

Steamer Admiral Sampson Sinks

Seattle, Aug. 26.—Ten lives were lost when the steel passenger steamer Admiral Sampson, of the Pacific Alaska Navigation Company, was rammed and sunk by the Canadian Pacific passenger steamer Princess Victoria, off Point No Point 20 miles north of Seattle, at 6:30 o'clock this morning, during a fog and thick smoke from forest fires. The Princess Victoria brought the survivors to Seattle. Eight of the lost were members of the crew and two were passengers. The dead among the crew are:

- Captain Z. S. Moore.
- Third Officer L. Cocams.
- First Wireless Operator W. E. Kicker.
- Stewardess Miss M. Campbell.
- Seaman C. Marquette.
- Watchman A. Sater.
- Chief Engineer Allen J. Noon.
- Messboy J. B. Williams.

When the collision took place the oil tank exploded, and J. Byrne, a passenger, was covered with flames. He was rescued alive, and died just as the Princess Victoria arrived at Seattle.

The name of the other lost passenger is not yet obtainable.

Captain Moore could have saved himself, but he declared that he would go down with his ship, and did so.

Becker heard the criticism, and his lips broke into a beautiful smile. "Say, young man," pursued the man with the red beard, "what did you get your bonnet?"

"My bonnet—ha, ha! You call dot a bonnet?"

"I asked you what you got it."

"I got dat when I was in de university."

"Phew, the university! You don't mean you've been to college?"

"Yah, Heidelberg."

"Well, we don't stand no sich rainbow tops as that out yere." And the speaker, drawing a knife about sixteen inches long from between his shoulder blades and catching Mr. Becker's cap on its point, tossed it on to the floor.

A change came over Carl Becker. He stood looking at the man who had removed his cap with an expression of serious dignity.

"Pick up my cap," he said, "and give it back to me."

"Well, I like that!" replied the other. "I'd have you know, young man, that we don't take orders out here, and we don't allow young men to wear any headgear except the sombrero of the country. If you want a fair fight you shall have it. Reckon you ain't armed or I'd heered from you afore this. Jim, give the boy a gun or whatever he likes."

The man addressed as Jim thrust a revolver into Carl's hand, but he declined it and said he would take a knife such as had been used in the removal of his cap. A knife the same length as the other was handed him, and he put himself in the posture of a fencer.

"You got a lot of style about you, ain't you?" said Becker's opponent. But before he could finish the young German gave him a cut in the cheek that concentrated his attention on his enemy's knife. He made a thrust at Becker, but Becker nimbly retreated out of reach and before his enemy could recover for another attempt he received a cut on the other cheek. Then Becker cut off the tip end of his nose. Lastly he gashed his forehead, and the blood running down into his eyes stopped the fight.

"Where did you learn to handle a knife like that?" asked the landlord of Becker.

"I learned dat at the university. I was champion of my corps."

"Reckon the reason you came over here was for killin' a man?"

"No, but I came pretty near killing him."

SONIA MARANIEFF

By E. A. MITCHEL

The province of Vyatka, in Russia, borders on Siberia, and though it is not quite so far north as St. Petersburg, it is rather a wild country. Near its center is a fine estate, in which on a piece of rising ground is a spacious residence. One day a lady rode out from this house on horseback. It was the spring of the year, and the winter had been cold. The lady had been told that wolves from the forests had been driven by hunger to seek food in the more civilized region, and she had pistols and bolsters at the pommel of her saddle and a short rifle slung over her shoulder. Two servants, also armed, rode a short distance in her rear. She was going to visit a charitable institution in which she was interested.

During her return a sound of barking and shots was heard behind her, which drew rapidly nearer. Then a sleigh appeared, the driver lashing his horses to escape a pack of wolves. A man in the rear seat of the sleigh fired a shot at the brutes, then threw down his gun. It was evident that he had used his last cartridge. The equestrienne, supported by her servants, began firing at the wolves, which made off into the woods. Then the man in the sleigh thanked them for his life since, had it not been for their coming, in a few minutes more both he and his driver would have been devoured. Handing a card to the lady bearing the name Count Boris Geronsky, he said:

"If you ever come to St. Petersburg please advise me. I trust I shall be able to make your visit there enjoyable."

When the lady read the name on the card the expression on her face changed, but the count, whose nerves had been severely taxed, felt a swimming sensation and did not notice the impression his name had created.

"You need rest and refreshment," she replied to his request. "We are not half a dozen versts from my house. If you will partake of my hospitality I will accept your invitation later, for I shall soon visit the capital."

The count invited her into his sleigh and together they rode to her home, where she entertained him at dinner. After which he proceeded on his journey.

Within a few months Count Geronsky received a card on which was the name of Sonia Maranieff, the lady who

had saved his life.

He called upon her and begged her to tell him in what way he could best make her visit to the capital enjoyable.

"I live on the edge of a wilderness," she replied, "and have never seen anything of life in a great city. I would like to be present at one of the functions given at the palace."

"You shall be present," the count answered, "not only at one function, but as many as you please. I am one of the emperor's privy council and can command invitations for the asking."

Sonia Maranieff proved a great success in court society. Though she came from a wild country she was refined, and there was about her a greater freshness and ingenuousness than in the women of the city. Moreover, she was beautiful. Since she always gave her name as Sonia Maranieff it was supposed that she was unmarried. Many men strove to win her, but she seemed to prefer the attentions of him who had introduced her. Count Boris was devoted to her, but it was generally known that he was a married man and the Russian church does not admit of divorce.

There is a custom in Russia that a man of rank may marry a woman of wealth, giving her the right to bear his name and title for a consideration. Count Geronsky, on coming of age, found his paternal estate involved in debt. A career at court was open to him, but he must have means to achieve it. For 200,000 rubles he had given a wealthy woman the right to call herself Countess Geronsky. The marriage had been by proxy, and he had never seen his bride.

Those who noticed Count Boris' attention to Sonia Maranieff and to whom it was evident that he had fallen in love with her, knowing of his marriage, sympathized with him, for there was a certain dignity about this girl from a distant province, a chaste bearing, to make it evident that no man could possess her without making her his wife.

One evening when Sonia was dancing at the Winter palace a lucky stepped up to her with a telegram on a silver which had been forwarded from her abode. She opened it, and it was evident that it contained some distressing news. She straightway left the room, and so absorbed was she that she dropped her telegram. A lady picked it up and read the address, "Countess Geronsky."

The incident was soon common talk. Geronsky was congratulated on his marriage with Sonia Maranieff and asked why he had not announced it. The count was astonished and when told of how Sonia had dropped the telegram sought her immediately. He found her in an apartment, waiting for her carriage.

"I learn," he said, "that you have received a telegram bearing my name and title. Are you not Sonia Maranieff?"

"I was Sonia Maranieff till I became the Countess Geronsky."

The countess had received news of the death of her mother. Her husband went home with her, and after that they lived as man and wife.

Notice From the Cook.

"Don't take any notes of the cook dear."

"But John, I have to take it when she gives it to me"—Baltimore American.

Church Directory

EVANGELICAL CHURCH

F. M. FISHER, Pastor.

Morning service at 11:00 o'clock
Evening service at 8:00 o'clock
Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.
Y. P. A. Meeting at 7:00 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

H. F. JONES, Pastor.

Morning Service at 11:00 a. m.
Evening Service at 8:00 p. m.
Sunday School 10:00 a. m.
Y. P. S. C. E. 7:00 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday 8:00 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

G. A. POLLARD, PASTOR

Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.
Morning worship, 11:00 a. m.
Christian Union Endeavor, 7:00 P. M.
Evening worship, 8:00 p. m.
Prayermeeting Wednesday, 8:00 P. M.

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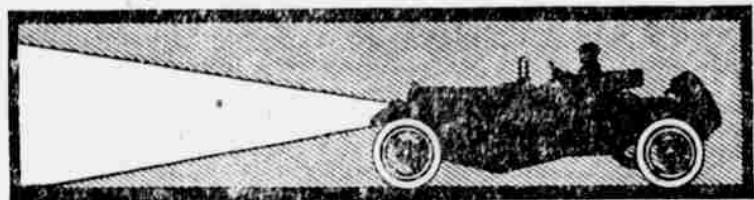
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