

Hood River Glacier.

HOOD RIVER, OR., JUNE 8, 1889.

(Continued from First page.)

Like a catapult came down upon them with such a rush and resistless force that the heavy trains, locomotives and all, were overturned and swept down the torrent and lodged against the stone viaduct, along with four locomotives from the Johnstown roundhouse the heavy machinery and ponderous frame work of the Gautier mill, and the accumulated debris of more than a thousand houses, furniture, bridges, lumber, drift and human beings.

The low arches of the stone viaduct were choked up immediately, and the water backed back over the entire level of the valley upon which the city stood, to a depth of what the water marks indicate, about thirty-eight feet. In the great sea thus formed, thousands of people were struggling for life.

The scene today is one of the most heartrending possible for the imagination of man to conceive. The accumulated drift gorged up at the viaduct to the height of forty feet, and then took fire from the upsetting of stoves or lamps. Then were strong men made sick at the sight. As the flames crackled and roared among the dry timber of floating houses, human bodies were seen pinioned between house roofs, locomotives, iron beams, freight, passenger, Pullman and baggage cars, the greedy flames licking with haste their diet of human flesh. The scene was horrible beyond description.

Infants a few days old and the wasted figures of age were burned before the eyes of the beholders, and no rescue from their fate was possible. Strong men turned away with agonized expressions, and women shrieked at the horror of the scene.

The dead have been computed at not less than 8000, and the number may even exceed this estimate. This seems incredible, but until the waters have abated and the work of removing the dead from this tremendous mass have been completed, it will be impossible to tell how many lives have been lost.

The Associated Press correspondent was the first man to cross to Johnstown proper by means of a basket suspended from a cable. Once over he found the scenes magnified in their horror.

Here were the residences of the little city's most wealthy and intelligent people; here were found the bodies of the most prominent citizens and those of their entire families.

Cinder, Market, Locust and Washington streets have been swept clean and bare of all buildings of whatever character, and their inhabitants seemed to have fled into the streets at the first warning and rushed to their deaths, for those who remained in their houses had an opportunity to flee to the upper stories, and when the houses were frame they were floated from their foundations and many were saved.

The Hotel Hulbert, a brick structure, had sixty-five guests, and sixty-three of these were killed by the falling in of the floors and walls.

At Morell, the Liberty schoolhouse, Alma hall, the general stores and offices of the iron company and one other building are all of probably 2000 buildings that have not been floated from their foundations or caved in.

The stone viaduct is forty feet high from the river bend at low water and over this the waters rushed in a resistless flood. On the west side is the Bessemer and rail mills of the Columbia Iron Company.

Although warned to flee to the hillsides, many of the men, resting in fancied security, loitered about the hills and were engulfed instantly. Today their bodies are strewn along the Conemaugh and Allegheny rivers, and are being caught as far down the Ohio river as Rochester.

Below the mills was Cambria, a suburb, in which district resided probably 2000 people. The scenes here are but a repetition of the other parts of the flooded city.

PLUNDERING THE DEAD.

Tales of indescribable horror have come to light, and deeds of the vilest nature were perpetrated in the darkness of night. Just as the shadows began to fall upon the earth last evening, thirteen Hungarians were noticed stealthily picking their way along the banks of the Conemaugh towards Sang Hollow. Suspicious of their purpose, several farmers

armed themselves and started in pursuit. Soon their most horrible fears were realized. The Hungarians were out for plunder. Lying upon the shore they came upon the dead and mangled body of a woman. Upon her person were a number of trinkets of jewelry and two diamond rings. In their eagerness to secure the plunder the Hungarians got into a squabble, during which one of their number severed the finger upon which were the rings and started to run with his fearful prize. The revolting nature of the deed so wrought upon the pursuing farmers, who by this time were close at hand, that they gave immediate chase. Some of the Hungarians showed flight but being outnumbered were compelled to flee for their lives. Nine of the brutes escaped, but four were literally driven into the surging river and to their death, the inhuman monster whose atrocious action has been described being among the number of involuntary suicides.

Another incident of even greater atrocity has just been brought to notice.

TWO VILLAINS LYNCHED.

At 8:30 o'clock this morning an old railroader, who had walked from Sang Hollow, stepped up to a number of men who were congregated on the platform of the station at Saturnville and said: "Gentlemen, had I a shotgun with me half an hour ago I would now be a murderer, yet with no fear of ever having to suffer for my crime. Two miles below here I watched three men going along the banks stealing jewels from the bodies of the dead wives and daughters of men who have been robbed of all they held dear on earth." He had no sooner finished the last sentence than five burly men were on their way to the scene of the plunder, one with a coil of rope and another with a revolver. In twenty minutes they had overtaken two of their victims, who were then in the act of cutting pieces from the ears and fingers from the hands of two dead women. With the revolver leveled at the scoundrels, the leader of the posse shouted, "Throw up your hands or I'll blow your heads off." With blanched faces and trembling forms they obeyed the order and begged for mercy. They were they searched and as their pockets were emptied of their ghastly finds the indignation of the crowd intensified, and when the bloody finger of an infant child with two tiny gold rings was found among the plunder in the leader's pocket, the cry went up, "Lynch them! lynch them!" Without a moment's delay ropes were thrown about their necks and they were dangling to the limbs of trees in the branches of which an hour before was entangled the bodies of a dead father and son. After the expiration of half an hour the ropes were cut and the bodies lowered and carried to a pile of rocks in the forest on the hill above.

The Kansas Cyclone.

McPHERSON, Kas., May 29.—A cyclone formed about six miles southwest of this city yesterday afternoon, passing almost directly east through the country and striking the earth three times in its passage. Where it struck everything was destroyed.

Three miles east of Elyria it struck John Nightingale's house, taking it from its foundation with all its contents and carrying it entirely away, not a vestige of it having been seen since. The family escaped by taking refuge in the cellar. B. Katlap's house was also destroyed, and the family were likewise saved by taking refuge in the cellar.

Corn and wheat were taken out of the ground. A few hail stones fell. One that was picked up measured thirteen inches in circumference.

No lives were lost nor was any one hurt. The only thing that saved destruction was that no building was in its track. Large quantities of machinery were destroyed, also timber.

Jail Break at Dayton.

DAYTON, W. T., May 30.—Last evening Ed Music, incarcerated for stealing money from B. M. Washburne six months ago, awaiting trial, and J. W. Sproule, for stealing a watch, escaped from the county jail, by filing a bar after supper, while in the corridor. Officers are in pursuit.

Large Investment of English Capital.

LOUISVILLE, May 30.—An English syndicate today consummated the purchase of 320,000 acres of yellow pine land four sawmills, three planing mills and thirty-six miles of railroad and equipments. The property is situated in Escambia county, Fla., and Baldwin county, Ala., adjoining. The price was \$1,500,000.

Her Rival's Valentine.

CHAPTER I.
A WOMAN'S MASK.

"I hate her!"

Alone in her room, Vida Moore, standing before the pier-glass that reflected her supple graceful figure at full length, allowed the anger of her heart thus to find vent in words.

She was dressed for dinner, but with a sudden furious movement her white hands had disarranged her dark hair, and with the coils loosened, it hung in masses about her face. Her eyes, lurid with the light of fury, flashed upon her own image in the glass, and the picture she presented was that of a fierce resentful woman—a picture new and startling even to herself.

"I could play the part of an avenging goddess," she said, as she turned away with a forced laugh. "I wonder what the gentle Ruth would have thought had she seen her loving cousin doing the tragedy business. It was foolish and weak, even with myself for the only spectator."

She walked to a smaller glass upon the dressing-table, and swiftly and skilfully rearranged her hair.

"There," she said, "I don't think that Chloe will suspect that her work has been interfered with. A simple maid with a simple mistress, who graciously allows me to share her services. Oh, how I hate these simple people, and this life at Gordonfells. What is there in it?"

For a moment it seemed as if anger would again master her, but she calmed herself with an effort, and sat down.

"Steady, Vida—be steady!" she murmured. "You must not allow your emotions to play pranks with you. Your lot is to suffer, and to use the cant phrase, you must be strong. Now, let me discipline myself."

She drew a letter from her breast, opened and smoothed it out, and laid it on the table before her.

"There it is. His loving epistle to Ruth. I have stolen it, and the poor little goose wonders where she has lost it. 'Darling,' reading the letter, 'I will be with you on the eve of St. Valentine. I must just look in at Briarwood, but I will be with you in time for dinner. Oh, my dear little Ruth, how long it seems!'"

Vida sprang up and crushed the letter in her hand.

"I cannot read it," she moaned, "it sets my soul on fire. Oh, that he had written thus to me, for I love him—I love him—I love him!"

She clasped her hands together passionately, and rocked to and fro for a few moments in silence. Then her passion broke forth again.

"What is Ruth's love to mine?" she asked. "A tiny rivulet, while mine is the mountain torrent. Where can his eyes be? Is Basil Brandreth blind and deaf when he is near me, that he should have passed me by for her?"

Again her jealous fury was mastering her, and the dangerous light flashing in her eyes, but a check came.

Somebody tapped lightly at the door.

"Who is there?" Vida asked in a tone so soft that one previously listening would have thought it was the voice of another being.

"It is I—Ruth. May I come in?"

"Of course you may, Birdie."

Softly and musically the leave to enter fell from her lips, and the door opening admitted a golden-haired beauty of nineteen, her soft dress rustling as she came.

Though so unlike in feature, there was something between the pair that told of kindred blood.

They were cousins, indeed, and bore the same name—that of the Moores of Gordonfells.

But Ruth was the daughter of Abel Moore living, and Vida the daughter of Reginald Moore, dead these eighteen years.

Fatherless and motherless, the latter had been brought to the family seat at an early age and it had been her home.

The Moores were an amiable family. Abel Moore was a loving husband and father, a generous landlord, and a thorough gentleman. Mrs. Moore kind almost to weakness, and Ruth favored with much of her mother's disposition.

Vida was also supposed to be a Moore, for the passionate nature that surged within her she had successfully concealed, even in her girlhood.

Here was a name inherited from a mother, for Reginald Moore married a woman of Spanish birth, a woman of unbridled passion, a fiery daughter of sunny Spain.

They were united abroad, and after a brief but stormy life together, she died in giving birth to Vida.

Neither Abel nor Mrs. Moore ever saw her.

This much in needful introduction, and now we will return to the society of the cousins, allied in blood, but widely apart in nature.

"What makes my little Birdie so pale?" asked Vida, taking Ruth's face between her hands with a gentle womanly tenderness that assuredly was not all assumed.

"Basil's letter—I cannot find it," replied Ruth. "It is too stupid of me to lose it."

"You may find it by-and-by," said Vida calmly. "What matters about the letter, so long as Basil himself is coming? To-morrow night, I think?"

"To-morrow," said Ruth with dreamy eyes, "and he has been away a whole year—so long! But he is not going again."

"You could not bear it, Birdie?"

"I think it would break my heart."

"Hearts," said Vida with a smile, "are not so easily broken."

"You do not know, dearest," replied Ruth, "for you have never been in love."

"No, never in love," calmly echoed Vida; "never, Birdie. There goes the gong; we shall be fast down, as usual."

She put her arm round Ruth's waist, still, thus lovingly linked, they passed through the corridor and down the broad-oaken staircase—one of the show things of Gordonfells—and entered the drawing-room.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore were there, and the former, looking at his watch, smiled and

said: "Chattering together until the last moment—we have been here ten minutes at least. Barker is late with the gong. He delays it for you girls."

He was a fine portly man of fifty, with a handsome head, which, with the exception of his iron-grey hair, showed no ravages of time. Mrs. Moore was five years his junior and would have passed for forty. She arose as the cousins entered and surveyed them with marked approval.

"What is it that we heard at the theatre about the two roses?" she said.

"One like the roses when June and July meet. The other the opening bud sweet May discloses."

Both so unlike and yet alike in this—You are two roses."

Mr. Moore laughingly helped her line by line with the quotation, and just as he finished Barker the butler entered and announced dinner. There was no company that day, and the husband gave his arm to Mrs. Moore and led the way.

"I have had a letter from Kenard," said Abel as the soup was passed round.

Vida and Ruth looked up—one with affected and the other with real interest.

"Dear old Kenard," said Ruth, "I hope he is coming home."

"He will be here on the 16th," rejoined the baronet, "and I think we had better have a party to meet him—no wine at present, Barker, thank you—and I must leave it to you girls to say who we shall have."

Kenard was Abel's only son, two years older than Ruth, and, of course, heir to the title and estates. Having been in somewhat delicate health the doctors suggested his going abroad, and he had been away six months, "knocking about the Continent," as our young men say.

"His health," said Mrs. Moore, "is much improved. He will make a strong man yet."

"I never had any doubt of it," said Vida quietly, "he has a little too much mind, that's all."

"I suppose he is clever," said Abel.

"He is shrewder than any of the men of his age we know," said Vida.

"It is a case of mutual admiration," said Mrs. Moore; "Kenard used to say that you have too much brain for a woman."

"His way of dealing a blow to the sex generally," remarked Ruth. "Well, I suppose our strength lies in our weakness."

"Women are at a disadvantage every way," said Vida. "Men make our laws, give us our position, and settle that they shall take the lead in everything."

"Somebody must lead," hinted Mr. Moore, "and I do hope, my dear Vida, that you are not going in for women's rights and that sort of thing."

"I am going in for nothing," she answered, "but the quiet, peaceful, happy life I have had under your kindly care."

"If I have done anything for you," said Mr. Moore, "which I am not prepared to admit—at least, not anything worth mentioning, I am more than repaid by your love."

Vida required all the self-control she was mistress of to hide the sting these kindly words unconsciously inflicted. She loved her uncle in her way, and was grateful to him. She knew her own baseness also, but passion urged her on.

All things went down before it. But twelve short months ago, and she had loved Ruth as tenderly as if they had been twin-sisters, but now the words that escaped her lips in the solitude of her room, but half an hour before, were terribly true.

Yes, she hated the beautiful girl who sat facing her, unconscious of having wronged a living being. Basil Brandreth had come, and wooed, and won her, without a word or look beyond friendship for Vida.

There had been no rivalry, no outward enmity, no struggle for the handsome heir of Briarwood and its rent-roll of eight thousand a year. Vida's secret was kept well hidden in her breast.

She chatted gaily at the dinner-table, sang sweetly in the drawing-room, and later on spent the sweet gossiping hour with Ruth before the fire in her bedroom.

Ruth, seated on the hearthrug of soft thick otter-skin, with her head resting in her cousin's lap, speaking of Basil's coming as one speaks of the opening of a new and glorious existence, and Vida listened without a sign of the volcano raging in her breast.

But when at last she was alone, it rushed forth in broken passionate sobs and hot words, that she only half stifled as they fell from her lips. Prone by the fire she lay for hours, until only cold ashes in the grate remained.

"Oh, would that my love was no more than this," she said, as she stood erect with her eyes on the dull black hearth; "but it burns—burns! It tears me, rends me, consumes me. I have dreaded this time. I have seen in it the dark shadow of something I am only now beginning to face. He must not come here. Perish all things first. Let there be chaos, but Ruth must not be Basil Brandreth's wife!"

That night sleep held aloof from her. All the evening a desperate deadly thought had hovered over her, like a dusky pall fluttering in the dim starlight. Now it began to take shape and form, and ere the dawn came it was a tangible substantial thing.

Hid-sous, awful, but her only resource, unless she would consent to suffer in secret, and be strong.

But Vida Moore was a woman of passionate mould, and passion is a hunger that must be appeased, a madness that whips and spurs its victims on, though at the end of the journey dishonor and even death may lie.

CHAPTER II.

A BITTER BARGAIN.

It was barely daylight when Vida wrapped in a fur-lined cloak, came down into the hall, where some of the lower domestics were engaged in dusting and cleaning.

She glanced from one to the other quickly, and singling out a strong brown-faced country lass, asked if she could take a message for her.

"If you please, miss," replied the girl, courtly.

"Then tell Phoebe that I am going out for a walk," said Vida, "through the village, and if Miss Moore is coming out she had bet-

ter take the road past the old mill."

"Yes, miss."

"I must have no bungling," Vida muttered, as she ventured out, "no chance of interruption. And now for my gipsy-lover—my dark-eyed audacious scoundrel of the tents, who has honored me with a confession in looks he dared not put in words."

Among other amiable qualities which distinguished Mr. Moore, he was very tolerant with nomadic people, and his estate was a veritable happy hunting-ground for the gipsies.

There was always one or more of their camps pitched in some sequestered spot in the woods, and just then there was a body of them known as "Hecate's tribe" located in the Bluebell Dell.

At the head of them was an old woman who claimed to have enjoyed a hundred years' existence, and was probably near that age, and she was the Hecate from which the tribe took its name.

Several men with wives, well on in years, were her sons, and their children in turn had married, and had sons and daughters, and there was a fourth generation of little ones.

One of the elder men, the youngest son of Hecate, was known as Jim the showman, he having by industry and thrift arrived at the dignity of possessing a traveling-van.

He was a man about Mr. Moore's age, and he had a wife, who, in her style, was as handsome as Mrs. Moore, with the same advantage of lingering youth in appearance.

These two were the aristocratic portion of the tribe, and the objects of Hecate's unbounded love.

"My darling Jim and Sabina," she called them.

There had been a darling younger daughter once, but she had lain for a score years or more under the greensward fifty miles away. Her story was a sad one.

She had given her heart to a "house-dweller," a man of rank and wealth who had wooed her selfishly and left her basely.

When he had been gone six months a little baby came into the world, and his mother called him Bardolph.

She died, and he became old Hecate's care. The old woman doted on him, and he grew up to handsome manhood.

Ere this, however, he had wheeled out of the old gipsy the story of his birth, and he boldly took upon himself his father's name.

While Randolph Dimsey wasted his substance in riotous living, among the rich and great, Bardolph Dimsey, his unrecognised son, developed into the scapegrace of the Hecate tribe.

He was a daring boy and a reckless man, but he had done nothing more daring than his falling in love with Vida Moore, and letting her know by his looks that he admired her.

He had done as much when she with Ruth had visited the camp, and she, womanlike, had read his face, but her pride would not allow her to resent it.

She simply ignored him as if he had been a dog.

He felt the sting of her contempt, and fed his passion by brooding. He took to haunting her favorite resorts, but never dared to speak to her. At last she had learned to look upon his audacious love with amusement.

But now it suddenly occurred to her that he was a man who might be made useful, and her object in going out early in the morning was to meet him and mould him to her will.

Experience told her that he was watching for her coming, and ere she had traversed the shrubbery she heard a rustling behind her that revealed his presence. She did not go to the village, but bent her way to an adjoining wood, and entered it by a narrow path.

Suddenly she faced about.

He was within a few yards of her, and had no time to hide even if he desired to escape detection. He met her gaze with mingled audacity and abashed humility.

"This is not the first time you have dogged my footsteps," she said.

"No, my lady," he answered in a low tone, "it isn't."

"What do you mean by it?" she asked.

"How dare you subject me to such an impertinence?"

"My lady," said he, drawing a deep breath, "is it impertinence for your dog to follow you?"

"No."

"Then I ask no more than to be your dog."

"There must be an end to this folly," said Vida. "If my uncle tolerates you gipsies—"

"My lady," interposed Bardolph, drawing himself up, "I am not a gipsy."

"What are you then?"

"Randolph Dimsey is my father."

The cold contempt in Vida's eyes made him shiver, and he was as abject as a dog indeed. With his hands clasped together, and his head hanging a little, he waited for her to speak.

"You need not tell your mother's wretched story to me," she said, "I have nothing to do with it. I ask you why you follow me?"

"If I were to tell you, I know what would happen," he said.

"What is that?"

"I should be whipped off the Gordonfells."

And then there was a silence. He standing with his head hanging, and she looking at him straight, scanning his very soul.

"What makes such a cur of you?" Vida asked suddenly.

"I am not a cur," he answered.

"Lift up your head then."

He raised it, and tried to look at her defiantly. But she was smiling, and she stared at her amazed.

"Upon my word," she said lightly, "I think that you are in love with me."

"As there is a sun in the sky," he cried passionately, "I am!"

"Well, don't shriek it all over the woods," said Vida. "Now, being in love with me, what would you do for me?"

It was boldly put, but he did not yet feel encouraged. He only stared at her with amazement in his dark wicked eyes.

"What would I do for you?" he said slowly. "Why, anything."

"Easily said," Vida replied in a bantering tone. "But suppose I try you—put you to the test?"

(Continued next week.)