THIRD PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 17 TO 20.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1891.

HAZARD OF A SAIL.

Stevenson's Cruise in the Casco From the Marquesas to the Societys.

PERILS OF THE SOUTH SEA.

Published Charts Worse Than Useless in the Maze of Isles.

SQUALLS, STORMS AND CURRENTS

Made the Journey Very Dangerous for the Trim Little Ship.

GEOGRAPHY OF THE LINE OF ATOLLS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Letter No. 8.

In the early morning of September 4 a whaleboat manned by natives dragged us down the green cove of the anchorage and round the spouting promontory. On the shore level, it was a hot, breathless, and yet crystal morning; but high overhead the hills of Atuona were all cowled in cloud and the ocean racer of the Trades streamed without pause. As we crawled from under the immediate shelter of the land we reached at last the limit of their influence. The wind fell upon our sales in puffs, which strengthened and grew more continuous; presently the Casco heeled down to her day's work; the whaleboat, quite outstripped, clung for a noisy moment to her quarter; the stipulated bread, rum and tobacco were passed in; a moment more and the boat was in our wake, and our late pilots were cheering our departure.

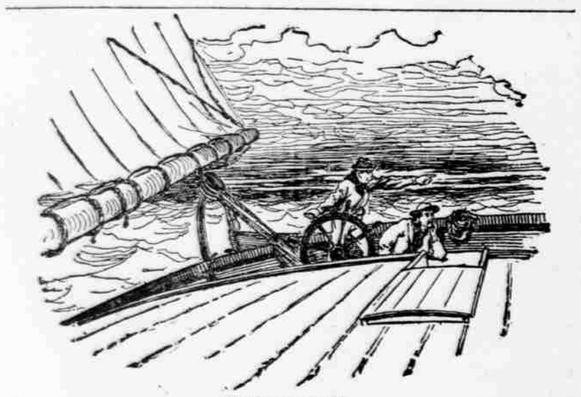
This was the more inspiriting, as we were bound for scenes so different, and though on a brief voyage, yet for a new province of creation. That wide field of ocean, called loosely the South Seas, extends from tropic to tropic and from perhaps 120° W. to 150° E., a parallelogram of 100° by 47°, where degrees are the most spacious. Much of it lies vacant, much is closely sown with isles, and the isles are of two sorts.

The Two Kinds of Isles.

No distinction is so continually dwelt upon in South Sea talk as that between the low and the high island, and there is none more broadly marked in nature; the Himalayas are not more different from the Sahara. On the one hand, and chiefly in groups from eight to a dozen, volcanic islands rise above the sea; few reach an altitude of less than 4,000 feet; one exceeds 13,000; their tops are often obscured with cloud, they are all clothed with various forest, all abound in food, and all are remarkable for picturesque and solemn scenery.

On the other hand we have the atoll; a thing of problematic origin and history, the reputed creation of an insect apparently unidentified; rudely annular in shape, enclosing a lagoon, rarely extending beyond a quarter of a mile at its chief width, often rising at its highest point to less than the stature of a man—man himself, the rat and the land crab, its chief inhabitants; not much more variously supplied with plants; and offering to the eye, even when perfect, only a ring of glittering beach and verdant foliage, inclosing and inclosed by the blue sea. From one group of the first class to another, from the Marquesas to the Societys, our course now lay. And it was barred across by a whole fleet of atolls; the group indifferently known to whites as the Low or the Dangerous Archipelago, and in native

WE GAZED IN VAIN FOR TAKAROA.



THERE IT IS, SIR.

as the Paumotu, "subjected isles," or the Tuamotu, "company of isles."

A Wonder of the Pacific.

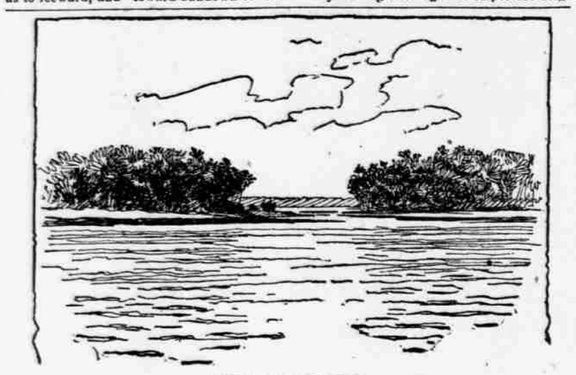
They are 78 in number, says the invaluable Findlay—who will find in the last sentence three corrections for his next edition—and he goes on to remark that they form "one of the wonders of the Pacific," and cover 16 degrees of longitude, without counting scattered islands to the southeast. Findlay hesitates to draw the line upon the one side; I could never see where it should be drawn upon the other. To my eye this procession of coral atolls extends, in a free scroll, across the whole chart of the South Seas, entering at the southeast, proceeding northeasterly, then more and more to the westward, then (with a half wheel), due north, and lastly west again to join the Carolines.

In no quarter is navigation so beset with perils as in that archipelago that we were now to thread. The huge system of the trades is, for some reason, quite confounded by this multitude of reefs; the wind intermits, squalls are frequent from the west and southwest, hurricanes are known. The currents are, besides, inextricably intermixed; dead reckoning becomes a farce; the charts are not reliable, and such is the number and similarity of these islands that, even when you have picked one up, you may be none the wiser.

Insurance Men Fear It.

The reputation of the place is consequently infamous; insurance offices exclude it from their field, and it was not without misgiving that my captain risked the Casco in such waters. I believe, indeed, it is almost understood that yachts are to avoid this baffling archipelago; and it required all my instances—and all Mr. Otis' private taste for adventure—to deflect our course across its midst.

For four days we sailed with a steady trade, and a steady westerly current setting us to leeward, and toward sundown of the seventh it was supposed we should have sighted Takaroa, one of Cook's so-called King George Islands. The sun set; yet a while longer the old moon—semi-brilliant herself, and with a silver belly, which was her successor—sailed among gathering clouds; she, too, deserted us; stars of every degree of sheen, and clouds of every variety of form disputed the sublustrous night; and still we gazed in vain for Takaroa. The mate stood on the bowsprit end, his tall gray figure slashing up and down against the stars. The rest of us were grouped at the port anchor davit staring with no less assiduity, but with far less hope on the obscure horizon, about four bells in the first watch, we made our third atoll, Raraka. The low line of the isle lay straight along the sky; so that I was at first reminded of a towpath, and we seemed to be mounting some engineered and navigable stream. Presently a red star appeared, about the height and brightness of a danger signal, and with that my simile was changed; we seemed rather to skirt the embankment of a railway, and the eye began to look instinctively for the telegraph posts, and the ear to expect the coming of a train. Here and there, but rarely, faint tree tops broke the level. And the sound of the surf accompanied us, now in a drowsy monotone, now with a menacing swing.



BREAK IN AN ATOLL.

The isle lay nearly east and west, barring our advance on Pakaruva. We must, therefore, hug the coast until we gain the western end, where, through a passage eight miles wide, we might sail southward between Raraka and the next isle, Kauehi. We had the wind free, a lightish air; but clouds of an inky blackness were beginning to arise, and at times it lightened—without thunder. Something, I know not what, continually set us up upon the island. We lay more and more to the nor'ard; and you would have thought the shore copied our maneuver and outsailed us. The Captain, the mate and I were all on deck; the Captain not much gratified with our position; the mate part sanguine and part callous in the true South Sea proportion. He saw nothing odd in our position, which was even normal in the group. And he could scarce be asked to share in this anxiety about a ship, having already lost several himself, and desiring no better than the opportunity to lose another.

A Dispute About the Safety.

"Well," he cried at last, "and what if the wind does fail? We could shove her off with an oar!" Conceive the effect of such consolation on a Yankee martinet! Captain Otis exploded; the mate accepted battle, and the pair wrangled bravely. And once and twice, in the hottest of the disputation, Raraka headed us again—and again, in the sea fashion, the quite innocent steersman was abused—and again the Casco kept away. Had I been called on, with no more light than that of our experience, to draw the configuration of that island, I should have shown a series of bow-window promontories, each overlapping the other to the nor'ard, and the trend of the land from the southeast to the northwest; and behold, on the chart it lay near east and west in a straight line.

We had but just repeated our maneuvre and kept away—for not more than five minutes the railway embankment had been lost to view and the surf to hearing—when I was aware of land again, not only on the weather bow, but dead ahead. I played the part of the judicious landsman, holding my peace till the last moment; and presently my mariners perceived it for themselves.

"Land ahead!" said the steersman.

"By heaven, its Kauehi!" cried the mate.

And so it was. And with that I began to be sorry for cartographers. We were scarce doing 3½; and they asked me to believe that (in five minutes) we had dropped an island, passed eight miles of open water and run almost high and dry upon the next. But my Captain was more sorry for himself to be afloat in such a labyrinth; laid the Casco to, with the log line up and down, and sat on the stern rail and watched it till morning. He had enough of night in the Paumotus.

The Geography of Atolls.

By daylight on the 9th we began to skirt Kauehi and had now an opportunity to see near at hand the geography of atolls. Here and there, where it was high, the farther side loomed up; here and there the near side dipped entirely and showed a broad path of water into the lagoon: here and there both sides were equally abased, and we could look right through the discontinuous ring to the sea horizon on the south. Conceive, on a vast scale, the submerged hoop of the duck hunter, trimmed with green rushes to conceal his head—water within, water without—you have the image of the perfect atoll. Conceive one that has been partly plucked of its rush fringe; you have the atoll of Kauehi. And for either shore of it at closer quarters, conceive the line of some old Roman highway traversing a wet morass, and here sunk out of view and there rearising, crowned with a green tuft of thicket; only instead of the stagnant waters of a marsh, the live ocean now boiled against, now buried the frail barrier.

Birds Hiving Like Bees.

And then a bird or two appeared, hovering and crying; swiftly these became more numerous; and presently, looking ahead, we were aware of a vast effervescence of winged life. In this place the annular isle was mostly under water, carrying here and there on its submerged line a wooden islet. Over one of these the birds hung and flew with an incredible density like that of gnats or hiving bees; the mass flashed white and black, and heaved and quivered, and the screaming of the creatures rose over the voice of the surf in a shrill clattering whir. As you descend some inland valley a not dissimilar sound announces the nearness of a mill and pouring weir. Some stragglers, as I said, came to meet our approach; a few still hung about the ship as we departed. Not for long. The crying died away, the last pair of wings was left behind, and once more the low shores of Kauehi streamed past our eyes in silence like a picture.

I supposed at the time that the birds lived, like ants or citizens, concentred where we saw them. I have been told since (I know not if correctly) that the whole isle, or much of it, is similarly peopled; and that the effervescence at a single spot would be the mark of a boat's crew of egg hunters from one of the neighboring inhabited atolls. So that here at Kauehi, as the day before at Taiaro, the Casco sailed by under the fire of unsuspected eyes. And one thing is surely true, that even on these ribbons of land an army might lie hid and no passing mariner divine its presence.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WILL call at your residence with samples and furnish estimates on furniture reupholstery. HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 Water street. Su

THE ANGEL OF DEATH

Comes Upon Many Remarkable Scenes With the Sad Summons.

EXPERIENCES OF AN OLD NURSE.

A Belle of the Ball Dies With Champagne Upon Her Fair Lips.

MATTER-OF-FACT END OF A MERCHANT

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, April 11.—"I have witnessed many curious deathbed scenes," said a professional nurse now employed at a prominent New York hospital. "I am now 40 years of age, and have been a nurse for 20 years, though I have been in this country but ten.

"A few years ago I was called into a very aristocratic family on Fifth avenue. I cannot give you names for obvious reasons. But this family is very rich as well as aristocratic. As I am usually called upon only in critical cases, I was not surprised to find the patient very low. She was the loved and petted only daughter. She had but made her debut the season before, and her second social season was at its height. It appears that she was a very lively girl—a spoiled child—and had caught a severe cold at an entertainment. Instead of taking care of herself, she went about as usual every night in evening dress. When I arrived at the house I found her lying in a magnificent room practically at the point of death with pneumonia. Three physicians were in consultation. The family were terribly frightened.

Her Last Drink of Wine.

"The girl was very lovely, for pneumonia is a sudden disease and she had not been in bed more than two days. I found her wandering in her mind. She seemed to half comprehend what I was, for she turned her dark eyes upon me a moment and inquired:

"'Will I be able to go to the ball?'

"'Ball! Mercy, child,' said I, trying to soothe her, 'don't think about balls. After awhile——'

"'Ring for champagne!' she ordered imperiously. 'I'm going to dress for the ball. I must go.' She tried to hum a waltz, then suddenly exclaimed, 'Champagne! Champagne! Bring champagne! It warms the heart so! My heart is getting cold! Bring more champagne!'

"She choked and gurgled and her voice sank to a whisper.

"The doctors were at her side in a moment. It was evident her young life was fast ebbing. The stimulant was brought. Rising on her elbow she grasped the freshly opened bottle from the tray and before we had time to recover from our astonishment poured its sparkling contents down her throat. Her eyes shone like stars.

"'Cham——,' but the word was never finished.

"She flung the bottle from her, sank into the soft pillows and expired. I hadn't been there ten minutes.

Didn't Know What It Meant.

"Sometimes the ludicrous is so mingled with the pathetic ending of a life," said the nurse, "that it requires considerable self-control to prevent laughter. You have doubtless heard of the little 8-year-old who was on her dying bed, and being told by her sorrowing parents that she must die, very strenuously objected.

"'But you will go to heaven, darling, to live forever,' said the mother.

"'I don't want to go to heaven to live,' the little girl tearfully replied, 'any place where you and papa are is good enough for me!'

"There was a rich old merchant over in Thirty-fifth street whom I was called upon to attend. He had spent a lifetime in the accumulation of considerable wealth, and in his old age went straight from his counting house to his bed. He could scarcely be brought to realize that his stay on earth was short. His large family was very anxious concerning his future, but couldn't get him to consider the question. The family doctor told me his case was hopeless and instructed me to impress this fact on his mind, which was inclined toward business and trivial things. His daughter met me in the library and took me up to the sick room. She was a richly-dressed and very lovely lady.

Insisted on Dress Reform.

"'That is the way you spend my money,' said he from the bed, as soon as we came forward. He paid no attention to me. 'Just look at that dress!'

"'Dear me! Never mind, papa—please don't talk of such things now. Try and fix your mind on more serious things. This is the nurse.'

"'Nurse! nurse! I don't want any nurse. She can't be more serious than this thing of throwing away hard-earned money!'

"While he had resisted every attempt to prepare him for death, a day or two later he was a little restless and lay eyeing me for a long time. He suddenly spoke up: 'So I'm going to die, am I?' His voice was deep and harsh and sounded as if it came from the grave. I was startled almost out of my usual self-possession, but finally managed to tell him as gently as possible that his time on earth was very short indeed. If he had anything on his mind he'd better act accordingly.

"'Well, I 'spose I might as well get ready to go,' he growled, as if it bored him. 'Bring 'em in.' Alluding to his family.

Finished With a Prayer.

"I hurriedly summoned his wife and children. He feebly tried to raise himself, but gave it up. Then he gave them an extended lecture on their mode of living. He reminded them that he had worked early and late to leave them a competence, and he honed they wouldn't waste it in riotous living. They ought to curtail expenses and reform on certain matters of dress!

"Though he was terribly exhausted when finished, he waved them aside abruptly and growled: 'Now get out and send in the other gang!'

"He lectured the rest in the same way. One of the members of his family remained after the rest had gone out. It was his young son. I held my finger on the old man's pulse. It was flickering.

"'Can you pray?' he suddenly asked the young man.

"'Yes, father,' sobbed the lad, his heart almost bursting.

"'Well, then, preach up,' was the hoarse reply.

"The boy fell upon his knees by the bedside and uttered a few choking words, while the old man rested his hand upon his son's head. In half a minute the old merchant was dead."

Went With the Lightning's Flash.

"Widely different," continued the nurse, "was a case I was called upon to attend to when I was in England. It was that of an old man, too—a rich country 'Squire. He was a terrible old fellow who had a reputation all over the countryside of having lived a reckless life, of being a grinding landlord, an atheist and even a terror to his family. In fact, he had driven them out of doors, one by one, until he was practically alone with his servants, a few greedy relatives keeping a risky place in the near background. But a single daughter had stuck to him, and she was afraid to say or do anything. Poor girl; she didn't know what to do.

"I had been sent for and came up from London. The old man seemed about breathing his last when I got there, which was in the night. I shall never forget that night. It had been sultry all that day. The sky was black with lowering clouds, and as I was driven from the station in a mail cart by a servant the road was lighted by vivid flashes of lightning that almost blinded us.

"They had darkened the windows of the sick room, but the occasional flashes penetrated even there. I went straight to the bedside and took up the withered wrist. At first I thought the patient was already dead, his pulse was so weak and irregular and the breathing so feeble. But close attention for a moment convinced me he was still alive. A minute later I said to the terrified daughter, 'He's gone,' and so it seemed.

"At that instant there was a terrible burst of thunder. It rocked the solid old country mansion on its foundations. The old man started up in bed to a sitting posture—just doubled up like a galvanized corpse twitching in every muscle.

"'What's that?' he asked, the death rattle in his throat.

"I began to explain that it was a thunder storm, when he flung his hands aloft and shouted with an awful oath: 'It's the gates of hell opening for my soul!' And he fell back a corpse.

Died Kissing His Nurse.

"I have the reputation of being the possessor of good magnetic powers. In some cases this influence serves greatly to reduce and soothe intractable and suffering patients. Once in an English hospital a difficult and dangerous surgical operation was being performed on a man who had been severely injured in an accident. He was a powerful young man, and at times two able bodied attendants were unable to hold him still. I was called in to assist. The moment I touched his hand he glanced at me appealingly and grasped mine. From that moment he bore the pain unflinchingly. I had turned his face away from the operators and laid my cheek against his. He scarcely murmured again during the whole time.

"When all was over he placed both of his great arms around me, and pressing me gently to his bosom, kissed me on the lips. When they disengaged his arms he was dead.

"I remember a teamster I nursed once in the hospital. His legs had been run over and crushed. An operation had been performed. He was constantly delirious. He drove his team all day and all night, swearing the most fearful and original oaths all the time. He was the roughest character I ever had anything to do with. His foul language fairly rang through the ward. He had probably formerly enjoyed torturing the poor brutes he managed, for he would

Swing His Right Arm on High

in the act of snapping a whip, all the time accompanying the motion with curses and demoniacal laughter. He seemed to be intent on putting an eye out, cutting an ear off, or bringing blood in some way, and when he imagined he had made an especially skillful stroke of this kind he would laugh and curse. It was terrible! He finally went off in one of these fiendish paroxysms. I believe that is the only case in all my experience in which I could feel no human pity—in which I was satisfied to see a man suffer and was almost if not quite glad that my patient was dead.

"I knew a case where a genial, good-hearted, whole-souled gentleman in New York lay sick with quick consumption. He had been a man about town and had hosts of friends. When he was convinced that he could live no longer, he called some of these watchers about him, called for glasses, made each person fill up with him 'for the last time,' and lightly waving his own finger of whisky above his head, he cried:

"'Well, boys, I've had many a good time with you; here's for the parting drink! Goodby!' and he died as he had lived, a convivial man of the world."

CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY.

AFRAID OF THE RESULTS.

Why a Little Girl Refused to Say the Familiar Evening Prayer.

[Housekeeper's Weekly.]

"Now, mamma, I——"

Thus the child began, and was stopped short by her mother.

"Lottie, how many times I've told you not to begin with 'Now.' It is 'Now, mamma,' 'Now, I can't,' 'Now, I will,' 'Now, something or other continually. Don't say it again! The very first time you do I will send you to stand 15 minutes in the corner."

Little Lottie knew full well the terrors of that punishment. What an eternity it seemed to her to stand that length of time with her face to the wall, not allowed to turn around, or speak, till told that the time was out; for always after about three minutes she felt sure the 15 minutes must be passed, and that she, forgotten, must stand there always! So, cautious Lottie retreated with her doll out of mamma's hearing, and it being already late in the day, escaped condemnation.

When the little nightgown had been donned, and mamma said tenderly: "Now, darling, say your little prayer," Lottie failed to notice how the catcher had been caught on the "Now," but answered:

"I can't—I mustn't."

"Lottie! Why not?"

"Cause if I say my '—— I lay me' I must stand in the corner."

THE FATE OF THE AUTHOR.

Very Good Authorities Often Differ as to His Merits.

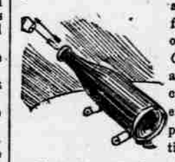
The merit of Mr. Shorthouse as a novelist was first recognized by Mr. John Morley. Mr. Morley, as literary adviser to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., had the manuscript of "John Inglesant" placed in his hands. He read it, and pronounced the book to be excellent. The publishers, however, were of a very different opinion, and decided to decline the manuscript with thanks. "Don't do anything of the kind," said Mr. Morley; "rather than allow such a thing to happen I would publish the book at my own expense and risk."

Seeing that their literary adviser was so confident, the publishers reluctantly gave way and accepted the book. All the world knows what a success it has been, and the high place which Mr. Shorthouse now occupies among cotemporary writers of fiction.

A CANNON FOR EVERY BOY.

The Principle of Artillery Easily Demonstrated in the Home.

Take a thick glass bottle; fill it three-quarters full of water, dissolve in that water about a dessert spoonful of bicarbonate of soda, says *The Churchman*. Make a cylinder of a large card; stop up one end of it with a piece of crumpled tissue paper, and



put into this cylinder a dessert spoonful of tartaric acid. Fasten this cartridge thus manufactured by a pin and thread to the cork of the bottle, which is placed upright on the table. Let the opening of the cartridge be at the top, and regulate the length so that it does not touch the water. Then cork the bottle tightly. Now our cannon is loaded, all that remains to be done is to fire it off; for this purpose, place the bottle carefully in a horizontal position on two pencils laid parallel on the table, to form a gun carriage. The water penetrating the tube or cartridge will dissolve the tartaric acid and the carbonic acid gas which will be the result will force the cork out of the bottle with a violent explosion. By the effect of this reaction the bottle will roll back, imitating the recoil of a piece of artillery.

Ashtabula as a Lake Port.

There are not 10 people in every 100,000 that know the little Ohio city of Ashtabula holds the fourth position in importance as a lake port. Chicago stands first, Buffalo second, Cleveland third and Ashtabula next. That port last year received 2,500,000 tons of iron ore, and shipped coal to the amount of 800,000 tons.

BEATS GREEK FIRE.

Burning Petroleum the Best Defense New York Could Have.

DETAILS OF A PRACTICAL PLAN.

Overcoming the Objection of Danger to Our Own Shipping.

PROTECTION FOR THE OIL PIPES

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Anyone who will study the reports of the Chief of Engineers, United States Army, and the reports of the Board of Fortifications will learn that the defenses about New York harbor are totally inadequate to withstand an attack of modern naval vessels, such as Italy is so liberally supplied with. It may be true that some of her largest battle ships have not the coal endurance required in operating so far from a base of supplies, but there are many others, in addition to armored cruisers, in her list which could reach this coast and enter our harbors if not stopped in some way.

The reports of the Chief of Engineers, particularly for the years 1880 and 1881, enter at length into every phase of the question of harbor defense, and one thing is made clear in these reports, viz: that no great reliance can be placed upon torpedo

plants unless there are land batteries near enough and strong enough to protect and defend them. As the case stands we have no such batteries—not even the guns to mount in them, supposing they were built and ready for armament. That is to say we have no guns able to drive off the iron-clads which would support the torpedo searching parties, although the six and eight-inch rifles now on hand might retard operations of that kind for while, and prove very effective even on the iron-clads at closer quarters.

Preventing an Entrance.

What is wanted is some way of barring the entrance of New York harbor until land batteries and other defenses can be rendered effective, and this, I think, can be done by means of pipe lines conveying petroleum in such way that it can be ignited on the surface of the water.

A very little of this oil spreads with rapidity on water and burns with an intense heat, productive of great volumes of stifling smoke and poisonous, suffocating vapors. An iron-clad might withstand the heat of such a fire for a considerable time, but its crew could exist in such an atmosphere only as long as they could hold their breaths, which is not to exceed one minute's time.

The "Greek fire" of olden time is not a circumstance to what petroleum is capable of doing. With our seaboard pipe lines we have already the means of sending to New York perhaps 10,000 barrels of oil daily, and can keep the supply up for an indefinite period.

The Danger From Fire.

When the oil scheme of harbor defense for New York was suggested several years ago the only serious objection urged against it was the danger of inflowing tides carrying flames to the shipping at the wharves of New York and Brooklyn. Now at the "Narrows," the entrance to the inner harbor, the width is only one mile, and if across this was laid a heavy buoyed cable there could be attached to it strong sheet iron leaves depending in the water to the depth of a foot or two, which would effectually stop the oil which might float inward to that point and it is likely that very little would remain unconsumed after reaching that point—the Narrows being fully 10 miles from where the fire should originate.

The complete protection of New York and the Brooklyn Navy Yard particularly, requires that the defenses should be so remote that even random shells could not reach them, but so powerful are modern guns that this distance is not less than 12 miles. To be effective, therefore, two or more lines of pipes should extend from near to Sandy Hook to near to Rockaway Beach. On an air line these two points are just ten miles apart, the deepest water between them being 45 feet. Vessels stopped outside of this line at the nearest point to Coney Island would be four miles distant, to the southern suburbs of Brooklyn about ten miles, to Castle Garden and the Brooklyn Navy Yard, 13 to 14 miles distance.

The Source of Supply.

The supply of oil should be maintained from tanks and pumps out of cannon range on Staten Island, with the supplying lines laid on direct lines within the harbor, and therefore not to be tampered with by the enemy from the shore ends of the main cross lines near Sandy Hook and Rockaway Beach, which they would cover of course with their guns.

The oil should not escape from the main lines crossing the entrance of the outer harbor, but from jets on T branches 500 or more feet long, extending seaward from the main cross lines. This arrangement would prevent the main lines from being grappled by anchors thrown hastily overboard from a venturesome boat party. They would find nothing but ends of pipes pointed toward them, and, unless they could enter a considerable distance within a burning area, they could take no hold of a pipe. It is simply impossible to think of any such work being done for the oil would spread at first a considerable distance against the tide, so that the position of the flames would be at the best a very misleading criterion of the real position of the pipes. Meantime, with every outgoing tide, their vessels could be driven far out, and repairs might be made or new pipe lines laid across the channel back of the burning ones.

No Trick to Lay the Pipes.

About Pittisburg there must be more than 100 miles of 6, 8, 10 and 12-inch pipe lines for natural gas laid in our rivers. When first put down it was customary to go to great expense for dredging a bed for them, the notion being prevalent that river floods, drift, ice, etc., would disturb them easily. As this was not found to be the case, they are now laid in every direction, sometimes right down the center of the river for miles over shallows and through deep pools without the slightest regard to the conformation of the river bed.

Moreover, a simple screw joint with a strong sleeve is all that is necessary—a 50-ton steady pull will not rupture an eight-inch pipe joint of this kind—and there is such a degree of flexibility about them, particularly in the smaller sizes, that they can be laid from scows almost as fast as a gang of men can screw on joints.

HOME GUARD.

RELIEF. Comfort. Cure. Try Daisy Corn Cure. Action quick; effect permanent. Inquire of druggists.

A FANTASTIC TALE, INTRODUCING HYPNOTIC THEORIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

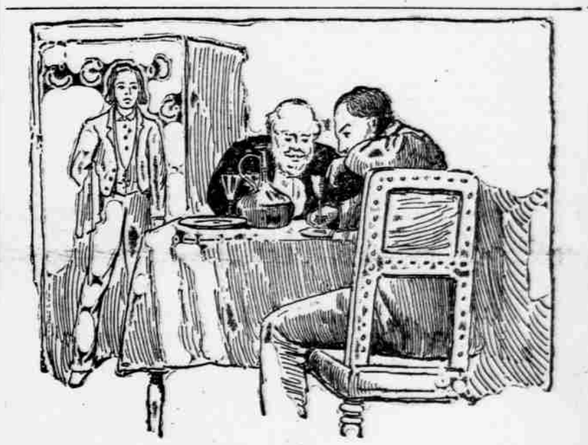
BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

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

CHAPTER XX.

Unorna was hardly conscious of what she had done. She had not had the intention of making Beatrice sleep, for she had no distinct intention whatever at that moment. Her words and her look had been but the natural results of over-strained passion, and she repeated what she had said again and again and gazed long and fiercely into Beatrice's face before she realized that she had unintentionally thrown her rival and enemy into the intermediate state. It is rarely that the first stage of hypnotism produces the same consequences in two different individuals. In Beatrice it took the form of total unconsciousness, as though she had merely fainted away.

Unorna gradually regained her self-possession. After all, Beatrice had told her nothing which she did not either wholly know or partly guess, and her anger was not the result of the revelation but of the way in which the story had been told. Word after word, phrase after phrase had cut her and stabbed her to the quick, and when Beatrice had thrust the miniature into her hands her wrath had risen in spite of herself. But now that she had returned to a state in which she could think connectedly, and now that she saw Beatrice asleep before her, she did not regret what she had unwittingly done. From the first moment when, in the balcony over the church, she had realized that she was in the presence of the woman she hated, she had determined to destroy her. To accomplish this she would in any case have used her especial weapons, and though she had intended to steal by degrees upon her enemy, lulling her to sleep by a more gentle fascination, at an hour when the whole convent should be quiet, yet since the first step had been made unexpectedly and without her will, she did not regret it.



DEAR FRIEND, LET US HAVE SUPPER.

She leaned back and looked at Beatrice during several minutes, smiling to herself from time to time, scornfully and cruelly. Then she rose and locked the outer door and closed the inner one carefully. She knew from long ago that no sound could then find its way to the corridor without. She came back and sat down again, and again looked at the sleeping face, and she admitted for the hundredth time that evening, that Beatrice was very beautiful.

"If he could see us now!" she exclaimed aloud.

The thought suggested 'something to her. She would like to see herself beside the other woman, and compare the beauty he loved with the beauty that could not touch him. It was very easy. She found a small mirror, and set it up on the back of the sofa, on a level with Beatrice's head. Then she changed the position of the lamp and looked at herself, and touched her hair, and smoothed her brow, and loosened the black lace about her white throat. And she looked from herself to Beatrice, and back to herself again, many times.

"It is strange that black should suit us both so well—she so dark and I so fair!" she said, "She will look well when she is dead."

She gazed again for many seconds at the sleeping woman.

"But he will not see her then," she added, rising to her feet and laying the mirror on the table.

She began to walk up and down the room as was her habit when in deep thought, turning over in her mind the deed to be done and the surest and best way of doing it. It never occurred to her that Beatrice could be allowed to live beyond that night. If the woman had been but an unconscious obstacle in her path, Unorna would have spared her life, but, as matters stood, she had no inclination to be merciful.

There was nothing to prevent the possibility of a meeting between Beatrice and the Wanderer, if Beatrice remained alive. They were in the same city together and their paths might cross at any moment. The Wanderer had forgotten, but it was not sure that the artificial forgetfulness would be proof against an actual sight of the woman once so dearly loved. The same consideration was true of Beatrice. She, too, might be made to forget, though it was always an experiment of uncertain issue and of more than uncertain result, even when successful, so far as duration was concerned. Unorna reasoned coldly with herself, recalling all that Keyork Arabian had told her and all that she had read. She tried to admit that Beatrice might be disposed of in some other way, but the difficulties seemed to be insurmountable. To effect such a disappearance Unorna must dispose of some safe place in which the wretched woman might drag out her existence undiscovered. But Beatrice was not like the old beggar, who, in his hundredth year, had leaned against Unorna's door, unnoticed and uncared for, and had been taken and had never been seen again. The case was different. The aged scholar, too, had been cared for as he could not have been cared for elsewhere, and, in the event of an inquiry being made, he could be produced at any moment, and would even afford a brilliant example of Unorna's charitable doings. But Beatrice was a stranger and a person of some importance in the world. The Cardinal Archbishop himself had directed the nuns to receive her, and they were responsible for her safety. To spirit her away in the night would be a dangerous thing. Wherever she was to be taken, Unorna would have to lead her there alone. Unorna would herself be missed. Sister Paul already suspected that the name of Witch was more than a mere appellation. There would be a search made, and a suspicion might easily fall upon Unorna, who would have been obliged, of course, to conceal her enemy in her own house for lack of any other convenient place.

There was no escape from the deed. Beatrice must die. Unorna could produce death in a form which could leave no trace, and it would be attributed to a weakness of the heart. Does anyone account otherwise for those sudden deaths which are no longer unfrequent in the world. A man, a woman, is to all appearance in perfect health. He or she was last seen by a friend, who describes the conversation accurately, and expresses astonishment at the catastrophe which followed so closely upon the visit. He, or she, is found alone by a servant, or a third person, in a profound lethargy, from which neither restoratives nor violent shocks upon the nerves can produce any awakening. In one hour, or a few hours, it is over. There is an examination, and the authorities pronounce an ambiguous verdict—death from a syncope of the heart. Such things happen, they say, with a shake of the head. And, indeed, they know that such things really do happen, and they suspect that they do not happen naturally; but there is no evidence, not even so much as may be detected in a clever case of vegetable poisoning. The heart has stopped beating, and death has followed. There are wise men by the score to-day who do not ask 'what made it stop?' but 'who made it stop?' But they have no evidence to bring, and the new jurisprudence, which in some countries covers the cases of thefts and frauds committed under hypnotic suggestion, cannot as yet lay down the law for cases where a man has been told to die, and dies—from 'weakness of the heart.' And yet it is known, and well known, that by hypnotic suggestion the pulse can be made to fall to the lowest number of beatings consistent with life, and that the temperature of the body can be commanded beforehand to stand at a certain degree and fraction of a degree at a certain hour, high or low, as may be desired. Let those who do not believe read the accounts of what is done from day to day in the great European seats of learning, accounts of which every one bears the name of some man speaking with authority and responsible to the world of science for every word he speaks, and doubly so for every word he writes. A few believe in the antiquated doctrine of electric animal currents, the vast majority are firm in the belief that the influence is a moral one—all admit that whatever force or influence lies at the root of hypnotism, the effects it can produce are practically unlimited, terrible in their comprehensiveness and almost entirely unprovided for in the scheme of modern criminal law.

Unorna was sure of herself, and of her strength to perform what she contemplated. There lay the dark beauty in the corner of the sofa, where she had sat and talked so long, and told her last story, the story of her life which was now to end. A few determined words spoken in her ear, a pressure of the hand upon the brow and the heart, and she would never wake again. She would lie there still, until they found her, hour after hour, the pulse growing weaker and weaker, the delicate hands colder, the face more set. At the last there would be a convulsive shiver of the queenly form, and that would be the end. The physicians and the authorities would come and would speak of a weakness of the heart, and there would be masses sung for her soul, and she would rest in peace.

Her soul? In peace? Unorna stood still. Was that to be all her vengeance upon the woman who stood between her and happiness? Was there to be nothing but that, nothing but the painless passing of the pure young spirit from earth to heaven? Was no one to suffer for all Unorna's pain? It was not enough. There must be more than that. And yet, what more? What imaginable wealth of agony would be a just retribution for her existence? Unorna could lead her, as she had led Israel Kafka, through the life and death of a martyr, through a life of wretchedness and a death of shame, but then, the moment must come at last, since this was to be death indeed, and her spotless soul would be beyond Unorna's reach forever. No, that was not enough. Since she could not be allowed to live to be tormented, vengeance must follow her beyond the end of life.

Unorna stood still, and an awful light of evil came into her face. A thought of which the enormity would have terrified a common being had it entered her mind and taken possession of it. Beatrice was in her power. Beatrice should die in mortal sin, and her soul would be lost forever.

For a long time she did not move, but stood looking down at the calm and lovely face of her sleeping enemy, devising a crime to be imposed upon her for her eternal destruction. Unorna was very superstitious, or the hideous scheme could never have presented itself to her. To her mind the deed was everything, whatever it was to be, and the intention or the unconsciousness in doing it could have nothing to do with the consequences to the soul of the doer. She made no theological distinctions. Beatrice should commit some terrible crime, and should die in committing it. Then she would be lost, and devils would do in hell the worst torment which Unorna could not do on earth. A crime—a robbery, a mur-