

AUCTION SALE

### A MAN, MET A CHILD,

Born on an Island of the Mid-Pacific, and Never Permitted Even to See the Ocean.

### HE WAS GUARDED BY AN OUTCAST FATHER,

Who Had Brought His Bride to the Lonely Spot to Live.

### SOLITUDE MADE THE WOMAN INSANE.

Another of Lieutenant Stoddard's Remarkable Experiences in His World Wanderings.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

A misty and murky day at sea. A damp and foggy day that came at early dawn with wet pulls of cold moisture, across land water and left its breath on the hairy faces and on the bosoms of the flannel shirts of those who clustered on the forecastle and looked to windward. A long and even swell upon the broad expanse of ocean; a flash of white in a flying gull in the foamy wake of a creaking ship; a low and glowering horizon and hanging clouds of mist and drizzle scurrying before a fitful wind, a convective current to the westward in the mighty Pacific!

A man with a navy cap pulled down over his face, climbs slowly to the starboard forecastle ladder. He is followed by another, a young one, who carries a sextant box under his arm and a notebook between his teeth. Both look tired and worn from want of sleep and food. They are the navigator and his assistant.

"Sun up nearly three hours, Mr. Roberts," exclaimed the former, "and nary a sight!"

"How about ought they to be, sir?"

"Say N. N. W.—a little to the N."

Sighted a Bit of Land.

And the navigator pointed with his flattened hand over the huge anchor on the bows.

"See anything that looked like land—an island?" he asked suddenly of a man who had been leaning over the cat-head and sipping every now and then from a tin mug full of steaming coffee.

"I can't say for sure, sir—but Sparks was telling me, when I came on at four bells, that there was land he saw, sir, and others as had the morning watch, say the same bit."

The elation of spots and pans under the forecastle; the smell of burning coffee; the busy stream of water from the galley funnel; the dark forms of blue-clad men moving about a wet and slippery deck long-crested figure on the bridge walking restlessly to and fro; a muffled morning on a sea-giving man-of-war.

"The sun, sir, the sun," suddenly exclaims the young assistant.

"I see it—quick—the sextant—ready!"

"Stand by."

"Land, ho!" comes blustering down the forecastle.

"Where away?" bellows back the startled officer on the bridge.

"Two points on the starboard bow, sir."

"Make it out?"

"High land, sir."

"That will do, Mr. Roberts," says the navigator. "You can put up the sextant and come below, sir. They are the Bonin Islands."

A Calm and Semi-Tropical Bay.

At noon the sun is nearly overhead. The clouds of mist and vapor have long since disappeared. The sea is calm and smooth, to one vast bluish surface scorched by a bright sun. The sea-worn prow of the old corvette sweeps sharp around the lofty point of a rocky isle in mid-Pacific. Her engines cease to throb; a sharp voice rings out a clear command. Then comes a mighty splash; the rattle of a rusty chain, and a dozen men from Hawaii are anchored in the calm and semi-tropic bay of Peel Island—Bonin group.

There are but few places now, even in the most unfrequented by-ways of trackless oceans that have not at odd times, attracted either the curiosity or the curiosity of the nomadic rover. The sea is calm and smooth, to one vast bluish surface scorched by a bright sun. The sea-worn prow of the old corvette sweeps sharp around the lofty point of a rocky isle in mid-Pacific. Her engines cease to throb; a sharp voice rings out a clear command. Then comes a mighty splash; the rattle of a rusty chain, and a dozen men from Hawaii are anchored in the calm and semi-tropic bay of Peel Island—Bonin group.

Has Never Seen the World.

Still, once in a while, in a long and changeable life, away from the middle and the deeper current of his experience, a character so odd and strange, so outside the present and will so forgotten by the past, as to reduce even someone than the usual content from the society of other men. Think of such a one, of that society never to have known; of the sound or roar of the great world of his never to have heard, to have been born in the nineteenth century and in the first century of existence. Yet upon these lonely islands it was reported that such a man lived; a man who knew absolutely nothing, and had no curiosity even about the simplest facts of modern history and achievement. I met this man a few days after our arrival, in an accidental way.

The Bonin Islands are divided into three groups, known to navigators as the Parry, the Bully, the Peel and the Kater groups. On the Peel group are settled a few English and other Europeans, generally descendants of deserters from visiting whalers or other vessels. Port Loyd, the calling station, on the largest island of this group, has a good harbor of basin-like proportions and a safe anchorage. It is the home of the great sea turtle of the Western Pacific, and upon its flesh the few inhabitants mostly subsist, while its shell affords them means of trade with passing vessels.

A Crude, Unpainted Building.

One balmy afternoon I had started inland from the circuit of the broad way of Port Loyd and climbed a woody mountain-side to the valley beneath. Here, above a mass of dark green leaves, I saw protruding the thatched roof of some settler's cottage. Curiosity led me to turn my steps in this new direction, till I stood in front of a small, one-story building of the crudest construction. Unpainted and weather-stained, the rough boards that formed its sides leaned in and out, warped by long exposure, and with hardly remaining strength enough to support the heavy burden of the thatched roof. There was a door hung upon leather hinges and closed.

door opened cautiously about half way and in the gloom of the interior stood a strange and uncouth figure.

"What do ye want?" he asked sharply of me, in good English.

Picture of the Outcast.

As the light came slowly in through the leafy bower overhead, I made out more distinctly the figure and appearance of the man. He was a tall and bony person, with whitened hair and sunburned, wrinkled face. His predominant features were his deep set, forest eyes, overhung with bushy brows, and a nose that was hooked and large. He wore a coarse shirt, cut off at the elbows, and a ragged pair of trousers that barely reached his naked feet.

"What do ye want?" he repeated harshly. "If an hired, sir," I said, "from my long walk, and seeing your house through the trees, was attracted by curiosity and knocked upon your door."

He hesitated a moment and passed his hand once or twice across his large mouth. "I haven't any room for strangers nor nothing else. But ye can sit on the step if ye wish, and have a taker-back of the house in a bit of whisky."

And he shut the door again.

The Boy Was More Hospitable.

I stood irresolutely a moment, and then followed his advice and a little foot-worn hat that led to the rear of the house. Here I found the water in the tub, and a crude coconut dipper to drink from. I noticed, fixedly at me.

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Where He Brought His Bride.

too, that an apology for a window had been cut in the boards here, and a dirty piece of sailcloth acted as a curtain on the inside. As I replaced the dipper this curtain was pushed aside, and the face of my inhospitable visitor, with the ferret eyes, gazed fixedly at me.

"Well, ain't ye gone yet?"

I shook my head and replied that the sun was hot, and I would rest myself a bit, I thought, before I started back. He dropped the curtain, and I could hear the shuffle of his feet again across the floor. So I went around again and sat on the barrel stool. Half an hour passed, and I had just thrown away the short stump of the cigar I had been smoking, and was thinking of starting in earnest when the door opened again, and my queer friend stood upon the sill.

"Ye see, stranger," he said, "I don't want to be mean and uncivil to ye, but ye never have no strangers here, and never sees no one and don't want to. But I reckon ye are a new one on the island, and don't mean no harm. I've got a sick boy here, and he's been e-begging to let ye in and be civil to ye—so I does if ye wants to."

Racked by a Burning Fever.

And he held the door wide to let me pass. The room was low and musty with the smell of decayed vegetation. The floor was of boards, loosely laid on the bare ground, with no attempt at any caulking. Two rods of iron, an attempt at a table and bedstead made from planks placed against the wall, supported by props from beneath, constituted the entire furniture. When my eyes became accustomed to the gloom I saw stretched on this rude cot the figure of a man. My strange host offered me a chair, and when I had seated myself, commenced.

"Ye see, sir, he's pretty sick, is he. I don't scarcely know as what ails him. He's been down two months now, and last days there and sort of says nothing, only stares about most of the time."

I moved my chair to the bedside and sat down again. The patient was tall and well-built man of perhaps 25; before his illness he must have been a person of splendid physical proportions, but he was weak and wan now. His face was very placid, but very pale, his eyes were closed, and he breathed irregularly. I felt his hands; they were dry and hot and his tangled hair lay in wet masses on his broad, white brow. The water man stood by me as I looked down, and his eyes were fixed across his lips nervously as he watched.

Would Not Have a Doctor.

"He has fever," I said.

"Yes, I guess that's it—like it—it worries me dreadful sort, he looks so yearning at me sometimes, and I don't know as what to do—always."

"Is he any kin of yours?"

"He wiped his dry mouth again and hitched up his coarse trousers about his waist.

"Well, ye see, sir, sort of kin—my son, sir."

I sat a while longer, and when I rose to go I promised to bring the father something from the ship that would not hurt about the doctor) the next day or the day following.

The old man followed me to the door, and, holding it open for me, said: "He's a-sleeping now, closed his eyes, and I guessed he would walk a step with me through the woods."

Our conversation, at first desultory, gradually led up to the subject of his own past life and the history of his queer surroundings. He told it briefly.

Story of the Outcast.

He had run away from home—a New England home—over 40 years ago, and shipped on a whaler bound to the southern seas. He had served on her three years and over as the vessel rounding the Horn came slowly toward the cruising grounds of the North Sea. He had a young girl, the daughter of the crew, and she was to be married to him. They were to be married the next day, and he was to be the captain of the vessel.

They built the little house I had seen, and for over 30 years had lived there. She had been dead those 15 years, leaving behind her the boy, now grown to manhood. They had lived all this time on what their little

garden had brought them—on what fish he could catch in the bay, or on the meat of some turtles he had now and then captured. The hard experiences of the past sea life of his wife had affected a little her "thinking powers," as he put it, and she never again came down to the ocean or in sight of it, nor had she ever allowed her son to approach its shores.

The Boy Never Saw the Sea.

After her death, her son had become so long used to the habit of obedience, that, though living on an island, ocean-bound, he had never seen or heard the roar of his mighty waves. They had no tools of any kind, and she was not very much, sir, on education and the like away," he said, so his son had "sorter growed up with the hills and trees—and knew nothing else beside them."

My visit of the next day was not the last one. It was followed by daily ones there-

after. I had consulted the doctor of our ship with reference to the case and had great difficulty in preventing him from visiting the patient himself. In fact he did once, I believe, but was so roughly maned by the early old man as never again to attempt it. But he gave me medicines and much good advice. So, over the woody hills each day I tramped to the little wretched cottage in the valley. And I was glad to see the happy look of recognition in the glassy eyes, or the wave of the weak, bony hand above the coarse sheet about him. That he was fading, day by day, I saw; that death was but waiting, hour by hour, to knock upon the lonely door, I knew full well. But in my heart there grew for him—a man so utterly outside my world—a real and tender affection.

His Mind a Perfect Blank.

Yet, in our daily, quiet talks, and we had these always at our meetings, I never met nor wish to meet asleep, a mind so absolutely blank, so devoid of the slightest knowledge or conception of other men; the history of his own or any other age, or the triumphs of art, science, war, astronomy or religion. It was as if a babe had sprung to sudden maturity and been thrown into the society of mankind, long used to all the benefits of years of education and civilization. I used to recall often the story of the child born in a French prison, who was reared in solitude and darkness for 20 years; day by day he grew, but in a case of mind so strange I could not believe that the latter knew language when he heard it; knew color when he saw it, knew the trees, the rocks, the animal life about him; but of the causes for, the reasons why, nothing.

Sometimes when I was deep in the relation of some great historical event; some wonderful discovery; some astounding invention, he would turn his pale face to me, and half whisper to me in a placid way some simple, childish question, that all my philosophy could not answer. It was as if one who had never seen fire, had asked of another who had seen it—and in all the majesty of some roaring conflagration—"What is fire?" "What does it look like?"

Day by day, however, I grew more and more familiar with the patient, and his father and myself knew the end was near. Little by little I changed the topic of our talks from earthly things to those beyond. But I saw that, too, was even more utterly blank and incomprehensible than the former. He listened gently, with often a faint smile upon his lips—but, alas, a dark void, I knew, in his soul!

Begged to See the Ocean.

And I could almost see the struggle in his mind within himself, always to lose itself in the dull fog of total ignorance. At last one stormy morning we saw the end had come indeed; and when I softly entered, he opened wide his eyes and faintly beckoned me. I bent my head to his; he put his hot lips to my ear and whispered: "I would like to see—the ocean—you have told me of."

"Yes—yes." "I understand now—it is God."

And with these whispered words the soul of the child-man came into the presence of his Giver. MASON W. SHUFELDT, Lieutenant U. S. N.

### LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Guatemalans deny the annexation story.

—Smallpox is epidemic at Great Morn, Russia.

—The coal miners' strike at Foster, Ia., is at an end.

—Oklahoma is harvesting a mammoth wheat crop.

—The drought in Quebec province is so bad that Catholic churches have opened for refuge.

—A bill regulating the granting of divorces has been introduced in the Dominion Senate.

—Fanny Danby, a member of the Gaiety Club, was granted a divorce at London yesterday.

—The new Court House at Indianapolis collapsed Friday by a dynamite explosion.

—Sherman Brooks was executed in public at Louisville, Ga., Friday for the murder of another negro.

—The Railway Telegraphers, in session at St. Louis, have adjourned to meet in Chattanooga next year.

—The number of immigrants landed at New York from 1891—all from Rotterdam and Liverpool.

—John Most, the Anarchist, was landed in New York penitentiary yesterday to serve 15 years.

—Harriet Hosmer, at Rome, has completed the model of the proposed Queen Isabella statue for the World's Fair.

—The Powhatan Club, of Richmond, has started a movement for separate street cars for white and colored people.

—The German Immigration Committee declines to undertake to Palestine instead of America.

—The steamer Albatross, at San Francisco has been chartered by the Government for service in Alaska waters as a prison ship.

—The shortage in the accounts of the National City Bank at Marshall, Mich., has been found to be \$100,000. A receiver is asked for.

—Several battles have been fought between French troops and Chinese pirates, west of the Straits of the Eastern seas are still unsubdued.

—The Kansas Millers' Association has passed resolutions urging Secretary Blaine to insist on reciprocity negotiations with Mexico.

—The Mayor of Atlanta has vetoed all beer licenses because most of the sellers have been convicted of selling whisky.

—An ascending military balloon burst at a height of 10,000 feet. The balloon crew were severely injured. The balloon ignited and was consumed.

—The heavy rainstorm caused the breaking of two dams at Fort Scott. The bottom land settlements were flooded in consequence.

—The memory of Emperor Maximilian and the two generals, Mexico and Miramon, who were shot with him, was honored in the City of Mexico yesterday by a grand religious mass.

—Coal miners at Spring Valley, Ill., have been on a strike since May 24 on the score of other issues, have received an offer from Operator Scott to submit the matter to arbitration.

—While investigating the cause of an electric light flickering in Buffalo Friday night, the fire department grasped a lightning rod. It proved to be charged with electricity and it killed him.

—The railroad collision on the Illinois Central near Laue, Ia., recorded in yesterday's Dispatch, resulted in four men killed and six severely injured. No passengers were badly hurt.

—President Pellegrini, of the Argentine Republic, vetoed the bill providing for a reduction of the period of suspension of gold and silver payments, but the Chamber of Deputies passed the measure over his head.

—J. Rhineland Dillon, a shareholder and depositor of the American Loan and Trust Company, is going to testify in the court in the methods of the collapsed company. He has been suit against the 15 directors to recover the value of \$2,333 75 worth of stock.

—An investigation is in progress by a Dominion Parliament committee of charges of corruption in relation to public contracts preferred against Thomas McGreevy, M. P.

—The Court of Inquiry investigating the Manipur massacre has found the Regent guilty of warring on the forces of the Emperor of India, but not guilty of the murder of Chief Commissioner James W. Quinton.

—British Resident P. B. C. Greenwood and other British officials. The Regent has been sentenced to death.

—Frank Nelson, colored, an ex-soldier, was to have been executed at Nelsonville, Ariz., yesterday with Antonio Granado, but the former was granted a one day's reprieve. Nelson killed a woman with whom he was living, and also his child, at Fort Grant, Ariz. Granado killed his wife and child at Morenci in August. Granado was hanged yesterday.

—For over a year the mystery surrounding the murder of Christopher Helm, a wealthy Chicagoan, is going to yield in the court the methods of the collapsed company. He has been suit against the 15 directors to recover the value of \$2,333 75 worth of stock.

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### DR. HARTMAN,

OF COLUMBUS, OHIO, GIVES A SEASONABLE LECTURE ON MEDICINE.

Nervous Prostration—Its Causes, Effects, Symptoms and Cure—Nervines a Nuisance, Bromides a Bane, Sedatives a Slaughter—Natural Effective Remedies That Never Fail.

Nervous prostration (neurasthenia), epileptic insanity, spinal irritation, nervous debility, nervousness and weak nerves are different names given to an affection of the nervous system, which is becoming more and more common. The brain of the average American is, in almost every particular, calculated to produce this form of nervous disorder. Hard work, close competition, business cares, and a mind so absolutely blank, the use of narcotics, all tend alike to injure the nervous system. The dress and customs of polite society, the ever-increasing pressure of business circles, the reckless indulgence of the sporting classes, each furnish their quota to swell the terrible list of nervous wrecks that crowd the many hospitals and sanitariums of our country. Those sane remain at their homes, desperately trying to go through the tedious routine of the duties of household, farm, shop or office, taking, however, a nervous, wretched, striving to put off the day when they shall break down altogether. A burden to themselves, a trial to their friends, these unfortunate people continue to drag out a miserable existence year after year.

SYMPTOMS.

Probably the most invariable symptom in the history of nervous prostration is morbid fear. A foreboding of calamity of some sort, vague apprehensions, a sense that something awful is about to happen, precedes for a long time the general debility which is to follow. The loss of vitality of the nervous system deranges the functions of the stomach, and a full meal, producing in some cases a terrible depression, causing the patient indescribable suffering, even when the appetite and digestion remain good.

Morbid fear of leaving home, or being separated from their usual attendants, also of taking medicine for fear of being poisoned, fear of great crowds, of crowded assemblies, all or either and many others are likely to be present in a decided case of nervous prostration. A constant desire to talk of their symptoms is commonly so great that it is difficult to keep such patients long at a time talking or thinking of anything else. Chills and hot flashes of very irregular duration and recurrence come and go without seeming cause. The hands and feet are usually cold and clammy, and the general tendency is to dryness and coolness of the skin of the whole body.

Among the symptoms to which this class of patients are liable, but not so generally present, may be mentioned neuritic headache, nervous chills, hysteria, sinking or faint spells, distressing palpitation of the heart, defective eyesight, total inability to read, write or do any business, urine entirely without color, loss of flesh, sleeplessness and many others, of which each case presents a different array.

HYGIENIC TREATMENT.

This consists, first, of an entire change of habits as possible. Whichever vocation the patient has followed should be entirely suspended, or as nearly so as possible, and some other employment taken up to the extent the strength of the patient will permit. Entire leisure is not favorable to improvement, as the patients are too apt to dwell on their troubles.

Second, the diet should consist largely of animal food, selected by the preference of the patient. A long walk before bed time will frequently procure a good night's rest. A tepid bath often will accomplish the same desirable end.

It is generally impossible to keep the bowels regular by any hygienic measures, as the patient is unable to take exercise enough to keep up the natural action of the bowels. An effective and gentle laxative that does not weaken or disturb digestion is a very desirable remedy in these cases, but hard to find. I have found Man-a-lin to be by far the best laxative in these cases. I have ever been able to procure. There is no equal in the market. It is a natural movement of the bowels is desirable rather than active purgation.

SPECIFIC MEDICAL TREATMENT.

The first difficulty I meet with in the proper treatment of nervous prostration is to get my patient rid of the many nervous stimulants and sedatives which they have usually become accustomed to before consulting me. It would be difficult to over-estimate the damage these drugs do in such cases. Bromides, valerian, chloral, opium in every form, caffeine, cocaine and many others are all alike of great injury and of no possible good. To get all these and many other similar remedies away from the patient, and Pe-r-u-na in their stead, is the first thing to be accomplished.

After the patient has taken Pe-r-u-na, to the extent of everything else, a short time, there is a marked change in all the symptoms. The appetite becomes regular, sleep natural and every disagreeable symptom has followed should be entirely suspended, or as nearly so as possible, and some other employment taken up to the extent the strength of the patient will permit. Entire leisure is not favorable to improvement, as the patients are too apt to dwell on their troubles.

Pe-r-u-na contains no phosphorus, strychnine, arsenic, or any other poisonous substance, and acts permanently by restoring the normal functions. It contains no narcotic or sedative, and does not derange the action of any bodily function during its use. No one has any hesitation or misgiving in making positive promises of relief in advance as the cure of nervous prostration is effected by Pe-r-u-na, taken according to above directions, except only in cases where softening of the brain or spinal cord had commenced before the use of Pe-r-u-na was begun.

A complete treatise on diseases of the head and brain sent free to any address by the Peru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

—Seven Dollars and Ninety Cents.

Come along, everyone. Keep this well in mind that Monday we place on sale a very fine assortment of men's light and dark suits at \$7 90 each. All we ask is a look at them. Anybody, no matter how inexperienced, will see at a glance that they are great bargains. Such excellent materials, such elegant patterns, such finely made suits never before offered for \$7 90. Other houses ask \$12 and \$14 for the same quality garments. This is just truth. We include men's fine sack and cutaway suits, made from all-wool casimere, \$7 90; men's plain black Haverburn suits at \$7 90; men's bound or stitched diagonal suits, \$7 90; men's Bannockburn tweed suits, \$7 90. Come to-morrow. Our great sale will attract thousands, and if you want to get the best it's better to call in the morning—the most stylish goods sell first.

P. O. C. O., Fustberg Combination Clothing Company, corner Grant and Diamond streets.

FURNITURE upholstered and repaired. HAUGH & KERRAN, 33 Water street.

FAIRMONT swings at Brown & Co.'s, corner Grant and Water streets. Tel. 1194.

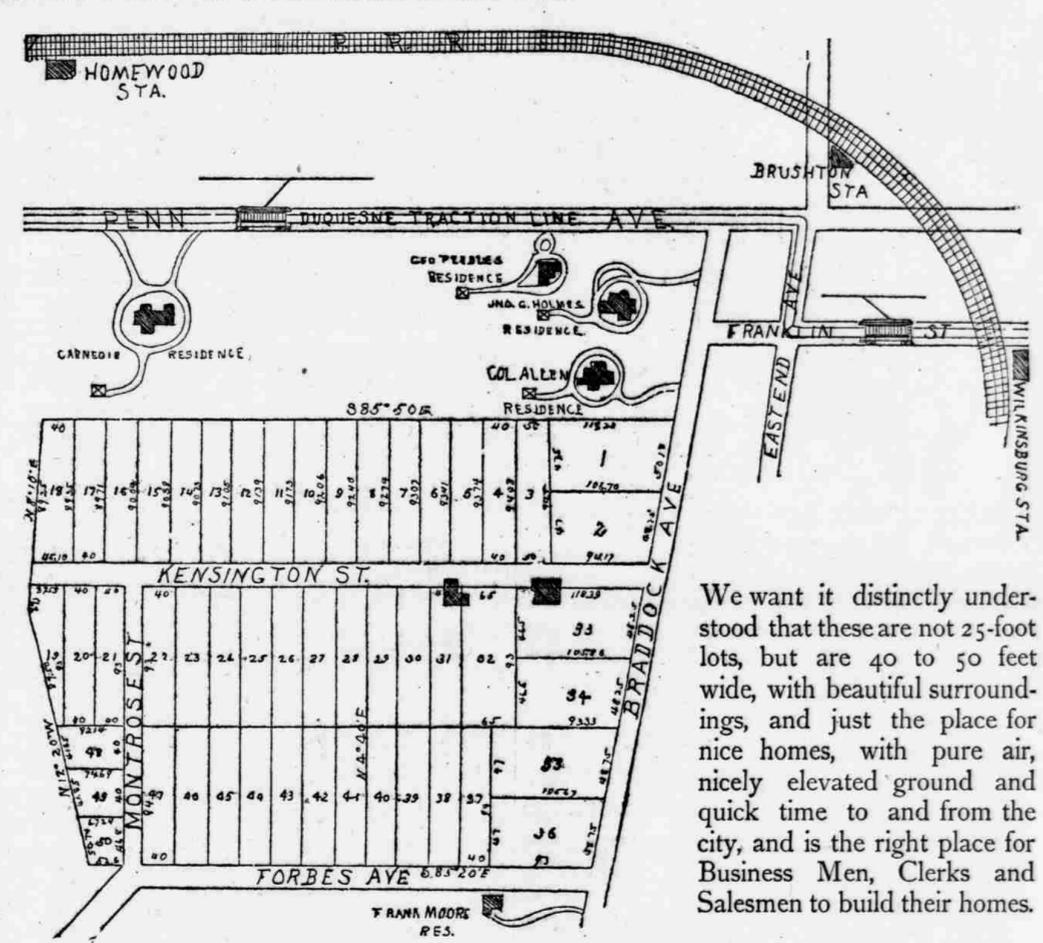
HORTON and Murano swings at Ma-maux & Son's, 530 Penn avenue.

# CHOICE EAST END LOTS AT AUCTION!

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, AT 2 P. M., ON THE LOTS, COR. FORBES STREET AND BRADDOCK AVENUE.

Nicely Elevated. Commands a Fine View of Wilksburg, Brushton and Park Place. ONLY 2 SQUARES FROM PENN AVENUE LINE OF DUQUESNE TRACTION CO. SEVEN MINUTES' WALK FROM BRUSHTON STATION, EIGHT MINUTES' WALK FROM WILKINSBURG STATION, P. R. R.

Each lot will be sold to the Highest Bidder on payments of \$2 PER WEEK, or as much more as purchaser desires to pay. Grandest chance of the year to get Large Residence Lots in a choice location on such terms.



## Look at the Terms of Sale:

Each lot will be sold to the Highest Bidder, \$10 to be paid down on each lot at time of sale and the balance to be paid at the rate of \$2 per week, or as much more as the purchaser desires to pay; interest to be paid monthly; deed to be delivered when \$300 and interest is paid on each lot; 5 per cent discount allowed purchasers paying all cash.

Never Before Were Terms Like the Above Offered on such high class property. It gives the purchaser a chance to quickly accumulate savings toward getting himself a home.

## THESE LOTS WILL PROVE A PROFITABLE SPECULATION

To purchasers on account of their CHOICE LOCATION in the midst of FINE RESIDENCE PLACES. They are sure to enhance greatly in value.

All Tickets Should be Bought to Brushton Station, Where Carriages Will be in Waiting to take parties to the Lots.

Parties from the city, Shadyside, East Liberty, Homewood or intermediate stations should take the train leaving Union Depot at 1:25 P. M. Parties from points East of Brushton should take train leaving Braddock at 1:26 P. M.

FOR PLANS AND FURTHER INFORMATION SEE

# BLACK & BAIRD,

95 FOURTH AVENUE 95