## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1891.

methods of propulsion, and artificial flying becomes extremely difficult.

For Working the Stockholders.

This plane was furnished with a propeller

driven by a steam engine. A tail capable of being brought to any desired angle—ac-cording to whether the owner felt elated or

The Tail Inclined Downward.

## THE CANNIBAL LANDS

More of Robert Louis Stevenson's Stories From the Isles of the Scuth Sea,

FIRST WHITE SETTLERS,

And Their Thrilling Adventures With Man-Eating Warriors.

THE FATE OF A MAN OF BAAMAU

Who Suffered Some Young Men of Atuena te Grind His Ax for Him.

RIFLE PRACTICE PREVENTS MASSACRE

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.) Letter No. 4.

Tanhauku, on the southwesterly coast of Hiva-on-Tabuku, say the slovenly whitesmny be called the port of Atuons. It is a narrow and small anchorage, set between low, cliffy points, and opening above upon a woody valley. A little French fort, now disused and deserted, overhangs the valley and the inlet. Atuona itself, at the head of the next bay, is framed in a theater of mountains, which dominate the more immediate settling of Tashauku and give the salient character of the scene. They are reckoned at no higher than 4,000 feet; but Tahiti with 8,000, and Hawaii with 15,000, can offer no such picture of abrupt, melan-

On the side away from Atnona the sheltering promontory was a nursery of cocoa trees. Some were mere infants, none had attained to any size, none had yet begun to shoot skyward with that whip-like shaft of | its notorious chieftain, Moipu. the mature palm. In the young trees the all is of a grass-like hue, infinitely dainty; next the nib grows golden, the fronds remaining green as ferns; and then, as the and woman partly eaten. On his starting trunk continues to mount and to assume its final hue of gray, the fans put on manlier and more decided depths of verdure, stand out dark upon the distance, glisten against grinned and nibbled at the heel. None need out dark upon the distance, glisten against the sun, and flash like silver fountains in the assault of the wind.

A Combination of All the Hues.

repeated by the score. The trees grew pleas-

antly spaced upon a billy sward, here and

copra, or a tumble-down but for storing it

Every here and there the stroller had a

glimpse of the Casco tossing in the narrow

anchorage below, and beyond he had ever

uona mountains and the cliffy bluff that closes it to seaward. The trade wind mov-

ing in the fans made a ceaseless noise of

summer rain, and from time to time, with

the sudden and distant drambeat, the surf

would burst in a sea cave,
At the upper end of the inlet, its low

eliffy lining sinks at both sides into a

beach. A copra warehouse stands in the

aliadow of the shoreside trees, flitted about

forever by a clan of dwarfish swallows, and

a line of rails on a high wooden staging bends back into the mouth of the valley.

Walking on this, the new landed traveler becomes aware of a broad tresh-water lagoon

(one arm of which he crosses), and beyond

of a grove of noble palms, sheltering the

The Music of South Sea Nature.

Overhead, the cocoas join in a continuous and lofty roof; blackbirds are heard lustily

singing; the island cock springs his jubi-

lant rattle and airs , his golden plumage;

cow bells sound far and near in the grove; and when you sit in the broad veranda,

lulled by this symphony, you may say to yourself, if you are able: "Better 50 years in Europe.

and green and dotted here and there with strippling cocoa paims. Through the midst,

with many changes of music, the river trots

and brawls; and along its course, where we

should look for willows, burnes glow in clusters, and make shadowy pools after an

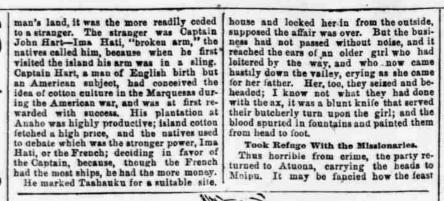
angler's heart. A vale more rich and peaceful, sweeter air, a sweeter voice of

rural sounds I have found nowhere. One circumstance alone might strike the ex-

Further on, the floor of the valley is flat

ouse of the trader, Mr. Keane.

before him the dark amphitheater of the At





quired it, and offered the superintendence to Mr. Robert Stewart, a Fifeshire man, already some time in the islands, who had just been ruined by a war on Tauata. Mr. Stewart was somewhat adverse to the adventure, having some acquaintance with Atuona and

Initiated in the Horrors of Caunibalism.

He had once landed there, he told me, about dusk, and found the remains of a man be surprised if Mr. Stewart fled inconti-nently to the bush, lay there all night in a great horror of mind, and got off to sea In this young wood of Tanhauku all these bues and combinations were exampled and commented Mr. Stewart, in his homely

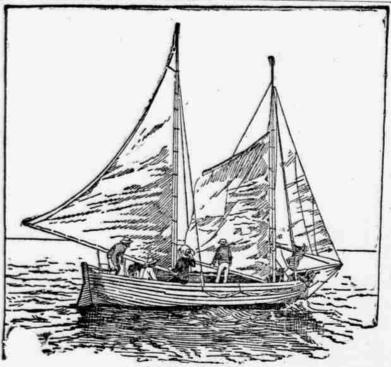
broke up, but it is notable that the guests covered with leaves. Three days later the schooner had come in, and thing: appearing quieter, Mr. Stewart and the Captain landed in Taahauku to compute the damage and to view the grave, which was already indicated by the stench. While they were so em-ployed a party of Moipu's young men, decked with red flannel to indicate martial sentiments, came over the hills from Atuona, dug up the bodies, washed them in the river and carried them away on sticks.

tered. He stuck, however, to his post; and somewhat later, when the plantation was already well established and gave employ-ment to 60 Chinamen and 70 natives, he found himself once more in dangerous

## Saved by Skilful Rifle Practice.

The men of Hasmau, it was reported, had sworn to plunder and erase the settlement; letters came continually from the Hawaiian missionary, who acted as intelligence de-partment, and for six weeks Mr. Stewart and three other whites slept in the cotton house at night in a rampart of bales, and (what was their best defence) estentatiously practiced rifle shooting by day upon the beach. Natives were often there to watch them, the practice was excellent; and the assault was never delivered—if it ever was intended, which I doubt, for the natives are more

I was told the late French war was a cas in point; the tribes on the beach accusing these in the mountains of designs which they never had the hardibood to entertain And the sam testimony to their backward ness in open battle reached me from all sides Captain Hart once landed after an engagement in a certain bay; one man had his hand hurt, an old woman and two children had been slain; and the Captain improved the occasion by poulticing the hand, and taunting both sides upon so wretched an



A NATIVE MISSIONARY BOAT.

drew, and victory, on some occult principle was scored to Molpu. An Incident of the Native Wars.

Perhaps, in consequence, there came a day whem Moiqu made a feast, and a party Haamau came under safe conduct to eat of it. These passed early by Tashauku, and some of Moipu's young men were there to be a guard of honor. They were not long gone before there came down from Haamau gone before there came down from Hammu a man, his wife and a girl of 12, their daughter, bringing fungus. Several Atuona lads were hanging round the store, but the day being one of truce, none apprepended danger. The fungus was weighed and paid for; the man of Haamau proposed he should have his ax ground in the bargain and Mr. Stewart demurring at the trouble, some of the Atuona lads offered to grind it for him. the Atuona lads offered to grind it for him,

and set it on the wheel. While the ax was grinding, a friendly native whispered Mr. Stewart to have a care and the roads lay of the roads lay of himself, for there was trouble in hand; and, all at once, the man of Hammau-was seized, and his head and arm stricken from a so smiling an appearance; cleared, plansed, built upon, supplied with railways, boat houses and bath houses. For, being no Stewart, having thrust the wife into the

The foot of the cliffs, about all these islands, is the place of fishing. Between Taahsuku and Atuona we saw men, but Tashauku and Atuona we saw men, but chiefly women, some nearly naked, some in thin white or crimson dresses, perched in little surf-beat promontories—the brown precipies overhanging them, and the convolvulus overhanging that, as if to cut them off the more completely from assistance. There they would angle much of the morning, and as fast as they caught any fish, eat them, raw and living, where they stood.

It was such helpless ones that the war-riors from the opposite island of Tauata slew, and carried home and ate, and were

NYE ON AIR SHIPS.

An Annual Pass From the Pennington Company Starts His Thinker.

FLYING MACHINES OF THE PAST.

The Fall of Man Seems to Be About as Severe Now as Ever Before.

MEANS OF INFLATING STOCKHOLDERS

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 HE Pennington Air Ship Company, of Chicago, will please accept

cording to whether the owner felt elated or depressed. I presume—was arranged "so that when the power acts to propel the machine by inclining the tail upward the resistance offered by the air will cause the machine to rise, and when the tail is reversed the machine is propelled downward and passes through a plane more or less inclined to the horizon, as the inclination of the tail is greater or less."

The Tail Jewlined Downward thanks for annual pass over its lines, good for self and family, for one year. I had wanted one very severely, but I had feared that the company might not feel that I was eminent enough to be placed on the eleemosyn-

The conditions on the back are not severe, and I have already signed them. They bind me not to stand on the platform while the car is in motion unless properly chalked or rosined. They also oblige me to refrain from bringing suit against the company in case of accident. Of course I would not be so pesky low down as to sue a corporation which would give me a free ride. I am very grateful for the pass, and if I do not avail myself of it I know of a man

ary list.

who used to ask me to loan him my railroad pass. I will let him go, perhaps, in my place over the road the first time, and then when it is better ballasted I will go myself. He Had Several Other Passes.

I have several other passes over competing ines—air lines, as it were—issued years ago and decorated on the back with low cut conditions. The Besnier flying machine, for instance, invented by a gentleman of the above name residing in Sable, France, issued passes some years ago, and I have carried mine now until it has a careworn look which easts a gloom over acrostation and such things as that.

The first thing to be accomplished in suc-cessful acrostation is to overcome the force of gravity and the resistance of capitalists. The next is to overcome the force of gravity or provide easy and convenient places upon which to alight. The third requirement is that the aeronaut shall be able to guide his rolling stock in such a way as to avoid running into a brighter and more beautiful Could Keep Himself From Falling.

M. Besnier, who was a locksmith of Sable (pronounced Sablay), invented a flying ma-chine which consisted of four rectangular wings arranged in pairs at opposite ends of two rods passing over the shoulders, the rear extremities of the rods being connected by cords to the ankles of the remains—the wearer I mean—in order to enable his legs to pay their way by operating a rear set of

Besnier was not able to rise from the ground and soar away like a lark, but could climb to the top of a house, and after put-ting on his wings could fleat off in such a way as not to hurt himself so severely as you might think he would. M. Besnier once flew across a river where friends with hot spiced rum and nice dry, warm clothes were



Come, birdle, come, And fly with me.

Couldn't Fly With the Hired Giri.

He broke his leg while trying to fly with

a hired girl weighing 185 pounds. In after

years he wore a cork leg, and when his wife wished him to fold his wings and come off

the perch she would lock up his cork leg in her bureau drawer and conceal the ker in

the family Bible. Being a Free Thinker, he never discovered the key, and for many

years was at the merey of his wife.

About a century and a quarter later
Jacob Degen, a prisoner at Vicuna, constructed an apparatus having two umbrella-

like wings on each side of the operator and worked by manual power. He was a convict, however, and the rather rigid rules governing prison life interfered with his experiments. The jailer would allow him to fly to a height of 50 feet, but had a cord tracked to the reaching so that Degree

ettached to the machine so that Degen could not escape.

One day he cut the rope and soared away

into the ether blue; but as he was putting his thumb to his nose in an attitude of derision at the warden his off wing buckled

to, and a moment later he fell with a dismal

plunk into a mortar bed just outside the penitentiary. After that he wore a look of chastened sorrow and a truss.

Trouble About Floating the Stock.

flying machine men of all ages is to over-come the atmospheric influences sufficiently

to float the stock. Besnier wanted also to be able to rise by his own unaided efforts,

like a self-made and sockless statesman. He "shooed," but whether he "shooed" or "shooed not," he died unsatisfied. Poor man! he did not know whether he shooed or

The great difficulty experienced by the

Boston Traveller. ] An old churchgoer remarked the other

day: "There are some people who go to church and clasp their hands so tight in prayer that they can't get them apart when Nye Piercing the Air. the contribution box comes around." waiting for him. But he never could get over his sorrow and disappointment that he could not rise from the stubble when flushed

by a dog or shooed by one of his family. He died at the close of the seventeenth century.

a trial before a jury of his peers?

Justice of the Peace—Yes, sir—before a and on his tomb are carved, in French, the jury of his enemies.

A DUCHESS IN UNIFORM.

How Victoria's Third Daughter-in-Law

Queen Victoria's third daughter-in-law, looked the other day when she donned her uniform as Chief of the Eighth Branden-burg Regiment of Inlantry. She was the



shooed not skip through the aeronaut.

This is what I call a reciprocity joke. It is for use in our trade with England. Poetry written by Lord Tennyson taken in exchange. Better jokes offered, however, in trade for Tennyson's earlier work, done Princess Margaret Louise of Prussia, and SPOOKS IN SLEEPERS.

In the middle of the present century a bill was introduced into the House of Commons Railroad Coaches in Which Ghosts was introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Rocouck to incorporate a company for the purpose of working a gigantic flying machine, also the stockholders.
"It comprised a horizontal plane made of wire and hollow wooden bars, arranged on the principle of a trussed girder and covered with silk." Walk as They De in Houses.

TALES TOLD BY SCARED PORTERS.

I presume the motto of the company was the same as that on the silver dollar—"In God We Trussed." The Spirit of a Dead Negro Causes the Destruction of the Fisk.

WEIRD SOUNDS FROM THE CAR WHEELS

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. 1 "Did you ever hear of a haunted sleeping car?" said L. M. Worden, Traveling Passenger Agent of the Lake Erie road, the

"Never," was the answer he received from the writer.

"I think that is true," he continued, "of nost newspaper men. They write long articles about houses in which ghosts walk, but the uncanny sleeping-car has escaped their notice. Well, would it surprise you to hear that fully as many ears as houses are marked as haunted by the traveling public, and especially by the negro porters? I suppose the best of us, whether priest or peasant, are more or less tainted with superstition, but the colored race in particular is blessed with its full measure. You know it hard to rent a house in which fantastic shadows flit at midnight or strange noises are heard, but about the only difficulty managers experience with hausted sleeping cars is to keep porters on them. The passengers may be terrified at night and yow at the time they will never enter the ear again, but they don't know the name or soon forget it, and in all probability won't meet with the same car again. Any Number of Illustrations,

"If I had the time I could relate to you a number of things that would fill columns and he traced the madness back to the love, about haunted sleeping cars that have come under my observation as a passenger man.
I will tell you a few instances. I get the
stories from travelers and porters.
"In the early days when Jim Fisk and
Jay Gould controlled the Eric Railroad, the

Pullman Company built two magnificent sleeping cars for the system called respect-ively 'Fisk' and 'Gould,' after the names of the magnates. They were heavily uphol-stered and richly supplied with elegant furstered and richly supplied with elegant furnishings. The carving was of walnut, and
the monograms of the owners of the road
were worked on the plate glass windows.
The 'Fisk' was run on the main line, between New York and Cincinnati. An old
porter was in charge of the car, and he felt
proud of his position. He worked on the
car for 12 years, when he died of consumption, and another colored man took his
place, but he didn't stay long. Somebody,
whom he never could catch, disarranged his
work and fived up hedelething and pillows work, and fixed up bedclothing and pillows to suit himself. It was supposed to be the ghost of the dead porter, who in life had become much attached to the car, and whose spirit refused to leave it in death. Porter after porter was put on the sleeping coach, but each had the same experience, and finally it was impossible to keep anybody on the sleeper, and the Pullman Company had to break it into pieces, as they do with worn-out cars.

Another Car Rendered Useless. "Here is another incident that will illusof the maker in the roof of the plate. So he car Bingen. The lady was in the lower and her husband slept in the upper berth. and again run on the road. The porters were constantly bothered by the bell ring-ing ever after, and the strange part of it was that the hand on the indicator never moved. One of the porters told me he had heard the

bell ring when he knew there was nobody in the cur, and he got off and looked around the wheels and axles to see if someone was not playing a joke on him. It was pretty hard to keep men on this car, and it was taken off the road. The porters felt sure it was the ghost of the poor woman

who bothered them by ringing the bell.

"Another incident. The Wagner sleeping car Somerfield is still running on the Lake Shore road. Some time since a lady who was standing on one of the platforms fell off and was crushed to death under the wheels.

Awakened by a Woman's Screams.

"People who have ridden in the car since the accident and sleeping in the berth over the wheels under which she met her death claim they have been awakened by the screams of a woman, apparently coming from under the car. It is loud at first, and then seems to die away in the distance, growing fainter and fainter until it ceases A very reliable and level-headed business man assured me that he had heard the sounds and was startled by them. "About two months ago a Pullman porter

in Cleveland was arranging his ear with the doors locked. He was pushing up an upper berth when a man and woman passed him. They were well dressed, and he spoke to them, but they did not reply. The negro wondered where they had come from, and tried the doors, but they were locked. A woman was cleaning the windows in the front end of the car in which direction they had gone, and the porter asked her if she had seen the couple go out. The cleaner had seen nobody, and the excited colored man now rumaged through the car, but he couldn't find them anywhere. He threw up his job, and you

uldn't induce him to run on that car afterward. "Come around on another day when I have more time, and I will load you down with a collection of this kind of sleepingcar lore. The events are happening all the time, and haunted sieepers are quite com-mon." J. A. ISRAEL.

BRIEFS VS ELOQUENCE.

Oratorical Efforts Do Not Always Win in Balls of Justice.

New York Times. ] It is not always the eloquent argument that wins the case for the lawyer when no jury is to be convinced. More frequently it is the carefully drawn brief, which the Judge takes with him to the privacy of his own chambers and looks over at his leisure. And these convincing briefs are not always drawn up by the lawyer who does the elequent pleading. More frequently, in fact, they are not. Often they are the resuit of the labors of some lawyer who does not figure at all prominently in the case, and may have no other connection with it beyond drawing up the brief. He may not even be in court when the case is tried.

There are lawyers in this city, and comparatively a good many of them, who seldom appear in court with cases of their own, and do little office work for clients of their own. And yet they are not the young law-yers, striving to get a foothold in the pro-fession. They have no lack of patronage, but it comes from their fellow members of the bar. They are lawyers who make a business of constructing briefs, and a paying

business it is, too. They are known by reputation far and near in the profession, and many a brilliant lawyer prefers to turn his important case over to some one of them to have the brief preparedirather than trust to his own efforts in that direction.

FANTASTIC TALE, INTRODUCING HYPNOTIC THEORIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," "A Roman Singer," and Many Other Stories That Have Taken Rank as

Standard Literature.

CHAPTER XIV.

Israel Kafka spoke dreamily, resting against the stone beside him. Words ropped from his lips in Oriental imagery as he told the story of his love for Unorna. The Wanderer stood wondering; Unorna almost trembling for the revelations she feared. Israel Kafka continued, the flowers

of his speech growing richer and richer. "And love was her first captive," said the Moravian, "and her first slave. Yes, I will tell you the story of Unorna's life. She is angry with me now. Well, let it be. It is my fault-or hers. What matter? She cannot quite forget me out of mind-and I? Has Lucifer forgotten God?"

He sighed, and a momentary light flashed in his eyes. Something in the blasphemous strength of the words attracted the Wanderer's attention. Utterly indifferent himself, he saw that there was something more than madness in the man before him. He found himself wondering what encouragement Unorna had given the seed of passion that it should have grown to such strength, instead of referring the love to the madness.

But he said nothing. "What is it that you would say?" Unorna asked coldly. "What is this that you tell

so long-suffering.
"Say all you have to say," she repeated, coming forward so that she stood directly in front of Israel Kafka. "And you," she added, speaking to the Wanderer, "leave him

ded, speaking to the Wanderer, "leave him to me. He is quite right—I can protect myself, if I need any protection."

"You remember how we parted, Unorna?" said Kafka. "It is a month to-day. I did not expect a greeting of you when I came back, or if I did expect it, I was foolish and unthinking. I should have known you better. I should have known that there is one-half of your word which you never break—the cruel half, and one thing which you cannot forgive, and that is my love for you cannot forgive, and that is my love for you. And yet that is the very thing which

I cannot forget. I have come back to tell you so. You may as well know it."

Unorna's expression grew cold as she saw that he abandoned the strain of reproach and

that he abandoned the strain of reproach and spoke once more of his love for her.

"Yes, I see what you meau," he said very quietly. "You mean to show me by your face that you give me no hope. I should have known that by other things I have seen here. God knows, I have seen enough! But I meant to find you alone. I went to your house, I saw you go out, I followed you, I entered here—I heard all—and I understand for I know your rount to the derstand, for I know your power, as this man cannot know it. Do you wonder that I followed you? Do you despise me? Do you think I still care because you do? Love is stronger than the woman loved, and for her we do deeds of baseness, upblushingly,



Kafka's eyes grew dark, and the sombre fire beamed in them as he spoke again. The weary, tortured smile left his wan lips and his pale face grew stern.

de not laugh alone. And yet-I love you still. I love you so well in spite of all that I cannot laugh at you, as I would, even I cannot laugh at you, as I would, even though I were to see you again clinging to the rock and imploring it to take pity on your thirst. And he who dies for you, Unorns—of him you ask nothing, save that he will crawl away and die alone and not disturb your delicate life with such an unseemly sight."

"You talk of death," exclaimed Unorna scornfully. "You talk of dying for me, because you are ill to-day. To-morrow Keyork Arabian will have cured you, and then, for aught I know, you will talk of killing me instead. This is child's talk, boy's talk. If we are to listen to you, you must be more eloquent. You must give us such a tale of woe as shall draw tears from our eyes and sobs from our breasts—then we will applaud you and let you go. That shall be your reward."

The Wanderer glanced at her in surprise.

he asked.

"The reason is not far to seek," said Kafka. "This woman here—God made her crooked-hearted! Love her, and she will hate you, as only she has learned how to hate. Show her that cold face of yours, and she will love you so that she will make a carpet of her pride for you to walk on—aye, or spit on, either, if you deign to be so kind. She has a wonderful kind of heart, for it feestes when you hurn it, and melts when

Unorna. "Do not listen to his ravings," she said. The words seemed weak and poorly chosen, and there was a strange look in her face as though she were either afraid, or desperate,

ealmiy. "And you do not know it. She has power over you, as she has over me, but the power to make you lowe her she has not. She will destroy you, and your state will be no better than mine to-day. We shall have moved on a step, for I shall be dead and you will be the madman, and she will have found another to love and torture. The world is full of them. Her altar will never look assyriface."

which she would forbid our doing, and for which she despises us when she hates us, and loves us the more deeply when she loves and loves us the more deeply when an loves us at all. You hate me—then despise me too, if you will. It is too late to care. I followed you like a spv, I saw what I expected to see, I have suffered what I knew I should suffer. You know that I have been away during this whole month, and that I have traveled thousands of leagues in the

"And yet I fancied that I had seen you within the month," Unorna said, with a

cruel smile.

"They say that ghosts haunt the places they have loved," answered Kafks, unmoved. "If that be true I may have troubled your dreams, and you may have seen me. I have come back broken in body and in heart. I think I have some back to die here. The life is going out of me, but before it is quite gone I can say two things. I can tell you that I know you at last, and that, in spite of the horror of knowing what you are, I love you still."
"Am I so very horrible?" she asked

"You know what you are better than I can tell you, but not better than I know. I know even the secret meaning of your moods and caprices. I know why you are willing to listen to me, this last time, so patiently, with only now and then a snear and a cutting laugh."

"In order to make me suffer the more. You will never forgive me now, for you know that I know, and that alone is a sin past all forgiveness, and over and above that I am guilty of the crime of loving when you have no love for me."

"And as a last resource you come to me and recapitulate your misdeeds. The plan is certainly original, though it lacks wit."

"There is least wit where there is most

"There is least wit where there is most love, Unorna. I take no account of the height of my folly when I see the depth of my love, which has swallowed up myself and all my life. In the last hour I have known its depth and breadth and strength, for I have seen what it can bear. And why should I complain of it? Have I not many "Are you mad, indeed?" asked the Wanderer, suddenly planting himself in front of Kafka. "They told me so—I can almost believe it."

"No—I am not mad yet," answered the younger man, facing him fearlessly. "You need not come between me and her. She can protect herself. You would know that if you knew what I saw her do with you, first when I came here."

"What did she do?" The Wanderer turned quickly as he stood, and looked at Unorna.

"Should I complain of it? Have I not many times said that I would die for you willing-level and in you? To prove my faith were too love of you? To prove my faith it were too leve of you? To prove my faith it were too love of you? To prove my faith when I look into your face I know that there is in me the heart that made true Christian martyrs—"

Unorna laughed.

"Not for your faith—but for the faith I once had in you—and for the love that no martyrdom could kill. Ay—to prove that I love I would die a hundred deaths—and to gain yours I would die a hundred deaths—and to

Unorna laughed.

"Would you be a martyr?" she asked.

"Not for your faith—but for the faith I once had in you—and for the love that no martyrdom could kill. Aye—to prove that I love I would die a hundred deaths—and to gain yours I would die the death eternal."

"Act you would have deserved it. Have "And you would have deserved it. Have you not deserved enough already, enough of martyrdom for tracking me to-day, following me stealthily, like a thief and a spy,

'I love you, Unorna."

"And therefore you suspect me of unimaginable evil—and therefore you come out of your hiding place and accuse me of things I have neither done nor thought of doing, building up falsehood upon lie, and lie upon falsehood in the attempt to ruin me in the

eyes of one who has my friendship and who is my friend. You are foolish to throw yourself upon my mercy, Israel Kafka."
"Foolish? Yes, and mad, too! And my madness is all you have left me-take it-it is yours! You cannot kill my love. Deny The Wanderer's face was grave.

"You may be mad, or not," he said. "I cannot tell. But you say monstrous things and you shall not repeat them."

"Did she not say that I might speak?" asked Kafks, with a bitter laugh.

"I will keep my word," said Unorna.

"You seek your own destruction. Find it in your own way. It will not be the less sure. Speak—say what you will. You shall not be interrupted."

The Wanderer drew back, not understanding what was passing, nor why Unorna was the was passing.

Chief Pagaena and Molpu. perienced; here is a convenient beach, deep soil, good water, and yet nowhere any pac-pnes, nowhere any trace of island habits

It is but a few years since this valley was a place choked with jungle, the debatable land and battle ground of cannibals. Two clans laid claim to it-neither could sub-

duction he accepted the Captain's offer, was landed at Tanhauku with three Chinamen, and proceeded to clear the jungle. War was pursued at that time, almost

without interval, between the men of Atuona and the men of Haamau; and one day, from the opposite sides of the valley, battle-or I should rather say the noise of battle-raged all the afternoon; the shots and insults of opposing class passing from hill to hill over the heads of Mr. Stewart and his

A GLIMPSE OF THE ANCHORAGE. Fileshire voice. In spite of this dire intro-

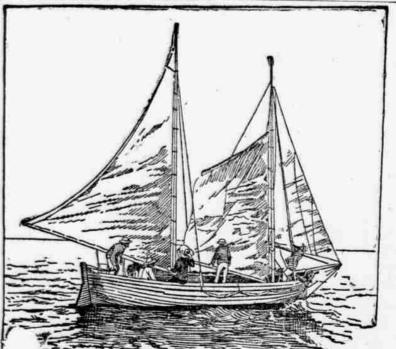
WOMEN FISHING AND EATING RAW FISH

were honorably suffered to retire. These passed back through Taahauku in extreme disorder. A little after the valley began to be overrun with shouting and triumphing braves, and a letter of warning coming at the same time to Mr. Stewart, he and his Chinamen took refuge with the Protestant missionary in Atnona. That night the store was gutted, and the bodies cast in a pit and

That night the teast began.

Those who knew Mr. Stewart before this experience declare the man to be quite al-





days later, by a regrettable accident, a man was killed; it was felt at once the thing had gone too far, and the quarrel was instantly patched up. But the more serious wars were prosecuted in a similar spirit; a gift of pigs and a feast made their inevitable end; the killing of a single man was a great victory, and the murder of defenceless solitaries counted a heroic deed.

when he was a poet.

In the manufacture of flying machines we are apt to forget that the pectoral muscles of a bird are greater than all the other comthereupon accounted mighty men of valor.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

The inclination of the tail, however, was intensely downward—an inclination in which the stockholders shared. The machine was designed for carrying freight, pas-sengers and mail, but so far most all ship-

At the Grave of Besnier other routes. The whole apparatus weighed 3,000 pounds, and therefore made quite a large dent in one of the planets on her trial

The tail had an area of 1,500 square feet, and when jauntily thrown over the dashoard had a tendency to obstruct the view. This machine also was unable to rise from its jimson weeds and soar away into the em-pyrean blue like a saudhill crane, but had to be scooted along a railroad track at great speed, down hill, till the proper velocity was attained, and then by depressing the tail it was supposed to rise like an eagle and bark the shins of planets yet unborn.

The Inventor Has Expired.

It did not do so. You can get the stock low, or suburban property will be taken in exchange. My annual pass has expired. So has the inventor. When he took his flying machine out of the round house he was the picture of health. When he was next seen it was eight years later, and a lad 11 years old went up and got him out of the top of a tree. He had changed a great deal. He had lost most of his hair. Also his head. But his teeth were found buried in top of a tree. He had changed a great deal.
He had lost most of his hair. Also his head. But his teeth were found buried in the trunk of the tree, and they had the name and his wife occupied berths in the sleeping

In this country flying machines have had In the wreck the our was broken in half and glad to notice that Chicago is taking an interest, and I shall certainly do everything I can to advance and encourage the enterprise.

I wish I had room to go on with the bistory of flying machines and aeronautics in extricated, and shedid, though the men with this country, but it would take too long to axes worked vigorously to chop up the time even publish the obituaries of the inventors. bers that held her. The car was repaired, All have been confident, but all have failed.

What the Future Has in Store. That is no reason, however, why the matter should not yet succeed in the future. Far be it from me to speak slightingly of the glorious possibilities in store for us. is only a few years since a passel of bright young humorists sat on the banks of the Hudson and laughed till they ached as they watched the awkward thrashing machine

of Robert Fulton.

But where are they to-day? They are dead, and no man seeks to dig out the mass and read their unremembered names. They laughed and then they died. Fulton con-sidered and lived on. He laughs best who laughs last. If you desire to make a hit, laugh at some of your own odd breaks. But if you want oblivion to have a cinch upon your fame, laugh at the shiny elbows and

your fame, laugh at the congress, ragged knees of genius and progress.

BILL NYE, A Falling of Church People.

Wild Western Justice Milwaukee Sentinel.] Western Judge—Did you give your enem

Looks in Her Soldler Clothes, This is the way the Duchess of Connaught,



bined muscular tissue of the fowl put to-gether, while in man the pectoral muscles comprise only one-seventieth of those in the body. So man must rely upon extraneous

us of rocks and rain and death-wounds and the rest? You say you loved me once—that was a madness. You say that I never loved you—that, at least, is truth. Is that your story? It is, indeed, short enough, and I marvel at the many words in which you have

put so little!" She laughed in a hard tone. But Israel "Laugh, laugh, Unornal" he cried, "You

There was a bitterness in her tone of which he had not believed her soft voice capable. "Why do you hate him so, if he is mad?" he asked.

freezes when you burn it, and melts when you freeze it."

or both, "She loves you," said Israel Kafka,

lack sacrifices."
The Wanderer's face was grave.

ing what was passing, nor why Unorua was is not true that I would die a thousand