

# Was Andrews a Coward?

Round about him in a straggling huddle of no one and nothing save himself and—death!

But there remained another note yet to be sounded in the gamut of his terror. Suddenly the hotel commenced to shake and reel under the assaults of the wind. With cringing dismay, he recalled the landlord's warning against cyclones in the night. At any moment one might burst upon him, resistless, remorseless, overwhelming. Within him rose the instinct of flight. To the cave, to safety!

Mechanically in the midst of his alarms he dressed himself, and as he stepped into the dark hall he recoiled before a sudden glare of lightning. But he was now too desperate in his fear to be checked. No one else was astir, and he tore open a side door, leaped to the entrance of the cave, crept through the narrow opening and sank down, his face buried in his folded arms.

He was safe at last, and a great joy of salvation welled in his heart. For a time he slept, waking with mind cleared and body refreshed. He listened intently, but no sound reached him. He crawled from his refuge, but the thought of returning to the room where he had suffered such mental tortures was hateful to him. He crossed the yard, climbed the fence and started toward the outskirts of the town. The air was of a hue strange to him, sullenly luminous, and he had gone not more than a quarter of a mile when he saw to the south, directly opposite from where the storm had come, a menacing bank of restless clouds. They were ablaze with raged fire. The boom of thunder rose afresh. Yes; there could be no further question. A second tempest was approaching. Already the sickness of terror was upon him, the nausea of cowardice, and he again faced toward his refuge, the cave! But something in the sky held him fascinated, something shaped like a titanic spot, hung from the heavens and spun by demand hands. Then it stopped moving, growing larger and larger.

What had the landlord said that afternoon? When it stops "bouncing," it's close!

He turned and fled for his life, but even as he ran a new thought came to him. It was not yet morning. None in the sleeping town knew of the doom racing toward their homes. He had a pitiful vision of shattered houses, littered with mutilated bodies, women and children caught from their slumbers in the crunching maw of the cyclone.

He forgot himself and—fear. He had passed the cyclone cellar and was rushing through the hall of the hotel.

"Cyclone! Cyclone! To the cave for your lives!"

The house sprang into instant life, but before the first startled guest reached the main floor Andrews was again in the street. He carried the dinner gong, which he had seized in an inspiration born of anxiety. Between each shout of warning he drummed mad, quivering arms on the eloquent brass.

He made the round of three sides of the square when of a sudden a mighty roaring was all about him. He paused, bewildered, and a crashing thunderbolt seemed to strike his temple, a burning splendor blinded his eyes. Then an invisible power struck full against him, seizing him and wrapped him in its crushing embrace, bore him aloft, tossed him here and there and snailly into a blackness that swallowed him completely.

Three days later he woke to see an angel bending over him. No; it was flesh and blood, after all. It was she. He blinked at her uncertainly.

"You are a hero!" She spoke softly, with shining eyes.

Then he remembered.

"Were many saved?"

"All," she answered proudly.

"Those you saved roused the others, and only a few, who sought refuge in cellars instead of caves, were hurt by falling timbers. But you suffered most. Oh, it was noble!"

Andrews spoke with sudden vigor.

"No; I am a coward. The storm frightened me shamefully. You cannot understand how I quivered and trembled like a child. I am not worthy of you. I had already hidden in the cave that night. I came out only when I thought all danger was over. The rest was an accident."

He stopped, exhausted, and she bent close to him.

"Don't talk that way, dearest. You are not a coward, but a conqueror of fear, and you will be my hero always."

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### Valencia the Key

Washington, July 7.—The state department has received a cablegram from United States Minister Bowen, at Caracas, stating that the Venezuelan government has communicated to him the fact that President Castro has decided to personally lead his troops against the revolutionary forces in the field, and that Vice President Gomez has assumed charge of the executive branch of the government.

The news conveyed in Minister Bowen's dispatch is regarded in different lights among South American diplomats in Washington. The prevailing view is that nothing but a most acute situation would cause President Castro to drop the reins of government at Caracas and take personal charge of the Venezuelan army at Valencia, and in those quarters it is firmly believed he is to lead a forlorn hope, and must surely succumb to the threatened heavy onslaught of revolutionary forces. In other quarters, however, confidence is expressed that Castro will repel the impending attack, just as he has done many others that have confronted him in the past, and further enhance his record as a fighter.

Valencia is a town second in importance only to Caracas, and lies about 100 miles from the capital, almost directly west. It is the base of military operations, has a large population, and in many respects is the most important town in the republic. It is regarded here as the open sesame to the capital itself, and it is believed its capture would herald the early capitulation of the seat of government.

### Rest Near Relatives

Washington, July 7.—The British embassy will be transferred within the next few days to Bar Harbor, where Percy Raikes and the staff have taken quarters for the summer. Advice received indicates that Sir Michael Herbert, the new British ambassador, will come to Washington about October 1, at which time the embassy staff will return to Washington. It has been determined that the body of Lord Pauncefoot, late British ambassador at Washington, shall be interred at Stoke, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, England, instead of at the old Pauncefoot estate at Preston. Stoke is a short distance from London and is the seat of Sir Henry Bromley, who

occupies Stoke hall. The Bromleys are a branch of the Pauncefoot family, and one of the younger Bromleys married a daughter of Lord Pauncefoot. It is deemed desirable, therefore, to have the body rest where the friends and relatives are now located rather than to be taken to the old home at Preston, from which the family have been separated for some time.

### Brotherhood

The crossing was muddy, the street was wide, The water was running on either side; The wind whistled past with a bitter moan As I wended my weary way alone.

In crossing the street I chanced to pass A boy in the arms of a wee toddling lass;

"Isn't he heavy, sweet little mother?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "he's my baby brother."

Thy load may be heavy, a road may be long, The winds of adversity, bitter and strong;

But the way will seem bright if you love one another, The burden be light if you carry a brother.

### Completed Routed

Willemsstad, Island of Curacao, July 7.—Three thousand Venezuelan government troops, under Gen. Calixto Castro, the president's brother, were completely routed July 3, between Barcelona and Aga, by troops of the revolutionary army under the command of Gen. Rolando.

The government forces lost all their ammunition and equipment and many of the soldiers deserted to the revolutionists during the engagement. After the battle the revolutionary army moved on Barcelona and surrounded that city. The inhabitants were panic-stricken, the shops were closed and the streets were barricaded.

President Castro, of Venezuela, left Caracas Sunday, not for Valencia, as had previously been announced but for La Guayra, taking with him his private guard of 500 veteran soldiers, and Gen. Ferrer, as chief of staff. The president reached La Guayra at 5 o'clock in the afternoon

and left there at midnight on the steamer Ossun; his destination being Barcelona, about 150 miles east of La Guayra.

### For Sale

All the property of Turner & Whittemore will be sold at public auction at claim No. 65 below discovery on Hunker creek on July 24th, 1903, at 2 o'clock p.m., consisting of one 40-horse-power boiler, one 6-inch centrifugal pump, one 14-horse power horizontal engine, one saw and arbor, a complete outfit of mining tools, groceries and cooking outfit, stoves and ranges; also four interests in mining claims on Hunker and Last Chance creeks. For further information see undersigned at No. 83 below Hunker. T. J. Hartley, assignee.

### \$50 Reward.

Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one mammoth dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripe running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white, hind feet white, extreme tip of tail white, belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side, nose very small like a fox or coon. I will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.

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