

Girl Saved from Death in Remarkable Manner

Drawn Under Mudscow When Launch Capsizes and Finally Bobs Into Empty Pocket Where Astonished Deckhand Finds Her.

New York.—The most remarkable escape from death by drowning and suffocation in mud that any human being probably has ever experienced is that of Miss Fannie Day, a young department store employe of this city, who was one of a party of eight persons in a naphtha launch which was capsized in the lower bay early the other day.

Three of her companions were swept to the bottom, when the launch, with disabled engines, was run into a mud scow. Miss Day had gone with the others, and when nothing was seen of her for hours afterward it was reported she had met her death.

But when the mud scow had been moved nearly to its destination and deck hands were adjusting the dumping apparatus at the bottom, they were startled to find a handsomely dressed young woman in one of the pockets. Miss Day had been literally scooped out of the water by the dumping machinery, which had been left open after the scow had discharged its last load at sea.

The party was returning from the upper bay, and, although a stiff breeze was blowing and the seas were running high, all went well until the launch gave out. All but the little craft drifted helplessly in the bay. The women suffered severely from the exposure. When a tug came a tug with two scows towed was seen making directly for them. They called loudly for help, but the tug swept by, and apparently were not seen by those on board. A close did the tug run that the wind over the second scow against the launch and caused it to upset. The passengers were thrown into the water, but the tug did not stop. Three of the men and Miss Cook managed to get hold of the upturned launch, and clinging to it until the other craft rescued them.

At first I couldn't make out what it was, and then it dawned on me that I was inside the scow.

"I cried for help, but no one came. I tried to climb up the sides, but they were slimy and slippery. Finally I secured a resting place on some chains, after having swam for an hour at least.

"By and by an old man looked over into the well. He said: 'How the devil did you get there?'

"I never saw such a scared man in my life. I yelled: 'Throw me a rope if you don't want me to drown.' He did so, and I wound it around my waist and arm and he pulled me up on deck."

Thomas Reynolds, of the scow, said of this finding of the girl: "About



"How the Devil Did You Get There?"

seven o'clock I was passing along the deck of the scow, and heard a faint cry. I'm not much of a believer in 'flying Dutchmen' or any other sea spooks, and I thought I would look to see where it came from. I looked along in the several pockets, and when I got to the forward pocket, blow me if I didn't see a fine looking young woman hanging on to the bridge chain of the door to the forward pocket.

"There she was, as unconcerned as could be, with three bracelets on her arm, her fingers full of rings, and her watch pinned to her breast. Her clothes were certainly a sight. You know, we dump cellar dirt, and a woman can't come up through that stuff and look decent.

"She was perfectly conscious, and I said: 'Are you strong enough to take a line?' Right back came: 'Certainly!' So I passed a rope down to her, and she held on to that rope until I could pull her up on deck."

Work of Terrorists at Home of Premier Stolypin of Russia.



In the recent dastardly attempt to destroy the family of M. Stolypin, the Russian premier, the conspirators drove up to the front door and were admitted to the vestibule of the reception room, where they flung the bomb. The prime minister, who was in his reception room, had a narrow escape, but the killed and injured numbered 20. Above the door was the balcony in which the prime minister's son and daughter were sitting. The assassins who wrecked M. Stolypin's house came in a carriage, which was blown some distance away by the explosion. The coachman perished.

CLIMB A FIERY VOLCANO.

PARTY OF SCIENTISTS MAKE PERILOUS ASCENT IN MEXICO.

Several Are Scorched by Burning Lava—Twelve Reach Rim of Crater After Being Nearly Overcome by Deadly Gases.

Guadalajara, Mexico. — Thoroughly exhausted, their hands, feet and legs burned by contact with red-hot rocks and lava and suffering as the result of having inhaled sulphurous gases for several hours, 12 delegates to the international geological congress have returned here after an ascent of the Colima Volcano, the only continuously active volcano in North America. The party includes W. Harvey Weed, of Washington, D. C. The Washington man reached the crater of the volcano, 13,000 feet above the level of the sea.

In the last 100 years not more than six men have succeeded in reaching Colima's crater. On account of the precipitous character of the mountain and the thick covering of sand and ashes the ascent of Colima is regarded as one of the most dangerous in the world. The deadly gases that issue from the crater and the possibility of a violent eruption at any time make the ascent doubly perilous. The last man to attempt to reach the crater was Dr. Peter H. Goldsmith, of Harvard university. He failed, and announced that it was practically impossible to get as far as the crater.

Thirty-five geologists started to make the ascent of the volcano. At a cost of \$1,000 the state government built a house especially for their accommodation at the foot of the mountain. The entire 35 climbed as far as the end of the timber line, and there 23 lost courage and turned back. The remaining 12 struggled for six hours to reach the crater. Long poles were used to determine footholds, as great pits of sand and ashes, each of them capable of engulfing dozens of men, exist along Colima's sides. The

climbers were half blinded by smoke and steam and in constant danger from the deadly gases, but they persevered, and finally reached the rim of the crater. At the crater's edge they encountered hot rocks and lava, thrown out by an explosion the previous night, and these burned through shoes, leggings and gloves. Through fear of suffocation, the geologists remained but a few minutes at the crater. They were able to reach the timber line before night overtook them, and they camped on the mountain side until the following morning.

The Colima volcano is 125 miles southwest of this city, in about the same latitude as the City of Mexico, and approximately 75 miles from the nearest point of the Pacific coast. For centuries—no one knows how many—Colima has been active, and during the last 300 years, at least, violent periods have been frequent and often prolonged. During these periods of violence the Mexican volcano becomes the rival of Vesuvius as a spectacular performer. The thin line of vapor that issues from the crater continuously in days of comparative quiet, gives way to a great pillar of black smoke; hot rocks of various sizes—some of them giant boulders—sand and ashes are thrown into the air for hundreds of feet above the crest of the mountain; flames leap from the crater and lightning plays above it and terrifying subterranean rumblings and sharp detonations are heard for many miles. Often the fall of sand and ashes is so dense as to cause extreme darkness during the daylight hours in the vicinity of the volcano.

Those who climbed to the crater of Colima are: W. Harvey Weed, Washington, D. C.; John E. Wolf, Boston; E. O. Hovey, New York; Rudolf Ruedemann, Albany, N. Y.; H. F. Cleland, Williamston, Mass.; H. F. Reed, Baltimore; Frank D. Adams and J. Austen Bancroft, Montreal; A. P. Coleman, Toronto; George Berg and Rudolf Stobbe, Berlin, Germany, and Tsunanaka Iki, Tokio, Japan.

PERFECT DRAINAGE FOR DUBLIN.

Malodorous Liffey River is Converted into a Respectable Sewer.

Dublin.—The new main drainage scheme just inaugurated destroys forever one of the characteristic features of Dublin which most impressed visitors—the smell of the Liffey river, which has been, in reality, the main sewer of the city. It is expected that the stream will now be as clear as the Seine in Paris.

The drainage scheme cost £600,000 (\$3,000,000) and 15 years were required for the completion of the work. An attempt was made to have the lord lieutenant of Ireland perform the opening ceremony, but the nationalists in the city corporation objected to having any English official figure ornamentally in the inauguration of an enterprise organized and paid for by the city. The ceremony was accordingly performed by the chairman of the improvements committee.

The boat which conveyed the guests to the outfall works at the mouth of the Liffey flew the union jack, but

"Dead" 8 Months; Returns to Life.

YOUNG MAN LEAVES COFFIN TO TAKE MARRIAGE VOWS.

IN VAULT FOR FOUR MONTHS

Lid of Casket Left Off Through Error Shows Natural Color of "Corpse," and Body is Taken Home—Now on Honeymoon.

Denver, Col.—The following death notices appeared in Kansas City papers, dated January 13, 1906: "Died—At the home of his parents, No. 2829 Euclid avenue, Frederick J. Harvey, at two o'clock yesterday afternoon. His death was due to consumption, which caused a lingering illness for the last three years. He returned from an extensive visit in New Mexico, where he had hoped to regain his health, and had been home a week, being conscious to the last minute. He was 20 years old, leaving a prostrated mother, father, sister, and affianced wife, Miss Lily Godfrey, to mourn his loss. Funeral services were held on Friday at three o'clock."

After being alive in the family vault at Kansas City from January 12 to the middle of May, Frederick J. Harvey, one of the wealthiest men in Kansas, came back to life the other day, married his Denver sweetheart, Miss Lily Godfrey, who was instrumental in restoring him to life, departed on his honeymoon the same day, and will arrive here next week to visit relatives.

Mr. Harvey is the son of Barnard Harvey and grandson of the deceased Frederick Harvey, the millionaire owner of all the eating houses on the Santa Fe line. The family is well known throughout the United States.

At the time of Mr. Harvey's death, as the family still term his entombment, he had contracted a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia. His already tubercular system was not strong enough to throw off the additional trouble, and physicians pronounced him dead. Death from poisoned gas arising from the lungs was given as the cause.

Although all respiration had ceased, his affianced wife, Miss Godfrey, would have it that he was not dead. She wept and moaned, took the death watch upon herself, and would not leave the casket until it was placed on a marble slab next the casket of her father and aunt in the family's tightly closed vault.

Later the fact developed that the undertaker understood the pall bearers were to have put the lid on, and that the pall bearers thought the undertaker would attend to it.

Mrs. Harvey and Miss Godfrey had the body taken to the family home, where they visited it daily from May until September 4, then Harvey came to life, and the wedding followed.



To Their Astonishment They Found the "Corpse" Alive.

who had opened the casket? Trembling, Miss Godfrey approached it to learn the worst.

Astonished beyond expression she found Mr. Harvey just as he was on the day of the burial. The lips and finger nails were still pink and there was not a sign of decay in the entire body.

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TIGER KILLS PYTHON IN DEADLY BATTLE

Bad Storm at Sea is Means of Furnishing Big Cat with a Snake Dinner.

New York.—Any one who has never seen the biggest python ever brought to this country can find that snake on board the steamship Indrasamha, which arrived here the other day from Yokohama, Singapore and other ports east of Suez.

Captain Wilkes, master, says the snake is 27 feet long and 3 feet in circumference. No one took the trou-



The Tiger Kept His Paws Busy as Joe Gans.

ble to measure him, but he looks every inch of the size the captain gave.

There were four other big pythons when the Indrasamha sailed from Singapore, besides a royal Bengal tiger that was the champion man-eater in those parts before he was captured and sold. He looks still as if his appetite might be good if he only had a chance to spread himself.

If it hadn't been for the tiger the five pythons would have arrived intact. The tiger killed one of them after a terrific battle.

Each of the pythons was in a separate box on the main deck amidships, and the tiger was in his cage not far away. One day the Indrasamha ran into a hurricane. It wasn't an everyday affair by any means, but one of those that sailors tell about for years afterward, the kind where the seas tower mountain high on the weather bow and turn the decks into a regular Niagara when they break and spill their tons of green water on the quivering fabric as the labors barely abate

to keep her head to the sea; the kind that sweep aft, carrying everything movable before them, and end up by going overboard astern in a swirl that resembles the week's wash in a boiling caldron of soapuds.

Anyway, it was blowing some, and the seas did come aboard. There was one particularly tall, gray-headed fellow that got over the side and kicked up old Nick. This sea hit the box of one of the pythons, and the box turned over. The weight of the python did the rest, and before any one knew just what had happened there was some 20 feet of snake at liberty.

Now, the python didn't seem to know just what to do under the circumstances. There were other waves coming along, and, while perhaps he did not have hydrophobia, he was averse to a wetting. The nearest place of safety seemed to be the tiger's cage, and the python made for that. Of course, there were members of the crew who could have told him, but the crew was busy doing other things just at that time. There are always things a well ordered crew may find to do when there is 20 feet, more or less, of snake crawling about the decks and the seas are rolling aboard mountain high.

But the royal Bengal didn't like the interloper, and as the python's head came through the bars he swatted it. The python came to in a minute or so, and started for the tiger. The tiger kept his port and starboard forward paws as busy as Joe Gans, and it wasn't long before the python was out. Then the tiger pulled him into the cage and made his dinner on about six and a half feet of the snake.

Girl Has Strange Mania. Millville, N. J.—With a mania for child-beating, 17-year-old Katie Pettit, daughter of Joseph Pettit, has been sent to Bridgeton jail by Mayor George W. Payne. Complaints have been made that the girl waylaid small school children and beat them unmercifully. Yesterday she attacked nine-year-old Rebecca Austin, daughter of Elizabeth Austin, with a club and beat her. Witnesses say the attack on the Austin child was unprovoked. The girl's education has been sadly neglected and she seemingly has no sense of right and wrong. The mayor censured the child's mother and sent the girl to jail.

Snakes Entwine a Woman. Elkton, Mich.—Mrs. Sam Glassford came upon a nest of garter snakes while pulling weeds in a field. Angry at being suddenly disturbed, they began crawling over her person, winding themselves around her arms, and she thinks one encircled her neck. She was frightened so badly she became stiff and unconscious and remained so about 14 hours. Under treatment of Dr. McColl she slowly recovered her normal condition. She was not bitten nor otherwise injured than by the fright.

MULE GETS DRUNK, ROUTS WEDDING PARTY AND SMASHES UP FURNITURE

"Tom" Gulps Down Gallon of Beer and Two Quarts of Whisky, and Immediately Proceeds to Raise Rough House.

Chicago.—"Tom," a fine burro of both American extraction, did very little the other evening.

All he did was to consume a large quantity of alcoholic liquors, break up



"Tom" Put the Bridal Party to Rout. marriage ceremony, demolish the furniture in Peter Steimbrieh's saloon at Ninety-third street and Drexel avenue, seriously injure two detectives, and then go to sleep.

The matter occurred in this manner: Lena Swopaka and Michael Burlick, both residents of South Chicago, decided to wed. The ceremony was performed by a justice without incident, and immediately afterward the bridal party adjourned to the dance hall of Mr. Steimbrieh.

There was no lack of incident after the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Burlick.

In addition to running a saloon and dance hall Mr. Steimbrieh is the owner and manager of a wild beast show. One of the principal wild beasts is "Tom," the burro, and while the wedding festivities were in progress several uninvited guests decided to refresh the animal.

Tom partook of a gallon of beer and two quarts of whisky, served in a pan, before he felt able to do himself justice. Then he proceeded to the hall where the wedding party was in session and kicked all the tables out of the door.

The chairs and guests followed, and with no opposition in sight Tom strolled out to the street.

Two detectives happened along and were assaulted by the mule, after which the animal lay down to obtain a well earned rest.

The burro was arrested and placed in the back yard of the South Chicago police station.

Pig Thrives in Sewer. Baltimore, Md.—After living for six weeks in a sewer, a fat and greasy hog was rescued by employes of the city water department. It was Aug. 3 that, with 50 others, the hog was being driven to a slaughter house, preparatory to being put on the local meat stands. In Fremont avenue it broke away from its companions and ran into a sewer. It was generally thought that the hog would die or be killed by sewer rats, but, on the contrary, it thrived, and when taken out to-day weighed 75 pounds more than when it fell in.

They Are. "Are they wealthy?" "Well, the ice wagon stops before their house every day."—Houston Post.