

WHEN THE FLOOD CAME

By DABNEY ROYSTER

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Jennings sprang forward as the passengers entered at the Fulton street station. In the first moment of gladness at seeing Nell Proston again he did not even recall that his letters had not returned without explanation three months before and that since then his communications had been returned unread.

Nell passed him without a glance of recognition, and as he followed her down the car a hand shot out and caught his collar. "See here, you dude," adjured a husky Irish voice. "You can't do any mashing in this car. You keep away from that lady."

Jennings cast a look of appeal at the girl, but she gazed at him with a polite but impersonal interest. Clearly she would not interfere to clear him of the charge, and he sank back into a corner of the car and sought to shield himself with a newspaper from the titters of the crowd.

The car filled at the bridge stop, and this helped a little, but he felt as though those already in the car were telling the new arrivals of his conduct, and he read on steadily.

In his confusion he did not notice that the train was slowing down until, with a jolt, it came to a dead stop. Then he glanced out of the window, but to his surprise there was only the blank wall, so he settled himself more comfortably in his seat and resumed his pretense of reading.

He did not see the printed page. He had not read a line since he opened the paper. His mind was busy with schemes for inducing Nell to listen to him. If she went back to San Francisco he could not hope to reopen correspondence, and he could not endeavor to speak to her again with that husky knight errant keeping guard across the aisle.

If he only knew how he had angered her he might be able to explain, but



HE TOILED ALONG FOR A BLOCK BEFORE HE COULD SPEAK.

It never would do to let her get away now. He did not know where she was staying or how long she would be in town. His only hope lay in following her and endeavoring to outwit the self-constituted champion.

His mind was still busy with the problem when he became aware of trouble in the car. The press around the door was heavy, and now he caught the voice of the guard raised in protest. "I tell you," he protested, "we can't run on to the station or back down to Worth street. We ain't got the power."

"The lights are lit. There must be power," argued the spokesman. "That comes from overhead. The contact rail is cut off. If it wasn't the whole tunnel would be filled with electricity. The water's more than two feet deep."

Jennings looked up in astonishment. He had been so oblivious to the affairs in the car that he had not realized that the stop in the hot tunnel had been unduly long. Now he was conscious of the faint roar of falling water, and he sprang to his feet. Instinctively he turned to Nell, but the angry press about the door would not permit him to make any headway toward her. He could catch an occasional glimpse of the fair head and could see that she was sitting in her place, white faced, but calm.

The argument with the guard was increasing in heat, and at last one of the leaders jerked at the lever until the door opened, and then he swung himself off. There was a splash that announced his landing, and the next moment a shout announced that the water was not deep.

The men crowded to the narrow entrance until there were left in the car only half a dozen women and two or three men. The husky man across the aisle was the last to go, and as he turned to the door he stepped back into the car.

"If you're waiting to speak to the lady you'd better drop off," he declared. "I told the guard to keep an eye on you. He's a wise boy all right. Now you behave, Gussie, or some one will spank you."

The burly form swung down off the car. Deprived of the protection of most of the men, the women left in

the car grew nervous, and most of them crowded about the guard asking questions.

With growing irritability he explained that something had broken and had flooded the subway, but he did not know what it was or how long it would last.

Nell, sitting unnoticed in the center of the car, grew more and more nervous. Most of the women who had congregated about the guard settled themselves near the door. It appeared to give them a feeling of greater security to be close to the exit. Occasionally one would slip out to the doorway and, returning, report the increase of the flood.

With each recurring report Nell grew more restless, and at last she came forward uncertainly and sat beside the others. They ignored her completely in their excitement, and so she turned to the guard.

His patience, already sorely tried, gave way, and with a curt remark that if she had been listening she was already in possession of all the information he possessed he turned into the other car.

Tremblingly she turned back, and as she passed him Jennings sprang up.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "I don't suppose that there is anything much the matter. They have been opening the sides of the subway along here for ventilators, and I suppose that the rain has softened the dirt and caused a water main to snap. If there was any real danger they would probably come after us. I suppose it merely means a vexatious delay."

"Mother will be so worried," she said plaintively. "I went downtown to see about some business for her. We were to have started home to-night."

"I am afraid you will have to wait over until tomorrow," he said quietly. "They will have to bring down pumps from the yards at the other end of the line. It will take some time to clear the tunnel. If you want me to I think I can fix it."

Jennings stepped into the next car. "Which is the nearest station?" he asked. "Worth or Canal?"

"Worth, I guess," was the noncommittal response. "Better go that way if you want to make the trip. Water's pretty deep now."

"I'll chance it," was the easy answer. He stepped back into the other car and beckoned to Nell. "We can make the trip if you don't want to remain here," he suggested.

"I could never wade through all that water," she shuddered.

"I can carry you," he explained. "We will go to the rear car, and I'll drop off, then catch you and carry you back to Worth street. It is just a short trip."

"I thought you were told to keep away from that lady," snarled the guard, welcoming the prospect of a fight if only to relieve his feelings.

"This gentleman is an old friend of mine," said Nell. "Please go away." The disappointed guard settled back in a seat, and they passed on. At the rear of the train Jennings dropped off, then raised his arms.

"Take it easy," he warned, and a moment later he had her safe. The water was above his knees, and from its surface rose a thick foul steam that was almost stifling. He toiled along for a block before he could speak. Then he looked down into the pale face resting against his shoulder.

"Why are you angry?" he said.

"What have I done?"

"The last letter I read," she said slowly, "was written to another girl and in an assumed hand. I did not think that you could be so base."

"A letter to Grace?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," she assented.

Jennings laughed. "That's why Jimmie Belding doesn't hear from her any more. We thought it funny we both should get in trouble at the same time. The letters got mixed. No more writing in my rooms."

They went on in the darkness, and presently Jennings spoke again.

"I am afraid that you will not get that train tomorrow, either," he said.

"What is the matter?" she asked, rousing herself from the lethargy that had been induced by the fumes from the flood.

"I'm going to marry you tomorrow," he explained.

"Yes, dear," she agreed, "if we ever get out of this."

He pointed ahead to where the lights of the station gleamed through the vapor. "It's not far now to home and happiness," he said.

"Happiness with you," she murmured as she raised her face to receive his kiss. "I'm glad I was caught in that flood."

Boucault's "The Colleen Bawn."

The speed with which Dion Boucault worked is illustrated in this story of "The Colleen Bawn" in "Famous Actor Families in America," by Montrose G. Moses.

"The Colleen Bawn" followed his "Vanity Fair," which, produced by Laura Keane, proved to be a failure. The actress had thereupon turned in distress to the dramatist. "What have you put in its place?" she had queried.

"Nothing," came the reply. But that night Boucault stopped at a bookstore and purchased the above mentioned volume, which he read from cover to cover through the early morning. Then he wrote in all haste to Miss Keane:

My Dear Laura—I have it! I send you seven steel engravings of scenes around Killarney. Get your scene painter to work on them at once. I also send a book of Irish melodies with those marked I desire Baker to score for the orchestra. I shall read act I of my new Irish play on Friday; we rehearse that while I am writing the second, which will be ready on Monday, and we rehearse the second while I am doing the third. We can see the play out within a fortnight.

A SPIDER FIGHT.

It Was a Fast and Furious Battle to the Death.

I once had a spider pet of a kind the books enabled me to identify. He was a fine big fellow. I caught him in the garden, carried him home, and for nearly two months he and I took a close interest in each other, he for the flies I introduced to him and I for the amusement he introduced to me. I kept him in a milliner's box, letting him out when I visited him, especially delighting myself with allowing him to drop from one hand by his blue spun thread and then either catching him in the other or gently compelling him to climb back again by apparently eating his own ladder.

One day I captured another spider of the same species. I kept him for a few days in a separate box, and then with the kindly idea of companionship, I introduced him to Tiger. I have seen dogs fight; I have seen champion fight and stay his man; I have seen rams fight till with his skull crushed in, one lay dead at the foot of the other; I have seen men fight; but the fullest sense I ever realized of mad, murderous passion let ungenerously loose, centered in one destroying aim and summoning every physical energy to its devilish service, I realized when those two spiders rushed to mortal combat. I stood in boyish terror as their tangled legs dropped off, torn by mutual rage; and as with vicious dexterity they struck each other with their poisoned fangs, using for their own destruction the weapons and appliances with which nature has provided them for the capture and slaughter of their prey, I vividly turned pale.

Tiger was the victor, but even while with brutal wrath, all mangled as he was, he hit and spurned his dead and limbless foe he was seized with symptoms I took to be paralytic, and in a minute or two I helped him to his death. And this fearless gladiator was afraid of, I remember, and never would tackle a big bluebottle fly. What is courage?—Dundee Advertiser.

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SUGAR MAKING.

The Hindus Probably Learned the Art From the Chinese.

The Chinese, who invented almost everything before anybody else heard of it, claim to be the original discoverers of the process of sugar making, and it is said that sugar was used in China as long ago as 3,000 years. This is misty, but the fact is well established that it was manufactured in China under the Tsin dynasty 200 years at least before the Christian era began.

India has put forward a claim for priority of invention, but the probability is that the Hindus learned the art of sugar making from the Chinese and that through them the knowledge finally spread to the western nations. Ne-arclius, when sent by Alexander on an exploring voyage on the Indus, brought back reports of "honey" which was made by the Asiatics from cane without the help of bees.

At this time neither the Greeks nor the Jews nor the Babylonians had any knowledge of sugar, but later the art of making the artificial "honey" became known and practiced, though its progress and development were exceedingly slow. It was prescribed as a medicine by Galen in A. D. 150, and up to the seventeenth century it had become nothing more than a costly luxury, to be used only on special occasions. Even as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century the annual consumption of sugar in Great Britain had reached only 20,000,000 pounds, whereas it is now more than 2,000,000,000 pounds.

Refined sugar was not made in England till 1659. The art of refining was learned by a Venetian merchant from the Saracens, who sold the secret to him for 100,000 crowns.

A Church Without Services.

There is in London, within a few yards of the beautiful marble arch in Hyde park, a church in which no services are ever held. This Church of the Ascension, as it is called, was built by Mrs. Russell Gurney as a memorial to her husband, and she expressly stated that the edifice was to be used for prayer, rest and meditation solely. A handsome building it is, with its tessellated floors and its numerous fine paintings, explaining the true object of the church: "Passengers through the busy streets of London, enter this sanctuary for rest and silence and prayer. Let the pictured walls within speak of the past yet ever continuing ways of God with man."

They Wouldn't Lay.

A bashful young woman from a backwoods county in Virginia went into a local store carrying three chickens. She inquired the price of chickens and at the same time put them on the counter.

"Will they lay there?" asked the clerk, who did not know that the chickens' legs were tied.

She bit her handkerchief in embarrassment a moment and said: "No, sir; they are roosters."—Lippincott's.

There Were Others.

"That cornet player on the third floor has remarkable endurance," remarked the casual visitor.

"He has," agreed the regular boarder. "But it's nothing compared to the other boarders."—Toledo Blade.

Too Independent.

Lady—And you say you have been brought to this by your wife? Tramp—Yuss, lddy; I got 'er three good jobs and 'er bloomin' independent lorst 'er the lot.—Punch.

Saying comes too late when you get to the bottom.—Seneca.



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| Ar. Bogus .. 6:55 " | Ar. Dixie .. 10:55 " |
| Steel Br'g 6:45 " | K'l'h Sp'gs 11:40 " |
| Fall Creek 7:05 " | Fall Creek 11:45 " |
| K'l'h Sp'gs 7:10 " | Steel Br'g 12:00 " |
| Dixie .. 8:10 " | Bogus .. 12:30 P. M. |
| Pogue .. 8:20 " | Thrall .. 12:45 " |

Klamath Springs Special.

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Lv. Thrall .. 1:30 P. M. | Lv. K'l'h Sp'gs .. 4:45 P. M. |
| Ar. Bogus .. 1:45 " | Ar. Fall Creek .. 5:50 " |
| Steel Br'g 2:15 " | Steel Br'g 3:00 " |
| Fall Creek 2:35 " | Bogus .. 3:20 " |
| K'l'h Sp'gs 2:45 " | Thrall .. 3:45 " |

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Sunday School 10: A. M.

Junior Society at 2:30 P. M.

Baptist Young People's Union at 6:30 P. M. on each Sunday.

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Auto Ferns to Build Roads.
Secretary of State Laylin of Ohio estimates that the new automobile registration law, which makes him the registering officer and authorizes him to collect a graded annual license, will produce a state revenue of \$50,000. As this is given to the state highway commissioner's fund it will probably restore the amount to be available for the good roads movement for this year to the original figure of \$200,000.

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Announcement.
To accommodate those who are partial to the use of atomizers in applying liquids into the nasal passages for catarrhal troubles, the proprietors prepare Cream Balm in liquid form, which will be known as Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price including the spraying tube is 75 cents. Druggists or by mail. The liquid form embodies the medicinal properties of the solid preparation.

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