INCIDENTAL REMARKS ON ROADS

to her feet, while Molly had instinctively reached for little Walt, who she held tight reached for little Walt, who she held tightly pressed to her bosom.

"Starboard, stazboard your helm!" cried
the captain of the tug to the man on the
bridge of the steam launch, but this officer
needed not directions, he understood what
was necessary to do, and in order to keep
out of the tug's way, he threw the head of
the steam launch around with considerable
violence, for the brig was already under
good headway and hence the tug would have
been in danger of being run down, if it had
slacked its pace.

feet apart.

smacks darting hither and thither in the

stiff breeze.
"Look out!" repeated the man at the bow

"All right!" answered the man at the helm, "there's no danger. I have room enough!"

But hampered by the sudden appearance

Greatly alarmed, Mrs. Barker had sprung

slacked its pace.
So suddenly and vigorously had the helm of the launch been put to the starboard that the craft gave a violent lurch, and as an inevitable result many of the passengers were thrown off their feet. The cries that now went up were those of

terror, for it seemed as if the steam launch were about to capsize. At this instant Mrs. Allaire, who was standing near the railing, not being able to recover her balance, was thrown overboard with her child. The brig grazed the steam launch in passing her and thus ended all fears of a collision. "Melly! Molly!" shricked Kate, around

whom one of the passengers threw his arms, as she was about to spring after her cousin. Suddenly one of the sailors leaped overboard and struck out for Mrs. Allaire, who, buoyed up by her clothing, was floating a few yards away. With her babe clasped tightly in her arms she was on the point of sinking, however, when the sellor reached

As the launch had been stopped immedi-ately it was not a difficult task for this sailor, a strong man and an excellent swim-mer, to rescue Mrs. Allaire. Unfortunately at the very moment the man reached out to lay hold of the captain's wife her strength tailed her, her hold upon the child relaxed, and little Walt slipped out of her arms and disappeared.

In an unterly unconscious condition Molly was lifted on board the launch and tenderly cared for. Again the fearless sailor—he was a man about 30, Zach French by name disappeared over the side of the launch and dived repeatedly in search of the child. It was all in vain, however. Little Walt's body had been swept away by some lower

current.

All this time the passengers, aided by Kate and the nurse, both of them wild with grief, were making every possible effort to bring Molly back to consciousness. They were successful at last. Her lips moved, she murmured the name of Walt, as her eyes opened and her bewildered gaze rested upon the strange faces.
"My child!" she gasped. Then she recognized Zach French, who had just clambered

up the side of the launch

His arms were empty.
"My child?" she burst out in a piteous

Then with a sudden movement she sprang up, repulsed those who endeavored to restrain her and darted toward the stern. She would certainly have thrown herself overboard had not a number of strong hands been stretched out to prevent. It became ecessary to restrain the unfortunate woman by main force as the steam launch resumed r course toward her wharf.

With distorted features and elenched hands, Mrs. Allaire now sank back motionless into her cousin's arms. A few minutes later the launch reached the wharf and Molly was taken up quickly but tenderly and transported to her cousin's house. Lew Barker had just reached home. He ordered the servant to summon a physician.

Although the latter answered the sum-

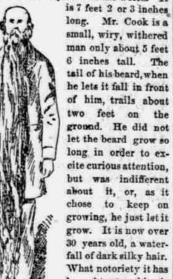
mons at once, it was not until after prolonged efforts that he succeeded in restoring Molly to consciousness. Looking about her with a wild stare, she

"What is it? What has happened? Ah, John! He's coming, he's coming! He's coming back to his wife and his child. John, "It's John is here!" The Captain's wife had become insane.

[To Be Continued Next Sunday.]

LONGEST BEARD ON RECORD.

Connecticut Man Who Has Whiskers Feet 3 Inches Long. Henry C. Cook, a tailor, has prebably the orgest beard of any man in the world. It



man only about 5 feet 6 inches tall. The tail of his beard, when he lets it fall in front ground. He did not let the beard grow so long in order to exbut was indifferent about it, or, as it chose to keep on growing, he just let it grow. It is now over 30 years old, a waterfall of dark silky hair. What notoriety it has Mr. Cook, who is one of the quietest, most

retiring men in the world. He has seissored and basted and sewed A final blow of the whistle was snug little fortune for himself, and all the time the beard kept growing leisurely and unobtrusively. After the beard had become more than two feet long Mr. Cook tucked it inside his shirt, and it grew even faster in there. But it was so completely out of sight that even after it had become as long as it is, his most intimate friends never suspected that the ambitious but retiring beard was growing fame for its possessor. Finally, one day about nine years ago the little tailor trotted up two long flights of stairs into the photograph rooms of his friend, Mr. Laighton, squared off before a camera, yanked a great wad of heir out of the bosom of his shirt, made a deft twist or two at it, and lo! a hirsute cascade flowed to his feet. Mr. Laighton was astonished, but he pulled the trigger and the camera did the rest. One of Mr. Barnum's agents once offered Mr. Cook \$80 a week, and expenses if he would go with him and just let his beard keep on growing where the world could look at it. Mr. Cook's wife might travel with him and the showman would pay her expenses also, but the offer was spurned. Mr. Cook is between 60 and 70 years. His thick, luxuriant hair is a black as a crow's wing, and there is hardly a silver thread in either his hair or his

From a Photo.

New York Tribune. There is no working-woman more inde pendent than the forewoman of a large mil-linery establishment who has no pecuniary interest in the business. Her palary may range from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year. In some cases she is the European buyer of the stock, and the firm pays her expenses to Europe twice a year. There has been no effort on the part of such women to supplant men who formerly did all the European men who formerly did all the European buying, but their superior ability has lifted them to the highest places in their business.

FURNITURE packed, bauled and shipped. URNITURE packed, Bauter Street. HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 Water street.

HE BEGAN BY DEALING IN MULES

tug by steering in the same direction. The tug and the steam launch were now not 20 ment for a Big Board Bill.

writing in getting a very excellent pair of steeds, so that now if I had a good road to drive them on I would be almost happy. Allow me to digress for a moment while speak of the wagon road of North Caroling. The system has been a bad one for Victoria Nyanza. It was formerly a tell road, and though the tells were used mostly

I speak thus plainly of these roads, hop-



At present the road above referred to i simply an ill-kempt trail along which are strewn the wrecks of busted vehicles and the ones of people whose necks have been dislocated in trying to ride over them, and who have been left alone to die. Though a public road of great importance, very few people drive over it unless under the influence of liquor.

There are places on this road where

mountain springs soak up through the roadhed, and have done so for centuries, while the roadmaster has been waiting for them to dry out. The result is that a stoneboat i the only vehicle which will safely make the trip. Hitch a 2-year-old heifer with a clay-bank mule, and then on the lead put a lavender jackass, and if you are a careful driver you may take your children to Asheville, but if not you will surely be short two or three, on the way home. Lots of North Carolina families have only 11 or 12 children left out of a possible 20, owing to the condition of the roads. This reckless outlay of children, it seems to me, if nothing else, should teach us to improve our

He Is Exempt From Burglaries. I was saying the other day that after a pretty general knowledge of North Caro-lina for five or six years I was astonished to notice that there had been no burglaries within my observation. This is remark able, especially to me, for I have lived of him, trails about where a burglary was not uncommon, and two feet on the where I have suffered myself, having lost a silver-plated butter dish in that way eight years ago, also what butter we had in the house at the time, it being concealed in the butter dish. I also shot a burglar, 11 years cite curious attention, but was breaking into my residence, but he had only 60 cents on his person at the time, and even that the Coroner took away from me on the following day. The burglar has it all his own way at the North

young burglars toward politics.

I never felt so secure before in my life. brought to him is I leave my large, massive, solid silver watch very distasteful to on the escritoire every night now, whereas I comfortable feeling, I assure you. Of course chickens are not safe, especially during a

Revivals and the Chicken Roost. I do not wish to be misunderstood regard ing this matter, but I was told on the start by a devout Christian of the Caucasian race that if I cared anything for my "broilers I would watch them most carefully during colored revival, for at that time the more "carnest" negroes were all so torn up in their minds that they could not work at all during the day, and the revival took all the night, or nearly so. Therefore, when the pangs of hunger and the rumblings and retchings of a sin-sick soul had been preying on an ordinary colored man for a week or ten days he was hollow clean into the ground, and his better judgment didn't

not know it at first. Quite a number, tolen, chickens were almost immediately stolen, but three of them were not. They seemed but three of African to be spared as monuments of African mercy. Finally I found that it was because they had the cholera. Come down and see us some time. I don't mind killing the last ken in the house when company comes. P. S-Bring some butter with you; ours might keep you awake nights.

Popular to Bay Horses, But we were speaking of the horse-man's But we were speaking of the horse—man's best friend. I began 15 years ago by owning a little pack jack called Boomerang. He cost me \$8, but I was poor and could not buy a horse. Also it was unpopular to get one in any other way. If you got one in any other way, in the language of the vigilance committee, the community generally threw in a halter at its own expense. Boomerang was a bright young ass, with

Medicine Bow range; almost like boys and girls together, you might say. But he was not happy. Sometimes I thought possibly, as he got to knowing me better, perhaps I was a disappointment to him. He acted that way. Anyhow he would sob and cry while he thought I was asleep, many and many a night

His Luck With Yellow Fever. After that I got more forehanded, and when I got the first payment on one of my justly celebrated pickled mines I bought a mule called Yellow Fever. This mule was sold to me as a good, kind family mule, and I intended to raise yet other mules for the market. Yellow Fever was almost always fatal, however, no matter where she broke out. Our first grave on Vinegar Hill was taken charge of by a man who partially roached the tail of Yellow Fever. She is still alive, but childless. No little feet patter about her corral. No little croupy voices salute the silent night in her simple

Five years later I bought an American



Higwatha, the Indian Pony. pirited horse, with a piercing eye on the spirited horse, with a piercing eye on the side where I stood. Oh, he was a corker. He had lots of pop and enterprise and high purposes into him, also bright red nostrils, and he was checked up real high. The man who sold me this horse said that he intended settling down and starting a bank in our town, but he did not. There was some hitch about getting a large enough building, I believe. He sold me this horse—Hectie, by Judas Priest—because his wife —Hectic, by Judas Priest—because his wife had died. He said that Hectic was her horse, and since she died he could not bear to look at him. Then he came and cried into my lap quite a little spell.

Investigated Hectic's Symptoms That night the horse was ill all night, neighbor told me that Hectic had the co but when I put my hand on the little hot stomach of my steed he kicked me across the plaza and into a bed of cacti. It hurt the plaza and into a bed of each. It furt me a good deal, especially in my finer feel-ings, It doesn't take much to hurt my feelings. I suppose that it would be very difficult, indeed, to mind a man who is so susceptible to a kick at the hands of a spirited horse as I am.
On the following day a veterinarian from

Leipsic examined Hectic and made quite an xtended report. I am not a horse man, so I cannot remember what he said, but I know he said that his lampers were down. I asked him if we could not get them up again. I would do all that I could to boom them through the press and on the street. But he looked at me sadly, and I could see the tears gathering in his eyes. Then he turned away, and I could hear him mutter something to himself in German. I do not understand German readily, but I would not be the man he was talking about for anything in this world.

The le looked at the stall, and I could see temples and groves of Baal and Ashteroth at Samaria and Jezreel, and all that old life seems far away, and I could hear him mutter to the seems far away, and I could hear him mutter to the seems far away, and I could hear him mutter to the seems far away, and I could hear him mutter to the seems far away, and I could hear him mutter to the seems far away, and I could hear him mutter to the seems far away, and I could hear him mutter to the seems far away, and I could hear him mutter to the seems far away, and I could hear him mutter to the seems far away. anything in this world.

A Marvelous Indian Pony.

Later, when I had taken the crape off th stable door and had waited a year after the death of Hectic—for he could not eat anything but kumiss with his artificial teeth, and so died about six weeks after his mind failed-I bought an Indian pony called Hiawatha. Hiawatha is still alive, though very few of his owners are. He belonged to the Siwash tribe, and had a braud on him which was the crest of Old Soiled Nose, the chief of the Yaps.

Hiawatha came into our family well

ecommended by one of the pleasantest extemporaneous speakers I ever saw. His home was on Fifty-eighth street, New York City, and he dealt in horses just because he loved them. He said that Hiawatha knew more than lots of men who held office, and l never saw a man use such an effort to control himself as this man did when he said goodby to Hiawatha and took the ferry for wretched and lonely home. Fortunately Hiawatha did not kill any of our family, be cause we have a good physician, and he car save anyone after many other doctors have given them up. So then I sent the pony back to the owner to board.

I forgot to say that a neighbor of mine bor-

rowed Hiawatha to ride to hounds once, and has not spoken to me since. I sent the ani-mal back to board at \$12 a month, and left orders with the man to sell, but of course at \$12 a month for plain table d'hote board the sale hangs fire and seems to drag a good deal. Last week this man wrote me that the bill was \$84. I said I was sorry, but would leave him and Hiawatha to fight it out together. I then did him all the injury could without filling his grave with Lin burger cheese. I made him a present of Hiawatha, and wringing his hand I came away.

ANOTHER ROMAN ALTAR.

This Is a Large One and Was Found in Trench Dug for Water Pipes. astrated News of the World.

There is a well-known Roman site in the county of Durham, on the banks of the River Wear, called Binchester. A few days ago some interesting discoveries were made by Mr. John Proud, a local solicitor and antiquary; but a remarkable addition has been made by the uncarthing of an altar on the land of Mr. J. E. Newby, the present resident at Binchester Hall, who is now having water pipes laid to supply his house-hold. This altar is 4 feet 3 inches in height by 1 foot 21/4 inches in brendth, and 1 foot inch in depth, and it is in excellent preservation. It has, sculptured on its sides, the four principal sacrificial implements, the "securis," or ax, the



The Roman Altar.

"culter," or knife, the "patera," or dish, and the "præfericulum," or jug. Besides this it bears an inscription, which in En-glish signifies: "To Jupiter, the best and greatest, and to the Ollototian, or Transgreatest, and to the Oliotonian, or marine Mothers, Pomponius Donatus, a beneficiary of the consul, in gratitude for the safety of himself and those belonging to might get too gamey.

Boomerang had no home ties. If he had any relatives they did not correspond with him. He and I grew up together on the

THE BROOK DRIED UP. Significance of the Suffering That

Came Down Upon Elijah IN HIS PLEASANT HIDING PLACE.

He Was Rejoicing in the Punishment of the People of Israel.

LEARNED A LESSON OF FELLOWSHIP

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH 1 "And it came to pass after awhile that the rook dried up, because there was no rain in

This is a part of the story of the education of Elijah. Elijah had come over out of Gilead upon an errand from the Lord God Almighty. The people of Israel had fallen into base idolatry. They had made a spirit-ual rebellion. They had dethroned God. And Elijah came to bring them buck into

allegiance. "And Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the journers of Gilead, said unto Ahab, as he Lord, the God of Israel, liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew or rain these years but according to my

That was Elijah's message. That was the beginning of his mission. And when he had brought that word from the living God to the rebellious King, he went away and hid himself beside this brook. And then God began to make him ready for the next part of his great work. God went on eduating Elijah.

The Work of Education.

It is not likely that Elijah was ever graduated from any school, or ever read a book in all his life, not even the Bible. God is all the time educating messengers, missionaries, men and women who are to do His work in the world. That is how do His work in the world. That is how God does His work, by setting us to do it, and, first, of all, by educating us so that we may be able to do it. Everybody has some work of God to do, and is under the education of God. And God educates us in many ways; sometimes out of the pages of books; but, most of all, and always, out of that open book, which is written in the universal language to be read of all, and in which we have a lesson every day, the book of life, the book of human experience. God of life, the book of human experience. God was teaching Elijah his lessons, not out of a

dry book, but out of a dry brook.

All the land over, God was teaching terrible lessons out of the dry brooks. Everybody was in Elijah's class. Day after day, till the weeks grew into months, the sky glowed like a furnace, and the earth was parched into hot dust, and all the green things in the fields withered, and all living living creatures went athirst and hungry. There was one word in every heart, and the word was "famine." Everything else was forgotten. Everybody prayed for rain. Getting the Attention of People.

The first thing, if you are to teach anybody, is to get attention. Even God must have attention. And somotimes it takes a strange sight, indeed—sometimes it takes a traged or a famine—to get men to look in God's direction, and to listen to his voice. It did here. These people were wholly given over to the secular side of life. They were all the time looking down, and never up. We read about the golden calves at Dan and Bethel, and about strange temples and groves of Baal and Ashterot

But human nature does not greatly change. Names change, but the facts which lie behind them continue. Languages, customs, skies change; the center of the world moves from one land to another; outwardly there is absolute revolution, everything different Does and Pathal Section 1999. thing is different: Dan and Bethel, Samaria and Jerreel, fall into ruins, and New York and Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Chicago, take their places; and Baal and Ashteroth same temptations still and fall into the same sins. The devil wears a different dress; that is about the only difference.

Lesson of the Golden Calves. The golden calves at Dan and Bethel were set up as a substitute for the old religion. That was what they meant. They signified unrest, dissatisfaction, desire for change. Let us go no more to church; let us seek God along some other path. They were, of course, a political necessity. The northern kingdom had separated from the southern, and the northern people were no longer wel come at Jerusolem. Nevertheless, they had their own individual meaning. They represented a condition of things with which we are perfectly familiar. They rep-resented a distinctly modern temper. It is a characteristic of our own day also that multitudes of people are turning away from Jerusalem and trying to find God somewhere else, at Dan or at Bethel.

And the next step in religion in that ancient commonwealth was to build a temple to Baal and to plant a grove to Ashteroth. A significant step! Baal was the god of business and Ashteroth was the goddess of society. That is, among the Hebrews of King Ahab's day, the worshippers of Baal were for the most part men business before religion and the worshin. ers of Ashteroth were for the most part women who set society before religion.

Changed Religion for Commerce. For King Ahab wanted to make money. He desired to strengthen the State. And as his tastes were for the arts of peace as his tastes were for the arts of peace rather than for the glories of war, he turned his attention to commerce. And the great commercial nation in that neighborhood in that day was Phoenicia, up on the sea coast, having Tyre and Sidon for its ports, and sending its ships far out along the Mediter-ranean Sea. But the Phoenicians worshipped Baal. To be friendly with the Phoenician meant a companionship with idolaters. And that, God had forbidden. To make an alliance with Phoenicia, and to make it strong, meant a recognition of Phoenician religion. And that was a breaking of the

foremost of the commandments.
On the other hand, it insured commercial success. It was the path to business pros perity. That was the path to business pros-perity. That was the alternative which confronted Ahab. Shall I put business first, or the commandments of God first? And so I say that, whatever that old god have meant in Tyre and Sidon among King Ahab's people it meant the adoration of the dollar. And that, I believe, is not an obsolete religion.

Why Ashteroth Was Worshiped.

And then, to make alliance doubly strong Ahab married Jezebel, daughter of the Phonician King. And Jezebel brought with her a great company of priests of Ashteroth, 400 of whom ate at her own table. And so the worship of Ashteroth with Baal became a part of the life of Ahab's court. Everybody who wanted to stand well at court must pay devotion at the shrine of Ashteroth. Presently, as the fierce temper of the

Queen more and more showed itself, the choice between religion and society became more sharp and more imperative. All the nobility of Israel, all the princes and the prelates, all the great lords and the fine ladies, had to choose between court and conscience, between the approbation of Jezebel and the approbation of Jehovah. That is what Ashteroth meant. Ashteroth was the goddess of irreligious society. And all her worshipers had preferred pleasure and social position to the obedience of

God.

Baal and Ashteroth were the deities of Ahab's Israel. God was forgotten. Then the drought came, and the brooks ran dry. And famine followed, and there was a sudden stop in all that irreligious business, and a sudden break in the gayeties of all that irreligious society. And men and women began to think. They began to pay atten-tion to the voice of God. This is one of

The Benedictions of Disaster. that it sets us face to face with the realities of life. We come into an irresistible recogTHE SIGHTS IN TUNIS.

of Elegant Leisure.

Details of the Wierd Performances of Native

A GREAT TOWN FOR BOW-LEGGED MEN

TUNIS, June 15. THOUGHT in Italy there was a good deal of "elegant leisure." as Howells elegantly expresses it, but it cannot hold a candle to the Deisure of an Oriental city. An English Egyptian paper lately 1

Costume of a Belle. by a great many of the Arabs. One afternoon, in sketching outside an Arab cafe, a grave Mussulman squatted cross-legged on a bench alongside of me and for three mortal hours did nothing but contemplate. The Arabs have a word in their language which is wanting in ours chemasses, those who live by the sun. Along a sunny wall, when the celestial orb is not too hot, you can see dozens of chemasses wrapped up in their bernouses, some prone on the ground and others cross-legged. You

The Weather in Africa

It is getting to be real roasting African weather. In the morning at 8 o'clock it is as hot as at midday in the United States in the middle of summer. For two hours at midday a dead silence reigns in the city. Everybody is taking his siesta. The inhabitants of Tunis adapt themselves better to torrid weather than Europeans or Amerito torrid weather than Europeans or Ameri-cans, and a great many of the juvenile pop-ulation run around the street in a state of primeval nakedness and many only bur-dened with a single overall. If you are poor in Tunis your tailor's bill does not

take it to the baker's to be baked. Each loaf bears some distinguishing ornamentation enabling the owner to identify his loaves when baked. The interior of a bakehouse is very picturesque, with the innu-merable flat loaves on wooden slabs strewing the floor, and two Arabs are pitching the loaves to the other like so many bricks, to be shoved into the oven by a long-handled apparatus. The natives bring their vari-ously-shaped loaves to the baker's on a wooden slab, which they carry on their

say I quickly made noiseless tracks from the vicinity of my speckled friend. In re-lating the fact at dinner, I learned I had

had a very narrow escape. Dangers at the City Gates

Occasionally a lion comes as far as the city gates, not to mention panthers, and other minor animals. There are also myriads of venemousinsects and the

a few hours. the life of man; he must himself bear our Up to 15 she is very

of God; but it taught Elijah the existence of George Hodges.

A butcher in Bern was astonished one day recently at seeing his dog run into his shop and lay down at his feet the sum of 250 france in the shape of 200-franc notes and one 50 franc note. He carried the money immediately to the police office, but it was not until some hours later that the owner was discovered. Another butcher sent notice that he had suddenly lost 250 francs and could not discover the thief, as it had hap-pened while he was alone in the shop, and had been in his hand a moment before he

Zeitung, had paid a visit to his colleague in the shop of the owner of the notes, and when the owner's back was turned had stolen the money and scampered off with it to his own master. It is possible that the dog had come to his own conclusion about the value of the bank notes.

How the Inhabitants of Brazil Keep Off the Industrious Insects. Harper's Bazar.]

these little pests are so numerous and ven-omous that the inhabitants actually resort to omous that the inhabitants actually resort to burial to get rid of them. That is, they dig holes in the river bank, in which they lie down, and then cover themselves with the sand, just as children sometimes do when playing on the seashore, having previously placed over the head a coarse cotton dicth which is kept in place by the sand. In this way they manage to secure what, at best, can be but a very imperfect sort of rest.

Scourged to Their Graves.
So subtle and tenacious is the poison of maiaria, that many persons afflicted with it never, through life, get rid of the venom in their systems. Such people are not to be found among those who use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which completely eradicates it. Most benign of anti-maiarial specifics, it is also a sovereign remedy for billiousness. kidney troubles, costiveness and dyspepsia.

Your Typical Mussulman Is a Lover

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN MUST BE FAT.

Snake Charmers.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR.]

had an article on the decadence of the Mus. sulman race. It gave the reason-a good one -that while the European works the Mussulman squats on his haunches and gives himself up to contempla-It is wonderful, this

contemplative life led cannot distinguish face, hands or feet, for the bernous envelops each completely. When sufficiently roasted in the sun they adjourn to the shade to cool off.

amount to very much.

The Arabs make their bread at home and

heads. Africa is a country full of pitfalls for the uninitiated. I was lately in the habit of taking an afternoon strell into the country outside Tunis and spending the afternoon sketching, or, if inspired, I would lay down under the shade of a cactus hedge or olive grove to read and dream. One day, under the shade of a cactus hedge, I was borrified to see an immense speckled snake of a venomous variety coiled among the cactus a few feet back of my head. I need hardly

bite of the scorpion here causes death in has no chance of marriage unless she tips the scales at 200 pounds and to that # end she commences to fatten when she is 15 years old. She takes aperatives and eats a great deal of sweet stuff and leads a sedentary life to hasten the proceess.

handsome but at 20. ye gods, what an immense, unwieldy mass of fat she becomes. She wad- Bow Legs are Plenty. dles or rather undulates along the street dles or rather undulates along the street. Her costume is very picturesque, especially if she be of the richer class. They are clothed in fine silks of resplendent hues of a bright red, yellow or green and wear a sort of conical-shaped head-dress from which depends a loose, white drapery. Turkish trousers and dainty slippers, the heel of which barely reaches the middle of the foct, convolet the costones.

complete the costume.

In the public squares the negress bread venders squat in front of their pile of Passvenuers squart in front of their pile of Pass-over-shaped loaves ranged on a broad board. Some of them hide their ebony visages from the public gaze with black velts, just as the hourts of the harem do. They wear garments which vie with the rainbow in brightness

and variety of color. Exhibitions by the Serpent Charmers. The screent charmers of the nomad triber frequently give exhibitions in the streets of

Tunis. There are generally about a dozer

in each band-three or four musicians, the

serpent charmer himself and the women folk and children. The musicians squat on the ground and play shrill flutes, and bear drums formed by stretching pieces of parchment over the bottoms of earthenware jars. The serpent charmer is usually the most frantical looking individual conceivable, bareheaded and barefoted, and wearing long linen overalls from which issue attenuated brown spindle shanks. His head is closely shaved, with the exception of a circular spot on the crown, from which depends a mass of coal-black ringlets. The Arab expects to be pulled into heaven by this top-knot. His small eyes are wild, dark and piercing, as befits a charmer of serpenta. After collecting a sufficient number of "karronbus"—copper coins—the music strikes up and the serpent charmer opens a pillow-like bag lying on the ground, and two or more speckled serpents issue.

Now and then the music ceases, the charmer takes a wisp of dried grass in his hand, places some small pebbles in certain positions on the ground, addresses some wild words of incantation to the trike, musicians and all, and then turns to the serpents and squats on his haunches. The serpents mise their heads viciously, flatten their necks to an extraordinary width, protrude their fangs and viciously darf at the charmer's head, to which he viciously responds. He takes one of the serpents by the neck, stares at him with his wild, fanatical eyes and strikes him against his forchead. The serpents are decorated with glittering coins which hang from their heads like earrings. Occasionally one darts out among the crowd and creates a panic. One French youth of the audience, of which I was a member one day, had a colosal mastiff by his side, and the mastiff, seeing the serpents raise their heads, became excited and darted into the ring to gobble them up. The charmer tried to charm the mastiff, but the mastiff would not charm. ment over the bottoms of earthenware jars. The serpent charmer is usually the most

not charm. The scrpent charmer, on this occasion, concluded his performance with a most disgusting exhibition—nothing less than eating one of the scrpents alive. But such a diet is one of the serpents alive. But such a diet is as enjoyable to him as roast beef to an Englishman. This exhibition was held in the Arab quarter of the city, and the audience, who were aimost all natives, were as interesting as the troupe.

There is an astonishing number of bowlegged people in Tunia. The sketch I send is from life.

DE WOLFE SCANIAE.

same ship yard?

Yielding to the fascination of an illusion. which her imagination under the stimulus of recollection conjured up for her. Molly there on board, awaiting her, he would wave his hand to her the moment he caught

ing I'll be at your house by 9, and you'll go with me on board the Flying Cloud, won't "Willingly, my dear Molly. I shall ex-pect you to-morrow, and as the vessel will then be out of quarantine, we shall be able

to see the captain "Isn't it Captain Willis, John's friend?" inquired Mrs. Allaire.

"Yes, Melly, and the Flying Cloud belongs to the Hollister fleet."

"Very, well, it's agreed, then, Kate. I'll be at your house at the hour named. Oh, heavily the time will hang on my s! Will you stop and take luncheon

"If you like, dear Molly. My husband will be absent until evening and I can give you my afternoon. "Thanks, thanks, Kate, and then we may talk of John, always of him, you know." "And little Walt?" How does baby get

"And little Wait? How does baby get on?" asked Mrs. Parker.
"He's fat and resy, "replied Molly, happy as a bird! "What a glad day that'll be when his father sees him again! Kate, I have half a mind to take him and his nurse with us to-morrow. You know I don't like to leave him even for a few-hours. I should to leave him even for a few-hours. I should be worried the moment he was out of my sight, the moment I had left him behind."
"You're right, Molly," said Mrs. Barker, "It's a good idea, little Walt will be greatly benefited by the trip. The weather will be fine and the bay smooth. It will be the first sail he has ever taken. Well, then,

everything is arranged."
"Everything, dear Kate," replied Mrs. Kate remained at Prospect Cottage until 5 o'clock. On leaving her cousin she re-peated that she would expect her the next orning at 9 to go and visit the Flying

CHAPTER IV.

ON BOARD THE PLYING CLOUD. It was just striking 8:30 in the belfries of San Diego as Mrs. Allaire and the nurse, who was carrying little Walt, left Prospect Corrage. She passed quickly through the broad avenues of the upper city, bordered with villas having gardens enclosed by ornamental fences, and soon reached the parrow and more built-up streets of the business portion. It was in Fleet street that Lowis Barker resided, not far from the wharf belonging to the Pacific Coast Steam-

ship Company. All in all, it was a pretty long walk and it was 9 o'clock when Kate opened the door for Mrs. Allaire. It was a residence plain almost to gloominess. The blinds of the front windows were almost always closed, as Lew Barker received only business acquaintances and maintained no friendly relations with his neighbors. People knew the man very slightly, even in Fleet street, as his business affairs kept him away from the house from morning

till night. Beside, he was out of town, a great deal, going most frequently to San Francisco in pursuit of schemes of which he said nothing to his wife. This particular morning he was not in his office when Mrs. Allaire reached the house. Kate made excuses for her husband's not being able to accompany them on board the Flying Cloud, adding that he would cer-Time ready, my dear Molly," said she, after having kissed the baby, "but don't you

want to rest for a moment?

"I'm not tired," replied Mrs. Allaire. "You don't need anything?"
"Nothing, Kute. I long to meet Captain Willis. Pray let's start at once."

Mrs. Barker's only servant was an old woman, a mulattress, whom her husband had brought from New York with him. This wounts, whose name was Nanny, had been Barker's nurse. Never having served in any other family excepting his she was completely devoted to him and still called by his first name as she had done when he was a child. This creature, gruff and dictatorial, was the only one who ever seemed to exercise any influence over Lew Barker, and he intrusted her absolutely with the management of his house. How often had Kate been made to the weight of this domineering sway, which was pushed at times to disrespect. But she bowed to this tyranny on Namu's part as she did to that exercised by

counsel with her in relation to the management of house affairs.

As hate turned to leave the house the mulattress enjoined upon ber the necessity of reaching home before midday as Lew would soon return and it would not do to keep him waiting. Besides there was an important matter of which he wished to

In her resignation, which

speak to Mrs. Allaire.
"What does she refer to?" asked Molly "How should I know," replied Mrs. Sarker. "Come, Molly, let's be off." There was no time to be lost. Mrs. Allaire and Kate Barker, accompanied by the nurse and child, turned their steps toward the

wharf, which they reached in less than 10 The Flying Cloud, which had now pass through the formalities of quarantine, had not yet been docked, but lay at anchor at the farther end of the bay, a cable's length inside of Loma Point. It would, therefore, he necessary to cross the hay to go on hoard the vessel, which would not be hauled up to the dock until later. It was about two m neross and the passage was effected by

menus of steam launches, which made halfhourly trips.

Molly Allaire and Kate Barker took seats in the steam launch along with a dozen other passengers. Most of them were friends or relatives of the crew of the Flying Cloud, who wished to avail themselves of the first opportunity offered to visit the ship. The launch east off its lines, got clear of the wharf, and under the action of its screw, ook an oblique course neress the bay, puff

ing steam at every stroke of its piston

San Diego rising amphitheater-like up the heights, and the old city at the bottom of the narrows lying between Island Point and Point Lows; the huge Coronalo Hotel, standing out boldly with its palace-like architecture, and the lighthouse, whose lantern sheds its broad glow over the sea after There were a number of vessels anchored

and there, of which the steam launch

skilfully steered clear, as she did of the

With its placed surface mirroring the fleecy clouds and blue sky, the bay was now

risible its entire length with the houses o

smacks that were hugging the wind to mgthen their tack. Mrs. Allaire, with her cousin next her, was sented on one of the deek benches, whil on the other side of her sat the nurse holdthe fresh sea gir, was in the best of spirits. and followed with wondering eyes the move-ments of the sea gulls as they sailed over his head, uttering their shrill cries. His mother was delighted with the look of per-

feet health stamped upon that sweet little face, and bent over several times to kiss it, eing each time rewarded with a smile. But Molly's attention was soon attracted by catching sight of the Flying Cloud. Lyhe turned to the man at the wheel, who was standing on a little bridge in front of the ing somewhat away from the other vessels, the three-master loomed up in full view at the other end of the bay with her colors radiant in the morning sunlight. She was swinging with the tide, ber head turned to the westward and the subsiding waves of the ocean, swell were breaking against her

Mollws whole soul went out in that long, silent look. She was thinking of John who had been borne away on a ship which one might say was the brother of this one, so they not the children of the same house of Hollister? Was not their home port the same? Had their keels not been laid in the

ight of her and she would throw herself into his arms. With this, his name trembled on her lips, she called him, he replied, repeating her name again and again.

A slight outery from her child broke the

spell, and she looked to see that it was really the Flying Cloud they were approaching, and not the Dreadnaught, between her and which the broad Pacific was rolling its

many, many leagues.

"Another ship will be there in place of this some day," she murmured, turning her gaze upon Mrs. Barker.

"Yes, dear Molly," replied Kate, "and it will be John who will be standing on deck

Mrs. Barker understood very well that a

to receive us."

vague anxiety oppressed her cousin's heart when she interrogated the future. It had taken the steam launch a quarter of an hour to cover the two miles between the wharf at to cover the two miles between the wharf at San Diego and Point Lonna. The passengers made their way to the landing from which the Flying Cloud was lying scarcely a cable's length away. There was one of the ship's boats lying at the foot of the stairway in charge of two sailors. Mrs. Allaire made herself known to them, and the men announced themselves in readiness to row her over to themselves in readiness to row her over to the ship. A few strokes were sufficient to do this, and Captain Willis having recog-nized Mrs. Allaire, stepped to the gangway to receive her. The captain conducted his guests to the quarter-deck, while the mate

continued the recessary preparations to get the Flying Cloud at her dock in the city. "Captain Willis," said Mrs. Allaire, "I'm informed that you spoke the Dreadnaught." "Yes, Madam," replied the captain, "and I'm able to assure you that she was in good I'm able to assure you that she was in good trim, as I have already reported to Mr. Hol-

"And you saw him—you saw John?"
"The Dreadnaught and the Flying Cloud passed each other close enough for Captain Allaire and me to eachange a few words.', "Yes. You have seen him!" said Mrs. Allaire in an undertone to herself, as if the



Well, Then, Everything Is Arranged. Dreadnaught projected from the captain's Mrs. Barker then asked several ques ions' to the replies to which Molly li stened attentively, although her eyes were turned scaward-toward the distant horizon. "On that day," continued Captain Willis,

able, and the Dreadnaught was scudding along with every sail set. Captain John

was on the quarter deck, glass in hand. He had shifted his helm to come alongside of me, for I couldn't change my course, being already so close to the wind that my sails were almost flapping."
It was evident that Mrs. Allaire did not understand the precise meaning of these terms made use of by Captain Willis, but she was sure of one thing—that the man standing in front of her had seen John, had

standing in front of her had seen John, had conversed with him for an instant.

"As we passed each other," said the captain, "your husband waved his hand to me and shouted: 'Everything is going all right, Willis; the moment you reach San Diego give my love to my dear wife.' Then the two ships separated and soon passed out of each other's sight."

"What day was it that you fell in with "What day was it that you fell in with

the Dreadnaught?" asked Mrs. Allaire.

"March 23," replied Captain Willis, "at 11:25 A. M. Mrs. Allaire was so particular about these details that the captain sent for the chart, and designated the exact point at which the two vessels had to pass each other. It was 148° longitude west from Greenwich, and 20° north latitude. In other words, 1,700 miles west of San Diego. If the weather should continue favorable, and there is was but another name for weakness, she let things go as they might and Nanny took no season of the year, Captain season of the year, Captain John would surely make a quick and agreeable passage across the waters of the North Pacific. And, further, as he was to find a cargo

> capital of the Indies would be very brief, and his return to America would be accomplished without any delay.
>
> At this moment the mate made his appearance on the quarter deck, and informed the captain that they were ready to get under way. The sailors standing on the foreeastle were only waiting the signal to break nchor, Captain Willis offered to send Mrs. Allaire ashore unless she preferred to remain on hoard. In that case, she could cross the bay on the Flying Cloud, and so reach the city. It would take about two hours for the ship to make her docks.

awaiting him at Calcutta, his sojourn in the

Mrs. Allaire would have been very glad to accept the captain's invitation, but she was expected at luncheon at 12. She felt confident that Kate, after what the mulattress had said, would be very anxious to reach home by the time har husband did, and she therefore requested Captain Willis to put them ashore so that they might be in time to catch the steam launch.

The necessary orders were given, and Mrs. Allaire and her cousin took their leave of the captain, who kissed both of little Walt's rosy checks.

While waiting for the steam launch to start, Molly sat watching with deep interest the movements of the Flying Cloud. Keeping time with the rude song of the boatswain, the sailors began to break anchor and the chain to creak on the hawse, waile the

mate ordered enough sail to be set to carry the vessel with the help of the tide to her The steam launch was now about to cast off, and gave a shrill whistle to call in her passengers, two or three of whom quickened their pace coming up the point in front of Coronado Hotel. Mrs. Allaire, Kate Barker and the nurse took seats on one of the starboard benches, while the other passengers, about 20 in all, rambled about

sounded, the screw began to move, and the launch put out across the bay.

It was only 11:30, and Mrs. Allaire would reach the house in Fleet street in time, for quarter of an hour was all that was required to make the trip across the bay. As the launch steamed away, Molly's gaze re-mained riveted upon the Flying Cloud. The anchor was up, the sails caught the breeze and the ship began to move shead. Once in her place alongside the wharf, Molly would be able to pay as many visits

to Captain Willis as she might choose.

The steam launch shot along rapidly. The houses of the city perched upon the different terraces of the picturesque amphitheater stood out more and more plainly. It was only a quarter of a mile farther to the "Look out!" suddenly cried one of the hands posted at the bow of the launch, as

As she heard this ery, Mrs. Allaire looked toward the port side of the launch, where they were running out a vessel which was also attracting the attention of the other passengers, most of whom had gone forward. A large schooner brig, which had pulled out from the line of vessels lying at the docks, was making ready to go to sea with her bow turned toward Island Point. She had been taken in tow by a tug, and was already pretty well under headway. This schooner brig was right in front of the steam inunch and so near that it became absolutely necessary to let her pass, and for this reason the man at the bow had warned the helmsman. A grave anxiety now came upon the pas-sengers, an anxiety the more justifiable in that the bay was filled with vessels anchored here and there, and hence it was very natural that there should be a rush made

Bill Nye Tells All About the Various Animals He Has Owned.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

HE horse is the most intelligent animal there is. He is more intelligent than the man who buys him, sometimes. I bought some horses during the past year. Shall I speak of it here for the benefit of those who are on the eve of purchasing a good, kind, sound, young horse

or a pair of those for home use? I have succeeded at this

some years, especially in the Western part of the State. For that reason the roads have been practically impassable a good deal of the year. The Asheville and Hendersonville road, for instance, is kept now in the same repair that the road is from Zanzibar to Lake for personal expenses by the owners of the road, the bill was always made out for tho: who desired to ride over the route.

The Road Strewn With Bones

that it may result in great to those who live thereon. ing that

Free From Burglars.

but here in North Carolina, where the mos quito, never lives and the politician never dies, burglary is a capital offense. All burglars over 14 years of age are executed. This tends to turn the attention of bright

colored revival.

stand any chance whatever.

I got some chickens when I first came here. Some of them had cholera, but I did

Boomerang was a bright young ass, with a dark cross on his back and a sawbuck saddle on which I used to pack sidepork and other titbits to tempt my appetite and tickle my palate while prospecting for gold in the bowels of the earth. Also I carried salt with which to salt my mines if I found them in hot weather and feared that they

nition of the fact that there is something more valuable than money, and more precious than pleasure. Day by day we are busy doing our day's work, occupied in the small interests which crowd our time, set upon transitory purposes, taken up with matters of the moment. And these things seem the only realities there are. God is out of sight and out of mind. Heaven and

seem the only realities there are. God is out of sight and out of mind. Heaven and hell are theological expressions. Prayer is of no practical value. But we can put our hand on the round face of a dollar. We can be absolutely sure of the existence of a dollar. That, anyhow, is real And then comes trouble. And what a change that makes! What a reversal of all our valuations? Can money help us? Can

our valuations! Can money help us? Can society console us? Oh Baal, hear us? But society console us? Oh Baal, hear us? But there is no voice, nor any that answers. Baal is silent: Ashteroth is silent. And here is drought and the famine, and the brook is dried up because there is no rain in the land. Then we begin to think. And we remember God. And we change the emphasis of our life, and put it in a better place. And the dry brook teaches the lesson which it taught in Ahab's day—the lesson of the supresser.

son of the supremacy of God, the lesson of the infinite seriousness of life.

Cared for by the Ravens, But Elijah knew that lesson. There was no need to teach that to Elijah. Let the other brooks dry up; but this brook Cherith other brooks dry up; but this brook Cherith at Elijah's feet—surely God will keep that full of water. Moraing and evening come the ravens, bringing breakfast and supper to the hungry prophet, and he drinks the water of the brook. God is taking care of Elijah. The hot sun glares out of the sky, but the deep valley is in the shadow. The famine tightens its hold upon the starving rescale her Eli its hold upon the starving people, but Eli-jah neither thirsts nor hungers. And he paces up and down in his solitary valley, safe and satisfied, and rejoices, like Jonah,

to imagine the fearful execution of the sen But by and by the heat begins to creep down into the pleasant valley; little by little the water in the brook grows less. The days pass; the anxious prophet watches; at last, "af er a while," the brook dries up. And the drought touches Elijah. Now here is one of the hardest things to understand in the hard problem of pair. I mean stand in the hard problem of pain. I mean this strange impartiality. If the brook had dried up in front of Ahab's palace, that would have been right. We could see, plainly enough, what that was for. But when the brook dries up at the feet of the only good man in the whole country, that is quite a different matter. "There was no rain in the land," and that affected Elijah's brook just as it affected Ahab's. Some-times there is a pestilence in the land, and

All the time there is trouble in the land, of one sort or another, and the trouble touches the good just as it touches the bad. There is no difference. And we wonder why. No doubt but Elijah, standing on the bank of the dry brook, wondered why. We can see why, in Elijah's case. The dry brook taught Elijah the lesson of fellowship.

There he sat apart in his pleasant valley,

Saint Suffers Like the Sinner

and all the world about him was full of trouble. It is not likely that he cared at all. A stern man, a preacher of the indig-nation of an offended God. Probably it gave him a certain fierce joy to think of all that misery. These people had sinned and now they were getting properly punished; and Elijah was glad of it. And he needed to be taught better than that. And so the dry brook brought him, first of all, out of
his satisfied seclusion. He had to leave
that pleasant valley.
Trouble comes and makes our old life im-

Trouble comes and makes our old life impossible any longer. We have been abiding in some pleasant valley, and God summons us out of it. The brook dries up, and we cannot go on in the old way. Sometimes it seems like the end of all that is worth while in life. Probably it is but the beginning of a wider living. It is no longer well for us to stay in the pleasant valley. God for us to stay in the pleasant valley. God has some work for us to do, some help for us to render in His service, and we need the closer brotherhood with men which we could never have in the secluded valley. That is

why the brook dries up.

Elijah Learned the Lesson. Out goes Elijah into the suffering world. Hungry and thirsty he takes his journey across the country. He knows now what starvation means. A great pity begins to ession of his heart. He thinks now about the great famine in quite another way and wants it ended. And presently he is standing on the top of Carmel and he is standing on the top of Carmel and looking up into the hot sky and praying God for rain.

It is essential that whoever would be a helper of men must first have fellowship with men. He must go out among them, and know them. He cannot stay apart in any pleasant seclusion, having no experi-ence of the hunger and thirst which devours'

sicknesses and carry our sorrows. We must first love him before he can be of help to us. And we can love him only when he firs loves us. Christ stands supreme in our affection, because He came out among us and touched our hands with His hands, and did not in any way hold Himself aloof even from sinners. And because He was tempted He becomes our helper in temptation. Be-cause He suffered with us He becomes our Savior. The brook dries up and we begin to understand what other people suffer. And so we begin to be able to help them. There is

we begin to be able to help them. There is that blessing in pain and trouble anyhow that it gives sympathy, and fellowship, and understanding. It sends us out of the pleasant valley into the world where God needs us for His work.

The dry book taught Ahab the existence

A FOUR-LEGGED THIEF. The Wonderful Dog That Stole Money From a Rival of His Master.

The dog thief, according to the Berne

A MOSQUITO NET OF SAND.

There are many parts of North America where mosquitoes are so plentiful and various that one is almost maddened by them, but none that we know of where they are so unendurable as to drive one to the grave for In Brazil, on the San Francisco river,

Scourged to Their Graves.