## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 17.

A NATURAL BEAUTY.

gold. What wonder that it has not beer done before!

EARLY AND THE CRACKERS.

One cannot think of the neighborhood of

ers and water for breaklast, water and orackers for dinner, and no supper at all. And one day he rode along in front of the troops drawn up in review, when the word

durned fellow who says 'crackers'-going to mill 'im!"

SENATOR DANIELS AT HOME.

from Lynchburg. Here the Major lived during the heated term as much as his pub-

element as Mrs. Senator Daniel or as plain Mrs. Daniel, at home. Two bright boys,

Carrie, the eldest daughter, are frequently to be seen dashing over the roads and hills

THE FROZEN SONG.

Samarck Recalls Muschausen's Story of

Seeing the Phonograph.

Bismarck was quick to perceive the prac-

Point after point came to him as he

tremendous work to gain such treasures

FASHIONABLE HANDSHAKING.

Kelther Graceful Nor Agreeable but I

A New Species at Newport Named After

Newport has a novelty in the piscatorial

line. It is a handsome, large, silver-gray

fish, which is said to be familiar in tropical

waters, but which never until this summer

has been seen at the North in any numbers. Lately it has been running in sheals at

the Famous Society Regulator.

New York World.]

New York Sun.]

WILMER WILLINGTON.

## THIEVES STRUNG UP.

An Incident of Prison Life at Andersonville That Has Never Before Been Told in Type.

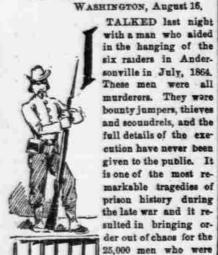
BREAKING UP A CUT-THROAT GANG

That Murdered and Plundered Their Fellow Sufferers in the Most Brutal and Heartless Manner.

SIX HANGED ON THE SAME SCAFFOLD.

Story of a Tragedy Told by Colonel John McElroy, Who Participated in It.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.]



confined in the Andersonville stockade. Colonel John McElroy, the editor of the National Tribune, of Washington, tells the story. He was one of the youngest soldiers of the late war. He shouldered a musket at 16, was captured at Jonesville, Virginia, in 1860 and offers short stay at the prison in made it a rule to hit with a club every man 1868, and after a short stay at the prison in Richmond, found himself in Andersonville. The exchange of prisoners between the The exchange of prisoners between the North and the South stopped on July 3, 1863, and from this time on the Southern prisons rapidly filled. In January, 1864, there were 15,600 prisoners in Richmond and Danville, and in April, '64, the number of prisoners in Andersonville was 9,500. At the end of May this number had increased to 19,000, and at the end of June to 26,000. These raiders were hung in July, and at the end of that month there were 31,000 prison-

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

Said Colonel McElroy: You cannot imagine the crowded condition of the prison. It consisted, you know, of a field covering about four city squares, outside of which ex-tended a high stockade. Just inside of this stockade was a road 20 feet wide running around the whole inside of the prison, known as the dead line. The guards were ordered to shoot the man who got his fingers over this line, and I remember one day in fixing my tent, which was just outside of the dead line, I heard the ping of a bullet and just escaped being shot for having my

The prisoners came from all parts of the United States and from all the divisions of the Union army. They did not know one another and the new arrivals were as lost as a man in a strange town. During the war there was a band of so-called Union soldiers, who were in fact guerrillas and who preyed off of both sides. Some of these were bounty jumpers, others were Union deserters and others were made up of the thieves and cutthroats who tollow the fortunes of war to make what they can out of either side.

A BAND OF CUT-THEOATS.

The rebels had captured a number of these mer, and they held them for a time at Richmond with the idea of exchanging them for Contederate prisoners. Our company soon became acquainted with them, and when they were sent from Richmond to Andersonville we spotted them. As soon as they got into the prison they organized themselves into a regular band of thieves and robbers. They had a leader and they committed a number of murders. Wheneyer a new set of prisoners was ad-mitted they would make it a point to rush upon them, and by throwing blankets over their heads, or knock-ing them down, would be able to steal whatever valuables they brought into prison with them. The men who came in, know bg no one, would suppose that the whole prison were like these raiders and the result was there was no security of property. None of the prisoners had any property to speak of, but the new arrivals always brought in something. In April, 1864, however, the Confederates captured a brigade at Plymouth, N. C., consisting of the One Hundred and First and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, the Eighty-fifth New York, the Sixteenth Connecticut and some other organizations. The most of these men had veteranized and had arrayed themselves in fine clothes preparatory to going home to

veteran turlough. THREE BRUTAL MURDERS.

By the terms of their capture they were allowed to keep their personal property, and they formed a fine quarry for the raiders. As soon as they entered Andersonville they were attacked, and some who offered resistance were killed. Others were beaten over the head with clubs made of heavy pine-knots or out with knives or ranges. The whole camp was in a state of terror over these outrages. I remember one morning seeing three men who had been killed the night before by the raiders. Their throats were cut, and it at last became so common that almost any time during the day you would see a mob in some part of the camp

brought about by these men. Many attempts were made by the lawabiding soldiers of the prison to secure or-der in their immediate vicinity. Each squad or class as it were, had its own place, but those squads nearest the dead line finally resolved themselves into a little organiza-tion for mutual self-protection. I belonged to one of these companies, and our part was the only portion of the prison where any kind of order prevailed. The rest of the place was held by the raiders, and anarchy

A SECRET ORGANIZATION.

It got worse and worse every day, and toion of the Sixteenth Illinois Cavalry undertook the organization of a force of There was a number of his old bat tallon in the prison and the organization soon included 50 able-bodied boys who had not succumbed to the pestilential scarvy, and other diseases of the camp. This or-ganization was made very quietly as the gammation was made very questly as the raiders were ready to crush out anything of the kind by the assassination of the leader. It was kept so secret that they got no ink-ling of it till the night of July 2, 1864, and then Key had 500 boys organized and armed with clubs which were tied to their wrists with strings. These clubs were about the size of a policeman's club. They were of pine, with knots on the end of them, and

formed a very effective weapon. The raiders at this time had their headquarters in a big tent made of blankets, which they had stolen from others. It was on the south side of the prison and was known as the round tent. As soon as they heard of it they sent three roughs armed with knives and brass knuckles to assault Key, but Key had gotten a revolver which had been smuggled in in one of the Plymouth men's knapsacks, and he stood them off.

THE PRISON HEAD CONSENTED. We then saw that the conflict was imminent, and that night was spent in preparing for it. Key went to see Wirs, the head of the prison. He told him the condition of affairs and Wirz agreed to suspend for the next few days the order for the artillery to open upon us without warning in the event of our assembling inside the stockade in any numbers for any purpose except roll-call. Wirz sanctioned Key's actions and agreed to take charge of the prisoners whom Key should arrest. The whole prison in the meantime, had become aware that something was going on, but they did not know what it was. A great many thought that there was a fight between the Knownothings and the foreigners and consequently the aympathies of the eamp were not with us. The most of these robbers were, by the way, foreigners. We then saw that the conflict was im-

foreigners.

We formed on the morning of the 3d of
July, and moved up to the round tent to at-



who did not belong to our squad, that came near us, and we finally routed the raiders and arrested 125 of them. WIRE TOOK NO CHANCES.

Wirz, though he had given permission for us to make the arrest, did not take a moment's chance on us. He had his guards in the rifle pits surrounding the prison armed with muskets and hand grenades, and the 19 pieces of artillery were loaded and the gunners stood beside them with the lanvards in their hands. He was afraid to open the gates to issue the rations to the prisoners that night, owing to the commo-tion, and the result was that we got no food

Key, in the meantime, had given the prisoners over to Wirs, and toward the eventhe dead line, I heard the ping of a bullet and just escaped being shot for having my elbow over the edge.

The prison was in the shape of a rectangle and it consisted of two hills which sloped down toward the center through which ran a creek perhaps 100 feet wide. On the sides of these hills were crowded the thousands in the prison and at one time there was scarcely room enough for all to lie down at once.

The prisoners over to Wirz, and toward the evening out messages to his pals in the crowd as to what to do with the booty he had not hold for him so many prisoners, and he must pick out the worst and he would send the rest back into the prison. Key then went in and selected the worst for trial. He lectured the rest and turned them back into the stockade. In the meantime the rest of the prisoners and at one time there was scarcely room enough for all to lie down at once.

The prisoner sover to Wirz, and toward the evening out messages to his pals in the crowd as to what to do with the booty he had left. The priest reproved him at one time. At last Key said: "Only two minutes went in and selected the worst for trial. He lectured the rest and turned them back into the stockade. In the meantime the rest of the prisoners had learned what we were doing, and they were all with us.

At Key's signal the six regulators selected for handle of the down at one."

At Key's signal the six regulators selected for handle of the booty he had left. The priest reproved him at one time. At last Key said: "Only two minutes went in and selected the worst for trial. He then stepped back and raised his hand, whereupon Delaney yelled out, "Goodbye, boys. If I have hurted any of you, forgive me."

TOOK THEIR REVENCE. They learned that some of the raiders were to be sent back, and they formed a line on each side of the gate where they were to and they were ready for vengeance. Each man had a club, and the Confederate officers, who enjoyed the spectacle of seeing the Yankees clubbing each other, only let the Yankees clubbing each other, only let one man in at a time. Every one had to run this gauntlet, and all received serious beatings. One man was killed. He was a sailor, and he had secreted a knife in his This was a tall raw-boned, strong-necked boot. He cut his way along until he came to a man who had a rail. He dropped this on his head. The sailor fell, and he was

Key now formed a courtmartial consisting of 13 sergeants selected from the newest prisoners in order that they might be free from prejudice. I don't know where any of these men now are except the Rev. T. J Sheppard, of Kenton, O., who is now a prominent Methodist clergyman there. He was last year chaplain and chief of the Ohio G. A. R. The Judge Advocate was a mem-

beaten so that the bad food and air finally



ber of the Third Missouri Cavalry, and his name was Dick McCullough. The raider were defended by a shyster lawyer from New York, and were given a fair trial. We had some fair lawyers in the prison and upon the courtmartial.

THEIR FATE WAS SEALED. The sentence, however, was that six of the orst prisoners were guilty of murder, and worst prisoners were guilty of murder, and should be hanged. This sentence was submitted to General J. H. Winder, the rebel Commissary General. He considered it a day or so, and finally confirmed it. I had acted as a sergeant of my company in arresting the raiders, and I supposed that our work was ended when we had given them into Wire's hands. I supposed that Key would himself carry out the rest of the programme, whatever that might be. On the morning of July 11, however, one of the morning of July 11, however, one of the boys of my battallion came to me and said: "McElrey, Key is going to hang the raid-ers to-day. He wants you to get your com-pany together and go to the ration place on the South side, and guard the men who are to put up the scaffold."

message struck meall aghast. I had talked very strongly in favor of hanging the fellows, but I had no idea that I would be asked to participate in carrying it out. I was been made to realize, however, that my only way out of the trouble was to do what was asked of me or else to make a humiliating backdown and figure as a black-guard. I accepted the less disagreeable horn of the dilemma and went,

WOOD WAS PRECIOUS. There were two reasons for guarding the scaffold, first, because we expected a rush from the friends of the condemned to interfere with the work, and second, the need of wood in the prison was so great that unless the timber was guarded carefully it would be snatched out of the hands of the workmen. At that time the roots of the trees, which had gone down into the ground for four or five leet, were being dug up by the prisoners in order that they might be dried

and used for cooking. We had one or two raids upon us while the scaffold was being made. In the meantime Wirz had got the whole garrison under arms. The rifle pits were filled with intantry and the artillery were filled with intantry and the artillery men were at their guns and ready to fire.

When the time arrived for the hanging there were 15,000 men packed about the scaffold which was inside of the hollow square made by 200 regulators. My company formed each side of this square, and as I stood there I shall never lorget the sight that met my eyes upon the north side of the camp. The alope was just gradual enough to make the heads and shoulders of each line of men appear over those of the line in front of them, so as to produce the effect of a sloping wall of human faces.

TURNED OVER BY WIRE.

TURNED OVER BY WIRZ.

In a short time Wirz came in with the six condemned under guard. They were accompanied by Father Mahoney, the Catholic priest of Macon, who was the only minister of the gospel who made any pretense of attending to the spiritual wants of the prisoners. Dressed in the appropriate Church robes for the occasion, he read the service for the condemned. Wirz rode up on a white horse in his usual suit of white duck, which had given him the camp nickname of had given him the camp nickname of "Death on the Pale Horse." After he had "Death on the Pale Horse." After he had gotten inside of the hollow square he pointed to the prisoners and said in his broken German: "Brizners, I bring dese men back to you so goot as I got dem. You haf tried dem yourselves and fornd them guilty. You haf sentenced them, and now do mit dem as you bleezes and I wash my hands of the whole bizness. May Gott haf mercy on you and dem. Garts about face. Forward, march!" and with that he left us.

The prisoners looked up at the dangling ropes and several of them simultaneously exclaimed: "My God! boys, you're not going to really hang us." Key, who was standing by the seaffold, with several of his aids, answered: "Boys, that's just about the size of it," and the murderers then began to appeal to the crowd that was packed about them.

One of them asked the rest to be still and One of them asked the rest to be still and let the priest speak, and the priest began to make an appeal for them. As soon as his drift was understood a terrible cry went up from all parts of that vast crowd: "No, no! hang them! hang them!" Just at this moment one of the condemned standing nearest me threw his broad-brimmed hat on the ground and velled out: "By God! I'll try for it or I'll die for it!" and throwing his arms over his face to protect his eyes he bent his head and came like a battering-ram against our company. We struck at ram against our company. We struck at him with the clubs and knocked him to his knees. He got up and forced himself through the crowd.

A scene of the wildest confusion followed.

Everyone was expecting the cannon and in-tantry to open upon us and the 15,000 men fantry to open upon us and the 15,000 men stampeded in every direction away from the stockade. There had been a number of wells dug and some of the men fell into these and broke their legs, others were trampled upon and Wirz who was watching the scene from the prison headquarters, lost his head and yelled to the guards "Fire, fire!" The captain of the guards, however, had more sense and did not give the order.

prisoners that night, owing to the commotion, and the result was that we got no food till the next day, and then the mush was all spoiled. We were then being fed upon mush and the days of corn bread were played out. This mush was shoveled into the wagons that were used to carry the dead out of the prison at night, and by standing in the sun all day maggots were bred in it and it was unfit for eating. We got nothing to eat until the next day which was Fourth of July.

Ready For The word.

Two of the boys of my company ran after the prisoner who had escaped. They followed him through a quagmire which was think deep and knocked him down. Key in the meantime ordered the other men onto the scaffold and as they stood there this man was brought in almost fainting. He drank about a bucket full of water and all of the prisoners partook of water freely. Father Mahoney then resumed the reading of the service but was constantly interrupted by a fellow named Delaney who was constant-READY FOR THE WORD. service but was constantly interrupted by a fellow named Delaney who was constant-ly shouting out messages to his pals in the crowd as to what to do with the booty he had left. The priest reproved him at one time.

At Key's signal the six regulators selected for hangmen then tied the hands and feet of the condemned, put the ropes around their necks and pulled meal sacks down over their

ONE MAN HANGED TWICE. Two men stood on the ground below and held the ropes which fastened the board which upheld the drop upon which the pris-oners stood. Key dropped his hand, the hangmen jumped from the scaffold and the man, named Mosby, who was second from the end of the line. His rope broke and he fell insensible to the ground. A couple of the regulators ran to him, threw water in his lace and brought him to. He thought at

first he was in the other world, but he was taken to the scaffold and hung.

At the end of a short time the hospital steward pronounced the men dead and they were cut down. The whole camp passed around and looked at their bodies and they were buried in a separate part of the cemetery from the rest of the prisoners. Their graves are, I am told, there to this day. The hanging of them broke up their band, and after this we had a police organization inside of the prison. We had our gation inside of the prison. We had our fixed punishment, and we were as far as possible a community of law and order.

FRANK G. CARPENTER. FORECASTING THUNDER STORMS.

How to Become Familiar With Cortal Signs of Their Coming.

When the daily weather charts are drawn, if we find that there is an uneveness in the sobaric lines-that is, if these are wavy, or bulge out irregularly-we know that thunder storms are likely to burst somewhere or other over the country, but that is all we can say. At each station the barometer is unsteady—the mercury moving up and down in the tube—during the actual continuance of the storm, but this oscillation of the mercurial column has nothing to do with the irregularity in the isobaric lines above mentioned. Forecasting these storms is, therefore, always an uncertain and thank-less task, for local success is rarely attained. Among the earliest symptoms of the approach of a thunder-storm is the appearance on the western horizon of a line of cumulus

on the western horizon of a line of cumulus (wool pack) clouds, exhibiting a peculiar turreted structure. I say on the western horizon, for most of our changes of weather come from that quarter, and it has been proved that thunder-storms, like wind storms, advance over the country, generally, from some westerly point. The bank of clouds moves on, and over it appear first streamers and then sheets of lighte upper cloud—cirrus (or mare's tail), which spread over the sky with extreme rapidity. The heavy cloud mass comes up under this film, and it is a general observation that no electrical explosion or downfall of rain ever takes place from a cloud unless streamers of cirrus, emanating from its upper surface, cirrus, emanating from its upper surface, are visible when the cloud is looked at side

HALSTEAD'S WATERM ELONS.

The Fleid Marshal's Capacity for Then Increases With His Years. New York Press. ]

Watermelons are Murat Halstead's chie delight. "When I was a boy," he says, "I used to sit on the Court House steps, est ungodly doses of watermelon and throw the shells all around. The appetite has never left me. It has grown with my growth, and now that I am 60 I can eat six times as much watermelon as I could when I was

warhorse is iced consomme. Mr. Halstead is an admirable bost, and when he gives a dinner or luncheon, as he often does, his friends fare royally,

VIRGINIA SKETCHES.

Senator John W. Daniel and His Family at Their Pretty Home.

A STORY OF GEN. JUBAL A. EAKLY. The Village of Mons Where Strangers Are

A GLIMPSE OF THE PEAKS OF OTTER

a Nine Days' Wonder.

I WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ] As early as half-past six this morning groups of men, with very serious faces, were to be seen talking in hushed tones at the corners of the village roads, and women with awed voices, were conversing across the fences that separated adjoining yards. Even the children, on the way to the hills, forgot to play, and lingered about the groups of men to catch a stray word or two.

For into the village of Mons and in the dead of last night, we had ridden, two strange horsemen, and had gone to bed at the village tavern, and slept. And the townsmen of Mons had never known its parallel. Surely it had never occurred in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. Two strange riders, clad in velveteen, on bob-tailed horses, and swinging heavy English riding sticks—all this and in the middle of the night thus to cheat them! was too much for the good people of Mons, who had lived away over here in the mountains of Virginia for so many, many years, undisturbed by the entrance of other than the native tuccahoe, and it was cruel—this

FANNY AND HER LOVE.

And this is all there is or can be said of the village of Mons, for the little mountain burg has long, long been sleeping, and I fear will know no waking. But I found one bit of romance. It was told me riding down the mountain road. It is interesting; it is a tale of love, and it's laughing at locksmiths. In the skirts of this village there lived a few days ago a maiden as unhappy as ever was the fair daughter of the house of Capulet, only Juliet of old was a trifle more courageous. Her name was "Fanny,"



and so she was familiarly called by all the villagers. "Fanny" is tall and stately, with a face as purely Puritan as was Priscilla's, and her clean pretty face and petite figure had been for many years the delight

figure had been for many years the delight of the yillsgers.
"I myse'f hev seed her," said my informer, treading her way alone through the fields of clover, roving, knitting as she went, and surely not a thought of sorrow filled her heart that day, for she was smiling sweetly to herself. But, alasi Fanny fell in love. It was one of the village swain. "Jeannie" was his name, but Fanny's people did not like him.

sweetly to herself. But, alas! Fanny fell in love. It was one of the village swain. "Jeannie" was his name, but Fanny's people did not like him.

SHE MUST GO.

What wonder, then, that some nights ago, when she pledged him beneath the trysting-tree to marry him sie the moon was oid, to be his, his own, and his forever—what wonder that her voice quayered, and when she bade him 'by, she hung a moment on her last words, uncertain what the rueing of last words, uncertain what the rueing of that pledge should be! At any rate the lovers were awakened early to the bitter truth that the doings of that sweet day to come were being seriously discussed by ob-jecting brothers and brothers-in-law; that terrible steps would be taken to prevent it. Fanny was called into council. In tears she consented to go—to go away; and the little valise was quickly packed and dis-patched to the neighboring depot, and poor Fanny, the joy of the villagers and the country round, was to be torn from them and from the arms of her lover, and sent to the care of relatives in a far Western town. What of "Jeannie"? For a time it was feared he would head the aroused villagers, who had gathered to his sid, and bear his bride away in the teeth of it all, and if need be, over the bodies of his opposers. But it was all of no use. The two brothers, satisfied of their work, had gone to the "public speakin" in a neighboring town, and Fanny was ticketed for the West,

FRIENDS TO THE RESCUE. But Fanny had two friends, one a brother in law "Minnie" they call him-a typical Falstaff-a jolly good fellow; and the other a determined little maiden, with a sort of whom-first-we-love-you-know-wewed" air, determined nevertheless that her friend should prove the exception to this rule. And her name was "Fanny" like-

wise. So it was in the little waiting room at the neighboring depot that the parting scene was being enacted. The whistle of the train was heard, and no time was to be lost. Alack the tears! the sighs! the groans!—the



Probably Came in as a Fad. The fashionable handshake of to-day is a thing to wonder at. It is very discomforting to the uninitiated, who experience not a little surprise to feel their arm suddenly

knocked up when they are prepared for a oo much for Falstaff. Turning to Fanny downward movement. However did it originate? And why is it done? It is cerhe caught her hand, and said with a tremor tainly angular and ungraceful.

It is curious how these fashionable fad "Fanny, do you leve this man-Jeanthumbs well up came from the broken thumbs well up came from the broken thumb and consequently stiff joint of a well-known member of the coaching club in London and a friend of the Prince of Wales. "What fools these mertals be!" says Pulck, And now, if you are an artist, paint her, when, with uplifted head and upturned eyes and through tears and sobs most priful, she

only said in answer:
"Do I love him? Do-I-love-him? Heaven help me."

That was all. Falstaff mouned. They THEY DIDN'T GO WEST.

The train rushed into the depot. Falstaff shouted to the agent- "Wait! Wait! Hello, ther! Don't yer put thet valise on ther train!" and quicker than it takes to tell it, four tickets were purchased for Hagerstown, not that little town in the far West, and Falstaff, Fanny, and Fanny, and Jeannie were hustled on the trein. It whistled and

pulled out.

The old shoe and the rice was there. The The old shoe and the rice was there. The crowd shouted and shouted; and amid all that tumult and joy and cries of bye-bye, the faces at the window once more laughed hysterically through the tears, and there was just a wave of the hand, as old Miama, Fanny's nurse in better days, hobbled up through the crowd, wringing her hands and crying:

"Hol' on, darl hol' on darl Gord bress is rarely declined,"

"Hol' on, darl hol' on darl Gord bress is rarely declined,"

yo', li'l' gyrl! Gord bress my li'l' darlin'!
De ain' nuther like her on de topper de
yeth, de ain'! I knowed twur comin' ter
dis—I knowed it wur! Twarn' no use o'
dem boys foolin' nohow. Mh-mh! En fo'
Gord, ef li'l' Missy gone en all de po' chile's
akyrts in de wash-tub! Look a-yeah,
Marse Jeannie! Look yeah—hol' up dar!
Ef yo' don' treat dat li'l' lady right, 'fo'
Gord, Marse Jeannie, I tar' de daylights
clean out o' yo' ef I ever lay dese po' ole
hands on yer 'gain!"
And that night at Hagerstown Fanny and
Jeannie were made husband and wife.

A NATURAL BEAUTY.

CLOTHES THAT KILL.

Missionaries Carry Their Ideas of
Civilization Too Far

AND DESTROY THE POOR SAVAGES.

Shirts and Tronsers Are More Deadly Than
Gin and Firearms.

It is not far from the scene of this odd affair to the Peaks of Otter, and thither over good roads is a delightful journey. People are often disposed to wonder that this celebrated place has not ere this been FACTS PROM THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 The word of the meddlesome missionary brought to book by the folk whose simple lives he has marred has been written in the expulsion of Shirley, Baker from the Friendly Islands. Yet in other islands of the South Sea remain others like him. To a benighted race they preach illumination and call it good, and despite their profession of good and holy intentions all turns to bad; the milk curdles about the drop of rennet. Once in New Zealand a conference of Maori chieftains mourned the encroachments of the white people, whom they call the Pakeha, and this is the shape in which they preferred their lamentation to the Queen's Commissioner: As the Maori grass dies before the Pakeha

And the Maori rat dies before the Pakeha rat, So must the Maori die before the Pakeha. The ship rat hes eaten up the Maori rat, timothy has killed out all the native grasses of New Zealand and the Maoris themselves are fast vanishing from the soil.

made the chief attraction to Virginia sightseers and tourists, for in all America there is no such treat to the eye as is to be had up there among the clouds. People have not time for the descriptive, and hence nothing more will be said than that it is worth a trip from Hong Kong, and that it and the Natural Bridge and Niagara are the three things people never tire visiting.

A year ago Mr. William R. Miller, of Baltimore, purchased the entire mountain on which the main peak is locatifed, and for awhile all Eastern America were speculating upon the feasibility of his plans. For phenomenal things were purposed, and it was to be the wonder of the States. So the work went on, and on; and one day Mr. This is true of the grandest and the strongest savage race which Anglo-Saxon civilization has come into contact with; even more noticeably is it the case with the weaker races of the tropical islands. The Hawaiians are vanishing with mournful rapidity; Samoan heads are lopped off irretrievably in petty revolutions fomented by the foreign traders; England annexed Fijl to her crown and within a year an epidemic of the measles, hitherto unknown, filled 50,000 graves; French rule has decimated the indigenes of New Caledonia, has well nigh depopulated the Marquesas, has already blighted Tahiti and is reaching out its deadly taint over the Paumotus. Who is blamable for it? Is it the beach-comber? Is it the trader? Can it be the missionary? FACTS BEAR THEM OUT. work went on, and on; and one day Mr.
Miller died, and now the Peaks of Otter
remain as they did on that last day of Mr.
Miller's earthly existence, a tempting, towering bit of hill top, whereon the ingenious
speculator might safely turn his sands into One of the best informed men concerning

the islands thus expressed himself to a Parliamentary commission in New South Wales especially deputed to examine into the trade relations of that colony with the

One cannot think of the neighborhood of Lynchburg without the familiar mental picture of "Ole Gin'ral Juble" A. Early, stooped in shoulders, looking worn and weather-stained, with hands clasped behind him, walking up and down before the door of the National Hotel, where he makes his home. Between here and New Orleans he has lived for the past several years; and though some hard things have been said about him, there are those at Lynchburg who can tell you of noble traits and deeds in behalf of friends and relatives. They will also tell you of a story which perhaps is not familiar in print, to this effect: It was up at — somewhere during the late "unpleasantness," where it is charged the General fed his troops on crackers and water for breakfast, water and THE MISSIONARY THE DEADLIEST. "Beachcombers are a bad lot, but they are only a few in number and they are usually eaten before they have had a chance to do much damage. The traders, too, are none of the best; they introduce muskets and gin, and it would be hard to tell which is the and it would be hard to tell which is the more deadly, but it is to their business interest to keep the people alive and industrious. Hundreds of natives are killed each year by traders' muskets and traders' gin, but for every hundred thus killed there is another hundred killed by the cotton shirts which the missionaries insist upon their verying." wearing."

wearing."

It is not a pleasant arraignment of a commendable religious seal, but it is unfortunately borne out by facts which may not be disputed.

The ordinary course of missionary labor is generally after this wise. In his hand he brings the one and only mold for the proper shaping of character; into that mold must each benighted savage be thrust and there squeezed into shape. In the pressure some must be bruised so that they die. The fault lies in total depravity, in original sin, in everything but the model, that is perfect in all its parts, of course.

Shirts and Trousers. SHIRTS AND TROUSERS.

The people who are by nature almost destitute of all religious sentiments are rapidly taught the complete system of religion, their heads are filled with a puzzle quite beyond their comprehension. Did the matter stor there no great harm would be done, but with "Westerly" is the home of Major John W. Daniel, within reach of a good glass from the Peaks of Otter, and but one mile this the missionaries are never content. They labor to bring their wild parish into closes likeness to the civilization which produced themselves. Men who are bountifully fed ic duties will permit. In the midst of his by the exuberance of nature must be set to by the exuberance of nature must be set to work, the complexities of government re-place the simplicity of communal fraternity, the light and decent waistcloth, which is comfortable under a vertical sun, is degrad-ed to the symbol of barbarism and civiliza-tion vaunts itself with the discomforts or nteresting family Mr. Daniel is seen at his best, whose better elsewhere might well serve as a superlative. And pretty Julia Murrell that was, has lost none of her charm and grace after these years of public life and domestic duties and anxieties, and it is difficult to tell whether she is more in her shirts and trousers. With the new garb ap-pears coughs and colds and rheums, never known before, and the consequent increase in the number of deaths makes good the statement that the good things of the misand three younger though none the fairer little—Julia—Murrells—over—again, make up the household. Major Daniel is at present much interested in his blooded horses; and all are sensitive to the rapture of horseback riding. Mrs. Daniel and sionary kill each year as many islanders as the evil things of the trader.

This reads somewhat differently from the annual reports of missionary societies, but it is the well-matured judgment of observation which reverences too highly the ideal of mission service to gloss over the conspicu-

CHARMS MADE HARDSHIPS.

No life could be made more charming than that on the islands of the South Sea, where life is a physical luxury, where toil is not a necessity, where the mind is capable of the most ideal freedom of the body. All this the missionary system turns into hardship, and the missionary who might ical uses and effects of the phonograph when it was shown to him by Mr. Edison's make a noble work often mars all beyond

agent. "It will be a dangerous thing for diplomats," he exclaimed. "It will be a Yet the field is not all a dark one. From good thing also," he added, "for they will have to tell the truth." scores of such slipshod teachers it is a pleasure to turn to the memory of one who wor the martyr's crown. A few years ago man was better known to savage islanders than Bishop Patteson. His diocese was ocean girt, the episcopal palace was a swift schooner and the Bishop lived affoat. He made himself the friend of the savage, he put himself on his level and thought with studied the possibilities and future of the new invention. "It seems like the reality of Munchausen's story of the song that was frozen in the born, and the notes thawed out one by one and came pealing forth long afterward. But Munehausen's story is supplanted by the treality which reproduces the frozen notes ten thousand times," mused the Chancellor. "It must have been a made himself the friend of the savage, he put himself on his level and thought with his thought. He was no rigid meld into which all characters were to be cast. He rather strove to inspire savage nature with the desire to raise itself by natural lines of development. When, at length, he came to be killed, none mourned him more sincerely than the men who, mistaking him for a slaver, had done him to death before they knew their error.

ANOTHER WISE WORKER. Not yet dead is Rev. William Wyst Gill who gave up a fine position in England and set out at his own charges to devote himself to those who knew not civilization. Baro-tonga became his chosen field. As years went by he saw his people making steady progress to a civilization which was not a rigid copy of England or America, but a natural outgrowth of the possibilities of Rarotonga itself. About him were schools where the trained teachers were all Barotonga

ongans. Then he went to New Guines and now they say he is making a second success at a time of life when most men of equal age think only of rest and quiet reflection upon nished deeds. Bo runs the tale of missionaries good and

bad, a few worthy of all honor, many who would do less harm if they were expelled as Shirtey Baker has been. That there is something wrong in the mission field is clear from the roll of deaths, the rapid extinction of the heathen as soon as they be-gin to give over their heathenism. Hymn books are not known to be deadly, tracts carry no contagion, civilisation should not be fatal. The fault lies not in the object sought but in the means adopted to attain that end; it is the average missionary who is to blame and not his mission.

WILLIAM CHURCHILL. A Pature for Him. From the Chicago Herald.]



A NOVEL DEALING WITH COTEMPORARY LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Sunrise," and Many Other Stories of the Highest Reputation on Two Continents.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens at Piccadilly with aged George Bethune and his granddaughter, Maisrie, on their way to the residence of Lord Musselburgh. The old gentleman is of a noble Scotch house and claims to have been defranded of his property rights. Now he is engaged in preparing for the publication of a volume of Scotch-American poetry, and his errand to Lord Musselburg is to procure assistance from him. Maisrie is just budding into womanhood and feels humiliated when her grandfather accepts 550 from Lord Musselburg. On the way home she asks her grandfather when he will begin the work. She receives an evasive answer which evidently convinces her that her grandfather is not in earnest. At last she begs her grandfather to allow her to earn a living for the two. He refuses in his proudest vein, intimating that people should feel highly honored to have the opportunity to assist the family of Bethune of Balloray. Maisrie's mind is evidently made up to take some independent course. Young Vin. Harris overheard the conversation at Lord Musselburg's residence and became strangely interested in the young girl. He had been trained for a brilliant political career; his father is very rich and given to Socialistic ideas. Vin. is still studying and finds an excuse in the interruptions at his father's bome to secure a suite of rooms just seroes the street from Maisrie's home. He has an ann who is just now busy impressing him with the importance of securing an American wife for himself. At his rooms he is greatly touched by Maisrie's tunes on the violin, and straightway he secures a piano on which he answers her plaintive notes. This at just leads to a formal introduction of the young people. At a dinner Mrs. Ellison again urges Vin. to marry, intimating that should he marry a lady of her approval the bride should not be without a liberal dowry. Vin.'s father wishes him to become private secretary to Josiah Ogden, a politician who plays to the masses. Vin. is shocked at the proposal. In returning a call of George Bethune with the info

CHAPTER VIL

CLAIRE FONTAINE. But something far more strange and wonderful happened to him the next morning; and that was his first tete a tete conversation with Maisrie Bethune. It was quite unexpected, and even unsought; nay, when he stepped outside and found that she was alone on deck, he would have shrank back, had that been possible, rather than break in upon her solitude. For even here at Henley, during the regatta time, which may be regarded as the High Festival of Jovance and Flirtation, there was no thought of pretty and insidious love making in this young man's head or heart. There was something mysteriously remote and re-served about this isolated young creature,

I have dreamed of it many a time. But it is impossible for the present; and it will be a kindness to me, Mr. Harris, if you will not encourage him in it. For the fact is," she continued, with a little embarrassment, "my grandfather has undertaken to write something else—and—and—he is under personal obligations about it—and he must not be allowed to forget them."

"Oh, yes, I quite understand," Vincent said. "I have heard of that volume about the Scotch poets in America. Well, you know what your grandfather says, that he would have to go to the other side to collect

I have dreamed of it many a time. But it

would have to go to the other side to collect materials; while, being here in this country ust now, he might as well take you to those just now, he might as well take you to those scenes and places that would make up another book, to be written subsequently. However, I have no doubt you are right. The possibility of my going along with you two on such an excursion has been a wonderful thing for me to speculate on; but whatever you wish, that is enough. I am against the Scotch trip now, so far as I have any right to speak." right to speak."
She was looking at him inquiringly, and

yet diffidently, as it she were asking herself how far she might confide in him.

"Perhaps you have not noticed it, Mr. Harria," she added, still regarding him, "but
my grandiather has a strange faculty for
making himself believe things. I daresay,
if he only planned the American book, he
could convince himself that he had written it, and so got rid of those—those obligations. Well, you will help me, will you not?—for



HAVE THE GENTLEMEN DESERTED YOU?

whose very beauty was of a strangely pensive and wistful kind. Even the gentle selfpossession and the wisdom beyond her years she showed at times seemed to him a pathetic sort of thing; he had a fancy that during her childhood she never had had the chance of playing with young children.

But it was too late to retreat; and indeed she welcomed him with a pleasant smile as she bade him good morning. It was he who was embarrassed. He talked to her about the common things surrounding them, while anxiously easting about for something better fitting such a rare opportunity. And at last

"Yes, I am sure your grandfather and I get on very well. And I have been wondering whether, when you and he make that pilgrimage through Scotland, he would let me accompany you."

In her beautiful and child-like eyes there was a swift flash of joy that made his heart leap, so direct and outspoken an expression it was of her gladness to think of such a thing; but instantly she had altered her look, and a faint flush of color had overspread her face—the pale wild rose had grown pink.

"Your way of traveling and ours are so different," she said, gently.

"Oh, but," said he, with eagerness, "you don't understand how the idea of a long don't understand how the id it was of her gladness to think of such a thing; but instantly she had altered her look, and a faint flush of color had overspread her face—the pale wild rose had grown pink.

grown pink.

"Your way of traveling and ours are so different," she said, gently.

"Oh, but," said he, with eagerness, "you don't understand how the idea of a long wandering on foot has fascinated me; why, that would be the whole charm of it! You that would be the whole charm of it! You don't know me at all yet. You think I care for the kind of thing that prevails here—that! can't get on without pine apples and chairs with gilt backa? Why—but! don't want to talk about mysel' at all; if you would let me come with you on that pilgrimage you would find out a little. And what an opportunity it will be, to go with your grandfather; history, poetry and romance all brought together. Scotland will be a wonderful country for you before you have done with it. And—and—you see—I have gone on pedestrian excursions before—I have a pretty broad back—I can carry things. You might engage me as porter; for even when you send your luggage on, things. You might engage me as porter; for even when you send your luggage on, there will be a few odds and ends to fill a knapsack with; and I can tramp like any gaberlunsie."

She smiled a little, and then said more

seriously—
"I am glad to have the chance of speaking to you about that scheme of my grand-father's; because, Mr. Harris, you must try to dismade him from it as much as pos-sible."

"Dissuade him?"

"Yes," said she, quietly. "You must have seen how completely my grandfather lives in a world of imagination, and how one thing captivates him after another, especially if it is connected with Scotland and Scottish song. And I have no doubt he would write a beautiful book about such a tour as that; for who knows more about all the places and the legends and the ballads. It would be a pleasure for me, toe—

I am too young and too ignorant to give advice—as I am—"
"Why," said Vincent, almost indignantly, "do you think I cannot see how you guide and lead him always, and with such

a tact and wisdom and gentleness as I never beheld anywhere!" Maisrie flushed downright red this time; but she sought to conceal her confusion by

saying quickly:
"Then again you must not misunderstand me, Mr. Harris; you must not think f am saying anything against my grandfather; I am only telling you of one little peculiarity he has. Saying anything against him!-I think I could not well do that; for he has been goodness itself to me since ever I can remember anything. There is nothing he would not sacrifice for my sake; sometimes who should be the petted one and the cared for, so ready to give up his own wants and wishes, to please a mere girl who is worthy of no consideration whatever. And consider-

subject; for presently old George Bethune made his appearance, radiant, buoyant, high-spirited, with a sonorous stanza from Tannahill to greet the awakening of the new

day.

Now no sooner had Lord Musselburgh arrived on board the Villeggiatura on the rived on board the Villeggisturs on the same morning than Mrs. Ellison went to him and told him all her story, which very much surpised him, and also concerned him not a little, for it seemed as though he was in a measure responsible for what had happened to Vincent.

"My dear Mrs. Ellison," said he, "I cam

assure you of one thing; it is quite true that your nephew was in the room when Mr. Bethune and his granddaughter called on me, but I am positively certain that there was no introduction and that he did not speak a single word to them there. How he got to know them I cannot imagine; nor how they could have become so intimate that he should ask them to be his guests down here at Heuley. And his sole guests, you say?— Yes, I admit, it looks queer. I hope to Yes, I admit, it looks queer. I hope to goodnesse there is no kind of entanglement."

"Oh." said Mrs. Ellison, in sudden alarm; "don't imagine anything from what I have told you! There may be nothing in it; he as good as declared there was nothing in it; and he is so fiery and sensitive—on this one point—why, that is the most serious feature of it all! He looks you straight in the feet and dares you to suspect anything. But really—really—to have there two com-panions—and no others—on a house—at at