

FOR LOVE OF A LANCASTHIRE LASS, OR, THE QUEEN OF THE FACTORY.

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CHAPTER XXV.—THE DAM BURSTS. Mark Eliot was busy at his looms one afternoon, some months subsequent to the incidents set forth in the last chapter, when his friend, Charlie Hesketh, strolled into the weaving shed, and coming to a standstill beside our hero, remarked in his light cynical way: "Fine weather this, Mark, isn't it?" "It's fearful," Eliot responded, as, ceasing work for a moment, he glanced through the glass roof overhead, upon which a fierce and incessant patter of raindrops were thundering. "If this sort of thing lasts much longer," Hesketh rejoined, "there's going to be some trouble. Look at the river, how swollen it is already, and people are saying that the reservoir up at the South Fork is higher than it has ever been before—it is overflowing, in fact."

lors, often crushing each other like eggshells. Everything appeared to melt away at a touch of the flood's hand as it creased powerfully down the valley, and for a dozen miles around Johnstown, the pitiless and madly destructive blotted out every town and village, and destroyed all the houses, mills, telegraphs and railways, besides drowning thousands of human beings. So terrific was the speed of the flood that in a marvellously short time it had hurried itself through several miles of rugged, sinuous gorges and had entered Terry house in Johnstown with the exception of two; and the Conemaugh river in the space of five minutes had risen thirty-six feet in height. The horrible scenes which followed this fearful crush of water baffles all description. At one minute thousands of people in Johnstown and the neighboring towns were standing high and dry, the next they were overwhelmed by the great wave and were struggling for life in a wild, surging sea. Children playing in the streets were caught up and washed away; mothers, daughters and decrepit old men sitting peacefully at home, became aware of their peril only when their homes were whirled topsy-turvy, and they were floating away on the breast of the torrent; hundreds of work people were engulfed at work; and the air for miles around was filled with the grinding roar of the pitiless flood, the crash of falling houses and workshops, and the sharp despairing shrieks of those whom the fear of death had smitten. At the first mad rush of the invading waters the greater bulk of the houses on both sides of the river had gone down, and many of the solid bridges of stone, which spanned the Conemaugh, had meted away when the flood struck them. Ten minutes after the bursting of the dam, hundreds of persons were afloat on the rushing stream, imprisoned in their overturned and floating homes. The torrent from the broken dam struck the town of South Fork, at the confluence with the Conemaugh river, destroying over 1500 souls. Then the flying wall of water rushed down upon the village of Mineral Water, annihilating it and most of its inhabitants. The waters then swept on to the town of Conemaugh, where the gorge grows broader, and the valley is covered with iron mills. This town with its near neighbor, Woodville, were both overwhelmed and almost blotted out. But the work of destruction was greatest and most appalling at Johnstown. The whole village was here covered with industrial works, which the flood almost obliterated, with a vast mass of dwellings on the flats adjoining the river, and the debris of hundreds of dwellings and workshops were carried down the raging stream. At the lower end of Johnstown a fine bridge of stone crossed the river diagonally from north to south. Here the most terrible scene of all was enacted. This bridge resisted the fierce impact of the flood, and upon it many excited people crowded, watching the uprooted dwellings drift by, and endeavoring to save some of those poor creatures who were being borne away on the breast of the water. But very soon the arches on the left side of the great bridge became choked with debris. Into the upper angle of the structure the houses, trees and fences which had come down the left side of the river rushed and were piled until the arches under the bridge were blocked up. The current of the Conemaugh was then changed, and the wreckage began to be piled up until rafters and timbers projected above the stonework of the bridge. Then houses, nearly all crowded with human beings, crashed up, one after another, until the awful pile of debris extended for nearly a mile up the stream. The penman never yet lived who could adequately describe the horror of the scene or the shrieks and tumult of the agonized thousands, heid fast in that mass of floating ruin. Then the huge pile of wreckage caught fire near the bridge, and hundreds were drowned or crushed to death in the rush down stream were burnt alive. Amid that seething, roaring mass of wrecked homes, mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, husbands and wives died together in the most terrible plight the mind can conceive. Tossing about there on their ruined homes lying at all angles on the stream, heaved in by piles of wreckage, perished beyond all hope of escape—and when escape from the flames meant dying in the flood, what must those suffering thousands have endured? The shrieks raised by the victims as the fire reached them rent the air and could be heard above the roar of the torrent and those who stood on the bridge. And those spectators could only wring their hands in agony at their own impotence to aid the dying. And the fearful work went on, and presently above the sea of rushing water a wall of fire was reared. From house to house the leaping flames spread, and soon the prayers, shrieks and curses of the perished ones were drowned by the loud hissing and rushing of the white and red tongues of fire. The wind was blowing up stream, and this caused the flames to spread more quickly, and the air became filled with poisonous odors until at last the horrors revealed to the senses of sight, smell, hearing and imagination became intolerable, and the strongest nerved and the most strong hearted were fain to flee. Below ill-fated Johnstown the havoc of the flood was only less terrible, everything being overwhelmed. There the Conemaugh valley is broader, with small villages, all of which were completely submerged. On Oakley 700 people perished. Long Hollow had scarcely one house left standing, and Bolivar, Nineveh, New Florence and Saltsburg were inundated. For many miles along the course of the flood every bridge was swept away, and the wild, rushing torrent tore on its surface dotted with innumerable dwellings, upon the sides and roofs of which scores of terrified and half-drowned people clung. For forty miles the flood sped down the valley, scattering death and destruction as it went.

weaving sheds he had worked in in Lancashire, with this exception, that the walls were constructed of wood instead of brick. The works of the Johnstown spinning company were situated at the higher end of the town, and consequently it was one of the first works in the place, which was struck by the flood. Owing to the warning which had come from South Fork the mills had been emptied and Mark and Charlie Hesketh were leaving the works when the waters overwhelmed them. The two friends were making their way homeward at a quiet pace, never suspecting that the dam would give way, although warning of its weakness had been spread abroad, when a loud grinding roar far up the valley caught their ears. Instinctively they came to a sudden pause and glanced towards South Fork, whence the sound came. All they could see at first was a dark line which spread right across the valley, and which was moving rapidly towards them. A nearer and nearer that dark line came rushing louder and louder, grew the thunderous roar. Standing the river on the bank, the young men wondered for a moment. Then their hearts sprang to their throats as the truth flashed upon them. They could see the great wall of water and wrecked houses rolling down upon them, and they saw the great logs tossed high in the air, to fall back into the flood with a splash; they realized their imminent peril, but for the moment the horror of the thing held them spell-bound. "My God!" burst from Mark's lips, in the next instant they had burst away, and were fleeing like madmen for their lives. But as they were their feet, the rushing, roaring, destroying flood was far more swift. Ere they could reach the high ground on the valley ridge, the waters had caught them up, whirled them along, gufied them in its surging depths. When Mark Eliot rose to the surface he was half senseless, owing to the fierce impact of the flood. Fortunately he had not been struck by any portion of the floating wreckage, and when he emerged from the sudden darkness into which he had been plunged he found himself drifting alongside what appeared to be the roof of a submerged house. When he could see some buildings, such as the raft of slates, and then, as he was borne along, he glanced about in quest of his friend. But Charlie Hesketh was nowhere visible. Around and about him were all manner of floating ruins—uprooted houses, great logs of timber, uprooted trees—such and all the things which the great flood carried with it. From many of the drifting dwellings came the shouts and shrieks of women and children, but over all the clangor of fear and pain rang out the crash of the swiftly rolling torrent. Looking ahead of him down the valley, Mark perceived the great bridge of stone, Pennsylvania railroad, through the wide, tall arches of which the flood was already pouring. Just then he felt a sharp shock which nearly flung him from the raft, and then he noticed that his strange craft had come to a standstill. For some minutes he remained there, looking at the great bridge, and trying in his breast all sorts of things. Now a house would drift past with two or three half-drowned people on its roof, now live and dead bodies would surge up to the surface, to disappear the next moment, and animals innumerable—horses, cows, pigs, sheep, dogs, cats—battled with or floated helplessly on the swiftly flowing current. Presently a most piteous and moving tragedy was enacted within Mark's sight. High up the stream he saw a portion of a roof drifting, and as it approached he perceived that three living persons were seated upon it—a man about Mark's own age, a young woman who appeared to be his wife, for she had a babe clasped fast to her breast, and an old woman who appeared to be the mother of one or the other. On the raft and its occupants came, drifting down the further side of the stream—far away from Mark, yet near enough to be seen plainly by him. On the other side of the valley a great brick house of four or five stories, evidently an hotel, stood well out of the flood, and on its roof stood some half-a-dozen people. Mark could see that the people on the roof of the brick building had seen the drifting raft and its tenants, and were about to jump to the raft to save them, for one of them stood on the edge of the roof ready to cast a rope to the man when he came near enough. The man on the raft noted the preparations that were being made to rescue him and his dear ones, for Mark could see him talking to his companion, and appearing to instruct the latter as to what, when the moment of action came. On the drift came with a rush right alongside the great brick house. The brave man stood with his arms around the women, and as they swept past the house he reached up and seized the rope, being jerked violently away from the women, who tried to seize it but failed to grasp the life line. Seeing that his wife and babe and mother would not be rescued, the noble hearted fellow relaxed his hold on the rope, and fell back on the raft, which floated down. The current then washed the raft towards the bank, and the young man was enabled to seize upon the trunk of a tree, which towered above the surging waters. While he held the raft by sheer strength of arm the two women managed to clamber among the branches, and then he sprang into the tree after and beside them and the raft drifted away. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE. How sweet it were if, without feeble fright, Or crying of the drowsy babe, I could see His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers His news of dear friends, and children who have been dead indeed—as we shall know forever. Alas! we think not that we daily see About our hearths, angels, that see to be, Or may be if they will, and we prepare Their souls and ours to meet in happy air! A child, a friend, a wife, a mother, be wings in union with ours, breeding its future wings. LIFE HAS A BURDEN FOR EVERY ONE'S SHOULDER. None may escape from its troubles and care. Miss it its youth and thrill come when you're older. And fit us as close as the garments we wear. Sorrow comes into our homes uninvited, Robbing our hearts of our treasures of song. Lovers grow cold and our friendships are allighted. Yet somehow or other we worry along. 'Mid the sweet blossoms that smile on our faces Grows the rank weeds that would poison and blight. And ever in the midst of earth's beautiful places, There always is something that isn't quite right. Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter, Just when we mourn there was hope to be tried. Hope is the heart that makes the burden grow lighter. And somehow or other we get to the end.

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73.—The Boatman's Catch.



Join each of the left-hand objects, in succession, to the right-hand one. —(Minnie Singer.)

74.—Charade. FIRST. An action of some kind am I; A brief walk may make me known; Form, cast and shape I signify. 'Tis in a bend, or winding shown.

SECOND. A smooth, flat surface I may mean; Sometimes I'm entertainment, rare; As an inscription I am seen, And memorandum-book, though rare.

WHOLE. Steam locomotives, cars as well, When on me, as I can prove (Now note the paradox I tell), Are stationary while they move.

75.—Inverted Pyramid. Across: 1. Half syllables. 2. Differing in kind. 3. Vanishing up. 4. A bracketed word upon the arm as an ornament. 5. Mere repetitions. 6. A contraction. 7. A letter. Down: 1. A letter. 2. An. 3. The sea. 4. To make a note of. 5. A cigar. 6. A Greek or Latin proper name. 7. Scripture proper name. 8. A word in eggs. 9. A certain German anatomist, 1759-1812. 10. A river in Bosnia. 11. The limb of an animal. 12. A Greek. 13. A letter.

76.—Enigma. Now puzzles bright, both young and old, Come seek me out this mystery; I'm noted well among your craft, And found in sacred history. I tell of things both strange and true, Of things unheard of and new; Of things uncanny, monstrous, wise, In earth, and sea, and air, and skies. Can you not solve me? I pray you try. —(Byron Sutton.)

77.—Double Acrostic. (Words of six letters.) 1. Errors. 2. A virago. 3. A kind of onion. 4. To cover with straw. 5. To stir up. 6. To form again. 7. Primals—An annual festival. 8. A hymn set to music.

78.—Anagram. A whole one day inquired of me My views of his philosophy. And when he talked in way so blind About the power of mind on mind And of his potency and will To subjugate the human will. I listened till I heard him through, Then told him that I little knew About the science of words; And which he said was much defamed, Or those whose names were on his list, But that I thought their views mere mist. —(Nelsonian.)

79.—Octagon. 1. Affected with grief. 2. Having a mane. 3. A small metal. 4. The bows of a saddle. 5. To form some resemblance between different things. 6. Deputed. 7. Made debtor on account. 8. Pulled by violence. 9. To join in marriage.

80.—Synecopation. Upon the rock I saw one last, And gave upon the river, When the chilling winter blast Made every fiber shiver. I asked of him as I drew near, "Why 'last you here on days so drear?" "I have," said he, "a ship at sea, And for it I am waiting."

Answers. 63.—Blind. 64.—Blind. 65.—Horseman. 66.—Flowers. 67.—Flowers. 68.—Flowers. 69.—Flowers. 70.—COR RACEDS RETOLES AN Locomotives RELATIVES SAVES NES

HE TOOK HER ADVICE. "They say 'tis plainly shown That every man is known By the company associates he keeps; And every man is known By the company associates he keeps; If you believe it true?" And the young man at the maiden shyly peeps. Said she: "'Tis true, I say, 'Tis proved so every day; The good with good, the bad with wicked go. That well is understood, You should go with the good; 'Tis right and proper that you should do so."

GET A WIGGLE ON MY LAD. Get a wiggle on my lad, Don't walk at a funeral pace; Don't stand lazy, moping, sad; Don't sit with that drowsy face. Hurtle around and do your share, In the town or in the square; Hustle, rattle, bustle there; Hustle, rattle, bustle, peep. Push out; don't stand idly by; Elbow forward, push and squeeze; You'll get your share, you see. Swing your shoulders, brace your knees. Don't lie in a little den; Don't go half-starved, hungry, cold; Pegs were made for such a pen; Wiggle, waddle and push out bold. Don't jump if your shadow moves; If the world won't go with you, Let it slip in its old groove, Strike out bold; try something new. Get a wiggle on my lad, Get a rattle on my lad, Get a rattle on my lad, Get a rattle on your walk. —(Yankee Blade.)

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