

# A Bride for an Hour.

## A Tragical Story of the Johnstown Disaster.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

### CHAPTER XI.

NOTES AND WIFE.

The woman who lost her babe was very quiet. Rose Somers talked to cheer her. When they were out of sight of the log which had taken the life of the mother, she suddenly said, looking straight at her companion, pausing as she spoke:

"Do you think it possible my babe is alive? All at once it came to me, such a thing might be."

Distressed, suffering as Rose Somers was in body and mind, this question appeared to her as a relief, and she forgot her own sorrows for the time.

"Certainly I do," she said, decisively.

"If God saved you and me, why could he not save your child? Such a thing can't be."

"I did see it at all. I left the baby alone in its cradle. I awoke and laid it down. I was going to speak to its grandfather—my husband is dead—my grandfather lived with me. I heard him shouting—I ran to the door—and—"

"You saw what I heard; I thought it was judgment day."

The mournful whistle began to blow. I knew the flood was coming, but before I could cross the room, the water filled the house. My baby was drowned in its cradle."

"You are not alive."

"The grandpa—my father—tried to take me, but he had my baby one time, then we were torn apart."

"I held on to a fence and a boat, and next I caught a roof, and was borne away till they found me, and took me out of the water. Do you think there is a chance?"

"Yes, I am sure."

The mother now looked very natural. The color returned to her face, and Rose suddenly took a great liking to this poor mother.

The water was hot and stormy. They had come to Dibbler's.

They were advised to remain, but crossed to Sods', and were urged to remain there still longer with a glass of pure milk.

At dusk, a woman, whom Rose had seen at Sods', came to the room.

"I am a widow—my husband is dead."

"I am a widow—