The Interesting Old Gentleman From the Country Visits the Firemen.

TAKEN WITH THE HORSES.

How the Splendid Animals Are Taught to Respond to Calls.

SOME PETS OF THE DEPARTMENT.

Many Bear Hlustrious Names and Are Surprisingly Intelligent.

KEB COULDN'T FOOL HIS GOOD HULDA

(WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

E had promised Aunt Hulda to market a wazon

load of garden stuff in the village Satday. Tom was to go with him, and they were to start early in the morning before Hulds was up. The good lady, therefore, gave her final orders to Zeb on Friday night. He was

to deliver a bunch of herbs at the Widow Noss' house. "They'll ease her cough some, I think," she said. He was to be sure and ask Betsy Larkspur for the recipe of that new kind of tomate preserves. When he stopped at the parson's house he was to leave a whole peck of peas with her respects. And he must not forget to ask the weight

of the new baby at Johnson's. "Oh, yes, Zeb," said Hulds, as she tied the strings of her night-cap and prepared to retire, "get me five yards of toweling. I must have it or else your threshing hands next month won't have anything to dry themselves on at meal time. You know I slways get toweling at Measley's general

Zeb Did Lots of Thinking.

The next day's light had scarcely asserted itself when the one-horse market wagon rolled out of the barn-yard. The y Tom held the reins, and Zeb sat evinecessary presently to remind him by a unige that they were at the end of the lane, and the gate must be opened. And when the wagou stopped at the crossroads, down in the shady hollow by the old Mt. Zion Church, to take me aboard as a third pasager, Zeb still eat there as though letting out his thoughts with a kite string, farther and farther away. They must have taken a dart in the air occasionally, for now and then a smile broke out on his face. Once the smile exploded into a jolly laugZ, loud and long, and then I knew his thoughts, cite-like, had come down out of the sky.

I knew the secret of heb's thoughts this morning. While I had waited there by the wayside for the wagon I too had laughed ever the plans for the day. More than a



Esb's Faithful Work-Horse

week had passed since Zeb's memorable visit to Pittsburg. It had given him a taste for sight-seeing, and the poor old man felt that unless he utilized every opportunity of "goin' to town" before my sojourn in the Wanted to See the Fire Horses,

He was bitterly disappointed that he had not been able on the occasion of his visit to the city to get time to see something that often listened with open-mouthed amazement to my descriptions of. That Pittsburg Fire Department. He could scarcely conceive how horses could be so intelligent or so well trained, and he doubted the electric attachments to their stables. So I invited him to go to town with me some time again and see it all for

He was shy about asking Hulda's advice. He knew how she would object. He was well sware that it was foolish for him to eave the farm again, even for a day, in the busy season. His own reason told him that, But, suddenly, Hulda herself unconsciously offered the opportunity. She had insisted that Zeb must make a marketing trip to the village. That took him away from the farm work a whole day, and, as he said to me during the week, "If I have to leave the place a day envhow, why not fix things so that I can have the benefit of that day?

Would Market by Proxy.

I scarcely saw how the marketing trip to the village would help matters, but when Ecb laid before me a scheme to trust the day's business in the village to Tom while he went to the city with me for six or seven hours, I understood. And, now, when the wagon from the farm took me up at the old church, the mused expression on Zeb's face told me that they had succeeded in getting away without Hulda suspecting any-thing. Tom was a willing party to the plot, and had memorized all the messages messages which Hulda had intrusted to Zeb. Don't bother anything about it," he called to us as we bounded the train at the railroad station. "I will be waiting here you with the wagon when the 6 o'clock

train pulls up this evening."

And Zeb didn't bother. He was positive that Hulda would never know anything about the little plot, and he gave himself up to a day's sight-seeing without a qualm

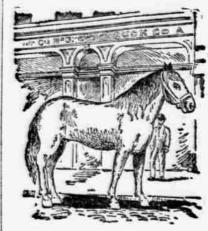
conscience. "What was the use of tellin' Hulda? She'd only worry lest I should tire myself our runnin' about the city. Tom will do everything right, and when we both go home to-night in the wagon agin it'll look quite natural." And Zeb chuckled to him-

An Even Hundred of Borses.

During the day I took Zeb and my little camera around among many of the fire en-gine houses of Pittsburg. What a magnifi-cent troop of horses in the Department of there were the day we saw them, and by the time this is in type the one hundredth horse will have been added. Some are worth \$750 aprece, or more, and the total value placed 99 by Chief J. O. Brown averages

They are every one beautiful. Faultless in symetry, sound in health and limb, sleek perfectly groomed coats, and remarkably intelligent, they will excite the admiration of any one, to say nothing of a provincial. We city folk think there is no grander speciacle than a team of those matchless streeds madly galloping along the street in front of the burnished fire engines. Yet Zeb's restricted ideas appealed to a ness, turned loose in the same field," he ex-

ZEB'S SECOND TRIP, nessed on the stock farm adjoining Zeb's. Forty agile Indian ponies, unbroken and unfettered, went down to a brook to drink. and at last the pretty cavalcade reached the middle of the crek. But how much more with the pure country air, and their tutored ears pointed rigidly outward at the sound of the water rippling among hidden rocks! What a picture Zeb's remark conjured up! Of all the equines in the department my



Jos at No. 3 Engine House. farmer friend was most charmed with a new team in the Seventh Avenue Engine House. It was only purchased a month and a half ago, and is now undergoing instructions, so

to speak. A Pair Chief Brown Purchased.

Joe, a namesake for Chief J. O. Brown, who purchased the two horses for the company, is a massive iron-gray Clydesdale, weighing 1,675 pounds. His running mate is Charley, weighing 1,430 pounds. They are nearly perfectly matched in color, and while Joe is 5 years old, Charlie is only 4 years old.

"My! How Huldie would enjoy seeing them," ejaculated Zeb.

The hook-and-ladder truck which Joe and Charlie haul weighs 11,000 pounds, and owing to its cumbrous character must be hitched only to saic horses. Mr. Brown had looked around in Westers Pennsylvania a long time before he found two such horses. Joe is learning a little faster than Charley. The way they teach them their duties is to sound a false alarm occasionally on the fire gong, and then lead of chase the new horses out of their stalls to their places in front of the apparatus. Besides that they must be taught not to take fright when the harness is dropped over their backs from the ropes above. Many other things happen in an engine house the hurry and confusion of responding to an alarm of fire to which the horse must become acoustomed.

A Horse Learns in Three Weeks. Usually within three weeks a new horse is reasonably trained to be left to himselfthat is to say, to leave his stall himself when the stable door is unlatched by elec-tricity, and run to his place before the apparatus. The gong was sounded several times to demonstrate to us how it was all

"How do visitors keep out of the way of your horses if they are liable to pounce out of their stalls any moment of the day?" asked Zeb, who experienced great trouble himself in keeping out of the track of the

"We watch visitors usually," explained the fireman, kindly, "and an accident seldom occurs. Jackson Couples, who was once a stoker on Engine Company No. 14, slipped on the floor one day when he was running to the engine after the gong struck. He fell, and two horses dashing out of their stalls leaped over him. He was not hurt. A small colored boy couldn't get out of the way quick enough at another of the houses, and the heaviest horse in the place, rather than burt the lad, jumped clear over him.

The Horses Usually Gentle. "The fire horses are not a bit vicious," ontinued the fireman. "We had another continued the fireman. "We had another Joe horse here once—he's out at No. 14 now-who was a regular pet. He would le women and children come in his stall and fondle all over him. He would rub a woman's hair, where if it was a man he would be trying to pull his watch out by the chain. He was a tobacco-chewer, too, and had a mute way of begging tob male visitors. But, as a matter of fact, all the horses in the department are remarkably gentle when you remember the exciting character of their work and their confine-

"One of the prettiest teams the department ever had was two cream-colored horses that drew the engine for Company No. 8 on Highland avenue. They were marvelously attached to their driver, Mr. McCaulley. One day while he was at dinner in his house nearby an alarm sounded and he ran over to the engine house. But the horses had been quicker than he, and the moment the men clapped the harness on them the horses eagerly dashed out of the door unaware that their driver's seat was empty. Poor Mc-Caulley was just at the curbetone as they tore out of the door. They could not stop, and they trampled him to death under their

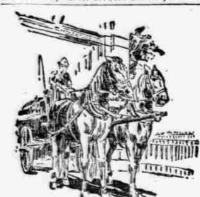
Hauled McCaulley to His Tomb. "A few days later the hearse, in which McCaulley's corpse was confined, was hauled to the cemetery by the engine team. This team was not much good after that, it is said, and it is now doing farm work at the

City Poor Farm.
"By the way, Mr. Morrow, if you bring your wife into town some day, I'll be glad to show her just what we have shown you," concluded the obliging fire fighter.
"Ah," exclaimed Zeb, startled by the

suddenness of the invitation, "Yes, sir, thank yee; but if I do bring her some time don't you ever tell her that I was here be-fore. Understand?" and he allowed an eyelid to drop in a significant manner.

At the handsome Neville street engine

house my friend was shown a whole stable full of politicians. There was one borse named "Chris," after C. L. Magee; anothe called "Bob," after Robert Elliott; a third



Dress Parade at the Neville Street House. dubbed "Bill," in honor of William Coates. and a fourth who responds to the name "Ben," meaning Benjamin Darlington, deceased, who used to be President of the old Fire Commission. "Ben" was by long odds the most intelligent of three big four. He learned all the ropes in two weeks. There is a fifth horse here which is also named for Joe Brown, but it is getting old.

They Are Light Feeders. It is astonishing how little it takes to keep these fine horses of the fire depart-ment. They are seldom ted more than a quart and a half or two quarts of onts at brenkfast or supper, and for dinner they get

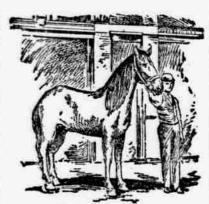
their horses. The minutest details are attended to in this daily cleansing. Then comes exercise out of doors. Twice a day, if there are no alarms to answer, the They ranged themselves in an unbroken line along the shore, but as the noses in the water pushed further out into the stream for cooler and clearer water, the beautiful line of 40 arched necks gradually advanced,

are thus exercising.

I repeated for Zeb's benefit the story of SEVEN MILES FROM ANYWHERE. middle of the crek. But how much more of an imposing spectacle would that have been had the 39 powerful horses of the Fire Department, free and barebacked, ranged themselves in dress parade at the brookside. How their handsome necks would have curved, their refined nostrils distended with the pure country sir, and their tutored as a joke. They knew of many instances, and their tutored as a joke. They knew of many instances, and their tutored as a joke. though innocent Zeb put up more of a poser than he guessed when he remarked: "I reckon then, stranger, that these gongs on them cable cars keep the horses yee's tellin' me of in an eternal condition of run-

> Old John, of No. 1, a famous black horse, is one of the crack steeds of the depart-ment. It is said of him that the smell of burning wood sets him to stamping his feet and snorting until quieted down by some of the men. The old-time fire horses in Pittsburg are nearly all sold off now. They were generally more sensitive to signs of a conflagration than the present stock, for the reason that now the horses are taught more to depend upon electrical apparatus and routine practice than upon any extraordinary sign of excitement, such any extraordinary sign of excitement, such as confusion in the engine house, crowds upon the street, smoke and fiame, or of the dogs which formerly were a part of most of the engine house live stock. These things will not in these days affect the fire horse. On the other hand the slightest movement in the electric machinery of head-quarters will disturb him. In No. 14 company were shown how the timisst click pany we were shown how the tiniest click of a "clicker" would bring up every head back in the stable in a second. Ears would spring erect, and the horses instantly be-

Surprised the Old Man. "It's wonderful, so it is," reflected the granger, as we walked lessurely over to the train in the afternoon. "Do you know, sir, I didn't see a single spavin on any of those horses, nor a wind-gall, nor any fistulous



The Pet at the Neville.

withers. Our old work-horse, Billy, has got 'em all. If I waz only younger now, I believe I would try to train Billy too, but there's no denying it, sir, I'm getting just like Billy—old and stiff. You're givin' an ignorant old man much pleasure, sir, and if——"

He looked up at me as much as to say:
"And if Huldie doesn't hear of this I'll be

awful thankful to yee."

He laughed immoderately presently when he turned over in his mind all he had seen and done, while "Huldie" believed him to

and done, while "Huldie" believed him to be attending to that marketing in the village far up in the northwestern corner of Allegheny county. "Joke, very good joke," he gulped.

The wagon was there at the little country station, waiting as we stepped off the cars. "It's all right," said Tom, as we climbed up to the seat, "I got along splendidly with the garden stuff—sold everything, and here's what money I collected. Hope you had some fun in town, sir?" had some fun in town, sir?" "That I did," gaily returned Zeb, "but

we'll say nuthin more about it this even-ing. Mind, you be careful up at the farmhouse, young man!"

Getting the Answers Down Fine. The next two miles of the road and the horse was allowed to walk most of the way, was devoted by Zeb to getting all the answers to Hulda's message to towns-people off by heart so he could repeat them to her without mistake. Our whole plot now hinged upon his success at this. called Aunt Hulda, "but I guess supper's



Waiting for Zeb's Return

ready as soon as you get the horse put up. But wait, Zeb, I'll take that toweling if ye didn't forget it. No use takin' it out to the

Zeb triumphantly handed her the towel-ing. He took the reins in his hands, and was about to drive away without a word, when an exclamation of surprise brought his face around to Hulda's.

She had opened the toweling, standing

by the portice steps, and out of the roll of cloth there fell a Japanese fan. Printed across it were the words: "Given free with every purchase at the stores of —, Pitts-Read the information on the wrapper of this bundle." Picking up the wrapping paper that had fluttered to the ground, Aunt Hulda saw an

mmense advertisment of the Pittsburg emorium.
"Zeb Morrow, how's this?" She spoke
"They and pointed to the fan. "They severely and pointed to the fan. "The don't give notions like these at Measley general store in Primrosetown.

SILK THAT MAKES DANGER.

L. E. STOFIEL.

The Liability to Spontaneous Combustion Makes It Very Risky Freight.

you get this?"

New York Recorder.] The recent discussion as to whether ocean liners should carry cotton as well as passen-

gers at the same time has brought out another fact. "At present importers here," a gentleman said, "are receiving large consignments of a heavy-dyed silk known as French twist. The French manufacturers do not spare the dye on these goods, for it adds to their weight. In this dye chemicals of a peculiar kind are used, and it is this fact that makes this silk dangerous freight. "There is always fear of spontaneous combustion unless the greatest care is taken in packing the goods. These come in bales of various sizes, but generally averaging 500 pounds. They are wrapped in cotton bagging, with underlaying layers of straw and brown paper, and are made compact by hydraulic pressure. There have been cases where bales have been destroyed from the causes mentioned, and not many years ago a serious fire was caused on a French steamer

"Oh, to see these horses, all free of harex, turned loose in the same field," he exlaimed.

Dress Parade at a Brookside.

And I recollected the scene I once witby these goods.'

Doesn't Reach the Quiet Retreat Susan Hale Loves So Well.

How She Enjoys Keeping House Just Back From the Seashore.

DAYS SPENT IN DILIGENT IDLENESS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] MATUNUCK, R. L. July 15 .- "Kingston!" The train stops. Rugs, bags, the basket of provisions are set on the platform. Quarter of a dollar to the obsequious porter of our car, and the train, a New York express, is off and away. No more civilization, of that sort at least; no more steam and whistle, cinders, noise, conventional conversation with the next seat, for, let us say, five months. "Hullo, Joe! All right? Have you got

the team?" Of course. There were the gray horse, open wagon, yellow blanket, just the same as if I had not been around and across the Mediterranean since I saw them last. There was Father Browning in the background with the white horse and the lumber wagon. He took my baggage checks, and we left him struggling with trunks and flour barrels, while Greta and I climbed into Joe's

wagon to be flying along the road before we were fairly tucked in. "Goodby, Mr. Tabor! Much obliged. Goodby, John!" Into a World of Blue Violets.

These farewells to the station master and the baggage master, who, from the moment the news was spread that Miss Susie was coming, have been on the alert to look after my many effects. How lovely it is! Greta and I can do nothing but exclaim: "How lovely; how delicious to be here!" Blue violets everywhere of the pedate variety, with yellow noses and web-footed leaves. We turn away from the broad road and its telegraph poles, and plunge into our familiar woods.

woods.

That first drive over from Kingston in early spring is the true beginning of the delights at Matunuck. Delightful any time, but best in early spring. Then we come burdened with the accumulated disagreeableness of a winter in town. The load falls at once. Dinners and bores, receptions, Brownings, Ibsens, Margery Flemings vanish with all the other colwebs of our mind one beside feel happily senuty. Flemings vanish with all the other cobwebs of our mind, our heads feel happily empty, ready to receive impressions from red budding oak leaves, long tassels of birch, volantes of fern stems just pushing up alongside of cowslips yellow as butter, wickedly and correctly named by the botanist marsh marigold. Not only these things now but provises of more to be signs of now, but promises of more to be, signs of a full season of Kalmia, fat buds of Rhododendron, plants that are going to be tall nodding likes in July, and points of Arethusa sticking up in the wet, all soon to be in blessom.

The Reception at the House

There is a certain uncertainty about my arrival at home in the spring. Only one thing is true, and that is that things will be entirely different each time. Write? Well, I have written, from Tunis, from New York, from Boston. They all know I am coming. Then of course everything will be ready? Of course I hope so. But you know they may be all dead. They never write. But you see Joe was at the station, which was accountable. you see Joe was at the station, which was encouraging. Joe keeps the keys through the winter, and he had opened the house and set the breeze and bright sunshine to airing and warming it. Cold as Greenland, by the way, on the 15th of May.

Greta jumped out of the wagon and took the basket of provisions into the great big empty house, while I drove down the hill to see if Louise would come up and 'too'.

see if Louise would come up and "do" for me—that is the correct expression. Louise lives in the little farmhouse at the foot of the hill. She is splendid, but you cannot always get her. Luckily Louise is in fine frame of mind this year. "Well, I suppose I must, if you ain't got none else." she says and by the time I have reached home by the driveway, to find Greta in front rejoicing in the broad view of sea and sky, Louise has arrived by a short cut.

First Meal in the Country

A genial clatter of poker and stove lids shows that Joe is making a fire in the kitchen. In five minutes I have a good blaze on the hearth in the Red Room, and Greta brings in a bunch of violets from the bank. Unluckily we cannot find the keys of the cellar or the doghouse, where all the wood and kindlings are, but there is enough here for the present. Thomas J. has brought potatoes and Indian meal Christie comes this moment with fresh eggi and butter. Joe has set the milk for cream before, and there was a large, thick porter

house steak in the basket.

That first meal at Matunuck invariably consisted of a porterhouse steak, hot po-tatoes and bread and butter. I bring the steak from Boston, and if nobody should be there to "do" for me I should cook it my-self. But somebody always is here. If not Louise, it might be Cornelia. Once it was Jane. Besides, I can cook a beefsteak, though you might not think it. Is there any salt left over from last year? Why, certainly, and here is pepper, though the pepper pot seems to be lost. We set the table ourselves, Greta and I, in the Red Room in front of our crackling fire, near the south window, not to lose a minute of the view. But a brilliant offert I amount of the view. By a brilliant effort I remember where I hid the silver last autumn. Knives, napkins-all were discovered.

The Appetite Isn't Lacking After a winter of hotels and tables d'hote at the mercy of "patrons" and garcons, it is a sudden change to be looking up my own knives and forks. Delightful variety, the spice of life. Now come the steak and po-tatoes, smoking hot, and better than anything you ever tasted in your life. Louise is coy on account of Greta and leaves them outside the door. Water is the beverage that accompanies the repast. You must know that the water of our pond, fed from springs, is more delicious than any other. Such a meal! Seven miles drive through the woods supplies the appetite for it.

All this excitement of arrival and refreshment has taken up the afternoon, and after this dinner we linger over our wood fire, which requires constant attention. To tell the truth, it smoked a little at first, because we had not the right wood. But we have better now. The keys are found. Franklin left them with William, but William forgot to tell Louise. We saw the sun go down beyond our western hill and its glow over the pond. The sun is setting late now and it was soon dark and we were very tired. So we went to bed at 7:30 by daylight, although there was kerosene in the house, and Joe had filled a couple of lamps. The joy of one's own bed, after six months away, is worth being away those six months

to enjoy. Where the Country Home Is.

And now what is this Matunuck, I hope you all want to know. Matunuck is the home of the Hales, where they disport and repose themselves after the fatigues of the winter. It is about seven miles from every-where and this is its chiefest charm. We have no railway whistle here, nor the rum ble and groan of trains. There is no tele phone, nor telegraph, nor tramway, cable or electric, there is even no doorbell, as my brother is wont to boast, and why should there be, for nobody ever comes to the from door, and if anybody did, nobody would come from the kitchen to admit him. We are seven miles from the Kingston station by a lovely drive through the woods. We are five miles from a certain town in

miles beyond that town is a wicked water-ing place, with all the usual attractions and

and yet we are very hospitable. We not only welcome the coming, we speed the parting guest. Individually we should be delighted to receive every one of you, my readers, but collectively we prefer that you do not know how to get here.

Overlooking the Sea. The Red House is on an elevated ridge that runs along here about a mile and a half from the seashore. Very likely we used to be a bluff with a beach just before us where the road is now. From our height we overlook the lower land of fertile level fields; toward east, south and west is a wide view of the distant are with its horizon line of of the distant sea, with its horizon line of water almost unbroken; but north of the house the distance is hidden by hills, and we have a lovely pond, close to the house, which we might well call a lake. I have seen smaller lakes that scorned to be called ponds, while we scorn to call ours a lake. It CANTON, July 18 .- While attempts are is large, and its curving shores, with a screen of oaks and maples, kalmin, azalea and wild rose, hide the farther part of it from the house, so that its waters have the merit of mystery, added to other at-

tractions. There are boats of all descriptions on this pond, small boats for the small people, and larger boats for the larger ones. There is no road, nor house, except our own, which has the slightest connection with our poud, and beyond it you may roam for miles in old deserted paths through wildest woods, where partridges are tame and the thrush is not afraid. A whole series of other pends as lovely as ours and even more lonely makes the region navigable. If you care, therefore, to carry your cance with you on your shoulder through the wood roads, you may make a wonderful pedestrian nautical-trip of it.

Not What It Once Was.

All this part of Rhode Island was once more thickly inhabited than now. That was in the days when large craft came sailwas in the days when large craft came salling from high seas into our salt pond to a great wharf, and there was a brisk trade here with other parts of the world. The trade has fallen off, the shore has changed and the channel is filled up, so that no boats pass through its narrow "breach" except venturesome canoes at high water. Houses and farms of well-to-do farmers of a generation ago are abandoned, the houses have fallen down for the most part, and the reads that connected them with life are roads that connected them with life are now overgrown, almost lost, impassable fo wagons, but perfect for pedestrians. There are places where Rhododendron over-arches, leaving a dim green-vaulted passage, under its thick dark foliage, long distances where you must push your way through, tangling kalmia bushes, the pathway hard to find under their close branches, to come out upon some open field once planted with crops and a deserted houseplace where only the stones of a ruined cellar are left overgrown with weeds. Great lilac bushes still fourish in these abandoned places, and biossom profusely every year, alone and not admired.

On the other hand we are not too far from the sea for our swim, a short drive along "the Drift-way" brings us to an excellent sand-beach, where there is always surf, sometimes too much of it, for it is the real open sea, and we might swim straight over to Cadiz, but for lack of wind, and for toe much weather.

Plenty of Fish to Eat. Here also dwell the Rocky Point gang of fishermen, who, while we are bathing, bring in shiny boatloads of fresh fish; blue fish and bass, lobsters not yet red, which are put in the wagons to be brought home, then broiled and boiled. Our colony here is one of perfect dimensions—that is, it consists of two families, with their dependencies; better to say of one family, composed of that of a good neighbor to whom a great part of the neighborhood belongs, and of his dependency which is ourselves, whom, by a happy inspiration, he annexed many years ago. There are a few outlying provinces, which change year by year, but these two forms are the chief. Every year the two houses are the chief. Every year the two houses are thrown open as summer comes on, and

a warm climate in January, as I did this winter, where we found it snowing in Cannes and met frost in Tunis.

Housekeeping in the Woods Housekeeping at Matunuck is very un Housekeeping at Matunuok is very unlike housekeeping in town where a cart is
chronic at your door, and a small book in
the kitchen table drawer keeps the accounts
itself. My supplies come from every
quarter, and with charming irregularity.
Spring chickens come from Mrs. Bradley
up in the woods. Thomas T. brings young
turkeys, green geese, ducks and old fowls
as he goes to meeting. Charley B. (that's as he goes to meeting. Charley B. (that's the butcher) calls Tuesday afternoon to ask what I would like to order for Friday, when his cart comes round. Franklin raises my potatoes and green peas, but we get turnips and carrots from Aloin-Card when we drive to the beach for the bath. Our fish comes Elisha, "Can't you bring me some cucum-

from the Rocky Point gang, and so on. Vegetables are delicious, but late. When was a novice here, one year, I said to bers to-morrow?" He replied, "Why! Miss Susie, we only planted them yesterday!" But why hurry the season? Green peas just from the vine are worth two canned. All this requires mind to manage. The Red House is big enough to hold an army of Hales and their friends, and it is always full in summer. This army was once all little boys who sailed toy boats on the pond, and fired crackers at an unearthly hour on the morning of Fourth of July. Now they are grown to be tall men, with grown-up boats, and eigarettes, perhaps. Mother Goose and Red Riding Hood have been removed from the book shelves, to be replaced by Freeman's Sicily and Matthey

Arnold. A Sort of Diligent Idleness. How do we exist without the distraction of doorbells and railway whistles and all their attendant interests? We rise very early in the morning—that is my whim, and everybody accedes to it. We have a very good breakfast at 7 o'clock; then everybody devotes himself diligently to doing nothing, out-doors. This takes a great deal of time. To the surprise of everybody, it is immediately mail time, and time to go to the bath. Dinner (very good) in the middle of the day; then naps for those who choose, the newspaper (a day old, so much the better); then afternoon tea, a stroll, a row, perhaps a drive, then the evening meal, then the porch or piazza in the moonlight, with talk and song, or silence. Very early to bed. Does this sound monotonous? I assure you it is not. Of course we have all the novels and magazines, but I do not observe that people read them much. There is a preof writing letters, but the outgoing tense of writing letters, but the outgoing mail is not heavy. Fancy work comes downstairs in ornamental baskets, but goes back into the trunks in much its first state of progress, at the end of the visit. Idleness is the rule, and yet it is a sort of dilidecision.

He says that in order to avoid misunders which leaves a sense of duty performed, without any dragged feeling such as follows an utterly wasted day.

Our season is from the end of June to the middle of September, more or less. At this latter date wagons daily carry off my guests and I am left alone to enjoy the delightful autumn here in a manner I should like to describe, but that belongs to another chapter.

SERVING A PEACOCE.

How the Royal Bird Was Brought to Table When R Was Fashionable.

The peacock was of old a right royal bird which figured splendidly at the banquets of the great, And this is how the medical cooks dished up the dainty:

Take and flay off the skin with the feathers and lay it on the table abroad and strew thereon rround running then take the peacock and performed, without any dragged feeling such as follows an utterly wasted day.

Our season is from the end of June to the middle of September, more or less. At this latter date wagons daily carry off my guests and I am left alone to enjoy the denir, and the expectates soon to be able to name the hour for its appearance.

Our season is from the end of June to the hour for its appearance.
On the days he professes to produce rain the hour for its appearance.
On the days he professes to produce rain the hour for its appearance.
W. E. Melbourne train wizard, offers to any taker of takers to wager \$100 or less that from the case of character natural to the woman that the bedieves his hotel at 4 o'clock in the morning there will 90 clock at night.
W. E. Melbourne will produce rain on any Sunday during the next mounth, the date to be selected by the person or persons accepting this wager. Money awaits a taker at the Hotel Yohe, This is addressed particularly to those who now gleat over the recent fail.

"Nor not a word from the words:
"My child dead—my husband dead—Oh, why did not Zach French let me die?"

Then here list me words:
"My child head—my husband dead—Oh, who who dis of read in the hour for its appearance.
"The undersigned hereb gent idleness which leaves a sense of duty

the other direction, where are a railway station, shops and a bank. Two or three it on the table abroad and strew there ground cumin; then take the peacock and ing place, with all the usual attractions and objectionable features. But the names of these places I carefully conceal from you, because, to tell you the truth, we wish to remain obscure. This seems inhospitable and so send him forth for the last course.

COMMANDS THE RAIN.

Who Makes the Heavens Weep. A BOARD COOP FOR A LABORATORY

So Far He Has Produced a Shower Every

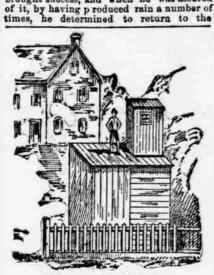
HE DOES THE WORK WITH A MACHINE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

Time He Said He Would.

being made to produce rain in the arid regions of the West, Frank Melbourne, of Canton, has been at. tracting attention by his assertions that he has discovered the secret, and the rains which have come according to his predictions verify his assertions. Melbourne is a

beard, and is almost six feet tall. He Frank Melbourna, formerly resided here, but went to Australia a number of years ago and engaged in stock raising. He states that excessive droughts on his pas-ture land turned his attention to the production of rain. Long study and experiments with great expenditure of money brought success, and when he was assured



Melbourne's Little Laboratory. United States and put his discovery into operation. On arriving in America he announced his power to produce rain, and asked of his brother, John S. Melbourne, a rich pottery manufacturer, for permission to creet an observatory upon the top of his promission to receive the second of the second o

are the chief. Every year the two houses are thrown open as summer comes on, and exchange happy greetings. Even our guests are interchangeable. If any one from either house is lost, he is supposed to be at the other.

Tennis at Willow Dell, tea on my east plazza, are rival attractions every afternoon. For I am housekeeper at the Red House on the Hill, with a competent staff of servants when the season comes on. Strange to say, I keep house extremely well, and find the occupation a salutary change from seeking a warm climate in January, as I did this duced by Melbourne from those which gen-erally fall in this region. Whether light or heavy the fall was straight, unaccompanied by any wind, and there was no variation in the quantity of fall during its continuance. the quantity of fall during its continuance.
The next prediction was for Tuesday, June
30, and a wager was put upon it. For a
week hardly a cloud appeared to break the
force of the sun's rays, but Monday afternoon clouds rolled up and a heavy rain fell.
Tuesday, the appointed day, was cloudless, and continued so until late in the evening, when a light shower occurred. Melbourne said that in consequence of atmospheric conditions it was impossible to give the exact hour of rainfall, and it might occur the day previous to the one appointed.

Had Broken His Machine.

Then he announced rain for July 11, Saturday, and said it would be a severe one. Saturday, and said it would be a severe one. Friday afternoon, July 10, THE DISPATCH correspondent called at his crude-looking laboratory. The entrance was by a rude ladder in the interior of the carriage shed through a trapdoor in the roof. Knocks brought no response, but a shout from the lawn brought a head into one of the win-dows. It was the wizard's head, but he appeared to be in great distress. His nair was disheveled, his collarless shirt and face and bare arms bathed in perspiration, and he looked not at all like the carefully dressed man he is upon the streets. He hardly allowed a statement of the cause of the visit before he exclaimed: "My machine has met with an accident; you must come to-morrow." He drew in his head and closed the window. Saturday no rain came, but in the Evening Melbourne came out upon call and was calm and collected.

"You came at a poor time yesterday," he id. "As there were no wagers on this production, instead of commencing opera-tions three days before the day for the rain, tions three days before the day for the rain;
I began Friday morning, desiring to bring
the rains sooner, and increase the precision
of fulfillment. In my haste an accident occurred, and as I gave you to understand,
stopped the rain for to-day. I cannot tell
you anything about the accident, for the
construction of my machine is so simple you
would gain an idea of its character. This I would gain an idea of its character. This I want to avoid until it is perfected and patented. This kind of weather is the hardest in the world to bring rain, the dampness from the previous one not having disappeared. With a drought of a week or longer I can produce rain in a day."

Testimonials for Jerry Rusk.

In response to an inquiry as to the Governtaking action with regard to his disment taking action with regard to his discovery, Melbourne said nothing had been
done. He had received a letter from the
Agricultural Bureau asking for several testimonials. He would not tell what was demanded in them, but said they were furnished by two well known local physcians.
He said he had received a number of offers
to locate in different parts of the West, one
being from Mr. Clarkson, of Chicago, who
owns large tracts of land in Nebraska and
Wyoming. He declined to give them consideration until the Government has made a
decision. decision.

He says that in order to avoid misunder

By a rebellious liver. Though it may refuse to be brought into subjection by ordinary catharties and cholagogues, though it may continue to destroy your peace with its manifold unpleasant symptoms, be assured that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will effectually discipline it, promptly rectify its irregularities. Malaria, constipation, dyspessia, rheumatism and kidney complaints are also remedied by the Bitters.



AN AMERICAN SERIAL STORY. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER X.

you have given up all hope? But Mr. Hob-lister, if you look upon John as lost, I do not! Without him this fortune will be but dross in my eyes. I shall consecrate it to the search of John and his companions of the Dreadnesshit. And with God's help I shall find them. THE REVELATION. March, 1879! They had deceived her. It was four years since her child had been drowned, four years since John had set sail for the Indies. She had, therefore, been out of her mind for these four long years! And man of 45 years, if Mr. Hollister and Dr. Bromley had with black hair and certainty as regards the death of her child, this was not so in the case of her husband. Might not John and his companions have survived the wreck of their ship and have taken refuge on one of the numerous in lands of the Philippine, the Celebes or the Java Seas? Could it not be possible that they had been restrained of their liberty by some native tribe and were without any means of escape? This was the hope to which Mrs. Allaire was henceforth to cling with a tenacity so extraordinary as to bring allowed her to believe that she had only been deranged for the short space of two months it must have been for the purpose of concealing the truth about the Dreadnaught -it must be that for four years they had had no tidings of either Captain John or his shipl

To the consternation of the employe, Mrs. Allaire seemed about to succumb to some sudden ailment, but with a superhuman effort she recovered possession of herself and dashing out of the office, hur-ried along from one street to another. There were frequent consultations at Prospect Cottage, which, rich as she was. Molly had not been willing to leave. Captain John had left her there on sailing away—he should find her there on his return. She resolved to make not the least change in her mode of life until her huswould it not be a mere question of time? Whither was she hurrying? It was in the Whither was she hurrying? It was in the was determined that the same simplicity direction of the offices of Hollister & Co., should characterize her style of living, that where she arrived in a few minutes without knowing how. She crossed the outside office, flitting by the astonished clerks who had no chance to detain her, and pushed open the door of the shipping merchant's private office. Andrew Hollister's astonishment at seeing Mrs. Allaire quickly gave place to dismay upon glancing at her drawn features, her deadly pallor.

"I know all!" she exclaimed

wildly, before he could find time to utter a syllable. "You have deceived me, I've een out of my mind for four years—"
"My dear Molly—calm yourself—" "Tell me-about the Dreadnaught-len't t four years since she sailed?"

band was once more back in San Diego, She she would spend nothing additional except as called for by her expeditions and her charities.
The important task to which Hollister

shall find them, yes, I shall find them."

A new life was about to dawn for Mrs.

John Allaire. While there was absolute
certainty as regards the death of her child,

with a tenacity so extraordinary as to bring about in San Diego and elsewhere a change

of opinion as regards the Dreadaught.

There were frequent consultations at

and Captain Willis first turned their atten-tion when in consultation with Mrs. Allaire was to fix upon the course which had been followed by the Dreadnaught. It was necessary to establish this with the greatest exactitude possible. The house of Hollis-ter & Co. had shipped goods by this vessel to the Indies, with instructions to touch at Singapore, for which port she also car-ried a consignment of merchandise. Now, after getting away from the American coast, the probabilities were that Captain John had passed in the neighborhood of the



PREPARING FOR THE SEARCH OF THE SEAS.

Andrew Hollister bowed his head. You have had no news of her for four rears—for four years?"

The merchant's lips still remained closed.

"You look upon the Dreadnaught as lost and everyone on board of her? And John will never come back to me again ?"

Andrew Hollister's new to me again ?" -they were his only response. Mrs. Al-laire's hands flew to her head, she reeled

Upon his arrival Mr. Hollister, in a few words, explained the situation to him. Accidentally, or through some lack of precau-tion, Mrs. Allaire had learned everything. Whether it had been at Prespect Cottage or in the streets of San Diego it made little difference. The whole truth was known to her now. She knew that four years had gone by since little Walt's death, that during these four years she had been out of her mind, and that for four years no tidings had been received from the Dreadnaught.

It was only with the greatest difficulty that Dr. Bromley succeeded in restoring poor Molly to consciousness, and the question which he now put to himself was whether her mind would not be shattered

by this last and most terrible of the blows that had been rained upon it. When Mrs. Allaire came to herself she did so with a full consciousness of what had happened. She had come back to life again with un-clouded reason. Her eyes were bent in-quiringly upon Andrew Hollister, who sat by her side with her hands clasped in his. "Speak, oh, speak, Mr. Hollister—" she murmured, and then her voice died The merchant obeyed, speaking slowly

and tenderly, but plainly and firmly. He told her of their first anxiety concerning the Dreadnaught—how letters and dis-patches had been sent to Singapore and to the Indies where the ship had never ar-rived, how search had been made all along the course traversed by Captain John, and how no trace of the shipwrecked vessel had ome to light.

With parted and rigid lips, with a fixed stare, Mrs. Allaire listened, and when Andrew Hollister had finished, a half groan, half sob escaped her, and then like a wail came the words:
"My child dead-my husband dead-Oh,

which the ocean was visible. Mr. Hollister and Dr. Bromley followed her movements with a secret dread, fearing that the worst had come. But Molly's face was not that of

a lunatic. It was lighted up with the glow of her great soul "All hope?" she repeated "You say

Hawali Archipelago or Sandwich Islanda. After leaving the Anson Archipelago the Dreadnaught had, no doubt, taken the di-rection of the Mariana and the Philippine Islands, thence through Celebes Sea and Macassar Strait to the Java Sea, which is bounded on the south by the Sunda Islands in order to reach Singapore. The Strait of Malacca, which is formed by the Malay Pen-—they were his only response. Mrs. Allaire's hands flew to her head, she reeled and would have fallon had not the merchant hastened to her side. He laid her tenderly upon the sofa. She had lost consciousness. The janitor's wife was called in to care for her, and messengers were dispatched in scarch of Dr. Bromley.

Upon his arrival Mr. Hollister, in a few he had not touched at Singapore, and this was now known to be the case, it must be that he had been unable to get beyond the limits of the Java Sea and the Sunda

As for supposing that the Dreadnaught instead of following the Malaysian route had attempted to reach Calcutta by thread-ing her way through the difficult passes of Torres strait along the north coast of the Australian continent, no good seaman would have dreamed of such a thing. Captain Willis insisted that Captain John would never have taken such a rash and uncalled for step as to expose his ship to the dangers of this route. The idea was not to be indulged for a moment, and it was resolved to confine the search solely to the route already marked out as the one most likely followed

by Allaire.
The fact is that the Caroline, Celebes and Java seas are filled with thousands of islands of all sizes, and there it was that the crew of the Dreadnaught, if they had survived the wreck of their vessel, might be living on some desert isle or be held in bondage by some desert isie of be held in bondage by some tribe. Having agreed upon these points, it was resolved to send an expedi-tion to the Malaysian seas. Mrs. Allsire then made a proposition, which to her mind was of the greatest importance. She asked Captain Willis if he were inclined to take

command of the expedition.

As the Flying Cloud had been flaid up by Hollister & Co., Willis was on the waiting list, and therefore, although taken unaware by this proposition of Mrs. Allaire's, he didn't hesitate to place himself at her disposal, conditioned upon the consent of Mr. Hollister, who gladly accorded it and thanked Willis for accepting. "I'm only doing my duty," replied Wil-

lis, "and everything in my power to find the survivors of the Dreadnaught shall be done. "If Captain John is alive—" "John is alive," exclaimed Mrs. Allaire

in a tone positive enough to silence the most incredulous. Captain Willis now began the discussion of several points calling for settlement. To ship a crew worthy of this expedition would not be a difficult matter. But there was the question of a vessel. Of course for such an expedition as this the Flying Cloud was in no wise suited. It was not a sailing vessel which a wise navigator would choose in order to undertake such a task, but a

steamer. At that moment there were lying in the bay of San Diego several steamers suitable for such an enterprise. Mrs. Allaire com-missioned Captain Willis to acquire title to the swiftest one of the lot and placed the necessary funds at his disposal. A few days suffeed for this transaction. Mrs. John Allaire became the owner of the Davitt, the name of which was at once changed to the Molly's Hope, a most appropriate name under the circumstances, and one of good

It was a screw steamer of 200 tons burden and constructed with very commodious cos

augury.