

Declaration of Independence.

Later afternoon of Dec. 1900.

A first-class carriage just moving out of the Great terminus.

The occupant is a pretty girl of twenty, who is busily packing her rug and other belongings when the door is opened, and thrown in. Its owner, a tall, looking man of about thirty, after it, stumbling and knocking off the girl's knee.

"Ten thousand pardons! Did you hurt your foot? If that clumsy fool—Why, Violet!

"Please do not apologize. Do not touch my foot.

"I am really awfully sorry, Violet, as if uncertain how conversation will be received.) Is it that Uncle Gilbert has sent you?

"He has, or (icily) I can assure you he is not going to Hassleton. (A moment's pause.) I understand you were at the front.

"I was till two months ago, when you see you want both arms, which good out there.

"Looks at him quickly, and for a time notices the empty sleeve of his breast.)

"O, I am sorry—very, very sorry—gives an acknowledgment of her eyes, and, as if to put an end to her discussion, opens a paper.

"And I am sorry that I have imposed myself on you in this manner. The train does not stop for three-quarters of an hour, you will understand, being here, I am, however, obliged, compelled to stay.

"Resuming an air of polite indifference—O, please don't think you

(He crosses over to her, and gently, but firmly takes the book from her.)

"He—Pardon me, you will, for I have a right to make you, and to exact an apology for what you have said. I knew no more than yourself that we were both summoned to Hassleton till I saw you in the train. I told you my surmise about my uncle's possible wish to bring about the renewal of the engagement that once existed between us in order that I might know what steps to take to make your position easier, and to save you from again incurring his displeasure. You (bitterly) have made it most convincingly clear that the mere mention of such a thing would be most distasteful to you, which, after all, is natural enough, particularly now (with a glance at the empty sleeve). As the only way I can see to save you from unpleasantness is to absent myself, I shall wait at Boythorne for the next up train and return to town without going near Hassleton.

She (humbly)—It certainly seems the best plan to adopt. I—I'm sorry I said what I did.

(He returns to his end of the carriage, and both resume their study of the outer darkness.)

She (suddenly turning and speaking in an excited voice)—But you are Uncle Gilbert's heir. You must not offend him again!

He—I his heir? You are quite mistaken. The estate is not entailed; and surely in these advanced days the fact of my being his only male relative does not give me such a great advantage over you, who are his only surviving female relation?

She—Then if he chooses to make a will leaving the court away from you, he can do so?

He (shortly)—Certainly. He probably will.

She—Yes, because he will be furious with you, after he has offered to make friends again, for wiring to say you were coming—you did wire, I suppose? (He nods assent)—and then not turning up. That settles it. I shall go back to town from Boythorne!

He (calmly)—There happens not to be another train to town from Boythorne to-night. That train that passed us a few minutes ago is the last train "up" of the day.

She (after a moment's pause)—At any rate, then, you must go to Hassleton, too!

He (with elaborate politeness)—You misunderstand me. The train service is not suspended indefinitely. I see that there is a train which leaves at the ending hour of 2 a. m. Till then I have the choice between a bench in the waiting-room and a bed at the station hotel. I prefer either to the "personal inconvenience" to which you have referred.

She (tapping the ground angrily with her foot, but trying to speak calmly)—You can rest assured that I shall tell uncle everything that has happened the moment I get in and I shall leave Hassleton to-morrow. If you are determined to disinherit yourself, I am equally determined not to profit by your folly. Uncle Gilbert can turn the court into an orphanage, or a home for lost cats, or anything he likes. (Her voice breaks, and she turns away, dabbing her eyes with a little lace handkerchief.)

He (gravely)—Listen to me, Violet. Deeply as I love the old court, and fond as I am of our cranky old uncle, he was awfully good to me when I was a youngster, I hold that one can pay too dearly for anything. To go to Hassleton and subject you to the annoyance which my presence would cause you, apart from Uncle Gilbert's probable interference in your private affairs, is to pay too high a price for any benefit I might afterwards derive from doing so. You must see there are some things a man cannot do. (A moment's pause.) Believe me, mine is the only way out of the difficulty. At any rate, as we shall be in Boythorne in two minutes, there is no time to fix on a better.

(He gets up and begins somewhat clumsily packing his papers, cap, etc., into his bag. The train stops at a sleepy little country station.)

He—Well, good bye. I hope you will find the old man better. I shall wire him that I was prevented from coming at the last moment.

She (sarcastically)—That will have a tranquillizing effect.

He (laughing)—Well, we must hope so, though I don't fancy it will. But I must be off. There doesn't seem to be a porter to be had! Good bye! Won't you shake hands, Violet? After two years, surely we might accord each other the ordinary civilities of life without fear of misconception?

She (desperately, seizing his hand in both hers)—O, Dick, you must not go! There is another way, if only—if—O, Dick, can't you help me?

He (eagerly)—Violet, you don't mean

—but no, I must not let you mean that now. (Sadly.)

She (burying her face on his shoulder)—If you don't, Dick, I—I shall get Uncle Gilbert to make you!

(A whistle shrieks and the train moves out of the station.)

WAS HAND OF PROVIDENCE.

He Missed the Explosion, but Isn't Sure It Was for the Best.

"I was never an atheist," said a northern Michigander who was loafing about a Detroit hotel the other day, "but it used to make me smile to hear people tell about Providence doing this or that. I'll tell you why I quit smiling.

"I had an interest in an oil well in Pennsylvania, and one morning I planned to get up at an early hour and ride across country for eight miles with a teamster. I was up at the hour named, but found that the fellow had started off fifteen minutes ahead of the time set. My only recourse was to hire a buckboard, and while a man was looking around for me and I was eating breakfast there came a rumble and a crash, and I fled from the hotel, believing that an earthquake was on.

"Others thought so, too, but in the course of half an hour we got word that 400 pounds of nitroglycerin which was being hauled over the hill on a wagon had exploded. More than that, it was the same wagon I had missed getting a ride on. I went out with others to view the spot, or rather the hole. What they found of driver, horses and wagon you could have loaded on a wheelbarrow. The hole made in the highway was forty feet long, thirty wide and twenty deep, and men, horses and cattle for half a mile around were knocked silly."

"And you laid your escape to Providence, of course?" was asked.

"Well, I'm not exactly sure about that," was the reply, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I told you I ceased to smile after that when anything was mentioned about Providence, but I was never quite satisfied that a mistake wasn't made."

"What sort of a mistake?"

"Why, it wasn't three days after that when our well played out, the company went into bankruptcy and I've hardly been able to raise enough to pay my street-car fare since. Sometimes it seems to me that Providence stepped in to save my life, and again it seems as if she missed me on the explosion and dropped the bottom out of that well to get even. It's about an even thing, I guess, but if you've got another cigar about you it'll tip the scale a little bit in favor of Providence and help me to believe that I was saved for some useful purpose."

SARAH'S SHOES.

Lady Presented Them Without Hurting Girl's Feelings.

Mrs. Anna Lyman, wife of Judge Joseph Lyman, was a fine type of the New England woman of fifty years ago. As wife of a judge she was called upon to do much entertaining, and her parties were famous in Northampton. Her daughter, Susan Lesley, in her memoirs of Mrs. Lyman, writes that no one ever declined going to Mrs. Lyman's parties.

One day, as she was preparing for an evening entertainment, she happened to look out of the window and saw a young girl, whom she liked for her talents and good heart, but who, from poverty, was not always able to go out into society.

"O Sarah," called Mrs. Lyman, "I am going to have a party this evening, and all the judges are to be here! I want you to come, my dear."

"O Mrs. Lyman," said the girl, looking sadly down at her feet, "I wish I could. But I can't, for my shoes are all out at the toes, and this is my only pair."

"Well, Sarah," said Mrs. Lyman, brightly, "at least you'll help me get ready for my party."

"Oh, yes," replied the girl, quickly; and she helped to good advantage, with willing hands and good taste. When the work was done Mrs. Lyman accompanied her home, holding her attention with cheerful talk.

Somehow, the girl hardly knew how they were presently in the best shoe shop in the village, and when they left, Sarah had a beautiful pair of bronze shoes, and ran gaily home to dress for the party.

Hats Off Is the Rule.

In Russia no man may enter a government establishment without removing his hat, a rule which has caused some trouble, it appears, since the establishment of the government spirit shops.

There have been disputes between the officials behind the bars and the customers as to the removal of the headgear, with the result that the question was submitted to the minister of finance. That official has caused notices to be issued warning the public against any disrespectful demeanor while in the State public houses, frequenters of which must in future remove their hats.

Go up to a crowd of old fellows, and say, "Good-morning, boys," and they will feel good all day.

Few critics ever get what they are entitled to in this busy world.

DEATH IN FIRE DAMP.

Appalling Disaster in Coal Mine at Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

Johnstown, Pa., July 12.—Johnstown has again been visited by an appalling disaster, only less frightful than the awful calamity of May 31, 1889, in cost of life. A terrible explosion took place in the Cambria Steel Company's Rolling Mill mine, under Westmont hill, early yesterday afternoon, and how many are dead will take several days fully to determine. That it is a long and shocking list that may reach 200 or more men is fully believed.

It was an hour after the explosion before any general knowledge of what had happened got abroad. Men who came from the mines, escaping with their lives, told the terrible news, and soon it spread like wildfire all over the city. In scores of homes there were most pathetic scenes. Mothers, wives, daughters, sons and relatives were frantic with grief, and hundreds rushed to the scene. At the opening of the river from the point the Cambria Iron company police, with several assistants, stood guard, permitting no one to enter the mine, from which noxious gases were coming.

It was nearly 4 o'clock when all hope of sending rescue parties from the Westmont opening was abandoned. Two men who had escaped went back two miles to see what assistance could be rendered, but the frightful damp drove them back, and they fell prostrate when they finally, after a desperate struggle, reached the outside. Two doctors gave them assistance, and, after working with them half an hour, restored them. Their story of the situation in the mine made it clear that the rescue work could not proceed from the Westmont opening, and then hasty preparations were made to begin that sad mission at the Mill Creek entrance.

FLOOD SUFFERERS.

Hundreds of People Are Rendered Homeless at Iowa's Capital City.

Des Moines, July 14.—Hundreds of homeless flood sufferers spent the night in school house yards and in downtown parks without so much as a blanket to cover them. Some had to beg for food, although every possible effort was made to provide for them. The charitable societies and city officials are becoming better organized, and it is believed the wants will be generally met. The smallpox hospital and the city hall and jail have been filled with cots. These can accommodate but a small portion of those who need shelter, however.

Neither the Des Moines nor the Racoon rivers have receded much. The net decline since the highest point was reached, yesterday, is but two or three inches, and the Des Moines actually rose half an inch during the night.

It is believed the situation in the flooded district cannot be materially relieved for several days, and when the water finally reaches its former channel an epidemic of malaria and typhoid fever will prevail.

An estimate of the damage at this time is practically impossible. It is expected to reach \$1,000,000.

The city council and the county supervisors, acting jointly, have established a supply depot at which the flood sufferers received food upon orders signed by the aldermen of their respective wards.

The Great Western and Keokuk & Western roundhouses are completely submerged, and neither road can cross the river, owing to washouts and the destruction of bridges. The Great Western can haul no freight, but is maintaining its passenger service by transferring passengers across the river in omnibuses.

NO ROYAL PROCESSION.

Date of King Edward's Coronation Definitely Fixed for Saturday, August 9.

London, July 14.—It is officially announced that there will be no royal procession, as originally planned, the day after the coronation. There will be no procession on coronation day, apart from that in which their majesties will proceed from Buckingham palace to Westminster Abbey and return.

It is now considered practically certain, in view of this announcement, that King Edward will be crowned Saturday, August 9, since the holding of the coronation ceremony Monday, August 11, would involve another full bank holiday, with the attendant dislocation of general business, while Saturdays are almost universally observed as half holidays. The fixing of such an early date for the coronation is regarded as an additional guarantee of the confidence the king's physicians have in consequence of his rapid recuperation.

Again Erupting.

Fort De France, Island of Martinique, July 14.—There was a fresh eruption of Mount Pelee this morning.

NEW IRRIGATION LAW

Will Have Its First Trial on the Pacific Coast.

CHIEF HYDROGRAPHER EN ROUTE WEST

To Examine Proposed Sites for Reservoirs to Be Built by U. S. Government for Reclaiming Arid Lands.

Washington, July 14.—Chief Hydrographer Newell, of the geological survey, has left for an extended tour of the Western states, where he will co-operate with various field parties now making examinations of feasible sites for reservoirs under the new irrigation law. He will visit Eastern Oregon and Washington among other places. Under the policy to be followed of first building modest irrigation works, it is quite probable that a site in one of these two states will be selected for early construction, especially as Mr. Newell is of the opinion that the Oregon delegation did much to further the interests of the irrigation bill.

The common desire of members of congress from the Western states is that the secretary of the interior shall carry out the provisions of the new irrigation law with only such haste as is safe and in such a way as to place the greatest area of reclaimed lands in the hands of settlers in the shortest time.

It seems to be the prevalent belief that the best results will be obtained if the government first undertakes the construction of medium sized irrigation projects, at a moderate cost, each in itself reclaiming a modest area of land, capable, under irrigation, of producing crops of the first order. Suggestions of this sort were made to the department by many senators and representatives just before they left Washington for the summer.

Secretary Hitchcock is not personally familiar with irrigation matters or with land matters generally. He is, therefore, obliged to depend largely upon the recommendations of his subordinates. The suggestions of Superintendent Walcott, of the geological survey, and of Chief Hydrographer Newell are given every consideration. There is much data of a general character now available, but there are no reports of sufficient detail to warrant the secretary in adopting or rejecting the sites heretofore examined.

CLAIM A GUANO ISLAND.

Japanese at Marcus May Cause Trouble for Americans.

Honolulu, July 5, via San Francisco, July 14.—The volcano Kilauea is dying down to normal conditions again. The steamer Mauna Lea arrived this morning from Hawaii with news that the fire had disappeared, though there is still a large column of smoke.

Captain A. A. Rosehill, who has recently secured from the state department a title to Marcus island and formed the Marcus Island Guano company, for the purpose of working the deposits there, is of the opinion that there will be trouble with the Japanese on the island before he gets his rights. Rosehill has just returned from San Francisco, where he had an interview with Captain Pierce, of the transport Sheridan, and was told that the Japanese on the island resisted Pierce when he landed about 14 months ago. Captain Pierce wanted to land to adjust some instruments. About 20 Japanese were on the beach with arms. He told them he had a vessel with 1,800 men off shore and they did not resist. They showed him a document in Japanese, which is supposed to be a title from the Japanese government. Rosehill is preparing to send the schooner Julia E. Whalen from here and take possession of the island and work the guano.

The United States training ship Mohican is now 42 days out from Yokohama, bound for here, and nothing has been heard of her since she left Japan. Rear Admiral Merry is inclined to think that she has encountered adverse winds and is coming under sail.

Submarine Wireless Telegraphy.

New York, July 14.—A telegram from Cherbourg states that Rear Admiral Fournier was present at experiments in wireless telegraphy carried out on the submarine boat Triton, says a Paris dispatch to the Herald. Messages were received without any difficulty when under water. It is said to be the intention to install the apparatus on board all French submarines.

Thirty-Five Persons Drowned.

Valparaiso, July 14.—Thirty-five persons were drowned and a house was destroyed on the estate of Claudio Vicuna, at Las Palmas, as a result of a recent bursting of a reservoir there.



ALL GET UNCLE GILBERT TO MAKE YOU."

make the least difference to me. I cannot hope at these holiday times to be lucky enough to get a compartment to myself, do you think? I forgive you smoke—because if you have any objection about violating the company's by-laws, I give you full permission to do so.

"Thanks. I think I shall survive the beach Boythorne.

"Cause, during which she stares out at the gathering darkness, while he looks at her from his.)

"Does it occur to you that Uncle Gilbert intends opening up that subject which was 'closed forever, buried with the ashes of a dead past, and forever out of sight?' I hope I am correct?

(Flushing angrily)—If you are attempting to quote anything I ever said—

(sotto voce)—You wrote.

"Or wrote, I should certainly say to your memory. As to what you said (loftily), even Uncle Gilbert hardly dare—"

"Ah, there I think you underestimate our worthy uncle's courage. There are few things he would not do if it pleases him he would not be so disinter that buried subject, among those ashes, and 'make a hum' generally!

(hotly)—I should consider that a great liberty if he did, and that neither his age, nor his relationship, nor (desperately) anything he justifies!

"All the same, I feel convinced he will take that liberty. He has ceased to regret that our engagement meant that 'the buried subject' is irrevocably, hopelessly, and finally with.

(angrily)—If you really think that was his purpose in sending me, I consider that you have behaved in the meanest, most dishonorable—most—but (turning away and more opening her book) I won't discuss the subject with you for an moment.