Insurgents for Arms.

patches Sent Abroad.

OUR INTERESTS IN SOUTH AMERICA

COBRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.

The Bone and Sinew All Right.

their own precious heads—letting the loco-motive "run away," and go crashing into the Government train on the track ahead, with which they had been fighting. Rather expensive warfare, both as regards life and property, but for the moment effective. The railroad was an important factor in the bat-tles of this section. Both armies used it

war began these notes were worth only about 50 cents on the dollar, and have now

The Stories of Banishment.

A recent dispatch—which, it is needless to say, was of rebel origin—has gone abroad to the world stating that "many leading families have been forced to leave Santiago and go into the Argentine Republic and other countries, to escape persecution from the dictator, Balmaceda." Does any reas-

onable person suppose that the harrassed and hard-pushed President is going out of his way in these trying times, when friends

are none too numerous to "persecute" re-spectable citizens? The truth is that Bal-maceda discovered among his closest asso-

maceda discovered among his closest asso-ciates in the heart of the capital, a number of families called "leading" because of official positions which he himself had be-stowed upon them—who were secretly abet-ting the rebellion while publicly enjoying the pay and emoluments of the Federal Government. What course would any ruler in similar case have taken with such double-

in similar case have taken with such double

died traitors? The "persecution" has con-sisted in their being allowed to leave the country unharmed, instead of being im-prisoned as they deserve, that they may dis-

dropped to 28 centr.

SANTIAGO DE CHILE, May 6.-There

## A GRANARY OF BONES

Centuries of Dead Piled Up in the Gravevard of · Guanahuato, Mex.

PIGEON-HOLED SKELETONS.

Acres of Human Dust That Is Spaded Over for Each New Corpse.

REMARKABLE MUMMIES OF AZTECS.

Air Preserves the Bodies and Even the Expressions of the Faces.

EXPENSES OF FUNERALS AND BURIALS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR.] GUANAHUATO, June 3. HE strangest burying



here at Guanahuato. I have visited the most curious gravevards on record, but I have never seen anything that compares with the horrors I saw to-day. I have stood in the lonely garden of the Wat Sah Kate in Bangkok in Siam and have watched the hungry dogs fight over the bleeding flesh of the dead humans who were thrown three for

round of the world is

seen the vultures by the burial. I have seen the vultures by the hundreds swoop down upon the naked dead babies of the Parsecs as they were laid upon the Towers of Silence at Bombay, and I have wandered among the tombs of the thousand generations of Chinamen which fill the sides of the White Cloud Mountains near the big city of Canton. I have admired the sculptured marbles representing living wives bending over their dead husbands in the wonderful Campo Santo in Genoa, have seen the dead piled naked on top of one another in the cometery at Naples and have wandered among the bone receptacies of the Catacombs at Rome. I have seen the nummy tombs of Egypt, the burning ghats of the Ganges, the cremations and quick-lime burials of the Japanese, but the sights of this Mexican cemetery are stranger than hundreds swoop down upon the naked dead this Mexican cemetery are stranger than

I do not find them down in any of the books on Mexico and I would hardly have elieved that they existed had I not seen hem with my own eyes. Imagine if you can the bones of a hundred thousand human beings torn to pieces and piled one on the op of another like so many corn in a granary. Put all ages and sexes together. Tear them limb from limb and mix the mass of skulls, legs, arms and ribs together so that the bony fingers of one run into the hollow eyes of its neighbor, and the parts of the different skullstops loss themselves in the different skeletons lose themselves in the rast pile of this vaulted granary of bones!

This gives but a faint idea of what I saw

This gives but a faint idea of what I saw to-day. The cemetery of this city of Guanahuato is situated on the top of a high hill everlooking the town. I rode up to it on a little donkey and was admitted to it by an Indian who had a hat fully a foot high on his awarthy head, a revolver a foot long tied to his leather belt and a pair of buckskin pantaloons which fitted



A Modern Mexicon Rec his lean legs like a glove. This town is a mile and a half above the sen. The air here is as dry as the bones of these skeletons the year round, and nature wears a perpetual smile of blue skies, bright flowers and bracing air. The cometery gives a view of hundreds of low mountain peaks, every one of which covers incalculable

Riches of Silver and Gold. and the precious metals undoubtedly lie under the very bones of these tens of thou-sands of the dead. I entered by its wide gate and found myself surrounded by great alls in a court which contained pe five acres of ground. The walls of this court were about eight feet thick, and as I examined them I found that they were in fact made up of pigeon-holes about three feet square and six feet deep, some of which were open, and others of which were closed with marble slabs on which were printed the names and virtues of the dead who were shelved away within.

There were thousands of these pigeon

les, and my guide showed me a card giving the rates. From it I see that these holes are rented out to the bodies of the dead, and the guide tells me that the most of them are taken for about five years, after which the bones of the deceased are taken out, the pigeon-hole is cleaned and it is rendy for the next occupant. It costs \$25 for the use of one of these pigeon-holes for five years, and this seems to be the shortest term for which they are leased. A man who wants one perpetually can have it by paying \$100, and if he cares to crowd his whole famly into the same hole he can have it for the lump sum of \$500.

How Poor People Are Buried.

The ordinary dead are, however, buried in the ground. The city of Guanahuato is rich, but its great wealth is in the hands of few. The majority are too poor to buy a vault for any number of years, and the masses are ried. The rates are also on the rental years in these burial grounds, and after that The five acres which make up the court of the cemetery are literally com-posed of bone dust. Each removal has left some pieces of his skeleton behind, and the and is made up of the dust of past deces of bones sticking up everywhere, and at one point, where a number of graves were being dug. I noted pieces of skulls and other bits of skeletons among the mixture of dirt

and bones thrown up.

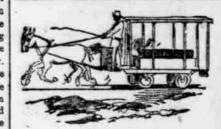
I was interested in watching the digging of the graves, and in the curious manner in which the bodies were laid in them. One digging here suffices for a number of burials. The hole is made about 2 feet wide, 7 feet long and from 6 to 8 feet deep. The first corpse that comes gots the bottom berth. He is taken out of his rented coffin and laid with his head on a bunch of leaves, and over him is put, perhaps, six inches of dirt. The grave is then ready for the next arrival, who is buried in like manner, and so

The Bodies Are Sandwiched

city and the death rate is very large.
During the past month there were four burials a day in this cemetery, and I saw six deep graves already dug when I visited it. Three of these were only half filled, and the others had nothing whatever in them.

Leaving the court I was next conducted down into the great storehouse for the bones of the dead after their leases have expired and they have been ousted by their landlords from their tenements above. Going down a winding stair so narrow that my sides grazed the walls as I passed I entered a long vaulted passage walled with stones and paved with cement. This passage was well lighted by openings from above, and it was dry and free from smells. It runs clear around and under the edge of this five acres of cemetery and is in fact a walled tunnel about 12 feet high, 6 feet wide and more than 1,000 feet long. For ages this tunnel has been the receptacle of the bones of the dead of this city, and it is now almost filled. Only about 200 feet of the bones of the dead of this city, and it is now almost filled. Only about 200 feet of the bones of the dead of this city, and it is now almost filled. Only about 200 feet of the bones of the dead of this city, and it is now almost filled. Only about 200 feet of the bones of the dead of this city, and it is now almost filled. Only about 200 feet of the bones of the dead of this city, and it is now almost filled. Only about 200 feet of the bones of the dead of this city, and it is now almost filled. Only about 200 feet of the bones of the dead of this city, and it is now almost filled. Only about 200 feet of the bones of the dead of this city, and it is now almost filled. Only about 200 feet of the bones of the dead of this city, and it is now almost filled. Only about 200 feet of the bones of the dead of this city, and it is now almost filled. Only about 200 feet of the bones of the dead of this city and the common of the dead of the dead of this city.

Great Piles of Skulls and other pieces of skeletons jumbled together in all sorts of shapes and mixed up
into one heterogeneous mass of bones, rising
in a slanting way from the floor of the tunnel at an angle of 45° to the roof. Everything was jumbled together in the great
democracy of death. The bones of young
and old were piled on one another. The
feet of men rested in the skulls of women,
and I saw a great toe in the grinning teeth and I saw a great toe in the grinning teeth of what may once have been a beautiful girl. About another skull the bones of an



arm are thrown almost caressingly, and legs and arms. ribs and thighs, whole and in bits, were piled up, one on top of another, like so many stones, and the whole, ghastly as it was, looked more like piled up Indian

The Expressions of the Dead,

cle, and they retain the features and

The Expressions of the Dead.

shrivelled, it is true, but all the more horrible in their thousands of wrinkles. Here against the wall is propped the mummy of a bearded man. His face is perfect and the whiskers, faded into a bleached dust color of hundreds of years, cover the whole of the lower part of his face. His clothes have long since rotted off of him, and his bare chest, slightly sunken, looks like the parchment of an old drum. I tap it with my pencil to test his lungs, and it gives forth a hollow drum-like sound of remonsirance. His shrivelled arms are crossed and his withered brown less are straight. As my eye travels down them, I see that a part of an old boot still clings to one of his feet, and that the other, like all the rest of his clothing, has rotted off long, long ago.

Next to this ghastly object stands a mummy more ghastly still. It is that of a woman whose white teeth are as well preserved in death as in life, and whose black tongue sticks through these in a sort of a leer. She has a wealth of long black hair reaching to her waist, and even in death she shows signs of grace and beauty. Next her stands another man whose features seem to be contorted with agony, and a little further on is the mummy of a boy of 12, whose mouth is wide open, and whose sunken frame makes you think of a skeleton of Smike, the persecuted student of Squires at Dotheboys Hall.

of Smike, the persecuted student of Squires at Dotheboys Hall

A Coffin for a Tripod.

I had my camera with me in this vault, and I wished to take a photograph of it. There was, however, no place on which to rest the camera, and I suggested to the guard of the cometery that he go and get me a board. He at once picked up a coffin from a little pile which contained the mummies of babies, and taking the mummy out, held it under his arm, while he propped the coffin on end and made it stand level by putting a thigh bone from the great heap putting a thigh bone from the great heap under one corner. Upon this I rested my camera and succeeded in taking a very fair

Before I left, I took a picture of this man Before I left, I took a picture of this man with the mummy in his arms, and another of him and his brother ghoul holding up the municipal coffin in which all the dead of this town have to be brought to the grave-yard. There are no hearses in this mountain city, and the town has fixed rates for the city, and the town has fixed rates for the rent of its coffins. These coffins are so big that another coffin can be set inside of them, and they are carried on the shoulders of the bearers up the steep hill. As soon as they enter the cemetery, the coffins are placed on a ledge or stone table and are opened, for the purpose, it is said, of seeing that not more than one corpse is buried in one coffin, and that the cemetery gets its full fees for every corpse. every corpse.
The Styles in Coffins.

The roadway up to the cemetery has many casket shops, but the caskets, though expensive, are very rudely made and many of those for babies are painted a light blue or grained in oak. I saw at Zacatecas a boy



The Municipal Coffin. carrying one of these blue coffins on his head, but whether he was on his way to the cemetery or to the house of mourning I

ould not tell. The general customs of mourning in The general customs of mourning in Mexico are somewhat different from ours. Mourning is much more general and black is put on for intimate friends and for distant relatives. It is, however, worn a shorter time, but the occasions for mourning dresses are so frequent that every lady has her mourning suit in her wardrobe. If, for instance, a young lady dies, her friends wear black for her for 30 days, and if it is the young girl's mother who is dead, the friends will put on black for half that time. Ladies do not attend funerals in Mexico, but they pay visits of condolence soon after but they pay visits of condolence soon after the death, and such visits are made in mourning clothes. Cards and letters of regret are always sent to the family at the time of a death by such friends who cannot call, and the announcements of funerals are-of the most touching and extravagant nature. Funerals are celebrated as a rule nature. Funerals are celebrated as a rule almost immediately after death, and in Mexico City as soon as possible after the 24 hours which the law prescribes that the dead should be kept before interment. The coffin is procured immediately, the cards are sent out and the ceremonies take place.

Street Cars Serve as Hourses. Mexico City is perhaps the only place in the world where the street cars are the hearses. There are no other kind used and the cars lines make a good thing out of their one on top of the other until the grave is filled. Guanahuato is a very unhealthy



in the case of foreigners the expenses run up into the thousands. This is especially so when it is desired to take the bodies out of the country.

Hackmailing the Dead.

If the friends of the dead are not posted, all sorts of extravagant charges are imposed upon them, and the estate of a Kansas millionaire named Smith, who died here lately, paid \$2,000 for expenses here. Among the charges was one of \$800 for embalming, and I heard of a case yesterday in which a Mexican embalmer or doctor charged \$5,000 for preparing the body of a Frenchman who died here for shipment. The work was not properly done and the deceased could not be sent away, whereupon one of the American newspapers published an article as to the outrageous charge. The doctor then brought suit against the paper, saying it was true he had brought in the bill for embalming as stated, but as the body had decomposed before he began, he was not able to preserve it and had withdrawn the bill. Had the newspaper not published the fact, the bill would hardly have been withdraws.

Everything, however, is expensive in Blackmailing the Dead. Everything, however, is expensive in Mexico, and the undertakers have to make high charges. All of the materials for coffins are imported from abroad, though they are put together here, and the prices are proportionately large.

Mexico as a Realthful Capital. Mexico as a Healthful Capital.

The death rate of Mexico City is very high. It is said that it averages about 37 in the 1,000, and the only wonder is that it is not higher. Were it not for the perpetually bright sun and the high altitude the city would be a morgue, a vast charnal house, a Golgotha, a place of the skulls. Think of a city which has had a population of hundreds of thousands for many generations built upon and over a swamp, with no drainage whatever, and let this city go on with its accumulated mass of filth increasing year by year and sinking down into the soil, and you have some idea of sanitary Mexico City.

Mexico City.

A constant miasma rises here at night and the water is only three feet under the city. Is it any wonder that there is no place in the world where typhus and typhoid



Some Astec Mummics. fever is so prevalent as here, and is it not surprising that the Mexican capital is for many a favorable health resort?

American Cemetery in Mexico The climate is so equable, the thin, dry The climate is so equable, the thin, dry air and the hot sun suck up the juices of decomposition, and such people as are careful and sleep above the ground floor are in little danger. Outside of the city there is no danger whatever, and if it had been built on high ground it would be the finest health resort of the world. As it is, foreigners have to be very careful of their health here, and the foreign competeries coursin many. and the foreign cemeteries contain many occupants. The American cemetery con-tains about 1,200, and it is so full that the

colony is about to purchase a new one. Still I have met several Americans who told me that their lives have been saved by coming to Mexico, and this country is said coming to Mexico, and this country is said to be the best resort in the world for con-sumptives. The great dea'h rate comes 'rom the lower classes, who sleep right on the sewer-like ground, and the Mexican agent of the Mutual Life Insurance Company tells me that during his first 28 months here he did not have a single death to pay for out of the great number records. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

DUELS OF GERMAN STUDENTS.

Neither the Kaiser Nor the Pope Are Bad-

ical in Their Views. The Pope has joined hands with the Emperor in the attempt to make dueling less popular among German students, says a erlin letter. The Berlin organ of the Vatican announces that all students professing the Catholic faith accepting or sending a cartel will be liable to the penalty of what is called in the church "the small proscription," and on a repetition of the offense to excommunication. It is understood, how-ever, that in cases of deliberate insult and dishenor explanations will be considered. dishonor explanations will be considered.

Apropos of dueling the Emperor is much incensed that his recent speech at a supper given to His Majesty by the Bonn students should be so misinterpreted by the foreign press. His Majesty sternly forbids what he terms dueling as a pastime; but he is of opinion that no man is worthy to call himself a German, and as such a soldier, who is not willing to defend with his life, if necessary, a deliberate aspersion on his honor. To that extent he would preserve the practice of dueling in the universities. tice of dueling in the universities.

The Language We Use,



She took his arm and walked away.

1 margaret

for long-continued strife means utter ruin. OUR FIRST BOTANIST. BOTH SIDES RESTING.

Balmaceda Waiting for Ships and the FORCE IS THE CHILEAN MOTTO. The President Is Misrepresented in Dis-

for long-continued strife means utter ruin.

Interested in Peace.

The Grace people are liable to suffer particularly by this war, having enormous interests in various parts of Bouth America, all of which are more or less jeopardized. Besides their banking and commission houses in Lima, Callao, Valparaiso and Santiago, and agencies in every other important city on the continent, the celebrated "Grace-Donoughmore railroad contract" of Peru is a gigantic scheme, involving many millions of dollars; and when Chile (until now the most prosperous of South American countries) is in trouble, Peru suffers in consequence, because her commerce depends largely upon her southern neighbor, although the two Republics, so lately at war with one another, are not at heart the most affectionate friends.

To understand more clearly why Chile's financial status so nearly concerns Peru, it was the treat t

RANTIAGO DE CHILE, May 6.—There is almost no news to communicate regarding the war in this unhappy country, because during some weeks past nothing of account has been accomplished by either side. The Presidentia awaiting the completion of some warships, which are being built in France, to carry on the conflict by sea, meantime remaining merely on the defensive, while the rebels, resting upon the questionable laurels already won, are striving, "by hook or by crook," to secure more arms and ammunition, for want of which they are greatly hampered in their work of destruction.

Happily—as all lovers of law and order will agree—the Federal Government has yet very much the best of the situation. The greater portion of the country, including all the territory between the desert of Atacama and the Strait of Magellan, remains loyal to Balmuceda; while the revolters have possession only of those Northerm provinces that were recently wrested from Peru; holding them por razon de fuerza, "by right of force," the characteristic motto that is stamped on the silver dollars of Chile, from having bombarded into subjection the critics of that section and massacred all the opposing inhabitants.

Not an Honorable Motive.

There is nothing herole about this unholy conflict on the part of the rebels, ince no questions of principle or mational honor are at stake, the motive being marely personal aggrandisement and the vidous determination of a political faotien to rule of the content of the relative of the section and massacred all the opposing inhabitants.

Not an Honorable Motive.

There is nothing herole about this unholy will commemorate their deeds by a less name. The hands—but impartial history will commemorate their deeds by a less name. The man and children by thousands, cut the throats of wounded soldiers, and butchered every officer of the Government has retained by serving the control and proportions. The control of the proportion of the control of the proof of the control of the proof of the control of the proof of the con Not an Honorable Motive.

There is nothing heroic about this unholy conflict on the part of the rebels, since no questions of principle or national honor are at stake, the motive being merely personal aggrandizement and the vidious determination of a political faction to rule or ruin. The disturbers of the country's peace, who do not deserve to be dignified by the name of revolutionists, called it "war" when they wantonly devasted prosperous cities, murdered unoffending men, women and children by thousands, cut the throats of wounded soldiers, and butchered every officer of the Government forces who fell into their hands—but impartial history will commemorate their deeds by a less name. The insurgents began the shooting of captured officers; and latterly the Government has retaliated by serving in the same manner the few rebel commanders that have been taken prisoners. There is some show of justice in the latter proceeding, especially in the case of those who, while in the pay of the Government, turned traitor and misused their position as the means of working greater harm.

A doleful cry has been raised by the insurgents and their sympathizers over the hanging of one Captain Velssoc—an officer in whom Balmaceda reposed entire confidence, and who, while in command at Atacams, betrayed that important post into the hands of the enemy.

The Bone and Sinew All Right.

Balmaceda's army numbers about 45.000

What Chile Agreed to Do.

What Chile Agreed to Do.

Chile has an important part in it also. She agreed to liquidate her share of the account by yielding to said bondholders all the guano on four islands, and for eight years that of Tarapoca also, reserving only what is needed for her own agriculture, but none for export; and at the end of eight years Tarapoca to revert to Chile. She also promised to pay 8 per cent of the net profit on all the guano she had exported during the eight years since she seized it, up to the date of the contract; and to pay 30 per cent of all future sales until the account is squared. Chile estimates this at £2,250,000—and how far the present revolution will interfere with this arrangement remains to be seen.

The Bone and Sinew All Right.

Balmaceda's army numbers about 45,000 men, including the militia; and although many of the so-called aristocrats are in league with the belligents, the "bone and sinew" of the country—the middle and laboring classes which comprise the most useful part of the population—remain faithful to the Constitutional Government. As a rule, the Chiles aristocracy are as arrogant, hot-blooded and unstable a set of people as can easily be found, possessing more vanity and pride than good grounds for the same, and whose riches were inherited, as well as the tendency to treachery and rebellion which seems to belong to a preponderance of Spanish blood.

The rebel troops do not number more than 6,000 and their leaders have not arms and ammunition enough to equip so many, though means both fair and foul are being energetically employed to gain fresh sup-

ontinue to furnish a considerable portion of ammunition enough to equip so many, though means both fair and foul are being energetically employed to gain fresh supplies. It is stated on good authority that emissaries have been dispatched to various countries with instructions to buy, beg, borrow or steal if need be, munitions wherewith to continue this hopeless struggle; but to carry out their instructions will doubtless prove a difficult matter, considering the unwritten code of honor that exists between civilized lands in addition to the neutrality laws. The Chilean insurgents have set up what is practically a new government in the Northern provinces, in opposition to that of Balmaceds, and have taken for their capital what remains of conquered Iquique.

Locomotives as Battering Rams.

By the way, who ever heard of utilizing locomotives and trains as battering rams and engines of war? At this point, when the ammunition of the rebels ran low, they By the way, who ever heard of utilizing locomotives and trains as battering rams and engines of war? At this point, when the ammunition of the rebels ran low, they adopted the shrewd scheme of making up a long line of cars, crowding on full head of steam, and then—leaping off in time to save their own precious heads—letting the locomotive forms are a standard of carshing into The shovels they used were Ames, and even their food and fuel had to be mostly imported. The shops and station houses generally are constructed of English galvanized iron, and the iron water tanks are

"Pills' patent."

Peruvians seem to have a mania for rail-

motive "run away," and go crashing into the Government train on the track ahead, with which they had been fighting. Rather expensive warfare, both as regards life and property, but for the moment effective. The railroad was an important factor in the battles of this section. Both armies used it whenever they could, making a new sort of men-of-war on land by mounting field and gatling guns on flat cars, and fighting as long as possible from the train.

Having secured control of all the ports from which nitrate of soda is shipped, the rebels do not lack for funds, as the export duties on that valuable commodity are not less than \$10,000,000 per annum. Of course the public treasury is sadly crippled by the loss of this sum; but there is still a considerable revenue from the custom houses at Valparaise and Talcahuano, and Balmaceda has met the present emergency by issuing paper money to the amount of \$12,000.000, which is received by the people and used to pay the army. The regular currency of Chile consists of notes issued and guaranteed by the Government. When the war began these notes were worth only about 50 cents on the dollar, and have now

of Carbonic Acid Gas, St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Several schooners and a siphon with soda water are necessary to accomplish this interesting feat. The soda water is needed for filling one of the glasses with carbonic acid, which is done by pouring the same with soda water into it and withdrawing the water by means of a straw or tube. The carbonic acid remains in the glass, because it is twice as heavy as the air. To keep it from evaporating the glass is covered with a lid. The soap-suds has already been prepared, and in order to make it effective for any arrows a little clycerine is added, the our purpose a little glycerine is added, the mixture well shaken and set aside for a minute or two, when the membrane that has formed on the surface is removed.



Visit to Bartram's Gardens on the Banks of the Schuylkill.

A PEEP AT THE ANCIENT HOUSE.

Cypress He Brought From Florida and Box-

woods From Turkey.

GREENHOUSES IN THE BIG WINDOWS

(WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Yet there still stand the noble trees,
As graceful in the grateful breeze,
As when one hundred years ago,
Their shadows swaying two and fro,
Delighted youthful groups below.
When John Bartram, the first American

botanist, stopped his plow to examine the flower that grew at his feet, he opened a fresh page of delight in this new world. The little flower, like Burns' daisy, touched the poetry in his soul, but his poetic dispo-sition flowed, not in verse, but in the lines of botanic investigation, and from that hour the science of botany became his pleasure and his work. At that time the study of botany had not

been made easy as it is at present. Works on the subject were all written in Latin and in order to master the science he must first acquire this language, which without teacher and with little help he succeeded in doing, and the unknown farmer on the banks of the Manayunk became known and hopored in every country where learning is reverenced, the friend and correspondent of scientists, a fellow of several foreign societies and American botanist to George III. His bit of land in the narrow wedge between the Schuylkill and the Delsware, a little below Philadelphia, grew into a botanic garden that was the pride of the whole country and the resort of the most illustricountry and the resort of the most illustrious men of the time. Here Washington
came to find rest and refreshment in the
quiet of the beautiful garden, and companionship in the intelligent Christian Quaker.
In this garden—the first botanie garden in
America—grew not only the native plants
of the country from far and near, but also
many foreign flowers and shrubs
which were sent him from abroad.
He traveled through regions of North
America at a time when they were covered
with forests and was the first to describe
their natural productions. In 1765 he explored the region of the St. John's river in
Florida and there collected many beautiful
plants and trees, some of which he sent to
enrich the gardens of Europe, and sent
specimen plants to Linnaeus and other
foreign botanists who in return sent him
books and apparatus.

Often Followed Boquet to Pittsburg.

Often Followed Boquet to Pittsburg.

A gentleman of that time gives an account of his visit to Bartram in a letter to a friend. He says: "From his study we went into the garden which contained a great variety of curious plants and shrubs; some grew in a greenhouse, over the door of which were written these lines:

Slave to no sect, who takes no private But looks through nature up to nature's God.

"He informed me that he often followed General Boquet to Pittsburg, with the view of herborizing, that he had made useful collections in Virginia, and that he had been employed by the King of England to visit the two Floridas."

Bartram's son, William, inherited his father's tastes, traveled with him to Florida, and also to North and South Carolina and Georgia and made known and illustrated many of the curious and beautiful plants of America, and also published the fullest list of birds previous 2. Wilson, whom he greatly assisted at the beginning of his labors. His portrait hangs in one of the Februs of the Philadelphia Historical Society on Spruce street.

the Philadelphia Historical Society on Spruce street.

Knowing that the gardens are open to the public, through the kindness of the present owner, a few weeks ago on a lovely day in May, along with two other lovers of the "antique," I set out to visit them. After losing our way once or twice, and running the gauntlet between a cross dog and a horned animal—that to our affrighted vision seemed as formidable an object as any fire-breathing dragon of the times of St. George—we, at last, came in sight of the "gardens," which, with their fruit trees and japonicas in full bloom, made a beautiful setting for "that ancient house," which has been

The point of the present to reassure the girl. "Do not be distressed Miss Carter; place confidence in me. Can you not—for your father's sake? He needs was not a living master, but a dead one—the man; his master was following him! But it was not a living master, but a dead one—the moiseless ghost of Mr. Girdlestone."

The girl fixed her eyes carnestly on West-cott's face. It was a handsome and sympathetic face. Why was his manner so mystective face. Why was his manner so mystect the face. Why was his manner so mystect face. Why wa

Por six-score years, The chronicler of smiles and tears. An Historic Cypress Tree.

Although the garden has been allowed for years to follow the bent of its own sweet will, and is now "owned by birds and bees," there are still in it many interesting relies of Bartram's time. The cypress tree that he brought from Florida in one of his saddle-bags, is still standing. It was then a small twig, but is now one of the largest in the country, and looks as though it might live for many more centuries. The Rev. Abel Thomas addresses it in these lines:

All hail, memorial oppress tree, How many eyes have gazed on thee Within the solerm century past; How many yet shall upward oast Their wondering gaze?

In front of the house are two immens In front of the house are two immense box-wood trees that were sent from Turkey to Mr. Bartram 140 years ago. The old arbor, "where far from noise and smoke of town," Bartram and his honored guests, Washington and Franklin used to sit, shaded from the heat of day, is still in good repair. The house, which is of stone and built by Bartram himself, faces the Schuyl-kill of which there is a fine size. ill, of which there is a fine view. One er is almost entirely covered with English ivy, through which peep the small-paned win-dows, and near by is the Christ-thorn, so much valued by Bartram.

The Interior and Exterior.

The porch is upheld by three deftly fash the wall above can be seen the honey-combs where the bees lived for years, until killed by last winter's cold. Under the window of what we supposed was his study were carved hese words:

'Tis God alone, Almighty Lord, The Holy One, by me adored. —John Bartram, 1770.

Inside the house were a number of queer old-fashioned-shaped rooms, each having one or more cupboards and "cubby-holes," in which he kept his seeds and specimens. The windows had broad stone sills, delightfully windows had broad stone sills, delightfully suggestive of novel-reading, and each one was furnished with inside glass shutters, and had evidently been used as pocket green-houses for his winter plants. A broad path, with stone steps, cut by Bartram, led down to the bank of the river, from where we had a fine view of the Schuylkill—or the "Manayunk," as the Indians called it—to where it joined the Delaware.

Altogether, it was a most delightful place to while away a summer afternoon, and a lover of trees and flowers could spend many

days there and not exhaust the study it af-fords, LILLIE N. HOUSTON. A Clear Complexion.

died traitors? The "persecution" has consisted in their being allowed to leave the country unharmed, instead of being imprisoned as they deserve, that they may disseminate evil reports about the too lenient Balmaceda.

The most absurd statement I have seen in print is to the effect that this extremely univity" war was incubated and is being fostered by two rival foreign mercantile firms in Chile—the Graces from New York and Flints from England. I can assure my readers that, though foreign mercantile firms here under favorable conditions, they are by no means so popular with these naturally jealous Chileans as to be able to brew such serious trouble among them—not to mention the fact that nothing could be more detrimental to the financial interests of the merchants themselves than the present unsettled state of affairs. All foreigners engaged in business here desire peace and its



Mr. Carter was asleep, the young man rose from his chair, stepped softly across the room, and approached Marion's side. Standing where the light fell strongly upon him, some paces from her, he whispered:
"Don't stop playing, Miss Carter; your father will wake. I have a secret to tell you and much will depend, within the next few minutes, upon your presence of mind. But do not be alarmed," he hastened to add.

there she was carried away by the enchant-ing effect of some melody. His unexpected appearance startled her; it was like being suddenly roused out of a dream. She could not hide her agitation; even the flood of false note was struck; and then, in a lifted her eyes from the keys: "A secret to tell me?"

CHAPER II.

PINDING THE SECRET UAULT.

As soon as he had assured himself that Mr. Carter was asleep, the young man rose from his chair, stepped softly across the room, and approached Marion's side. Standing where the light fell strougly upon him, some paces from her, he whispered: "Don't stop playing, Miss Carter; your father will wake. I have a secret to tell you and much will depend, within the next few minutes, upon your presence of mind. But do not be alarmed," he hastened to add. "Play as you are playing now, and listen."

Marian was a true musician; and at the moment that John Westcott came and stood there she was carried away by the enchanting effect of some melody. His unexpected appearance startled her; it was like being suddenly roused out of a dream. She could not fide her agitation; even the flood of harmony threatened to fall into discord. A false note was struck; and then, in a troubled voice, she murmured, as she half lifted her eyes from the keys: "A secret to tell me?"

Westcott sat down, though without approaching nearer; for his first thought was looking round or even listening, an over-



thetic face. Why was his manner so mysterious and perplexing? But his appearance pleased her and there was a genuine ring in his voice. She quickly decided. She put away all suspicion, and answered him: "I am listening. Pray, do not hesitate to speak."

The young man gave Marian a grateful glance. "I have come to England," said he, after a moment's pause, "on an affair which deeply concerns your father—an affair of the utmost importance. I have come to do what is in my power to save the old house of Girdlestone & Co. from rain. Much that Mr. Carter told me had already reached my ears—through what already reached my ears—through what medium, and how strange a one, you will

Westcott's words had recalled—something of her strange mood seemed to enter into her expression while she played.

Westcott presently resumed. "You remember that Indian servant of Mr. Girdlestone's?" he said. "Well—I have seen him; and he has told me every secret he knew

and he has told me every secret he knew about my uncle."

This was, indeed, startling news for Marian. She looked up at Westcott with eager eyes and half-parted lips. She even ceased, in her excitement, to move her fingers over the keys; and for a moment there was a dead silence. But she quickly recovered herself, and fell into playing soft and dreamy music while listening to all that now followed from West-

"The secrets which this man has told me, as I hope, will enable me to restore credit to the house. But nothing is sure; and for this reason I hesitate to tell your father. Can the house be saved? Before Mr. Carter wakes, let us try to settle the question."
"Is it possible?" whispered Marian.
"Yes. I sincerely believe so," said West-

"Yes. I sincerely believe so," said Westcott in earnest tone. "During the many
years that this Indian lived here, Miss Carter, he kept his eyes wide open. But he
was shrewd enough not to betray any signs
of curiosity. He was discreet and honest.
Indeed, my uncle, I am inclined to think,
could scarcely have chosen a better servant.
But he developed, owing to the circumstances
which surrounded him, into a panie-stricken
man. All that he had found out about his
master's affairs, and the strange incident master's affairs, and the strange incident that followed, struck terror to his heart. He confided all this to me on his death-bed. It was quite pitiable."

Marian, with a wondering look in her

Marian, with a wondering look in her eyes, whispered; "What strange incident?"

"One which was the cause of this sudden flight. This is what he told me. Years ago, when he first became my uncle's servant, he discovered that his master was a hoarder of gold. With that lantern in his hand, which you call the Golden Lamp, Mr. Girdlegtone would walk about the house long after midnight. He naturally supposed that his servant was asleep in his garret. But the man was following him like a shadow from floor to floor. It became a fascination—a sort of mania. It was like following some uneasy spirits about these old rooms and staircases. And so near did he creep along behind nim, with naked feet and sometimes on his hands, that he could at any moment have touched his master; and although Mr. Girdlestone sometimes flashed the lantern round him with suspicion, the native was too agile in his movements to be detected. A particular panel became known to him—one that led to a sprehension when first encountering the did out. Or had she stopped playing? thought Westcott. Had Mr. Carter awoke?

Although the chilling draught of air was lessened when the panel was closed, the cold, damp atmosphere, and that peculiar mustiness which clings to vaults and such like underground places, became more perceptible at every step; and these steps seemed endless. Yet he had proposed to return in ten minutes. Was it possible to complete this expedition in search of his old uncle's gold in so short a time? It scarcely seemed probable. And yet Westcott did not despair. The encouraging look which Marian had given him inspired confidence in his purpose. If he had acted impulsively, the motive had been a good one. His prompt decision was stimulated by a keen desire to say the sum of the confidence in his purpose. If he had acted impulsively, the motive had been a good one. His prompt decision was stimulated by a keen desire to say the sum of the confidence in his part the confidence in his private the confidence in his private the confidence in his

deeply all that John Westcott had been relating affected her. The young man noticed this, and waited while she tried to overcome her emotion. He then rose from his chair, and taking from his pocket the document which he had an hour ago discovered in Mr. Girdlestone's deak, approached Marian and pointed out the words written at the foot: "For the key to the secret strong-room, wherein will be found 50 bags of hard cash, look behind the golden lamp."

golden lamp."
"And now," said he, "I will steal quietly
into the dining room and get the lantern."
Marian looked up with an expression al-

most of awe. "Have you the hardihood—all alone—to make this search?"
Westcott smiled. "I'm not afraid when
I've a good light. And was not the lamp lit about this old house in Fisher's Folly—and of the quaint figure of Mr. Girdlestone, who had lived here so many years—were still fresh in her memory; even while a child, her mind had been busy puzzling out the meaning of these mysteries. But she was more puzzled now; and as these thoughts came rushing upon her—thoughts which Westcott's words had recalled—something of her strange mood seemed to enter into her expression while she will be a seemed to enter into her expression while she will be a seemed to enter into her expression while she will be a seemed to enter into her expression while she will be a seemed to enter into her expression while she will be a seemed to enter into her expression while she will be a seemed to enter into her expression while she will be a seemed to enter into her expression while she will be a seemed to enter into her expression while she will be a seemed to enter into her expression while she will be a seemed to enter into her expression while she will be a seemed to enter into the damp lit by you"—Marian dropped her eyes—"lit for the you"—Marian dropped her eyes—"lit for wish. Besides," he went on, "is not the key which has been hanging there all these years the key to the secret strong room?"

Westcott steps into the dining hall and glances at Mr. Carter, who is sleeping soundly. Marian looks over her shoulder, but never ceases playing. She sees West-cott detach the went on, "is not the key which has been hanging there all these years the key to the secret strong room?"

Westcott steps into the dining hall and glances at Mr. Carter, who is sleeping soundly. Marian looks over her shoulder, but never ceases playing. She sees West-cott detach the went on, "is not the key which has been hanging there all these years the key to the secret strong room?" soundly. Marian looks over her shoulder, but never ceases playing. She sees Westcott detach the lantern; and as he comes quickly back with the softest tread, he stops and touches a panel near the fireplace. His lips convey these words to the girl, for his voice does not reach her: "This is the way." Marian whispers back distressfully: "If he wakes—"

"Stop playing; it will warn me. But tell him nothing."

The girl glances toward the clock on the mantel-shelf. "I shall count the minutes, Shall you soon be back?"

Westcott looks at his watch: "In 10 minutes."

utes." "So quickly as that! But it will be like 10 hours to me."

He approaches the wall and presses upon the panel, which yields to his hand. He glances back at Marian, and their eyes meet.

glances back at Marian, and their eyes meet.

His heart is beating fast, but her encouraging looks makes it beat the faster. Westcott stoops down and steps into an open
space in the wall. A cold, damp draught
rushes into the room. The music trembles,
as if an icy wind had caught the keys. For as if an iey wind had caught the keys. For a moment the lantern glimmers; and Marian sees the light moving away. John Westcott and the Golden Lamp have disappeared. Holding up the lantern and peering downward, John Westcott found himself at the head of a flight of brick steps. These steps were incommodiously narrow, being built up between the outer and inner walls of the old mansion. It was impossible, with such broad shoulders as Westcott's, to descend otherwise than obliquely. The sensation broad shoulders as Westcott's, to descend otherwise than obliquely. The sensation was not agreeable; less so, even, than being lowered into a well, for a rope is something; here the connecting link with the outer world was, as it were, completely cut off; even the sound of Marian's piano having gradually died out. Or had she stopped playing? thought Westcott. Had Mr. Car-ter awoke?

Although the chilling draught of air was lessened when the panel was closed, the

picion, the native was too agile in his movements to be detected. A particular panel became known to him—one that led to a secret strong-room. That panel is in this room: it is within a few feet, Miss Carter, of where you are seated."

The startled look came back into Marian's face. What strange story was this? She had heard nothing so weird about Fisher's