

SONG OF THE AUTUMN WIND.

The wind is singing a mournful song In a wail, sad minor key, While a wailing sound like a spirit in pain, Comes ever anon to me— Comes ever anon through the song of the wind Like a shriek of old despair.

Robert T. Whitelan.

HIS MOTHER'S SON.

When Robert C. Howe was forty years old he put aside his mother, who loved him well, and married a young wife, Edith, who loved only herself. It is a terrible thing to fall in love for the first time when one is forty.

"But she is so shallow and so supremely selfish, my son," said his mother, who knew. "She will ruin you, my dear." This seemed sacrilegious to Howe and horrified him.

Before they had been married a year Edith fretted herself ill and came close to fretting Howe ill. A doctor, who was of the breed that never takes circumstances into consideration in treating his patients, said her lungs might be affected soon and ordered her to Southern California.

Howe was not much of a thief, and the firm soon found him out. Being bugged at having thought him surely honest, they pushed the case hard. Howe made slight defence and received a sentence of five years. He also received a bitter, shocking letter from Edith, such a letter as no woman is ever justified in writing to any man when he is down, much less a wife to her husband.

Bacteriology is of great value when properly applied, but, like other sciences, it is likely to be abused by quacks. Professor Frankland says that by far the greatest service as rendered by bacteriology in water supply matters is in connection with filtration, where it forms a most certain and reliable test of the efficiency of any given plant, at once laying bare "the slightest irregularity or defect in the process."

John Paul Jones' Grave.

Has Been Located Under a House in Paris.

Ambassador Porter reports the finding in Paris of the grave of John Paul Jones, the hero of the American Revolution. The discovery was made by a newspaper correspondent.

Secretary of State Hay has sent for a detailed report. He will bring the matter before Congress at the earliest opportunity and urge that the hero's remains be borne to this country, with appropriate honor.

Ambassador Porter's search for the long-lost grave began three months ago. It was found under a small house at No. 1 Rue Edouard Martin, in the northeastern quarter, just back of the eastern railway station. The street formerly was a sluiceway, or open drain, that carried surface water to the canal St. Martin.

Ambassador Porter has learned that the exact date of John Paul Jones' death was July 18th, 1792. The body lay in state until September 12th, when it was borne to the cemetery for foreign Protestants, a great orator of that day, M. Warron, delivering an eulogy. The grave is distinctly marked.

When it is opened there should be revealed the hero's inscribed sword and the accoutrements of his rank as an admiral.

A Sheep-Guarding Bird.

The yakamik, a bird of the crane family, is used by the natives of Venezuela in place of a shepherd dog for guarding and herding their flocks. It is said that however far the yakamik may wander with the flocks, it never fails to find its way home at night, driving before it all the creatures intrusted to its care.

A. F. Page, who died recently at Raleigh, N. C., bequeathed to the Methodist Orphanage of that city the Academy of Music (Raleigh's principal theatre), with the proviso that one-half the rental should go to his widow during her lifetime. The property is worth \$20,000.

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

At the Nitrate Ports of Chile.

The Camps Are Very Much Similar to Western Mining Towns.—The Same Mad Rush for Wealth. Commercial Facilities Poor.

The desert narrows as you go southward, the coast line becomes more rugged and bolder and the mountains come down to the sea. They rise like a wall, 2,000, 3,000, 4,000 and 5,000 feet abruptly from the water. Some of the peaks reach an elevation of 8,000 feet and they are all barren, sandy rocks or hard baked clay, without a vestige of verdure or a living thing.

At many of these places ports have been established on the beach for the convenience of commerce, and railroads have been built to bring the products of the interior to market. There are a few good harbors, but the most important ports are open and dangerous roadsteads where the surf rolls in with mighty force at all times and often is so violent that neither freight nor passengers can land.

It is an extraordinary fact and a commentary upon human selfishness that nearby these places are sheltered coves and harbors at which shipping might be economically and conveniently accommodated, but they have not been utilized because the owners of the surrounding property and riparian rights demanded such exorbitant prices, or some real estate syndicate was interested in another site.

About the worst place on the entire coast is Antofagasta. It is not only bad but dangerous, and yet within a few miles to the northward is one of the best and safest harbors on the coast, the bay of Mejillones, which was not made the terminus of the railway to the interior because the people who owned the land where Antofagasta now stands had a "pull" with the engineers.

The word "pampa" conveys to us the idea of a grassy plain covered with waving blades of grain, with flocks of cattle, birds and butterflies—that is what they call a pampa in the Argentine Republic and Uruguay, but over on this side of the continent the term is used to describe a high plateau entirely lifeless, with no vegetation, no water, nothing but a burning sun and burning sand, and a heat that fills the atmosphere with vibrations and mites.

It is so hot that you can actually see the heat in the air. Probably the term was first applied as a joke, but it stuck to the object, and now all these awful deserts are labeled "pampas" on the map. But under the repulsive surface nature has stored untold mineral wealth.

APPEARANCE OF PORTS.

The nitrate ports along the coast look like western mining towns in the United States—wide streets, lined by long rows of one-story houses, Oregon lumber, usually roofed with galvanized iron. Many of them have a piazza on top, or a second roof to break the force of the sun, like the fly of a tent.

They are equally uncomfortable and unlovely, and the men who live in them have passed through privation and privation as the same measure of reward in more comfortable climates. Every dollar that has ever been taken out of the nitrate regions by anyone has been fully earned.

The streets are dusty and the air is full of sand. It gets into your hair and eyebrows, into your ears and nostrils, you taste it on your tongue and feel that it is nothing but dust suspended in the atmosphere. There is a surprising number of large shops, filled with an assortment of wares that ought to meet the requirements of all races and ages and tastes.

There seems to be, however, an excessive proportion of brandy and other strong drinks, and we are reminded of the skipper who sent the sailor ashore for supplies, and when the latter appeared with one loaf of bread and a dozen bottles of rum, the captain demanded, in an uproarious manner, what the thunder he expected to do with all that bread. The same inquiry suggests itself to my mind whenever I look into the windows of a grocery shop in one of these nitrate towns.

Next in abundance is canned stuff—beef, bacon and tongue from Chicago, condensed milk from Switzerland, macaroni from Italy, sardines from Sardinia, anchovies from Sicily, sausages from Germany, asparagus, petit pois and wines from France, and jams from England, cheese from Holland, butter from Denmark, codfish from Norway and Sweden, oil and olives from Spain, tea from China and Japan, coffee from Brazil and Bolivia, caviar from Russia—thus the whole world panders to the appetite of the miners working in the nitrate desert, and they are willing to pay big prices for the gratification.

This unnatural climate develops unnatural tastes. A friend tells me of two miners who, after being flush, decided to indulge in a feast. They got a loaf of bread and two jars of pate de fois gras for their dinner, a bottle of brandy for their beverage and two cans of condensed milk which they ate raw with spoons for desert. This extraordinary banquet cost them \$11 each in Chile money.

CLIMATE EXCITES THIRST.

I have never seen liquor of all kinds consumed in such quantities as here, but apparently there is very little drunkenness. That is due to the atmosphere and the atom of sand that one is constantly inhaling excite an abnormal thirst, no doubt, and they say that the human system requires an unusual amount of stimulant to sustain the heat and fatigue of this climate.

I am quite sure that this duty is not neglected, judging by the extraordinary excesses which are witnessed without comment daily and hourly at every club and hotel. Half a dozen cocktails before breakfast—one man at Iquique is said to require seventeen to start his machinery in motion—a bottle of Scotch or Irish whiskey at breakfast, another at lunch, wine and cordials at dinner, brandy and soda every now and then during the day, alternating with copious and frequent draughts of beer, and the same repeated all the evening, with a nightcap of whisky and a bottle beside the bed in case of a restless night.

This is considered a moderate indulgence, and the way they mix things is amazing. I have seen a party of business men around a table at a club drink cocktails, brandy and soda, beer, champagne, sherry and vermouth at the same sitting during business hours and return to repeat the performance several times during the day. Iquique has the reputation of consuming more liquor per capita than any other place in the world.

ALL FOOD IS IMPORTED. As nothing is produced but metal in this region, everything to eat and drink and wear has to be brought from more favored regions. There isn't a thing but sand and rock and the minerals that lie under it are hundreds of miles from this port. Hence there is a very large commerce.

All printed goods and plain cottons are of British manufacture, the woollens and other wearing apparel come from Germany, silks and fancy articles from France. Iron and steel in infinite forms come chiefly from England, sugar from Peru and Germany, candles from Holland, rice from China, through Hamburg or Liverpool, beef and flour from Chile, and better quality of knives, forks and spoons from England, the cheaper quality, which are more largely sold, from Germany, the bagging used in immense quantities for shipping nitrate and ores from Great Britain, the machinery and tools from the United States, the railway supplies from Belgium and Germany.

The heavy importers and exporters of nitrate and the bankers are mostly Englishmen. Italians keep the groceries and drinking shops, while the Germans are in all branches of trade and more numerous than any other nationality. Occasionally you find an American mine owner or a dentist.

The population is cosmopolitan and represents every race on earth. In some of the towns the foreigners outnumber the natives. DIFFICULTIES OF COMMERCE. The enormous commerce is conducted under great difficulties. There are no harbors and no docks, and a surf that rolls half way around the world before it breaks into foam upon the beaches were these towns lie.

Captain Marrow, of the steamer Lautero, says that Australia is their only breakerwater. The anchorage is a narrow channel in deep water and rock with an easy motion as the heavy swells pass under them. The passengers are lowered from the deck into lighters by a steam winch in chairs that are made from barrels or scramble down a ladder and drop into a boat as the swells lift it within reach, or scurry in hand. Sometimes a boat-lickers with amazing skill by the native boatmen, and there is seldom any accident.

Captain Harris, of the steamer Guatemala who has been sailing up and down this coast for twenty-seven years, says that he never heard of a passenger being drowned or seriously injured. Sometimes a boat-lickers through the recklessness of the oarsmen. They may perhaps be drunk or quarreling among themselves, and now and then you hear that one is drowned, but somehow or another they get their passengers through all right, although the latter occasionally are treated to exciting experiences.

Not long ago, at Antefagasta, a tug being carelessly navigated exposed her broadside to the surf and was overturned instantly. As she capsized the boiler exploded and the hull was blown to fragments. All the five men who composed the crew were lost.

The skill with which the natives handle the big barges is marvelous. There are no tugs to tow the lighters; all the work is done by hand. Two men will scull a barge carrying sixty or seventy tons of freight over the rough sea from ship to shore, and guide it through the surf with ordinary care without losing a package or shipping a drop of water.

Salavary, a Peruvian port, the beach is so shelving that the lighters cannot get to the shore, and, after grounding them, their passengers are lifted onto the shoulders of the boatmen and carried pig-a-back to dry land; or they can have their choice, which is generally exercised by ladies, of climbing into a chair that is fastened upon sort of funeral bier and carried by four men.

At some of the ports there are long moles extending beyond the surf, but the swell is so heavy that the lighters have to be moored to buoys at a considerable distance to prevent them from being jammed to pieces against the piles.

In such cases passengers and freight are hoisted and lowered from and into the lighters in iron cages by a steam winch. Cattle and horses are transferred from the deck of the vessel to the lighters and from the lighters to the dock by a canvas sling, which is passed around their bodies and attached to a hoisting chain.

Formerly it was the custom to lift cattle by a nose around their horns, and this cruel practice still prevails in some of the ports, but in Chile it is not permitted nowadays. Some years ago the Humane Society procured the passage of a law by Congress prohibiting it under a heavy penalty.

Sheep are landed by means of a canvas chute which extends from the deck of the vessel to the lighter. The roustabouts grab the animals by the legs, toss them into it, and they slide down in an instant. Freight is hoisted from the hold of the vessel by steam winches, in large nets or spread of canvas called hammocks, and on shore is handled in a similar manner.

ABUNDANCE OF TRADE VESSELS. There are plenty of shipping facilities. At every one of the nitrate ports are long rows of big sailing vessels anchored in line, like men-of-war, discharging cargoes of merchandise, and taking in cargoes of nitrate, saltpeter, copper, silver, sulphur, borax and various other ores. They bring coal from Cardiff and Australia, and from Mobile and Newport News, to furnish motive power for the "officials," as the nitrate workers are called and the railways that connect them with the coast.

They are monstrous felloes, mostly four and five masted, built of steel and usually carrying the English, German and Norwegian flags. Sometimes you see the Stars and Stripes floating from a masthead. It is a rare and welcome sight.

The other day at Iquique we saw what was said to be the largest sailing vessel in the world but one. She was a Frenchman, painted gray, with black squares upon her sides like the portholes that appear in the frigates that did the sea fighting a century ago.

She had six masts and spread several acres of canvas square rigged. She was fitted throughout with electric lights and steering gear, and her hatches were supplied with steam hoisting machinery which was capable of discharging sixty tons of freight an hour from each one of them.

They carry a cargo of 7000 tons of wheat or coal or nitrate, or anything else that can be packed closely. The freight charges upon these sailing vessels are remarkably low. The Norwegians particularly will bring a cargo of assorted merchandise from Hamburg or coal from Cardiff around the Horn for five shillings a ton, a rate less than a Chicago truckman would charge to haul it from a railway station to a warehouse.

There are several lines of steamers running regularly and no end of tramps looking for charters. Two lines give monthly sailings between the nitrate ports and New York, one under the management of W. R. Grace & Co., and the other under Flint, Eddy & Co.

They are fine steamers, built especially for cargo capacity, but can carry a few passengers. They take no mails, and are therefore, independent of the authority of the different countries along the route and can come and go as they please.

The other steamship companies complain that it is not profitable to carry the mails; that the compensation they receive for the service does not pay them for the delay and annoyance they are constantly subjected to, and for the three passes and reduced fares that they are required to give officials. They complain, too, that they cannot collect their money without great difficulty.

The German steamers suffer from none of these embarrassments, and as they do not cater to the passenger traffic, they are not so much annoyed by quarantine regulations. Thus, after these many years, the Pacific Mail company will be punished for its indifference to the claims of the public, and will be compelled to replace the old tubs that are now floating under its flag with new and comfortable modern steamers.

WILLIAM E. CURTIS. Has Had Troubles.

Remarkable History of the Rohland Family of Westmoreland.

Mrs. Maggie Henderson, of near West Newton, was brought to the local prison today on a commitment issued by Justice of the Peace H. A. Obley.

Mrs. Henderson is charged with making threats of murder and arson. For several weeks the neighborhood in which she lives has been in a constant state of alarm on account of her threatening behavior. Justice Obley learned of her murderous intent at the hearing on Sunday morning, when she remarked: "There'll be another murder in the Rohland family."

A tale of tragedies is embodied in her declaration. The record of violent deaths in the Rohland family, of which she is a member, being a sister of Thomas Rohland, the wife murderer awaiting trial, is certainly without parallel in the history of Westmoreland county, if not in the entire nation.

Not less than thirteen of this family have met singular disasters. The branches of the original family to which the unfortunate belonged or were closely related and three brothers, Albert, George and William, and their three sisters, Mrs. Bandage, Mrs. Kyle and Mrs. Strebig. Here is the list: Albert Rohland, conductor on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, killed by the cars at Alpsville; his son, Emmett, killed by cars at Connelville; less than two weeks ago George Rohland was killed on the railroad at West Newton; daughter, Belle, murdered by one Neibert, who committed suicide at the same time; son, Thomas, murdered his wife and is now in jail; William Ohr, brother-in-law, hanged himself; William Rohland, died a natural death; his son, France, found dead in several feet of water in the foot of Port Royal shaft with a wound in his head; son-in-law James Hamilton, brakeman, killed by coming in contact with a beam while riding on his train through Jones & Laughlin's mills, Pittsburg; son-in-law, William Strebig, engineer, crushed in a smash-up; Mrs. Brundage's son, Mark, brakeman, killed by cars at Bessemer; another son, Edward, killed by cars at Grapeville; Mrs. Kyle's son, Norman, killed on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad.

How Ladysmith Got Its Name. There has been a great deal of joking about the odd name of the place where Sir William White's English troops have been doing battle. As a matter of fact, Ladysmith did get its name from a woman. This was the wife of Gen. Sir Harry Smith, whose marriage, by the way, was one of the romances of the Peninsular war. At that time two young British officers in a Spanish town, which had just been occupied by an English force, were surprised by a visit from two very young and beautiful Spanish girls of the better class. These fair callers begged protection in the alarming circumstances in which they had been placed by the occupation of the rougher soldiery. Their request was, of course, gallantly granted, and in a short time one of the officers, Cap't. Smith, found himself desperately in love. In due time he married the woman whom he had protected. The marriage proved a happy one.

In Some Places. Shooting Tenant (just arrived for the grouse)—What a beautiful place to live, Dougald!

Dougald—It's no a bad place to live. But what wad ye think o' havin' to travel 15 miles for a glass o' whisky?

Shooting Tenant—But why don't you buy some and keep it?

Dougald—Ah, now! But why don't you keep 1—Punch.

Senator Hoar on the Philippine Situation.

He Scores the President and Demands such Action as Accords With our Declaration of Independence.

Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, has contributed an article on "Our Duty to the Philippines" to the Independent, which appeared Thursday. He begins with a review of the circumstances leading up to the war with Spain, of which he says:

"I think it might have been averted and that Cuba could have been liberated by peaceful means if the counsel of Grant and Fish had been followed, and if our public men in the Senate had recognized that they were a part of the diplomatic power of this country, and it was unbecoming in them to indulge in bitter and stinging invectives against Spain, whether such invectives were just or unjust. But I do not feel inclined to judge these utterances severely. Something, as Burke said, must be pardoned in the spirit of liberty, and these utterances, though, in my judgment, unfortunate, came from brave, humane and liberty-loving souls."

The Senator says that down to January 1st, 1898, the American people and the Republican party were committed to the doctrine that just governments rest upon the consent of the governed, and that every people has the right to dissolve at will the political connection that binds it to another people.

DIFFERENCE IN THE DEALING.

In dealing with Cuba, says the writer, we acted upon those principles, but the treaty of peace disclosed a different purpose as to the Philippines, the inhabitants of which were much nearer independence when the treaty of peace was signed than even had been the people of Cuba.

Their leader, Senator Hoar, has been brought over to the islands in a United States ship, by the United States authorities, and was in arms at the head of his forces, with our full concurrence and co-operation. If the statement attributed to a high official in one of our departments, who is sometimes called upon to sit in the Cabinet with the President, is correct, made, their leader had been offered by President McKinley the high office of Colonel in the regular army of the United States—an offer which itself is a sufficient refutation of all the charges against him. They had framed a provisional constitution, a model of its kind, establishing a dictatorship like those established by Bolivar in South America, to give peace to a republic as soon as the military condition should make it possible.

THOUGHTS ON LOOKING BACK.

"Looking back can any sane man doubt the wisdom of those who desired to amend the treaty and to deal with the Philippine Islands as we did with Cuba; to compel Spain to renounce her sovereignty, to keep off all foreign nations and to aid the island in establishing their own government according to their own desire?"

The Senator refers to the epithet "traitor" and other harsh words applied to those who voted against the peace treaty, and asks:

"When the President said that forcible annexation, according to our mode of legal, would be criminal aggression, was he a copperhead? Was he disloyal to the flag? Was not a Republican? Was there ever an utterance so calculated to give courage to Aguinaldo and his people as that?"

As to our future attitude toward the Philippines, the Senator writes: "The time has come to make up your minds. If you are to declare that you do not mean to subjugate them or to enslave them, that you will act toward them on the principles and in the spirit of your own Declaration of Independence, the war can be ended in an hour. The refusal to make this declaration in the beginning of the war, and your refusal now to declare your counsel is what is alone responsible for its continuance."

"Now we have got to settle the question, which the President has repeatedly declared is for Congress and for the people, whether we will complete the subject of the Philippines, whether we will undertake to govern them, either as a republic, as they seem to desire, or as a limited monarchy like Japan, or whether they shall exist hereafter an absolute monarchy, after the fashion in which we are maintaining in power to-day the Sultan of Sulu, with his slaves and his harem."

Senator Hoar then writes that this great question has been discussed with a levity, with an intolerance, and with an appeal to low motives and to cheap passions rarely paralleled in political history. A notable exception, he says, is Governor Theodore Roosevelt, whose late address, in which he maintains that expansion is the way to peace, was "a thoughtful and able argument, worthy of serious consideration."

In conclusion the Senator says: "The American people, the brave and just people, who made the immortal declaration and who maintained it with life and fortune and sacred honor, who established our wonderful Constitution, to whose Monroe doctrine is due the freedom of the American Continent from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn, have not changed their minds. Their deliberate action by which they are stirred and by which their judgment is now clouded are generous, noble and humane. Reason will resume its rightful sway, and the great republic will remain a republic still."

BRAVE EXPLORERS.—Like Stanley and Livingstone, found it harder to overcome malaria fever and Ague, and Typhoid disease germs than savage cannibals; but thousands have found that Electric Bitters is a wonderful cure for all malarial diseases. If you have chills with fever, aches in back of neck and head, and tired worn-out feeling, a trial will convince you of their merits. W. A. Null, of Webb, Ill., writes: "My children suffered for more than a year with chills and fever; then two bottles of Electric Bitters cured them." Oct 50c. Try them. Guaranteed. Sold by F. Potts Green, Druggist.

The trusts are absorbing every trade and industry, controlling every article of merchandise and binding the people in chains, worse than American slavery. They must be broken up or the commercial freedom of the people is forever lost.

The Future Unfolded.

She—Suppose I didn't dress as well as I do now, would you love me as much? He—Certainly, dear. Why, that is as much as to say that I won't care for you after we are married.