

GALVESTON FLOODED

Ten People Dead and Property Loss Will Reach \$100,000.

ENTIRE GULF COAST IS SWEEPED

Seawall Built After Former Devastation Saves City From Complete Destruction.

Galveston, Tex., July 22.—A hurricane equaling in violence the one that devastated this city nine years ago, swept in from the Gulf of Mexico yesterday, did \$100,000 worth of damage in the city proper, cost the lives of about a dozen people, cut off all rail and telegraphic communication with the mainland and then swept on inland, leaving a wake of destruction and suffering behind.

Owing solely to the warnings sent out by the weather bureau that had first detected the storm in the Caribbean sea, the shipping at the port here escaped damage, all vessels being made snug before the fury of the gale struck. The 17-foot seawall, built two years after the former devastation of the city, kept the huge waves from eating away the land as they had done before, but this wall was not sufficient to keep the water from the lower streets, from whence it poured into the warehouse cellars, damaging thousands of dollars' worth of goods.

Ten people were drowned in the water that swept over a portion of Tarpon pier, seven miles from the city. They were washed from the rock promontories into the gulf and the bodies have not yet been recovered.

During the height of the gale a heavy dredge which was at work in the channel behind the island, broke from its moorings and was swept into the steel railroad bridge that connects Galveston with the mainland. The impact of the blow at once severed telephone and telegraph wires, and for a time fears were felt on the mainland that a repetition of the disaster of nine years ago had occurred.

Sweeping westward, the tropical storm, which had been central over the gulf for 24 hours or more struck Galveston shortly after 11 o'clock. The wind attained a velocity of 68 miles an hour, and heaved the waters of Galveston bay up against the island and flooded the section that had not been raised. The water backed up into the main streets. The principal damage, however, was confined to the beach front, where bath houses and pleasure piers were swept away, but shipping was not disturbed.

A hurricane for East Texas was forecasted early in the day, and when the storm broke, Galveston was prepared. The inhabitants of the few scattered houses sought safety, as did the vessels riding at anchor in the bay. The fury of the storm soon abated and the anxiety of those who entertained fears of another tidal wave were thus early relieved. So short was the duration of the storm, that a Mallory line steamer, booked to start from New York shortly after noon, left on time.

VOLCANO BURSTS FORTH.

Sumatran Villages Are Devastated by Eruption and Floods.

Victoria, B. C., July 22.—News was brought by the Norwegian steamer Tricolor, which passed in today from Sourabaya, Java, of a disastrous earthquake on the west coast of Sumatra, the second largest island in the Malay archipelago, in mid-June.

According to the report received by the Tricolor 200 lives were lost. The earthquake followed an eruption of Mount Korintji, a volcanic peak 12,400 feet high, and inland 50 miles from Indrapura. Mount Korintji has long been supposed to be extinct, its crater having been filled with a large lake.

Following the eruption of the volcano and the earthquake there were torrential rains, flooding the rivers and causing additional losses.

Cloudburst Wrecks Ouray.

Ouray, Colo., July 22.—Fifty families are homeless, seven business and residence squares are inundated and property has been damaged to the extent of \$30,000, as the result of a cloudburst that came upon this city this afternoon. Cascade and Portland creeks overflowed their banks and became raging torrents through a portion of the town. Several persons were rescued from the windows of floating houses by men on horseback. It is believed two weeks will be required to clear away the debris.

Storm Sweeps Over Wisconsin.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 22.—Reports from Northern Wisconsin, particularly in the neighborhood of Ashland, tell of serious losses as a result of a cloudburst. The estimates of the loss range from \$450,000 to \$700,000. Innumerable bridges and dams are reported as carried away, and the situation on the Ojibwa Indian reservation is serious. In the summer resort country enormous damage has been done to the small houses.

Duluth Damaged \$1,000,000.

Duluth, Minn., July 22.—Duluth was flooded again tonight, the second time within 24 hours. The damage may reach \$1,000,000. Nearly three inches of rain fell in an hour and a half. The water poured into the Bijou theater, where a performance was in progress, and a panic was narrowly averted.

LEAVES DEATH AND RUINS.

Meager Reports From Gulf Storm Show Great Destruction.

Houston, Tex., July 23.—The West India hurricane that swept from one end of the Texas coast to the other Wednesday brought death to 12 outside of Galveston, fatally injured four and seriously wounded 16. Whole towns were devastated and the damage will reach to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

At Bay City half the business section was damaged, including the opera house, one bank, the court house, high school and the city jail.

Every building in Velasco was unroofed or partly demolished and that town tonight was under four feet of water. People escaped in boats on the Colorado river, one mile away.

Reports from the special train on which General Manager W. G. Van Vleck, of the Southern Pacific, left Houston today, indicate that the Lower Coast country suffered greatly.

But few houses at Eagle Lake escaped. The same situation is reported from Lissie, Nowatta and East Bernard.

At Elcampo, the electric light plant is wrecked, all elevators are badly damaged and almost every church in town is wrecked. In the oilfield around Markham derricks were blown down and wells were stripped of machinery.

At Galveston Bay the situation is not as bad as it was first reported. No part of the railroad bridge which spans the arm of the bay between the island and Virginia point was washed away, but 50 feet of the structure was thrown out of alignment by a huge barge.

Communication was established this afternoon with Angleton, a town of 2,000 people on the Gulf coast south of Galveston. Angleton reported that nearly every house in the town had been badly damaged as a result of yesterday's hurricane.

Damage from the storm in the Texas rice belt will reach \$100,000. The towns of Rosenberg, Randon and East Bernard suffered.

A dispatch from Sabine Pass says the gale caused record-breaking tides there, but no serious damage was done. The streets were flooded, but the waters receded rapidly.

LOSS IS HEAVY IN LOUISIANA

Grave Fears for Safety of People in Small Towns Entertained.

New Orleans, July 23.—That there was greater loss of life in Southwest Louisiana than that reported up to 1 o'clock today is confidently believed. Several hundred people have taken refuge in the United States biological station at Cameron, La. The waters of the gulf last night covered a large portion of the parish, rising to a point within six inches of the high water mark made during the storm which destroyed Galveston nine years ago. Much stock has been destroyed.

The gravest fears are still being entertained in connection with the fate of many persons at coast towns. Between Calcasieu Pass, La., and Sabine Pass, Tex., there are several hundred people who have failed to get into communication with the outside world since the hurricane. Heavy damage and possible loss of life is feared at Johnson's Bayou, La.

Reports of damage at settlements and towns as far south as Brownsville, Tex., are coming in.

It is reported that many houses were wrecked in Brazoria and Allenhurst. At Richmond, an interior town, 50 houses are reported to have been partially wrecked.

On account of anxiety felt over the fate of 1,000 or more persons in attendance on the State Baptist Young People's encampment at Palacios, on the coast of Texas, an effort is being made to reach that point. All telegraph wires are down as the result of a storm which swept the entire coast.

Further loss of life is reported from Cameron Parish, La. Basile Dagg, a fisherman, and his young son were caught by the high tide which resulted from the hurricane and were drowned. Another son, 12 years old, managed to escape.

The St. Louis-Brownsville Mexican railway has been advised that the damage at Bay City, Tex., is \$150,000, with two dead and six seriously injured, many others being slightly hurt.

Buffaloes Reach Canada.

Victoria, B. C., July 23.—Canada is now in actual possession of the famous San Pablo buffalo herd, the last contingent, numbering some 500 head, having been rounded up on the Montana hills and driven into the Canadian National park. The drive across the international boundary line was most trying, 14 of the animals dying on the way. Within the confines of the National park are now located the last remnant of the buffalo which once roamed in thousands over the prairie lands of this continent.

To Fortify Prince Rupert.

Victoria, B. C., July 23.—The steamer Princess Royal, which reached port this morning, brought among her passengers General W. D. Otter, inspector general of Canadian fortresses; General Rutherford, Captain H. T. Hughes, royal engineers; Lieutenant Heycock, of H. M. S. Shearwater, and Captain Hay, of the Canadian army, a party sent to locate a chain of fortifications to be established as defenses at Prince Rupert.

Passengers Stay By Ship.

Southampton, July 23.—The North German Lloyd steamer Derfflinger, which grounded on Shingle bank yesterday, is still aground. Her passengers, numbering 190, remain on board, though she is gradually settling and her position is dangerous.

The Main Chance

BY
Meredith Nicholson

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Well, Jim," he said, putting out his hand. "I hope you're feelin' out of sight." Wheaton took his hand and said good evening. He threw open his coat and put down his hat.

"A little fresh air wouldn't hurt you any," he said, tipping himself back in his chair.

"Well, I guess your own freshness will make up for it," said Snyder.

Wheaton did not smile; he was very cool and master of the situation.

"I came to see what you want, and it had better not be much."

"Oh, you cheer up, Jim," said Snyder, with his ugly grin. "I don't know that you've ever done so much for me. I don't want you to forget that I did time for you once."

"You'd better not rely on that too much. I was a poor little kid and all the mischief I ever knew I learned from you. What is it you want now?"

"Well, Jim, you've seen fit to get me fired from that nice lonesome job you got me, back in the country."

"I had nothing to do with it. The ranch owners sent a man here to represent them and I had nothing more to do

with my giving you a pension. I can't do anything or the kind."

His tone gradually softened; he took on an air of patient magnanimity. Snyder broke in with a sneer.

"Look here, Jim, don't try the goody-goody business on me. You think you're mighty smooth and you're mighty good and you're gettin' on pretty fast. Your picture in the papers is mighty handsome, and you looked real swell in them fine clothes up at the banker's talkin' to that girl."

"That's another thing," said Wheaton, still standing. "I ought to refuse to do anything for you after that. Getting drunk and attacking me couldn't possibly do you or me any good. It was sheer luck that you weren't turned over to the police."

"That old preacher gave me a pretty hard jar."

"You ought to be jarred. You're no good. You haven't even been successful in your own particular line of business."

"There ain't nothing against me anywhere," said Snyder, doggedly.

"I have different information," said Wheaton, blandly. "There was the matter of that postoffice robbery in Michigan; attempted bank robbery in Wisconsin, and a few little things of that sort scattered through the country, that make a pretty ugly list. But they say you're not very strong in the profession." He smiled an unpleasant smile.

Snyder drew his feet from the table and jumped up with an oath.

"Look here, Jim, if you ain't playin' square with me—"

"I intend playin' more than square with you, but I want you to know that I'm not afraid of you; I've taken the trouble to look you up. The Pinkertons have long memories," he said, significantly.

Snyder was visibly impressed, and Wheaton made haste to follow up his advantage.

"You've got to get away from here, Billy, and be in a hurry about it. At 10-to-morrow night."

"Make it two hundred, Jim," whined Snyder.

Wheaton paused in the door; Snyder had followed him. They were the same



AND LET HER DRIVE ME ALL OVER TOWN.

with it. The fact is I stretched a point to put you in there. Mr. Saxton has taken the whole matter of the ranch out of my hands."

"Well, I don't know anything about that," said Snyder, contemptuously. "But that don't mean any difference. I'm out, and I don't know but I'm glad to be out. That was a fool job; about the loneliest thing I ever struck. Your friend Saxton didn't seem to take a shine to me; wanted me to go chasing cattle all over the Northwest."

"He flattered you," said Wheaton, a faint smile drawing at the corners of his mouth.

"None of that kind of talk," returned Snyder, sharply. "Now what you got to say for yourself?"

"It isn't necessary for me to say anything about myself," said Wheaton, coolly. "What I'm going to say is that you've got to get out of here in a hurry and stay out."

"Don't get funny, Jim. Large bodies move slowly. It took me a long time to find you and I don't intend to let you go in a hurry."

"I have no more jobs for you; if you stay about here you'll get into trouble. I was a fool to send you to that ranch. I heard about your little round with the sheriff, and the gambling you carried on in the ranch house."

"Well, when you admit you're a fool you're getting on," said Snyder, with a chuckle.

"Now I'm going to make you a fair offer; I'll give you one hundred dollars to clear out—go to Mexico or Canada."

"Raise your price, Jim," said Snyder. "A hundred wouldn't take me very far." "Oh yes, it will. What I'll do," Wheaton went on undisturbed, "is to buy you a ticket to Spokane to-morrow. I'll meet you here and give you your transportation and a hundred dollars in cash. Now that's all I'll do for you, and it's a lot more than you deserve."

"Oh, no, it ain't," said Snyder. "And it's the last I'll ever do." "Don't be too sure of that. I want five hundred and a regular allowance, say twenty-five dollars a month."

"I don't intend to fool with you," said Wheaton, sharply. He rose and picked up his hat. "What I offer you is out of pure kindness; we may as well understand each other. You and I are walkin' along different lines. I'd be glad to see you succeed in some honorable business; you're not too old to begin. I can't have you around here. It's out of the ques-

tion they stood up together.

"That's too much money to trust you with."

"The more money the farther I can get," pleaded Snyder.

"I'll be here at 8 to-morrow night," said Wheaton, "and you stay here until I come."

Two or three men who were sitting in the office below eyed Wheaton curiously as he went out. The thought that they might recognize him from his portraits in the papers pleased him.

He retraced his steps from the hotel and boarded a car filled with people of the laboring class who were returning from an outing in the suburbs. They were making merry in a strange tongue and their boisterous mirth was an offense to him. He was a gentleman of position returning from an errand of philanthropy, and he remained on the platform, where the atmosphere was pure than that within, which was contaminated by the rough young Swedes and their yellow-haired sweethearts. When he reached The Bachelor's the dozing Chinaman told him that all the others were out. He went to his room and spent the rest of the evening reading a novel which he had heard Evelyn Porter mention the night that he had dined at her house.

The next day he bought a ticket to Spokane, and drew one hundred dollars from his account in the bank. He went at 8 o'clock to the Occidental to keep his appointment, and found Snyder patiently waiting for him in the hotel office, holding a shabby valise between his knees.

At the railway station Wheaton stepped inside the door and pulled two sealed envelopes from his pocket. "Here's your ticket, and here's your money. The ticket's good through to Spokane; and that's your train, the first one in the shed. Now I want you to understand that this is the last time, Billy; you've got to work and make your own living. I can't do anything more for you; and what's more, I won't."

"All right, Jim," said Snyder. "You won't ever lose anything by helping me along. You're in big luck and it ain't going to hurt you to give me a little boost now and then."

"This is the last time," said Wheaton, firmly, angry at Snyder's hint for further assistance.

Wheaton stood inside the station and watched the man cross the electric-lighted platform, show his ticket at the gate, and walk to the train. He still waited, watching the car which the man boarded, until the train rolled out into the night.

CHAPTER VIII.

Saxton dined alone at the Clarkson Club, as he usually did, and went afterward to his office, which he still maintained in the Clarkson National Building. He had been studying the report of an engineering expert on a Colorado irrigation scheme and he was trying to master and correct its weaknesses. As he hung over the blue-prints and the pages of figures that lay before him, the flashing red wheels of Mabel Margrave's trap kept interfering. He thought he understood why his friend Warry had been so occupied in his office of late; but whether Warry and Evelyn Porter were engaged or not, Warry ought to find better use for his talents than in amusing Mabel Margrave. The elevator outside discharged a passenger; he heard the click of the wire door as the cage receded, followed by Raridan's quick step in the hall, and Warry broke in on him.

"Well, you're the limit! I'd like to know what you mean by roosting up here and not staying in your room where a white man can find you." He stood with his hands thrust into the pockets of his top-coat, and glared at Saxton, who lay back in his chair. "I wish I could rattle you once and shake you out of your Harvard aplomb!"

"That's a very pretty coat you have on, Mr. Raridan. It must be nice to be a plutocrat and wear clothes like that." "The beastly thing doesn't fit," growled Raridan, throwing himself into a chair. "I don't fit, and my clothes don't fit, and"

"And you're having a fit. You'd better see a nerve specialist."

"I say, Saxton," he said, calmly.

"Well! Has Vesuvius subsided?" Saxton sat up in his chair.

"What a merry-go-round of a fool I make of myself! As I'm a living man, I had no more intention of driving with that girl than I had of going up in a balloon and walking back. You know I never knew her well; I don't want to know her, for that matter; not on your life!"

"Is this a guessing contest? I suppose I'm the goat. Well, you didn't care for Miss Margrave's society; is that what you're driving at? She shan't hear this from me; I'm as safe as a tomb. Moreover, I don't enjoy her acquaintance. Go ahead now, full speed."

"And it was just my luck that I got caught this afternoon," continued Warry, ignoring him. "Sometimes it seems to me that I'm predestined and foreordained to do fool things. I've been working on a washerwoman's suit against the Transcontinental—running their switch through her back yard—and I had put away all kinds of temptation and was feeling particularly virtuous; but here came the Margrave nigger with that girl's note, and I went up the street in long jumps to meet her, and let her drive me all over town and all over the country. I wish you'd do something to me; hit me with a club, or throw me down the elevator, or do something equally brutal and coarse that would jar a little of the folly of me. Why," he continued, with utter self-contempt, through which his humor glimmered, "I ought to have turned down Mabel's invitation as soon as I saw the monogram on her note paper. Three colors, and letters as big as your hand! My instinctive good taste falters, old man; it needs restoring and chastening."

"I quite agree with you, sir. But it's more gallant to abuse yourself than Miss Margrave's stationery—that is, if I am correctly gathering up the crumbs of your thought."

"See here, John, she means a whole lot to me. You know whom I mean." Saxton knew he did not mean Mabel Margrave. "You know," Raridan went on, "we were kids together up there on those hills. We both had our dancing lessons at her house, and did such stunts as that together."

"Yes," said Saxton.

"I want to work and show that I'm some good. I want to make myself worthy of her." He got up and walked the floor, while Saxton sat and watched him. "I can't talk about it; you understand what I want to do. It has seemed to me lately that I have more to overcome than I can ever manage." He stood at the window playing with the cord of the shade and looking out over the town.

Saxton walked to the window and stood by him, saying nothing; and after a moment he put his hand on Raridan's shoulder and turned him round and grasped Warry's slender fingers in his broad, strong hand.

"I understand how it is, old man. It isn't so bad as you think it is, I'm sure. It will all come out right."

(To be continued.)

Spring in the Park.

They strolled through the park. Every few seconds he would blissfully squeeze her hand. And all the loungers and nurse maids on the benches grinned their broadest.

"Clarence," she whispered, red with blushes, "stop this instant."

"Oh, don't worry, darling," he laughed. "I am only showing my sentiment."

"Yes, but I don't like that kind of sentiment."

"Why not, dear?"

"Because it is 'public sentiment.'"

Quite Safe.

She—Have you any strawberries?

Dealer—Yes'm. Here they are—\$1.50 per box.

She—Goodness! They're miserable-looking, and so green.

Dealer—I know, ma'am; but there ain't enough in a box to do you any harm.

He Had the Easy Part.

Wife—It certainly does one good to have Dr. Jolly when one is sick.

Hubby—Oh! I don't think he is any better than the other doctors.

"But he is so pleasant."

"Well, how can he be otherwise when he is getting \$3 for a ten-minute call?"

New Complexities.

"What do the letters R. S. V. P. at the bottom of this invitation mean?" asked Mr. Cumrox.

"Why, everybody knows that they signify 'Please answer.'"

"Great Scott! This spelling reform is playing smash, isn't it?"—Washington Star.

Startling Reversal of Form.

Nan—I never saw Kit as plump as she is nowadays.

Fan—Plump? Huh! She used to have a dimple in her chin. It's a mole now!—Chicago Tribune.

Intuition.

"The worst has happened, John!" panted Mrs. Jipes, sinking feebly into a chair.

"Well, we'll have to advertise for another one; that's all," moodily answered Mr. Jipes.

For he knew, without being told, that the cook had left.

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