have loved him had he been a cripple, poor, ignorant, despised, instead of being what he was -- the grandest, noblest man God ever made. For I did not love him for his face, made. For I did not love him for his face, nor for his courtly ways, nor for such gifts as other men might have, but for himself and for his heart-do you understand?" "For his goodness," said Sister Paul, nodding in approval, "I understand." Bestrice answered, half impatiently. "Not for his goodness, either. Many men are good, and so was he—he must have been, of course. No matter. I

loved him. That is enough. He loved me, too. And one day we were alone, in the broad spring sun, upon a terrace. There were lemon trees there—I can see the place. Then we told each other that we loved—but neither of us could find the words—they must be somewhere, those strong, beautiful words that could tell how we loved. We "Without your father's consent?" asked

the nun, almost severely. Beatrice's eyes

"Is a woman's heart a dog that must follow at heel?" she asked, fiercely. "We loved. That was crough. My father had the power, but not the heart, to come between us. We told him then, for we were not cowards. We told him boldly it must be. He was a thoughtful man, who spoke living. He said that we must part at once. little. He said that we must part at once before we loved each other better—and that we should soon forget. We looked at each other, the man I loved and I. We knew that we should love better yet, parted or to-gether, though we could not tell how that ould be. But we knew also that such love as there was between us was enough. My father gave no reasons, but I knew that he hated the name of my mother's nation. Of course, we met again. I remember that I could cry in those days. My father had not learned to part us then. Perps ps he was not quite sure himself; at all events the parting did not come so soon. We told him that we would wait, forever if it must be. He may have been touched, though little touched him at the best. Then, one day suddenly and without warning, he took me away to another city. And what of him? I asked. He told me that there was an evil fever in the city and that had seized him-the man I loved. is free to follow us if he pleases,' said my father. But he never came. Then followed a journey, and another and another, until I knew that my father was traveling to avoid him. When I saw that, I grew silent and never spoke his name again. Farther and further, longer and longer, to the ends of We saw many people, many asked for my hand. Sometimes I heard o him, from men who had seen him lately. I waited patiently for I knew that he was or our track and sometimes I felt that he was

Beatrice paused. "It is a strange story," said Sister Paul, who had rarely heard a tale of love. "The strange thing is this," Beatrice an-"That woman-what is her name? Unorna? She loves him and she knows where he is. 'Unorna?" repeated the nun in bewilder-

"Yes. She met me after Compline to-night. I could not but speak to her, and then I was deceived. I cannot tell whether she knew what I am to him, but she de ceived me utterly. She told me a strange story of her own life. I was lonely. In all these years I have never spoken of what has filled me. I cannot tell how it was. I began to speak, and then I forgot she was there, and told all."

"She made you tell her by her secret arts," said Sister Paul, in a low voice.
"No; I was louely, and I believed that she was good, and I felt that I must speak. Then—I cannot think how I could have een so mad; but I thought we should never meet again, and I showed her a likeness of She turned on me. I shall not forget her face. I heard her say that she knew him, and loved him, too. When I awoke, I was lying on the altar. That is all I

"Mer evil arts, her evil arts," repeated the nun, shaking her head. dear child, let us see if all is in order there, upon the altar. If these things are to be known, they must be told in the right quarter. The sacristan must not see that anyone has been in the church." Sister Paul took up the lamp, but Beatrice laid a hand upon her arm.
"You must help me to find him," she must clapse before she received an answer, said firmly. "He is not far away."

"Help you to find him?" she stammered "But I cannot-I do not know-I am afraid it is not right-an affair of love-"An affair of life, Sister Paul, and of death, too, perhaps. This woman lives in She is rich and must be well

'Well known, indeed. Too well knownthe Witch, they call her." "Then there are those who know her. Tell me the name of one person only-it is impossible that you should not remember some one who is acquainted with her, who has talked with you of her-perhaps one of the ladies who have been here in retreat." The nun was silent for a moment, gather-

ing her recollections.
"There is one, at least, who knows her," she said at length. "A great lady here—it is said that she, too, meddles with forbidden practices, and that Unorna has often been with her-that together faey have called up the spirits of the dead with strangerappings and writings. She knows her, I am sure, for I have talked with her and she savs it is all natural, and that there is a learned man with them sometimes, who explains how all such things may happen in the course of nature-a man-let me see-he has a god-less name, too, half heathen, and half Christian-let me see let me see-it is George, I think, but not as we call it, not Jirgi, nor Jegor-no-it sounds harder-Ke - Keyrgi - no, Keyork - Keyork

"Keyork Arabian!" exclaimed Beatrice.

"You know him?" Sister Paul looked almost suspiciously at the young girl. "Indeed I do, He was with us in Egypt once. He showed us wonderful things among the tombs. A strange little man, who knew everything, but very amusing."
"I do not know. But that is his name. He lives in Prague. "How can I find him? I must see him at

once-he will help me. The nun shook her head in disapproval. "I should be sorry that you should talk with him," she said. "I fear he is no better than Unorna, and perhaps worse." "You need not fear," Beatrice answered, with a scornful smile. "I am not in the

least afraid. Only tell me how I am to find him. He lives here, you say-is there no directory in the convent?" "I believe the portress keeps such a book," said Sister Paul, still shaking her

head uneasily. "But you must wait until the morning, my dear child, if you will do this thing. Of the two, I should say that you would do better to write to the lady, Come, we must be going. It is very late. She had taken the lamp again and was moving slowly toward the door. Beatrice had no choice but to submit. It was evident that nothing more could be done at present. The two women went back into church, and going around the high altur, began to examine everything carefully. The only trace of disorder they could dis-cover was the fallen candlestick, so massive and strong that it was not even bent or injured. They climbed the short wooden steps, and, uniting their strength, set it up again carefully and in its place, restoring the thick cankle to the socket. Though broken in the middle by the fall, the heavy wax supported itself easily enough. Then they got down again and Sister Paul took

away the steps. For a few moments both women knelt down before the altar. They lett the church by the nuns' stairease, bolting the door behind them, and ascended to the corridors and reached Beat-rice's room. Unorna's door was open, as the nun had left it, and the yellow light streamed upon the pavement. She went in and extinguished the lamp, and then came

"Are you not afraid to be alone after what has bappened?" she rsked,
"Afraid? Of what? No, indeed," Then her compunion again, and kissed Sister Paul's waxen cheek. Say a prayer, my daughter-and may all

be well with you, now and ever," said the !

good sister, as she went away through the darkness. She needed no light in the amiliar way to her cell. Beatrice searched among her belongings, and at last brought out a writ-ing case. Then she sat down to her table by the light of the lamp that had illumin-ated so many strange sights that night. She wrote the name of the convent clearly

upon the paper, and then wrote a plain message in the fewest possible words. Some-thing of her strong, devoted nature showed itself in her handwriting. "Beatrice Varanger begs that Keyork Arabian will meet her in the parlor of the conrent as soon after receiving this as possible. The matter is very important."

She had reasons of her own for believing that Keyork had not forgotten her in the five years or more since they had been in Egypt together. Apart from the fact that his memory had always been surprisingly good, he had at that time professed the more than the second her had at that time professed the more than the second her had at that time professed the more than the second the second the second than the second the second than the good, he had at that time professed the most unbounded admiration for her, and she re-membered with a smile his quaint devotion, his fantastic courtesy and his gnome-like

stiempts at grace.

She folded the note, to wait for the address which she could not ascertain until the morning. She could do nothing more It was nearly 2 o'clock, and there was evi dently nothing to be done but to sleep.

As she laid her head upon her pillow s

few minutes later she was amuzed at her own calm. Strong natures, in great tests, often surprise themselves more than they surprise others. Others see the results, always simpler in proportion as they are greater. But the actors themselves alone know how hard the great and simple can

Beatrice's calmness was not only of the outward kind at the present moment. felt that she was alone in the world, and that Fate had lent her the clew of her happiness at last, and she would hold it firmly to the end. It would be time enough, then, to open the floodgates. It would have been unlike her to dwell long upon the thought of Unorna, or to give way to any passionate outbreak of hatred. Why should not Unorna love him? The whole world loved him, and small wonder. She feared no

But he was near her now. Her heart leaped as she realized how very near he might well be, then sank again to its calm He had been near her a score of times in the last years, and yet they had not met

But she had not been free, then, as she was



Keyork and Beatries

now. There was more hope than before but she would not delude herself with any belief in a certainty.
So thinking, and so saying to herself, she fell asleep and slept soundly without dream-ing, as most people do who are young and

strong, and who are clear-headed and active

when they are awake. It was late when she opened her eyes, and the broad, cold light filled the room, She lost no time in thinking over the events of the night, for everything was fresh in her memory. Half dressed, she wrapped about her a cloak that came down to her feet, and her a closk that came down to her leet, and throwing a black veil over her hair she went down to the portress' lodge. In five minutes she had found Keyork's address and had dispatched one of the convent gardeners with the note. Then she leisurely returned to her room, and set about completing her toilet. certainly before Keyork appeared in person, a fact which showed that she had forgotten

Her companion looked at her in astonishmething of the man's characteristics. Twenty minutes had scarcely passed, and she had not finished dressing when Sister Paul entered the room, evidently in a state of considerable anxiety. As has been seen, guests' quarters at that time, and the portress course, informed her immediately of

Keyork's coming, in order that she might tell Beatrice.
"He is there!" she said, as she came in.

Beatrice was standing before the little mirror that hung upon the wall, trying under no small difficulties to arrange her hair. She turned her head quickly. "Who is there? Keyork Arabian?" Sister Paul nodded, glad that she was not

obliged to pronounce the name that had for her such an unchristian sound. "Where is he? I did not think he could come so soon. Oh, Sister Paul, do help me with my hair! I cannot make it stay "He is in the parlor, down stairs," answered the nun, coming to her assistance. "Indeed, child, I do not see how I can help you." She touched the black coils ineffecta timid way. "I do not know how to do

"No, nol" Beatrice exclatmed. "Hold that end-so-now turn it that way-no, the other way-it is in the glass-so-now keep it there while I put in a pin-no, no-in the same place, but the other way-oh, Sister Paul! Did you never do your hair when you were a girl?"

"That was so long ago," answered the nun meekly. "Let us try again." The result was passably satisfactory at d assuredly not wanting in the element of novelty.

"Are you not afraid to go alone?" asked Sister Paul, with evident preoccupation,ta-Beatrice put a few more touches to her toilet.

But the young girl only laughed and made the more haste. Sister Paul walked with her to the head of the stairs, wishing that the rules would allow her to accom-pany Beatrice into the parlor. Then as the latter went down the nun stood at the top looking after her and audibly repeating prayers for her preservation.

The convent parlor was a large, bare room lighted by a high and grated window. Plain straight, modern chairs were ranged against

the wall at regular intervals. There was no table, but a square piece of green carpet lay upon the middle of the pavement. A richly ornamented glazed earthenware stove, in which a fire had just been lighted, occupied one corner, a remnant of former esthetic taste and strangely out of place since the cld carved furniture was gone. A crucifix of inferior workmanship and realistically pointed hung opposite the door. The place was reserved for the use of ladies in retreat and was situated outside the constantly part of the convent from the small portion

accessible to outsiders. Keyork Arabian was standing in the middie of the parlor, waiting for Beatrice. When she entered at last, he made two steps forward, bowing profoundly, and then smiled in a deferential manner.
"My dear lady," he said, "I am here.

have lost no time. It so happened that I received your note just as I was leaving my carriage after a morning drive. I had no idea that you were in Bohemia." "Thanks. It was good of you to come so

She sat down upon one of the stiff chairs and motioned to him to follow her quired Keyork, with suave politeness, as he "My father died a week ago," said Beat-

rice, gravely. Keyork's face assumed all the expression of which it was capable.
"I am deeply grieved," he said, moderating his huge voice to a soft and purring sub-bass. "He was an old and valued friend."

There was a moment's silence. Kevork.

who knew many things, was well aware that a silent feud, of which he also knew the cause, had existed between father and daughter when he had last been with them, and he rightly judged from his knowledge of their obstinate characters that it had of their obstinate characters that it had lasted to the end. He thought, therefore, that his expression of sympathy had been sufficient and could pass muster. "I asked you to come," said Beatrice at last, "because I wanted your help in a mat-

ter of importance to myself. I understand that you know a person who calls herself Unorus, and who lives here?" Keyork's bright blue eyes scrutinized her face. He wondered how much she knew.
"Very well, indeed," he answered, as
though not at all surprised.
"You know something of her life, then.
I suppose you see her very often, do you

"Daily, I can almost say." "Daily, I can almost say."
"Have you any objection to answering one question about her?"
"Twenty 1f you ask them, and if I know the answers," said Keyork, wondering what form the question would take, and preparing to meet a surprise with indifference.
"But will you answer me truly?"
"My dear lady, I pledge you my sacred word of honer," Keyork answered with immense gravity, meeting her eyes and laying

mense gravity, meeting her eyes and laying his hand upon his heart. "Does she love that man—or not?" Beatrice asked, suddenly showing him the little ministure of the Wanderer, which she had taken from its case and had hitherto con-cealed in her hand.

cealed in her hand.

She watched every line of his face, for she knew something of him, and, in reality, put very little more faith in his word of honor than he did himself, which was not saying much. But she had counted upon surpri ing him, and she succeeded, to a certain extent. His answer did not come as glibly as he could have wished, though his plan

'Who is it?" Ah, dear mel myold friend. We call him the Wanderer. Well, Unorna certainly knew him when he was here."

"Then he is gone?"
"Indeed, I am not quite sure," said Keyork, regaining all his self-possession. "Of course, I can find out for you, if you wish to know. But as regards Unorns, I can tell you nothing. They were a good deal together at one time. I fancy he was con-sulting her. You have heard that she is a clairvoyant, I dare say."

He made the last remark quite carelessly, as though he attached no importance to the

Then you do not know whether she loves Keyork indulged himself with a little dis-

creet laughter, deep and musical.
"Love 1s such a very vague word," he said, "Is it?" Beatrice asked, with some cold-"To me, at least," Keyork hastened to say,

as though somewhat confused. "But of course, I can know very little about it in myself, and nothing about it in others." Not knowing how matters might turn out he was willing to leave Beatrice with a suspicion of the truth, while denying all knowledge of it. 'You know him yourself, of course," Bes. trice suggested. "I have known him for years—oh, yes, for him, I can answer. He was not in the

"I did not ask that question," said Bea-trice, rather haughtily. "I knew he was "Of course, of course. I beg your par-

Keyork was learning more from her than she was from him. It was true that she took no trouble to conceal her interest in the Wanderer and his doings.

"Are you sure that he has left the city?" "No, I am not postive. I could not say with certainty.
"When did you see him last?"

"Within the week, I am quite sure,"
Keyork answered, with alacrity. "Do you know where he was staying?" "I have not the least idea," the little man replied, without the slightest hesitation. We met at first by chance in the Teyn Church one afternoon—it was Sunday, I re-member, about a month ago." "A month ago-on a Sunday," Beatrice

"Yes, I think it was New Year's Day, "Strange," she said. "I was in the church that very morning, with my maid. I had been ill for several days-I remember how odd it was. Strange-the same day."
"Yes," said Keyork, noting the words, but appearing to take no notice of them 'I was looking at Tycho Brahe's monument. You know how it annoys me to forget anything—there was a word in the inscription which I could not recall. I turned round and saw him sitting just at the end of the pew nearest to the monument." "The old red slab with a figure on it, by the last pillar?" Beatrice asked eagerly.
"Exactly. I dare say you know the church very well. You remember that the pew runs very near the monument, so that

there is hardly room to pass." She was thinking that it could hardly have been a mere accident which had led the Wanderer to take the very seat she had occupied on the morning of that day. He must have seen her during the mass, but she could not imagine how he could have missed her. They had been very near then. And now, a whole month had passed, and Keyork Arabian professed not to know whether the Wanderer were still in the city or not. "Then you wish to be informed of our friend's movements, as I understand it," "Yes—what happened on that day?" Beatrice asked, for she wisded to hear more,
"On, on that day? Yes. Well, nothing happened worth mentioning. We talked little and went out of the church and walked a little way together. I forget when we met next, but I have seen him at least a dozen

times since then, I am sure."

Beatrice began to understand that Keyork had no intention of giving her any further information. She reflected that she had learned much in this interview. The Wan-derer had been, and perhaps still was, in Prague. Unorna loved him and they had been frequently together. He had been in the Teyn Church on the day she had last been there herself, and in all probability he had seen her, since he had chosen the very seat in which she had sat. Further, she gathered that Kevork had some interest in not speaking more frankly. She gave up the idea of examining him any further. He was a man not easily surprised, and it was only by means of a surprise that he could be induced to betray even by a passing expression what he meant to conceal. Her means of attack were exhausted for the present. She determined at least to repeat her request clearly before dismissing him, in the hope that it might suit his plans to fulfil it, but without the least trust in his

"Will you be so kind as to make some inquiry, and let me know the result to-day?"

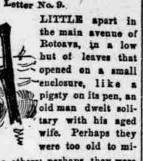
"I will do everything to give you an early answer," said Keyork. "And I shall be the more anxious to obtain one without delay, in order that I may have the very great. pleasure of visiting you again. There is much that I would like to ask you, if you will allow me. For old friends, as I trust I may say that we are, you must admit that we have exchanged few-very few-confidences this morning. May I come again to-day? It would be an immense privilege to talk of old times with you—of our friends in Egypt and of our many journeys. For you have no doubt traveled much since then. Your dear father," he lowered his voice reverentially, "was a great traveler, as well as a very learned man. Ah, well, my dear lady, we must all make up our minds to undertake that great journey one of these days. But I pain you. I was very much attached to your dear father. Com-mand all my service. I will come again in the course of the day."
With many sympathetic smiles and half comic inclinations of his short, broad body,

ODD FUNERAL RITES Robert Louis Stevenson Tells of the Burial of a Paumotuan.

THE SOUTH SEA FULL OF GHOSTS. Intangible Fishermen Whe Bring Luck to the Kets of Mortals.

> (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.) Letter No. 9.

CANNIBALISM IN THE SPIRIT LAND



grate with the others; perhaps they were too poor, and had no possessions to dispute. At least they remained behind; and it thus befell they were invited to my feast. I dare say it was quite a piece of politics in the a few words, and fell back again with laugh-

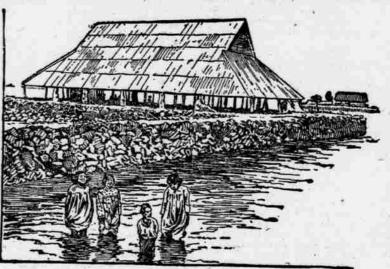
few to sit with her; on the night of the fu-neral a strong squall chased her from her place of watch; for days the weather held piace of watch; for days the weather held uncertain and outrageous, and ere seven nights were up she had desisted and returned to sleep in her low roof.

Why She Abandoned Her Vigil.

That she should be at the pains of returning for so short a visit to a solitary house—that this borderer of the grave should lear a little wind and a wet blanket—filled me at the time with musings. I could not say she was indifferent; she was so far beyond me in was indifferent; see was so that beyond me in experience that the court of my criticism waived jurisdiction; but I forged excuses, telling myself she had perhaps little to lament, perhaps suffered much, perhaps un-derstood nothing. And lot in the whole derstood nothing. And lot in the whole affair there was no question whether of tenderness or piety, and the sturdy return of this old remnant was a mark either of uncommon sense or of uncommon fortitude.

Yet one thing had occurred that partly set me on the trail. I have said the funeral passed much as at home. But when all was over, when we were trooping in decent silence from the graveyard gate and down opened on a small of a different spirit startled and perhaps dismayed us. Two people walked not far apart in our procession, my triend, Mr. Donat-Donat-Rimarat. "Donat the much handed" -acting Vice-Resident, present ruler of the archipelago, by far the man of chief im-portance on the scene, but known besides

for one of an unshakable good temper; and a certain comety, strapping young Paumotuan woman, the comeliest on the isle-not (let us hope) the bravest or the most polite. Of a sudden, ere yet the gravest silence of the funeral was broken, she made a leap at the Resident, with pointed finger, shrieked Digsty whether to come or not to come, and the husband long swithered between curiosite, not a natural mirth. "What did she the husband long swithered between curiosites, and rell back again with laughter.



ONE OF THE LARGEST DANCE HOUSES ON THE ISLANDS.

y and age, till curiosity conquered, and they came, and in the midst of that last merry-making death tapped him on the

For some days, when the sky was bright and the wind cool, his mat would be spread in the main highway of the village, and he was to be seen lying there inert, a mere handful of man, his wife inertly seated by his head. They seemed to have outgrown alike our needs and faculties; they neither spoke for listened: they suffered us to pass without a glance; the wife did not fan, and seemed not to attend upon her husband, and the two poor antiques sat juxtaposed under the high canopy of palms; the human tragedy reduced to its bare elements, a sight beond pathos, stirring a thrill of curiosity, And yet there was one touch of the pathetic haunted me-that so much youth and expectation should have run in these starved reins, and the man should have squandered all his lees of life upon a pleasure party.

Died and Buried in a Day. On the morning of September 17 the suf-ferer died, and, time pressing, he was buried the same day at 4. The cemetery lies to seaward behind Government House, a seaward behind Government House, a dreary, small enclosure; broken coral, like leading the way with stories of my own, and being always a grave and sometimes an exfew wooden crosses, a few inconsiderable upright stones, designate graves; a mortared wall high enough to lean on, rings it about; a clustering shrub surrounds it with pale caves. Here was the grave dug that morn ng, doubtless by uneasy diggers, to the ound of the nigh sea and the cries of sea oirds. Meanwhile the dead man waited in his house, and the widow and another aged woman leaned on the fence before the door,

to speech upon their lips, no speculation is their eyes. Sharp at the hour the procession was In march, the coffin wrapped in white and carried by four bearers; mourners behind-no many, for not many remained in Rotoava, and not many in black, for these were poor the men in straw bats, white coats and blue trousers, or the gorgeous parti-colored pariu—the Tahitian kilt; the women, with a few exceptions, brightly habited. The presence of Mr. Donat and the white strangers gave a note more serious. Far in the rear came widow, painfully carrying the dead man's mat; a creature aged, beyond human-ity, to the likeness of some missing link.

Almost a Christian Burial. The dead man had been a Mormon, but the Mormon clergyman was gone with the rest to wrangle over boundaries in the ad-jacent isle, and a layman took his office. Standing at the head of the open grave, in a white coat and pariu, his Tahitian Bible in his hand and one eye bound with a red handkerchief, he read solemnly that chapter in Job which has been read and heard over the bones of so many of our fathers, and with a good voice offered up two prayers. The wind and the surf bore a burthen. By the cemetery gate a mother in crimson suckled an infant rolled in blue. In the midst the widow sat upon the ground and polished one of the coffin stretchers with a piece of coral; a little later she had turned her back to the grave and was playing with a leaf. Did she understand? God knows. The preacher paused a moment, stooped and gathered and threw reverently on the coffin a handful of rattling coral. Dust to dust; but the grains of this dust were gross like cherries, and the true dust that was to follow sat near by, still cohering (as by miracle) in the tragic semblance of a lemale ape. The eternal roar of the surf mocked the while at the whole transitory race of the mourned and the mourners. So far, Mormon or not, it was a Christian funeral.
The well-known passage had been read from
Job, the prayers had been rehearsed, the
grave was filled, the mourners straggled

Some Native Customs Overlooked. And by rights it should have been much buried with its owner; but the family being poor, it was thrittly reserved for a tresh service. The widow should have flung herelf upon the grave and raised the voice of official grief, the neighbors bave chimed in. and the narrow isle rung for a space with lamentation. But the widow was old; perhaps she had forgotten-perhaps never un-derstood, and she played like a child with leaves and coffin-stretchers. In all ways my guest was buried with maimed rites. Strange to think that his last conscious pleasure was the Casco and my feast; strange to think that he had limped there, an old child, looking for some new good. And the good thing, rest, had been alloted him. But though the widew had neglected And the much, there was one part she must not utmuch, there was one part she must not utterly neglect. She came away with the dissevering funeral; but the dead man's mat
was lett behind upon the grave, and I
learned that by set of sun she must return
to sleep there. This vigil is imperative.
From sundown till the rising of the morning With many sympathetic smiles and half comic inclinations of his abort, broad body, the little man bowed himself out.

(To be continued next week.)

Stylish Suitings,

Overcoat and trouser material, of the best quality at Anderson's, 700 Smithfield street. Cutting and fitting the very best. Su

to me," said Donat, a shade perturbed, "she spoke to the ghost of the dead man." And the purport of her speech was this: "See there! Donat will be a fine feast for you to-night."

Diverting the Ghost's Attention.

"M. Donat called it a jest," I wrote at the time in my diary. "It seemed to me more in the nature of a terrified conjuration, as though she would divert the ghost's attention from herself. A cannibal race may well have cannibal phantoms." The guesses of the traveler appear foredoomed to be erroneous yet in these I was precisely right. The woman had stood by in terror at the funeral, being then in a dread spot—the graveyard. She looked on in terror to the coming night, with that ogre, a new spirit loosed upon the isle, and the words she had cried in Donat's face were indeed a terrified conjuration, basely to shield herself, basely to dedicate another in her stead. One thing is to be said in her excuse. Doubtless she partly chose Donat because he was a man of great good nature, but partly, too, because he was a man of the half caste, for I believe all natives regard the white blood as a aind of talisman against the powers of hell.

tal, since I am as pleased to hear as he to tell, as pleased with the story as he is with needful. For it is scarce possible to exag-gerate the extent and empire of his supersti-tions; they mold his life, they color his thinking; and when he does not speak to me of ghosts, and gods, and devils, he is playing the dissembler and talking only with his lips.

The Spirits in the Bush.

I will give but a few instances at random, chiefly from my own own doorstep in Upolu, during the past month (October, 1890). one of my workmen was sent the other day to the banana patch, there to dig; this is a hollow of the mountain, buried in the woods, out of all sight and cry of mankind; and long before dusk Lafaele was back again beside the cookhouse with embarrassed looks; he dared not longer stay alone, he was afraid of "spirits in the bush." I was arraid of spirite in the busin. It seems these are the souls of the unburied dead, haunting where they fell, and wearing woodland shapes of pig, or bird, or insect; the bush is full of them, they seem to eat nothing, slay solitary wanderers appar-ently in spite, and at times, in human form, go,down into the villages and consort with

I once lived in a village, the name of which I do not mean to tell. The chief and his sister were persons perfectly intelligent; gentlefolk, apt of speech. The sister was very religious, a great churchgoer, one that used to reprove me if I stayed away. I found afterward that she privately wor-shiped a shark. The chief himself was somewhat of a freethinker; at the least, a latitudinarian; he was a man besides fille d with European knowledge and accomplishnents; of an impassive, ironical habit; and should as soon have expected superstition

I should as soon nave expected by un-in Mr. Herbert Spencer.

Hear the sequel. I had discovered by un-mistakable signs that they buried too shallow in the village graveyard, and I took my friend, as the responsible authority to task. "There is something wrong about your graveyard," said I, "which you must attend to or it may have very bad results."
"Something wrong? What is it?" he asked, with an emotion that surprised me. If you care to go along there any evening about 9 o'clock you can see for yourself," said I. He stepped backward. "A ghost!"

Stick to the Old Island Deities. In short, in the whole field of the South Seas, there is not one to blame another. Half blood and whole, pious and debauched intelligent and dull, all men believe in ghosts, all men combine with their recent Christianity fear, and a lingering faith in the old island deities. So, in Europe, the gods of Olympus slowly dwindled into village bogies; so to-day, the theological Highlander speaks from under the eye of the Free Church divine to lay an offering by

a sacred well. It is from sundown to about 4 in the morning that the kinsfolk camp upon the grave, and these are the hours of the spirits' wanderings. At any time of the night-it may be earlier, it may be later-a sound is to be heard below, which is the noise of his liberation; at 4 sharp, another and a louder marks the instant of the reimprisonment; between whiles, he goes his malignant

"Did you ever see an evil spirit?" was "Did you ever see an evil spirit?" was once asked of a Paumotuao. "Once." "Under what form?" "It was the form of a crane." "And how did you know that crane to be a spirit?" was asked. "I will tell you," he answered; and this was the purport of his inconclusive narrative. His father had been dead nearly a fortnight; others had wearied of the watch, and as the sun was setting, he found himself by the grave alone. It was not yet dark, rather the hour of the atterglow, when he was aware of a snow-white crane upon the coral mound; presently more cranes came, some plied, but where t white, some black; then the cranes habit of receiving ranished, and he saw in their place nerve in question.

The day was still, and Rua was surprised to hear a crashing sound among the thickets and then the fall of a considerable tree. Here must be some one building a cance, and he entered the margin of the wood to find and pass the time of day with this chance neighbor.

The crashing sounded more at hand, and then he was aware of something drawing swiftly near among the treetops. It swung

a white cat, to which there was silently joined a great company of cats of every hue conceivable; then

He Was Saved by Prayer

for some pandanus, and crossed the isle to the sea beach, where it chiefly flourishes

This was an anodyne appearance. Take, instead, the experience of Rua-a-Marite-rangi on the Isle of Katiu. He had a need

by its heels downward, like an ape, so that its hands were free for murder; it depended safely by the slightest twigs; the speed of its coming was incredible, and soon Rua recog-nized it for a corpse, horrible with age, its bowels hanging as it came. Prayer was the weapon of Christian in the Valley of the hadow, and it is to prayer that Rua-a-Mariterangi attributes his escape. No neerely human expedition had availed. This demon was plainly from the grave, yet you will observe he was abroad by day. And inconsistent as it may seem with the hours of the night watch and the many references to the rising of the morning star, it is no singular exception, I could never find a case of another who had seen this ghost, diurnal and arboreal in its habits, but others have heard the fall of the tree, which seems the

signal of his coming.

But whether by day or night, the purpose of the dead in these attained activities is still the same. In Samoa, my informant had no idea of the food of the bush spirits; no such ambiguity would exist in the mind of a Danmatten. In that hanger archiof a Paumotuan. In that hungry archi-pelago, living and dead must alike toil for nutriment, and the race having been canni-bal in the past, the spirits are so still. Where the living ate the dead, horrified nocturnal imagination drew the shocking in-ference that the dead might eat the living. Doubtless they slay men, doubtless even spirits sometimes tear out the eves of travelers; but even that may be more practical than appears, for the eye is a cannibal

And certainly the root idea of the dead, at least in the far eastern islands, is to prowl for food. It was as a dainty morsel for a meal that the woman denounced Donat at the funeral. Nor is it only the dead who eat the living; there are spirits besides who prey in particular on the souls of the newly dead. The point is clearly made in a Tahi-tian story. A child fell sick, grew swiftly worse, and at last showed signs of death.
The mother hastened to the house of a sorcerer, who lived hard by. "You are yet in time," said he; "a spirit has just run past my door carrying the soul of your child wrapped in the leaf of a purao; but I have a spirit stronger and swifter who will run him down ere he has time to eat it," Wrapped, you see, in a leaf, like other things edible and corruptible.

Experience With the Bird of Death. Or take an experience of Mr. Donat's on the island of Anaa. It was a night of a high wind, with violent squalis; his child was very sick, and the father, though he had gone to bed, lay wakeful, hearkening to the gale. All at once a fowl was violently dashed on the house wall. Supposing he had forgot to put it in shelter with the rest, Donat arose, lound the bird (a cock) lying on the veranda, and put it in the henhouse, the door of which he securely fastened. Fifteen minutes later the business was re-Fifteen minutes later the business was repeated, only this time, as it was being dashed against the wall, the bird crew. Again Donat replaced it, examining the henhouse thoroughly and finding it quite perfect; as he was so engaged the wind puffed out his light, and he must grope back to the door a good deal shaken. Yet a third time the bird was dashed upon the wall; a third time the bird was dashed upon the wall; a third time the bird was dashed upon the wall; a third time the state of the wall of the state of the wall of the state of the wall of the wall. time Donat set it, now near dead, beside its mate, and he was scarce returned before there came a rush, like that of a furious strong man, against the door, and a whistle

as loud as that of a railway engine rang about the house.

The skeptical reader may here detect the finger of the tempest, but the woman gave up all for lost, and clustered on the beds lamenting. Nothing followed, and I must suppose the gale somewhat abated, for presently after a chief came visiting. He was a bold man to be abroad so late, but doubtless carried a bright lantern. And he was certainly a man of counsel, for as soon as he heard the details of these disturbance he was in a position to explain their nature.
"Your child," said he, "must certainly die.
This is the evil spirit of an island who lies n wait to eat the spirits of the newly dead." And then he went on to expatiate on the strangeness of the spirit's conduct. He was not usually, he explained so open of assault, but sat silent on the housetop waiting in the guise of a bird.

A Fisherman From Spirit Land. But the dead are not exclusive in their let. They carry with them to the grave, n particular, the Polynesian taste for fish and enter at times with the living into partnership in fishery. Rus-a-Mariterangi is again my authority. As Rua grew up he was called at last to go a-fishing with his parent. They rowed into the lagoon at dusk, to an unlikely place, and the boy lay down in the stern, and the father began vainly to cast his line over the bows. It is to be supcast his line over the bows. It is to be sup-posed that Rua slept, and when he awoke there was the figure of another beside his father, and his father was pulling in the fish hand over hand. "Who is that man, father?" Rua asked. "It is none of your business," said the father; and Rua suposed the stranger had swam off to them

from shore. Night after night they fared into the lagoon, often to the most unlikely places; night after night the stranger would suddealy be seen on board, and as suddenly be missed; and morning after morning the canoe returned laden with fish. "My father is a very lucky man," thought Rua. At last one fine day there came first one boat party and then another, who must be enter tained; father and son put off later than usual into the lagoon; and before the canoe was loaded it was 4 o'clock, and the morning star was close on the horizon. Then the stranger showed symptoms of distress, turned about, showing for the first time his face, which was that of one long dead, with shining eyes, stared into the east, set the tips of his fingers to his mouth like one -cold, uttered a strange, shuddering sound between a whistle and a moan—a thing to freeze the blood; and, the day star just ris-ing from the sea, he suddenly was not. Then Rua was aware of why his father prospered, why his fishes always rotted early in the day, and why some were always carried to the cemetery and laid upon the graves. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PEELING IN AN AMPUTATED FOOT.

The Old Story Has a Sufficient Foundation in Scientific Fact. Many consider the idea that a man car

feel pain in an amputated limb as a superstitious absurdity, says Dr. William Waldo in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, but this opinion is a mistake. All the sensations that an injury to a foot would occasion, for instance, may be felt by one whose foot is amputated. There is a good physiological reason for this in the fact that many of the nerves that furnish communication between the brain are not injured in their activity by the amputation of their lower portion, and convey sensation as readily as ever.

The brain fails to recognize the fact that the function of the nerve has changed, and that the part in which It formerly terminated exists no longer. Therefore, when a sensation is felt conveyed by a nerve that sensation is felt conveyed by a nerve that in the unmaimed body led to the foot, the feeling is the same as if the foot was still in place. If certain nerves in an amputated leg be touched the feeling is exactly the same as if the foot was touched, and the sensation of pain is felt, not where it is applied, but where the mind has been in the habit of receiving communication from the nerve in question. THE GRIP MICROBE.

Bred at First From Poisoned Soil It Gains Malignity From

GERMS OF FEVER AND CHOLERA

Prevention in Fortifying the System and

in Disinfectants.

GERMICIDES THAT ARE AGREEABLE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Metropolitan papers by direct inspiration suggest the propriety of a commission to inquire into the causes of the present and prevailing epidemic. While the doctors are beginning to think about taking steps to open their inquiry, there is nothing in the world to hinder any person from constituting himself a committee of one to investigate the reasons for the grip. It is much to be feared he will not go far before the question takes the shape, "Is there any reason why there shouldn't be grip?" It looks as if it had come to stay, permanent and pernicious, and it will be harder to dislodge the plague than any one imagines.

Of course the average citizen will not see any use in getting uneasy on the subject any more than he did about the war the day before the guns were pounding Fort Sumter, or than he will about the coast defenses till the day some third-rate power, which puts all its money in steel cruisers. Blockades New York harbor and stuns business for a season before we can pull oursmelling committees as disturbers of the public peace. He thinks people ought to leave their health to the doctors—his phrase is, to "trust themselves implicitly in the hands of the physician and suffer him to lead them by the hand." It is best not to invite the average citizen to take part in

What the Doctors Say of It.

Come to think, the doctors need not all be oft behind. I am not at all sure that many of them-serious, thinking, hard working physicians, too closely run with the de-mands of large practice to write for the papers—have not a shrewd theory as to the origin of la grippe and its kindred disorders. Some of them protest it is no new disease, but a concentrated and virulent form of

various respectable ailments, caused by pol-luted air and fermenting food. They say that it reminds them of the out-They say that it reminds them of the out-break of meningitis ten years ago, that it has much in common with the depressing effects of typhoid, modified by the cleaner habits of the people. Men bathe more than they used to, preparatory to putting on clean shirts and collars, and find their account They have only to reckon with bad air,

want of sunlight and injudicious food. You can call it malaria or not, as you please,

here's no denying that the air in New York

and several other cities we might name is-

well, not exactly bad, but not as good as it might be. We are all agreed on the safe ground that grip is caused by a microbe. Lulled by the Microbe Theory. The average citizen gets a deal of comfort out of the idea, and is content to leave things there. You can't catch a microbe and put him in a bottle, or kill him with fly poison. So what's the use of bothering about him.
Only that microbes spring from bad air,
dourish in it, increase by billions in it, and
if you get rid of bad air, the microbe goes with it. What makes bad air? Dirt has something to do with it, animal and vegetable waste have much to do in making it, the crowding of human beings in ill venti-

Do not let your imagination wander to the alums at once. I do not speak of the crowded tenement streets, but of eligible quarters of the city where high reuts are the rule. It will be enough for most persons to go through certain well-known blocks to ascertain reason for bad air, microbes and the grip. Take one block scented with half a dozen stables, the foul dust lying in a wind-row by each curbstone, irritating nostrils, res and throat as the air raises it, and yo

lated, sunless houses, or close vehicles

will wonder that any one can live there.

These sickly days of April past the odors
of musty stable dust have pervaded the ross streets and penetrated to bed cham-ers. What carriage owner of the whole city would build his country house cheek by jowl with his stable, or what villager would not be outraged if his neighbor kept horses the other side of his parlor wall, even with acres of free wind blowing about them?

The Test of Delicate Senses. Yet, in close streets, well-to-do families live contentedly beside stable, and restaurants open adjoining where the hay and litter flavor the air under the smell of clam howder and Hamburg steak. These stables are a constant menace to human life and health so long as they are not absolutely in-odorous to the most delicate senses. It is the persons of refined senses who are the best judges of sanitary conditions. Their smell and taste are valued at high prices in tes-tasting or judging of wines and pro-visions. Why are they not just as competent testers of air and water?

When hygiene and the conditions of the preservation of life are understood, these people of sensitive nerves, who detect the earliest pollution of air, will be looked to

as public safeguards and depended upon as experts of very signal service to the world. Before the Medical Library Association of New York in 1871 Dr. J. C. Nott inid down as conclusions to which 40 years of experience led him that "epidemic disease produce a peculiar constitution of atm phere which influences all current diseases

Atmospheric Causes of Disease. In this he followed the illustrious Sydenham, who thought and wrote deeply on the influence of atmospheric causes of disease, and who declared that "there are various constitutions of the year which come neither rom heat, cold, drought nor humidity, but rather from a concealed and inexpicable alteration which occurs in the bowels of the earth. Then the air is affected with pernicious exhalations which cause special discases as long as the same constitution is predominant."

Dr. Nott, after long practice in the South, wrote that "yellow fever creates a peculiar atmospheric constitution which never died out and manifests itself in the types of remittent tevers even in the absence of vellow fever," and further says that "no disease is more influenced by atmospheric constitu-tions than epidemic pneumonia. Our best directed efforts," he says, "may never reach any satisfactory explanation of so-called abmospheric constitutions, but it not unreasonable to hope the microscope may some day discover living germs as causes of certain symotic diseases," which it has since done.

These germs, Dr. Nott thinks, may hybrithe virus of yellow fever, transported by at-mospheric currents, may add malignancy to the usual run of winter and spring diseases -a theory which so fits all symptoms of present epidemics that it deserves most

One Kind of Needed Coast Defenses It is hardly 20 years since the outbreak of yellow fever among the troops at Gover-nors Island, N. Y., and how many times since it has knocked at the gates only the

health officers know, and are careful not to tell. We are warned of the defenseless condition of our harbors in case of war, but they is ten times more exposed to the assaults of malignant epidemics, hardly more from foreign vagrants than from their own unsanitary condition. Sydenham has caught the idea of the origin of zymotic disease as one groping catches an animal in the dark,
The death dealing constitution or condi-

tion of the atmosphere of which he wrote comes, indeed, from the concealed but not nexplicable alteration in the soil saturated by filth of every nature. Given years of inby hith of every nature. Given years of in-filtration by gaseous, liquid and solid decay, at certain temperatures and rate of humidity, the soil will develop a concentrated miasma which stealthily saps the strength till some overdoing, some sudden change of cold and heat tilts the balance. Then come the symptoms we know so well—the chill, the ache of limbs which doctors name the bonebreaking feaver, then diarrhes and the prostration which seems utterly out of pro-portion to the short run of sickness which poisoning of which the illness was only a sign that the point of resistance had been

Fortifying Against the Germs.

What does it matter if you catch the very bacillus of la grippe? Isolate him, put him in cabinets on microscopic slides, raise colonies of him in gelatine for the delight of every schoolboy—nay, have competitive exhibitions of the finest specimens raised under glass. - Microscopists tell us disease does not depend on the germ, but on the weakness of the system which receives it. We every one of us dispose of a thousand germs daily, any one of which is enough to destroy us if our systems were not able to kill them off, as the rastric juice kills mites eaten on lettuce generally.

If we breathe and eat and drink impurity

365 days in a year, how long are health and vitality to resist? How long will it be till the white blood offers the very "culture" needed for the dreaded germs to develop, turning it to depravity and decay? So much for the origin of la grippe, The idea nearest home has the most like-lihood of truth-namely, that it is bred

from concentrated virus rising from poisoned soil, which may gain malignity from fev)r and cholera germs transported by atmos-pheric currents like those which drive the dust of Krakaton acress the globe. It becomes us more to study means of resistance.

to put our frames in the Best Possible Condition of Defense

by all natural tonics of clean living in every sense, of due rest, obecking the rush of overwork in money-making or social ambition, eating food which least taxes igestion and keeps all the outlets of the body open, admitting the sun to our house and living directly in the earliest and

latest lifegiving beams. latest lifegiving beams.

Happilv, science puts in reach a new order of air purifiers, no longer confining us to chloride of lime, carbolic acid, sulphur and various commercial stenches. The germicides of the year are grateful, fragrant, filling houses with odors of field and forest, aroma of pine and fir, encalyptus and theres, delighting for head and control of the second of thyme, delightful for bath and toile crating, calming and safe in all ways. They are even stainless to linen, purging is of all smells of sickness or ill health. We can have offices, halls and homes pure with the breath of mountain meadows by spraying them daily and plentifully with the new sanitary agents. They will never equal the purity of clean air, but they are a to those who must stay in towns as unclean as New York, of which a lady coming from Washington said, "I was ashamed to see

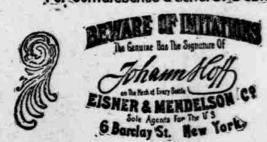
how dirty our town is."

But New York is not the only dirty citywhich makes the matter worse

The Genuine I MALT EXTRACT Convalescence. General Debility. Nervousness, Dyspepsia, and in Pulmonary Diseases.

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