, he'll save us"—but Colomb had fainted.

The men were not long in making an opening in the roof, for they were prepared with their axes for just such emergencies, having been out at work all night. They carried Colomb, wrapped in the bed clothes, across the ice to the boat and Lucy led old Gaudiere, trembling with fear and weakness, to the same place. They shivered in the bitter morning air, but Lucy soon found work enough to keep her warm in helping the men to pull the boat against the strong current. Cakes of ice came rushing down almost upsetting them at times, and long timbers swung around perilously near the boat as they were dashing down the river. Luck asked Charlie where they were, and how far they had come. Below him, he told her, and they had come 15 miles, fifteen miles in a rocking, surging ice, among those enormous cakes of ice, she shivered again at her rowing.

"Do you know that place?" asked Charlie. Lucy looked and saw a solitary house, standing amid enormous cakes of ice, so black from mud and sand covering them and contained in them that they looked more like cakes of black lava than ice. That was like no place she had ever seen.

"That is Glenn Island," said Charlie. She looked again she could not believe it. Glenn Island was a very little town; she and Charlie had come to school there, and it had churches, stores, schools and houses in plenty. It could not be.

"There is the railroad," continued Charlie, as they got back near their own home, or what had been home. Lucy could only see a vast sea stretching out on every hand, with a swift current in the center and blocks of ice and mud here and there in every direction. Sometimes there was the roof of a house or barn and a few cattle perched on top of some straw stacks, or standing in the water half-way up to their backs, the ice frozen so thickly about them that they could not move. She could see no signs of the railroad; if it was where Charlie pointed, it was buried under tons of ice.

"Do you know this farm?" asked Charlie again. Lucy looked and saw acres of land plunging into the river. Dead bodies of cattle lay here and there, caught among one of the cakes of ice, and a part of a harvester whirled by them in the water. No, she had never seen it, she was sure.

"That is Jo Alm's," said Charlie. She caught her breath and looked again. All those broad acres and barns and horses and cattle, that her sister had talked of so often, gone. As she looked, she caught sight of a man wedged in between two large cakes of ice not far from them.

"There's a man, Charlie," she said under her breath for the sight of him had sent a horror to her.

"It's Jo," cried Charlie as the boat swung around so they could see his face, "and he's dead."

Colomb cried out at that and begged them not to stop, and indeed they could not in that swift river. How terrible it all seemed as they went on. Far off, the bluffs, like the banks of the sea, in the center of which was their struggling boat, on every side roofs of churches, houses, barns, or wrecks of them all. The comfortable farms, that the year before had been covered with wheat, buried in water and ice, some half washed into the river, and some covered with a deposit of sand that had ruined them for years, at least. Cattle, horses, reapers, mowers, everything gone, and sometimes the owners, too, like poor Joe. Great trees were torn up by the roots or cut off clean at their joints, some stripped of their bark, their large trunks seeming half human as they lay there ruined and helpless.

One was still standing, and perched in its branches were three women whom Lucy recognized as her former neighbors, Mrs. Ole Olson, Mrs. Stark Starbuck and Mrs. Peterson. Each had a babe in her arms and all called loudly for help. The men brought the boat as near as possible to them, and promised to send them help at once, but their boat was full. The women begged pitously. They had all got together in one house, they said, and when that was going had climbed into this tree and had been there all night and were cold. Colomb knew their husbands were with Peter after wood, but she asked where Mrs. Olson's other children were, and the poor woman broke out sobbing and said they were in the

river, Sarah had slipped down into the water when they tried to get up in the tree and Hans had dropped off in the night when she had fallen asleep just a minute.

Further on Charlie pointed out a house standing on higher land than the others, where he told Lucy a family were up stairs waiting to be taken off if need be, but allowing others in more danger to go first, and near by a man had lain in another house with both hands and feet frozen so badly the doctors were going to amputate them. At last, they reached their destination, the great elevator where the owner, who had been rich the day before but was now a poor man, was doing all he could to make the people comfortable. They were soon among the other sufferers, some worse off than themselves and the men who had brought them only waited to take a little food, then started out again with others.

Day after day and week after week the flood continued. Skiffs and yawls were hastily built and parties of rescuers were sent out continually. One day they brought in a family who had lived days on raw chickens, the fowls having been driven to the house by fright; and another day it was two old ladies, who had lived more than a week in their barn. Little children, only half dressed and consequently half frozen, were brought from all sorts of strange perches and their rescuers had many a narrow escape while trying to save them. Huge barricades of ice, sometimes 30 feet high, must be crossed, and again swift, open currents and sometimes this ice, on which planks were laid to make it more secure, or the boats were dragged across to reach another open place. Day after day they brought them in, taking 60 persons from the roof of one large house and picking up others here and there, all half frozen and half starved and wholly destitute. The owner of the elevator drew up by means of pulleys a few cattle that had been saved, slaughtering them on one of the upper floors and feeding the people. They had no lights, for the kerosene and even the candles had given out everywhere the boats could reach, but they bore that quite patiently as long as they had some sort of food.

Peter returned with his neighbors, but they came in a boat and their wood went on down the river. Neither he nor Colomb said a word more against Charlie's love-making, though they saw it was progressing in the intervals he had from his work in the boats, and even old Gaudiere could not forget that Charlie saved his life, and if he muttered it was only to praise him.

And Lucy and Charlie think the flood was not altogether without its advantages.

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