beach below them. It was about an acre in area, and was shut in by rocks over whose handsome reddish surfaces the breakers swept incessantly.

Scattered over this stretch of sand there were many objects going to prove that human beings had made a prolonged stay in this part of the island—bits of glass and china, fragments of carthen ware, scraps of iron, provision cans of undoubted American origin; and in addition to these were noted utensils common to shipboard, pieces of chain, broken rings, parts of rigging in galvanized iron, a grappling iron, hoisting tackle, a pump handle, fragments of spars and floats, and pieces of sheet iron torn off a water cask as to the origin of which no California sailor could possibly go astray.

"It was no English ship that ran on this island," said Captain Willis, "it was an American vessel."

"Yes," cried out Zach French, "and take my word for it, she was built in one of the Pacific ports"—an opinion that was shared by the other seamen.

But still as yet there was nothing to show that this ship had been the ill-fated Dreadnaught. At all events, the question was: Did not this vessel—from whatever port she hailed—go down in the open sea, since there were no signs of any part of her hull? Had not her crew taken refuge on this island by means of the ship's boats? No! for Captain Willis soon came upon proof that this vessel had been wrecked upon these reefs. At about a cable's length, wedged in among the rocks and reefs, lay the miserable remnant of a ship which had been driven ashore by the fury of the gale, and upon which the waves had beaten with tempestuous violence until oak and iron had parted and everything had been wrenched asunder, pounded into fragments, scattered and strewn and tossed up over the reefs by the mighty rush of the sea. Sadly and silently Willis and his men stood gazing upon the prey, to which these rocks still clung so tenaciously. Of this ship's hull there was nothing remaining, nothing of the upper works, no trace of the masting, either from having been cut away at sea or from having been put to some use on shore after the foundering of the vessel.

"Let us set to work," cried Willis, "and perhaps we may find some name, some letter, some mark which will fix the nationality of this craft."

"Yes," replied Zach French, "and may heaven grant that it will not turn out to be Captain John's ship that was reduced to this awful plight."

The examination produced no definite result. While it was true that articles picked up on the beach were undoubtedly of American manufacture, yet was there no ground to affirm that they had once belonged to the ill-fated Dreadnaught. One of the seamen soon came upon the cave which had been utilized by the castaways. It penetrated into an enormous mass of granite in the angle formed by the plateau and the beach. Captain Willis and Zach made haste to join the man who was hallooing to them. It might be that within this cave would be solved the secret of the wreck; that in this dark chamber would be revealed the name of the vessel. The only entrance to the cave was through a narrow, arched passageway, near which opening lay the ashes of an exterior fireplace, the smoke of which had blackened the walls. The cave proved to be about 20 by 15 feet in size, with a 10-foot ceiling—quite large enough to accommodate a dozen people. The place was quite bare excepting the presence of a rude bed of dried grass covered with bits and shreds of an old sail, a bench made of pieces of a plank, two stools fashioned in the same style, a rickety table from the wreck, possibly from the ship's cabin. In the way of utensils there were a few plates, a few iron dishes, three forks, two spoons, a knife and three metal drinking cups all eaten by rust.

"Poor wretches!" murmured Zach French, "what destitution they must have suffered during their stay on this island."

"They don't seem to have saved scarcely anything of the ship's material," replied Captain Willis, "and that proves the violence with which she must have run on these rocks and reefs. As everything went to pieces how were these unfortunate beings able to procure food? No doubt they had a little grain which they sowed, some salt meat, some canned provisions which they gradually exhausted. But what an existence, and how they must have suffered!"

Yes, with this slender store eked out with such fish as they might be able to catch such were the only means they had to keep body and soul together. There no longer seemed to be any possibility that they could still be upon the island. End yet if they had been forced to lay their bones here it was very probably that the remains of the one who had died last would be found somewhere. But in spite of all patient searching done inside and out of cave, no trace of their bodies could be found.

"This leads me to think," observed Zach French, "that these castaways were taken off the island."

"But how?" asked Captain Willis, "could they have possibly, with the debris of the wreck, built a raft big enough to put to sea?"

"No, Captain; they didn't have enough to build a canoe with. I incline to the opinion that their signal must have been seen by a passing vessel."

"But, Zach, I can't bring myself to think that."

"Why not, Captain?"

"Because, if a passing ship had seen them and taken them off, the whole world would have heard of it, unless that ship itself had gone down with every soul on board, which is hardly possible. I therefore can't accept the theory that the castaways of Browse Island were rescued in any such way."

"You may be right, Captain," said Zach sadly, "but if it was impossible for them to build a raft still there's no proof that all the ship's boats perished in the wreck."

"Even so," replied Willis; "but since there has been no report in the past few years of a ship's crew being rescued in the latitude of Western Australian, it's my opinion that this vessel must have foundered during its passage from the Australian coast to this island."

Zach saw that he would have little show of overcoming this theory; but still being unwilling to leave undone anything which might aid them in learning what had become of the castaways, he added: "But, Captain, you surely intend to visit the other parts of the island?"

"Yes, to keep my conscience quiet," replied Willis; "but first, let's go and remove that signal so that vessels will not be influenced to leave their course to save people who don't exist."

The Captain and Zach and the others now made a last examination of the beach, then having gained the plateau by passing through the gorge, they turned their steps toward the promontory.

They found it necessary to pass around a deep excavation, a sort of stony pond fed by the rains and cloudbursts, in order to keep on their way.

Suddenly Willis came to a halt and pointed at four mounds parallel with each other. Possibly they would have escaped his attention had they not been marked by small wooden crosses now partially decayed. They were graves. It was the cemetery of the castaways.

"At last," cried Willis, "we are in a position to learn."

The two sailors set to work, making use of their knives to loosen the dirt, but many years must have elapsed since the burial, for the graves contained nothing but bones. Willis ordered them to be closed again and the crosses to be replaced. The truth concerning the wreck on Browse Island had again escaped Willis and his companions. If four human beings had been buried on this spot, what had become of him who had rendered them this last service? And he, too, when death struck him down, where had he fallen? Would they not find his bones on some other part of the island? Captain Willis could not bring himself to think so.

"Why shouldn't this wreck be the Dreadnaught?" asked one of the seamen.

"But why should it?" replied Zach.

The fact is that there was nothing to show that it was the Dreadnaught that had gone to pieces on the reefs of Browse Island, and the outlook was that this second cruise of the Molly's Hope was fated to end as fruitlessly as the first. Captain Willis stood with his gaze riveted upon the spot where these poor castaways were now sleeping the last sleep which alone had been able to put an end to their misery. Were they Americans, were they his countrymen? Were they of those whom the Molly's Hope was seeking?

"Forward to the signal!" he cried out.

Zach and the others followed him as he made his way up the rocky slope by which the promontory is joined to the body of the island.

When Willis and his men reached the signal they found the staff to be securely set in a deep split in the rock, a fact which explained its having remained standing so long. As they had already discovered by means of a glass the staff was the broken end of a bowsprit and had come from the wreck below. As to the rag nailed to it, it was nothing but a shred of sail, unraveled by the winds and without any mark to identify it.

At an order from Captain Willis, the two seamen were about to chop down the staff when Zach French burst out with:

"Captain, look! look there!"

"What is it, Zach?"

"The bell yonder!"

Swung upon a frame, still solid and strong, there was a bell, the clamps of which were corroded by rust. The castaways had not been content to set up the staff and nail a flag to it, they had transported the ship's bell to this spot, hoping that it might be heard by some passing vessel. But should not this bell bear the name of the ship to which it had belonged in accordance with an almost universal custom among merchantmen?

Willis had taken a few steps in the direction of the bell when he suddenly halted. At the foot of the wooden frame lay the remains of a human skeleton, or more correctly speaking, a small heap of bones, to some of which shreds of clothing were clinging. There must have been five of them, five survivors who had taken refuge on this bare island. Four had died and the fifth had been left alone. Catching sight of a ship in the offing this poor wretch had one day crawled out of his cave and dragged himself along up the rocks to the crest of the promontory, with the thought to ring this bell, to sound one last peal of despair rather than hope, and had fallen in his tracks never to rise again. After giving orders to the two seamen to dig a grave for the bones of this last survivor, Captain Willis made a sign to Zach to follow him in the direction of the bell.

Engraven upon it and still perfectly legible were this word and this date: "Dreadnaught, 1875."

CHAPTER XV.

LIFE AT LAST.

Two letters had been received from Captain Willis since the sailing of the Molly's Hope. The first reported their fruitless search among the passages of Torres Strait and as far as the outer edge of the Arafoura Sea. The second made known the fact that Melville and Bathurst Islands had yielded up no trace of the Dreadnaught. Thereupon Mrs. Allaire had been notified the steamer would follow the Timor Sea and so reach the western coast of Australia, where the search would be continued among the different archipelagoes adjacent to that coast, after which the Molly's Hope would sail for home, but not, however, until she had ransacked the smaller of the Sunda Islands and exhausted every hope of finding some new evidence of the life or death of Captain John and his companions.

By the end of February, however, Mr. Hollister began to be of the opinion that the second expedition was being greatly prolonged. Every day people could be seen on their way to Island Point in hopes the steamer would make her appearance in the offing. As far as they could see her, without waiting for her to display her number, the sailors of San Diego would recognize her by the cut of her jib, just as one can tell a Frenchman from a German, or even an American from an Englishman. Finally, on March 27, the Molly's Hope hove in sight about nine miles out, steaming along under full headway before a fresh northwester. Before 1 o'clock she had entered the narrows and anchored just inside the bay. The news had spread rapidly through the city, and crowds of people had gathered at different points, some on the wharves, some off Island Point, and some on Loma Point. Mrs. Allaire and Andrew Hollister, together with several friends, in their haste to communicate with the steamer, had taken a tug and were already under way. A strange presentiment had come upon the crowd, and as the tug steamed by not a cry went up. They seemed to have concluded that if Captain Willis had succeeded upon this second expedition, the news of his success would have been known everywhere by this time.

Twenty minutes later, the tug bearing Mrs. Allaire, Mr. Hollister and their friends came up alongside the steamer. In a moment or so they had learned the results of the expedition. It was in the western part of Timor Sea on Browse Island that the Dreadnaught had gone to pieces. There it was that the survivors of the wreck had taken refuge and there it was that they had met their death.

"All?" whispered Mrs. Allaire.

"All," said Captain Willis.

A terrible feeling of sorrow and despair came upon the people as the Molly's Hope, with her colors draped with crape, steamed slowly in nearer the city. During the few moments that Mrs. Allaire and Andrew Hollister remained on board, Captain Willis had briefly made known to them the facts of the wreck of the Dreadnaught on Browse Island. It was decided to delay a report of the expedition until later. After pressing Willis' and French's hands, Molly had walked toward the stern of the steamer and sat down lost in thought, but, in spite of these incontrovertible proofs, not giving herself over to despair, still unwilling to consider herself the widow of John Allaire.

When the Molly's Hope had taken up her position nearer the city Mrs. Allaire reappeared amidships and approaching Captain Willis begged him and Mr. Hollister, and also Zach French, to meet her at her house that same day at a later hour.

A little before 3 the men made their appearance at Prospect Cottage and were received by Mrs. Allaire in the parlor on the ground floor.

"Captain Willis," said she, after they had taken their places around a table upon which was unrolled a map of Northern Australia, "be pleased to make a report of the expedition."

Mrs. Allaire listened with the deepest interest, uttering no word of comment, with her clear and hopeful eyes riveted upon the speaker. As the Captain in his report entered upon the portion relating to Browse Island she insisted upon the greatest particularity.

Captain Willis drawing from his pocket a medallion tarnished by dampness placed it in her outstretched hand. It contained a portrait of Molly, a photographic miniature now almost faded out. She had given it to John on the sailing of the Dreadnaught, and it had been found by Willis' men in a corner of the cave upon a second examination of the place. If this silent witness testified to the presence of Captain John among the survivors was not the conclusion inevitable that he had perished with the others from want and exposure?

"Had we reached here a few years sooner," said Captain Willis, "perhaps we might have found John and his companions—some of them still alive."

"Yes, perhaps," sighed Andrew Hollister.

"Yes," he continued, "it was there that Molly's Hope should have been sent in the first place, but who could ever have thought that the Dreadnaught had been wrecked on an island of the Indian Ocean?"

"No one," replied Willis, "at least not from the route he was to have followed, and which he did in reality follow, too, for the Dreadnaught was sighted to the south of Celebes Island. Captain John having lost control of his vessel, must have been swept through some strait into the Timor Sea, and was driven upon Browse Island.

"Yes, that must have been the way it happened," added Zach.

"Captain," said Mrs. Allaire, "you have only done what you should have done in searching the Malaysian seas for the Dreadnaught, but if we had only gone to Browse Island on the first expedition; ah, yes, if we had only gone there!"

Then, with a sudden change in her manner and with that same hopeful ring in her voice, she cried out: "You found the remains of five of the castaways on Browse Island, but what do you think has become of the nine others, for besides Captain John and his mate, Harry Shelton, there were 12 ordinary seamen on board the Dreadnaught."

"It's a mystery," replied Willis.

"But not for me!" exclaimed Molly. "I know, but I ask you what you think?"

"Perhaps they perished when the ship went to pieces on the reef," said Captain Willis.

"You think, then, that only five of them reached the shore alive?"

"Unfortunately, that seems to be the only explanation," answered Mr. Hollister.

"I don't agree with you," came from Mrs. Allaire. "Why should not John, Shelton and the twelve men have been able to get safely ashore? Why should not nine of them have been able to leave the island?"

"But how, Mrs. Allaire?" asked Captain Willis eagerly.

"By putting off in a launch, built out of the remains of the wreck!"

"Mrs. Allaire," said Willis, "Zach will bear me out in assuring you that from the condition in which we found the debris of the wreck, the thing would have been impossible."

"But the ship's boats—"

"Admitting that they were not battered to pieces, they would not have been stanch enough to reach the Sunda Islands or the Australian coast."

"And still, remarked Andrew Hollister, "if nine of the castaways were able to get off the island, why should the other five have remained there?"

"In my opinion," added Captain Willis, "if they ever left the island in a boat they either went to the bottom, or else only reached the coast to be slain by Australian savages."

The brave woman didn't flinch at these terrible words.

"Zach," said she calmly, "what do you think of what Captain Willis has said?"

"I think," replied French with a shake of the head, "I think that if it was possible for things to turn out this way—it was possible for them to turn out in other ways."

"And, therefore," said Molly, "my position is that we really know nothing of what has become of the nine men not found on the island. As for you and your crew, Captain Willis, you have done everything that brave and devoted men could have done."

"I wish that I could have done more, Mrs. Allaire."

"We are going to leave you now, my dear Molly," said Hollister, thinking that it was useless to prolong the interview.

"'Tis well, my dear friend," answered Molly, with a sad smile. "I desire to be alone for a while; but whenever Captain Willis wishes to confer with me concerning John and his companions, I shall be happy to see him."

"I shall be at your command, Mrs. Allaire," replied Willis.

"And you, Zach," added Molly, "bear in mind that my house is yours."

"Mine?" repeated the seaman. "But what's to become of the Molly's Hope?"

"The Molly's Hope?" echoed Mrs. Allaire, as if astonished at the question.

"Your intention no doubt is, my dear Molly," said Andrew Hollister, "that if an opportunity occurs to make a good sale of—

"What, sell the Molly's Hope?" cried Mrs. Allaire. "No, Mr. Hollister, never!"

Mrs. Allaire and French exchanged glances. It was plain that they understood each other.

During 1883 nothing took place in any way qualified to draw public attention to the mystery of the Dreadnaught. Captain Willis went to sea again in command of one of the Hollister fleet. The merchant and Zach were the only visitors received at Prospect Cottage. As for Mrs. Allaire her time was wholly devoted to the children of the Walter Home.

The first six months of 1890 had gone by when one of the San Diego papers, in its issue of July 26, contained a piece of news the effect of which was, it may be said, tremendous in both the old world and the new.

[To Be Continued Next Sunday.]

THE YOUNGER DISRAELI.

A Rising Man in the Land Where His Uncle Was Famous.

New York Herald.]

A very swagger young man is Coningsby Ralph Disraeli. He is the nephew of the great Disraeli, and is making a heroic effort to keep that great man's name green and fragrant, for he was the heir to his uncle's name, as well as most of his estate: He was his uncle's favorite, and was named by him Coningsby, after his famous book. Young Mr. Disraeli is quite as much of a dandy as was his uncle when he was a stripling. As all the world knows, the elder Disraeli was uncommonly fond of dress. So is his nephew.

And the resemblance does not end there either. Like his uncle, he is going in for politics, and at the moment is a candidate for Parliament. He lives luxuriously, is a member of half a dozen clubs, keeps a man servant and a carriage, and is much sought after by marriageable women, for he is wealthy, handsome, only 24 years of age and the bearer of a distinguished name. Besides he is thought to be a coming man. He is particularly agreeable to Americans. He has been in the States once and hopes soon to go again.

"Are you in politics to stay?" was asked him.

Mr. Disraeli laughed. "Well," he replied, "I mean to go through the usual political routine. Of course, I cannot say that I will be successful."

"What chance has a young man to succeed in politics in England?"

"Not nearly so good as in America. There the field is always open. In England it is often closed even to brainy, dashing young fellows, who aspire to political honors."

I asked Mr. Disraeli for his views on what is politically the most important question of the day in England, the labor movement.

"I think in the end these strike leaders will cut their own throats," he said. "The workingmen are beginning to see through them. The dockers, who were the first to bring Mr. Burns forward as a strike leader, were the first persons to repudiate him afterward. If these men got into Parliament they would receive no more attention than any other members. In fact, being uneducated men, they would naturally receive less attention than educated men."

COMPETENT TO TESTIFY.

How a Witness Got the Better of a Very Smart Southern Lawyer.

Atlanta Constitution.]

The other day Judge Branham, of Rome, was attending Superior court at Cedartown. One of the lawyers was examining a witness who was not the brightest individual in the world. The question arose as to whether the witness was competent to testify. So the lawyer thought he would make a test. He looked at the man.

"Who made you?" he asked.

"Moses," answered the witness.

This satisfied the lawyer as to the incompetency of the witness, and he so argued.

Then the witness turned to Judge Janes and asked:

"Judge, may I ask the lawyer a question?"

"Certainly," said Judge Janes.

"Well, Mr. Lawyer, who made you?"

The lawyer thought he would still further test the witness' competency, and promptly answered:

"Aaron made me."

The witness was delighted at the answer, and, pointing his finger at the lawyer, drawled out:

"Well, I've read that Aaron once made a calf, but I didn't ever expect to see hit a-practicing at the law in this yere court."

The lawyer blushed, the court laughed and the question of the competency of the witness was affirmatively settled.

Judge Branham afterward went back to the courtroom, sought out the judge and told him the story. His Honor enjoyed the joke heartily, and himself laughed as loud as the dignity of the bench would allow.

TIPS ON THE LAND.

Nye Gives Points to People Who Look Toward South Carolina

WITH AN EYE TO SPECULATION.

Remarks About Agriculture, Pomology and the Culture of Bees.

SEASONS ARE GENERALLY UNUSUAL

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

"P. O. Box 1712.
"BOOMVILLE, July 5, 1891.

"DEAR BILL—It has been a long time since I wrote you, but you seem to be getting on about as well as usual. I write you now not only to inform you that I am well—hoping these few lines will find you the same—but to seek some information about the location of your North Carolina "Thought Works."

"I have the North Carolina fever myself, and it is getting less and less controllable. You see I have been in this State long enough to find out that its glorious climate is a fraud. I don't know whether you were here long enough to come to the same conclusion, but it's a climate that you don't want to put more confidence in than you would in a New York bunko man. We have just got through a six days' spell of 'mean temperature,' with a daily range from 99 to 105 or thereabouts, with a 'relative humidity' of 50. I don't know what this is, but I don't like it. I have five bushels of roasted apples under one tree, and no demand for roasted apples either. Of course this is only 'exceptional' weather, but I have had so much exceptional weather since I came here that I am blamed tired of it.

"Do you intend to live permanently in North Carolina, and, if so, would you object to having me live in the same county? Of course I have entirely reformed: besides, I have never been in the Legislature of this State, and, therefore, I still look my friends in the eye without quailing.

WANTS REAL GRASS AND BIG TREES.

"I am in search of a good, reliable, kindly disposed, all round climate, and I like to live among people who don't put on too many frills. I want to live where I can have some real grass (not the alleged sort) without squirting water on it for eight or nine months in the year. I want some big trees and some singing brooks with real fish in them. Is Buncombe county that sort of place, and about what does it cost an acre?

"I come to you with these questions because I feel that I can believe you, while I would look on the information of a real estate agent with great allowance.

"What sort of fruit do they grow around Asheville? I am a sort of horticultural crank, and I always grow fruit, though it costs me $25 a bushel. I succeeded last winter in growing 13 oranges here. The hoodlums got ten of them one night. The other three were nice looking oranges, but they had no juice in them. I shall be very glad to hear from you when you have time to write. Sincerely, as ever. ——— ———"

WHY THE NAME IS SUPPRESSED.

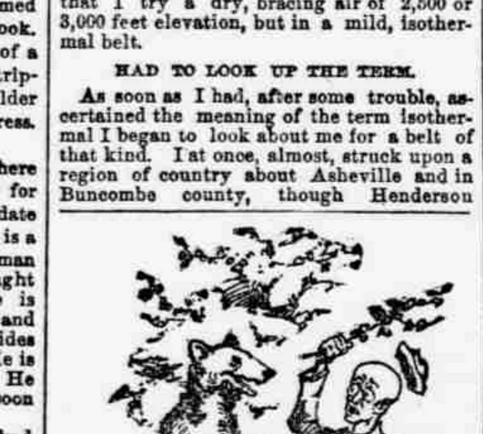
I have eradicated the name of the town at which the above letter is dated, also the name of the writer, because I did not wish to publish an unkind allusion to the State, which is generally regarded as a very attractive one. I would hate to build up any locality of my common country at the expense of another.

The inquirer is anxious to know of the horticultural and piscatorial merits of Buncombe county, also regarding prices, pomology, etc., etc. Several of these questions I have never answered publicly, and so a few moments may be pleasantly spent in their discussion, if I may be allowed to do the heft of it myself with the reader at a safe distance.

I came here early in the spring of the present year, partly because Mr. Vanderbilt, who is building a place near by, was not much acquainted and desired a bright young person, whom he knew and in whom he felt an interest, to drop in of an evening and play Pedro with him. I also desired to benefit my lungs, one of whom had begun to droop a little, making me walk one-sided, I thought. I had, besides, some symptoms of collapse from grip, gout and so forth. The physician, therefore, recommended that I try a dry, bracing air of 2,500 or 3,000 feet elevation, but in a mild, isothermal belt.

HAD TO LOOK UP THE TERM.

As soon as I had, after some trouble, ascertained the meaning of the term isothermal I began to look about me for a belt of that kind. I at once, almost, struck upon a region of country about Asheville and in Buncombe county, though Henderson



Nye and the Bear.

county offers also very excellent opportunities for those who need to build up their health with the kindly assistance of nature. I presume that if Vanderbilt had not made such a fuss about it I would have gone to Henderson county. Property is cheaper there, and yet the climate lasts just as long as it does here. But, as I say, I came here preferring to be among my own folks, as you might say, and where George and I could take off our lime spattered overalls at eventide and play cinch, rather than go to a strange neighborhood.

North Carolina is essentially a fruit growing country. Wild fruit I have never seen so plentiful. On the mountain four years ago myself and a large, hot-breathed mamma bear ate persimmons off the same bush for a little time, but I found another tree where the persimmons, it seemed to me, were better and less puckerful, so I went to it. Besides I hate to have strangers watch me while I eat.

SOMETHING ABOUT UNUSUAL SEASONS.

Berries grow wild here by the thousands of bushels. This year I never saw so many berries in my life before as there are here, though neighbors tell me it is an unusual year. It is strange how the unusual year pursues me wherever I go. I was in California a year ago and it had rained until the entire State was a mighty lagoon, and Mr. Hearst told me it was an unusual year with them. Generally they did not have but eight feet of rainfall. That year it was nine. But he said it would be very good for cereals.

In Oregon the railroad north from San Francisco had not been in operation for over 70 days, owing to the blockade and general coma from snow and avalanches, so I had to ride on a coast steamer and swap confidences with the wind-tossed waves. Mr. Fee, of the Northern Pacific, said it was an unusaul winter with them. In London, in the previous year, as I strolled along the lambrequin of Trafalgar square with a nice new English umbrella over my head, a bright and cheery voice at my side said something regarding the dampness, and a little shapely hand took my umbrella and held it for me as a pair of merry, bright brown eyes looked up laughingly into mine.

DIDN'T DO AS KIPLING DID.

I presume that, according to the methods of studying American society adopted by Mr. Kipling and Mr. Aide, I should pause here to criticize the rather flippant and coarse custom among ladies of London of addressing gentlemen on the street, who are thinking of something else. But I was not writing a book on England after eating breakfast, buying an umbrella and coming home, as some authors do.

"Excuse me," I said, taking out a new card case that I bought on the Rue de Pinktum, Paris, France, and presenting my card. "I do not recall your face. I am a plain American, passing through your town and pricing a lot here and there. Would you mind exchanging cards?" The voice did not have a card with it, but spoke of the backward spring. I said, "Yes, it was rather cool and wet for July." "Yes," said the musical voice; "this with us is a very unusual year." I then did a very rude thing. Very likely it hurt me in England. I angrily wrenched my umbrella from the little white hand, and dashing away down the alley at a frightful pace was soon lost to view.

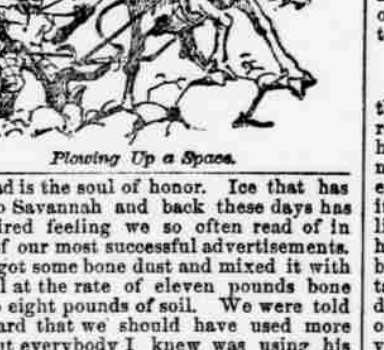
APPLES FOR FOREIGN CONSUMPTION.

Pomology is that science which treats of the variety, growth, decay, disease and culture of fruit. Here the apple is the most successful fruit, barring the grape. The Limbertwig is a good apple to grow here for foreign consumption, home consumption being unknown here. I have done very well with small fruits here, and my wife has put down enough for two families for eight years to come. All kinds of berries are to be had at five cents per big, honest quart, and with sugar at 20 pounds or thereabouts for $1 it seems almost a sin not to put up or down, whichever is correct, fruit for the approaching unusual winter.

We have had a garden here this season and it has been so far a great success. I wished to give employment also to my children, thus teaching them to earn money for themselves, so that they will not have dissipated my large fortune before the grass is knee high on my new-made grave; a grave, I may add, that will have been made unpleasantly sloppy by a nation's tears. So we had a colored man and brother, with iron gray cotswold hair and a 2-year-old roan heifer, plow up a space of ground, after I had warned him not to injure the stumps which grow here in great profusion. I paid him and then I got my own valet to remove the stone abutment on which the garden stood. He took out several cords of micacious granite and had left soil enough to just comfortably start a young orchard.

A GENTLE TONIC FOR THE SOIL.

Then General West said that he would need something in the way of a gentle tonic to the soil, so we got quite a lot of bone dust. We bought it at Asheville, and it was carried by us to Charleston. Our station is a flag station only, and we have ice brought out from Asheville, too. It sometimes goes by to Savannah, but it is brought back, for



Plowing Up a Space.

the road is the soul of honor. Ice that has been to Savannah and back these days has that tired feeling we so often read of in some of our most successful advertisements.

We got some bone dust and mixed it with the soil at the rate of eleven pounds bone dust to eight pounds of soil. We were told afterward that we should have used more soil, but everybody I knew was using his soil and so I had to take what I could get. We planted potatoes, cabbage, tomatoes, melons, lettuce, radishes, peas and beans.

I got a good man to hoe them. Then the children watched them grow, now and then pulling up a hill of potatoes to see if they were large enough to sell to their misguided father. So far eighty cents' worth of vegetables have been sold to me at half price, the most of which sum has been used in the purchase of firecrackers.

DIFFICULT TO DIE OF GOUT THERE.

You ask if I intend to live here permanently. I do not yet know. Land in the country is $40 and $50 per acre, and, as you may readily judge, is not worth that for agricultural purposes. Is it worth that alone for building sites? That depends on what may be your lot in life. If you can afford to support a farm here, you will like agriculture in Buncombe county, but the poor farmer who has neglected to marry a wealthy wife till it is too late, will have a great difficulty in dying of gout.

The country is beautifully watered. Every half mile you cross a crystal branch or find a cool, delicious spring by the roadside. Bees do well here, making honey all the day and foolishly acquiring much more than they need, never dividing it with those who are needy, showing through life great irritability of temper and finally dying miserably in the midst of plenty, like the founder of a trust. I think that the bee and the prairie dog are both greatly overestimated.

Insect life here is prosperous and blithesome. Mosquitoes do not flourish here at all for some reason, and flies are not so plenty as they are in the North, but the woodtick, the "jigger" or chigre, the black hornet, the spider and other non-vertebrates do well. The bed insect also grows to a great height and attains a wonderful age. Some of the best blood of Pocahontas and George III. flows in its veins. It may be found on the crest of some of our oldest families in the United States.

BILL NYE.

A MOUNTAIN IN LABOR.

The Remarkable Moodus Noises That Alarm the People of Connecticut.

New York Tribune.]

"The "Moodus noises" have been heard again for the first time in about a dozen years. They are the most extraordinary phenomenon in the history of Connecticut. Moodus is a quaint old village in the old witch-town of East Haddam, that nestles among tall hills on Little Salmon river, two or three miles from the Connecticut river. In the heart of the loftiest hill, Mount Tom, whose grassy slope begins almost in the village street, and which towers above Moodus, the noises originate. They are heard intermittently. Sometimes the mountain is silent for 25 or 30 years, then suddenly the strangest sounds break forth, a deep sepulchral, voluminous sound, like the moaning of an imprisoned monster, that seems to boom the subterranean caverns of the earth, and is heard distinctly 10 or 12 miles away.

The noises begin with a seemingly faraway low rumbling note, that speedily swells in volume and intensity, and culminates in a vast rolling sound, like the muttering of distant thunder, and the ground trembles as if with the throe of an earthquake. For the last ten years the mountain has been quiet. But early Sunday morning, July 19, the village folk and farmers in neighboring towns were awakened by the familiar subterranean rumbling. They sprang from their beds, ran to their bedroom windows, thinking that a thunder shower must be overhead, but the morning was serene and fair. As they stood at the windows there were several distinct shocks, and they said to each other in tones of awe: "It is the Moodus noises again." The rumbling was not heavy last Sunday, and continued for only a few minutes, then died away, ending with the light shocks, that sounded like explosions of powder far beneath the earth's surface, and made the village windows tremble a little. The rause of the Moodus noises has never been satisfactorily explained.

Communion Wine.

Alfred Speer, the celebrated wine grower of New Jersey, preserves the unfermented juice of the grape for sacramental use. It has been adopted, and its use sanctioned by prominent divines of this country. It is used by invalids with remarkable effect. The port and claret are among the popular wines.

KEY TO THE CAPITAL.

Chile's Rebels Must Take Talcahuano Before Santiago Falls.

VALPARAISO IS IMPREGNABLE.

Visit to Concepcion When the People Were Taking a Siesta.

RESOURCES OF THE SOUTHERN LAND

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

TALCAHUANO, CHILE, July 3.—Returning from Crusoe's Island to our starting point, Talchuano, I find this portion of Chile so full of novelty and interest that the impulse is strong to stop hereabouts for a time. Though the Northern half of the Republic is richer in minerals and great cities, the Central and Southern portions comprise nearly all the agricultural area, which will insure permanent prosperity after the gold and silver and nitrate and guano of the deserts in the North are exhausted.

In a scenical point of view the South is certainly to be preferred, with its lofty mountains, great rivers, green valleys and dark forests, where dwell the yet unconquered Araucanians—the bravest Indians in South America. All the coal of the country is found in the South (which brings from $25 to $30 per ton), and all the timber; and though it has neither a Santiago nor a Valparaiso, the city of Concepcion is not a great way behind, being reckoned third in size in the Republic, while Valdivia, Linares, Coronel, Imperial and other growing towns are already of considerable importance.

THE GREAT WEST OF CHILE.

In short, its northern half is to this country what the great West is to the United States, and it is a comparatively new possession, having been a part of Patagonia until a recent period, when that territory was divided between Chile and the Argentine Republic. Another good reason for tarrying awhile is that the "seat of war" will probably soon be transferred to Talcahuano, and, therefore, one must visit the locality now or not at all. It is not unlikely that before this letter can reach the United States and appear in print, the telegraph may have brought you news of fresh horrors—that this peaceful village is laid waste, its citizens murdered and their property destroyed.

The insurgents are now practically prisoners in the northern provinces, where they have set up an "opposition" government, and so far all the better part of the country has been beyond their grasp. Should they gain possession of Talcahuano it will be the best (or rather the worst) stroke of work they have yet accomplished, except the taking of Iquique, the nitrate port, which furnishes them with plenty of money to carry on the conflict and correspondingly cripples the federal treasury.

THE ROUTE TO THE CAPITAL.

Via Talcahuano is the one route by which the rebels have the remotest chance of reaching the capital, it being less than a hundred miles distant and directly connected by rail. The port would make an excellent base for future operations, for in its well-sheltered bay their transport could lie secure from all winds that blow; and here, where wheat, corn, fruit and vegetables grow in abundance, supplies can be obtained at much cheaper rates than in the desert north, where everything in the line of food is imported. Besides, Talcahuano is virtually undefended, and might be more easily taken than Iquique, Arica and other ports which they have already secured, where nature furnished admirable sites for fortifications.

We are expecting news at any time of a battle at Coquimbo, the port next north of Valparaiso; and should the rebels come off victorious there—as is eminently probable, that place being no better defended than this—they will undoubtedly sail direct to Talcahuano, 200 miles south of Valparaiso, giving the last named place a "wide berth" by sea. However elated by past successes, they would hardly be so mad as to tackle Valparaiso, it being one of the best fortified ports in the world.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF VALPARAISO.

Its crescent-shaped bay is environed by an unbroken line of hills, and upon them guns are placed in such position as to sweep it in every part and command all the landing places. There are 30 guns—one ten-inch muzzle-loader, 11 nine-inch breech-loaders, 5 Krupp guns of 21 centimeters caliber, and 13 300-pounders. The masked batteries show very small targets for attacking ships to fire at, and destruction would be certain to a much larger force than the rebels can muster—unless, as might easily happen in this land of treachery, the gunners were bribed to turn the forts over to the enemy, after the manner of Captain Velasco, who was hanged for the crime a few weeks ago.

So far as is known, the rebel fleet has but 19 guns, the largest being a ten-inch breech-loader. For a long time past the Government gunners at Valparaiso have been given daily practice, using for targets floating casks with flags attached. They have a range finder, and know the distances to an inch in every part of the bay. Besides, at this time of year (midwinter below the equator), the alleged harbor of Valparaiso is an exceedingly rough place, exposed to the frequent "northers," which for days together keep vessels pitching and rolling too much for action, or send them scudding helplessly hither and thither.

GONE TOO FAR TO RETURN.

A woman's opinion may not count for much, but it is my belief that the "oppositionists" are heartily tired of this whole business and would abandon it at once did not considerations of personal safety weigh with the leaders. Should they voluntarily give in or be defeated while Balmaceda is in power they know very well what to expect at his hands. Having ruined his administration and darkened his future life and made him appear like a monster in the eyes of the world, they could not look for much clemency from his naturally revengeful disposition. It will not be many weeks before a new President grasps the helm, and it is my opinion that then peace will speedily be patched up for the good of all concerned, by concessions on both sides, which are not possible now between Balmaceda and his opposers.

This Bay of Concepcion is about six miles long by four miles wide, and is by all odds the best and safest for large ships on the coast of Chile. The port of Talcahuano occupies its southwest angle, with the village of Tome, Liriquen and Penco on the east, the Island of Quiriguina (three miles long by a mile wide), at the entrance, and the important city of Concepcion only 20 miles inland, reached by railway in a few moments. The name of this port, by the way, is pronounced as if spelled Thalcah-whanho, accented on the third syllable.

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.

Viewed from the deck of a vessel, the village presents a beautiful appearance—but, like other South American towns, 'tis distance lends enchantment. Its picturesque church spire forms a conspicuous mark toward which ships steer to anchorage, and a wooden pier puts out far into the bay. There is a large dock, an arsenal, a seaman's hospital, a signal station on a lookout hill; and at the western end of the village, close down to the sea, is the handsome railway station, from which trains run both north and south, thus bringing the port into direct communication with the interior. Repairing to the machinery of vessels can be effected at the Government works in Concepcion, and I am told that the yearly shipping in the bay averages 600 vessels, amounting to 500,000 tons.

About 50 years ago Talcahuano was entirely destroyed by an earthquake. After the first shaking up, the inhabitants, fortunately for themselves, fled en masse to the low hills behind the town; and from that vantage ground, with the earth trembling so violently beneath them that it was impossible to stand upright, they beheld an awful sight. The ocean receded a long distance and then advanced in three successive waves—each.

AN UNBROKEN WALL OF WATER

thirty feet in height, dragging ships from their anchors and dashing some of them far inland; then the subsidence of the billows swept houses from their foundations and bore away the ruins, together with flocks and herds, leaving the town site desolate and the citizens homeless and poverty-stricken.

Talcahuano has now a population of about 4,000, and, like other Chilean villages, is mostly built of adobes, though there are a few brick and frame houses in the place, belonging to German and English residents. Its narrow, dusty streets are generally pavementless, and there is a plaza, where—if you share the native fondness for that kind of amusement—you may wonder about among peons, dogs, donkeys and fleas, and behold women sitting in their doorways strumming upon guitars. During the summer time this port is a favorite resort for whale ships, though they are much less numerous than formerly, and then the streets abound with drunken sailors who are generally found in some sort of disturbance. Here, as at Valparaiso, notwithstanding the long pier, ships are laden and unladen by means of launches. The boatmen are a distinctive class of citizens, who follow no business but this from generation to generation.

HOW VESSELS ARE UNLOADED.

A launch is rowed near the beach and then pushed up on it, stern foremost, as far as the depth of water will permit; and then the men, naked, except for a piece of cloth about the loins and sometimes a calico shirt, wade through the surf carrying articles ashore, no matter what their weight, from a box of candles to a piano case. Their muscular frames become wonderfully developed by this sort of exercise, and it is astonishing with what rapidity they perform the work.

The country in the neighborhood of Talcahuano amply rewards cultivation, and some of the valleys back of Concepcion are said to be among the richest in the world. All kinds of fruits, grains and vegetables are produced in abundance; beef, mutton, pork and fowls are well-fattened and cheap, and fish can be netted in incredible quantities on the beach at flood-tide. Speaking of the fisheries reminds me of St. Peter's Day, which is made a great fiesta in all the coast towns of Chile. Peter was a fisherman, you know, and this country has many miles of sea shore, while its greatest width is not so much but that a large proportion of the people can journey to the ocean—on foot, if need be—to worship the saint in a fit and becoming manner.

BLESSING THE WATER FOR FISH.

Of course it is made a legal holiday, for nobody dreams of working at such a time. At the first peep of dawning all the bells are rung, and in every church the usual 6 o'clock mass is celebrated. The largest sanctuary in the place has been decorated beforehand for the occasion with flags and flowers and votive offerings around the shrines of the holy fisherman; at 10 A. M. the people congregate and a procession is formed to march down to the ocean. A life-size wax or wooden figure, dressed richly, representing the Apostle Peter, is carried at the head of the procession with great pomp and ceremony.

Arrived at the water's edge, the image is placed in a boat and held over the sea, and at Talcahuano it is rowed all around the bay, while priests bless the waters that they may produce fish abundantly. Those who expect to reap the reward of this saintly patronage, the poor fishermen, are highly taxed to pay for the performance.

Tome, on the opposite side of the bay (pronounced Toe-may, accenting the final syllable), is a famous summer resort for the people of this section. A tiny steamboat about 50 feet long and 15 feet wide, with a canvas awning to protect the passengers from sun and rain, plies continually between Talcahuano and Tome. It was bought one day by an energetic German for what loose change he happened to have in his vest pocket, and now he realizes no less than $10,000 a year carrying passengers across the bay.

A WHOLE CITY SOUND ASLEEP.

The road from Talcahuano to Concepcion traverses a sandy plain, dotted here and there with dwarf trees. As the traveler approaches he sees what at first appear to be a few scattered huts at the base of a range of sand hills, and not far off the mighty Bio-Bio; and is amazed to find himself almost immediately afterward in the midst of a city of 15,000 or 20,000 inhabitants. It was noon when we entered Concepcion, and in passing through a long street to our hotel, we saw only three animated objects—a muleteer, a boy and a donkey. It was the siesta hour, and the whole city was asleep; and in broad day, among thousands of human beings, utter silence reigned.

The hotel to which we were directed is quaint enough to merit description. There is a passage in the center, through which donkeys, laden with wood, water, sacks of coal, baskets of vegetables, dead pigs, sheep, etc., are driven on their way to the kitchen. The only room to sit in is the dining room, which is floored with brick and has a bar of liquors in one corner. All the bedrooms open on the patio, or central court, and if you are partial to light and air their interiors may be scanned by all the neighbors.

AWFUL MURDER AND PUNISHMENT.

That the quaint old city has made many advances in civilization the following true story will show. Less than 40 years ago a a beautiful girl, whose parents were among the wealthiest citizens of Concepcion, married the son of another equally prominent family, and the pair settled down to housekeeping with flattering prospects of future happiness. Children came to the casa, and for a few years their domestic felicity was undisturbed. Then the demon of jealousy took possession of the wife (whether on reasonable grounds I do not know); and one night while the husband slept she deliberately poured a kettle of boiling water over his face and head.

After a few hours of horrible torture he died—and so did she in a no less shocking manner. Though her father offered the whole of his wealth to save her life, and tendered the Governor a million dollars in gold, the woman—who was still young and beautiful—was dragged to the "Hill of Death," or place of public executions. There, according to her sentence, she was shot; and then her yet warm body was sown up in a sack, together with living rats and snakes, and sunk in the middle of the Bio-Bio.

FANNIE B. WARD.

A LOTTERY OF CHINA.

Curious Form of Gambling Which Catches High and Low Every Day.

A curious gambling device of China, says the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, is called "Tapakoopoo." It shows what a strong and simple faith the people have in man's honesty. In "Tapakoopoo" one of the managers takes a strip of paper on which are written 80 characters, signifying, for example, the sun, moon, earth, stars, etc. He is carefully shut up for several hours in a room to which no one is allowed access. During this confinement he marks with red ink 20 of the characters on the strip. As soon as the door is opened the paper is put immediately into a box, which is locked.

In the meantime a similar list of characters has been struck off on a press and copies are sold. The buyer marks ten characters and hands in his copy at an appointed time, when all copies of competitors are compared in public with the original marked copy. You must guess more than four characters right to win; if you get five you receive seven "cash;" if eight, $7; if ten, $15. One person is permitted to buy as many as 300 copies of the characters, but he must mark the same ten letters in each. To judge from the number of copies sold every day the profits of the managers of this game must be immense. Women and children, as well as men, are devoted to this form of lottery.

STOP at the Hollenden, in Cleveland. American and European plans. su

TALKING TO EUROPE.

An Ocean Telephone Would Require Cables as Big as Hogsheads.

HEALTH IN THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The Introduction of Telephones Has Made Honolulu People Fat.

KILLING PAIN IN TOOTH-PULLING

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The question has often been asked: Is it possible to telephone across the Atlantic? Such a communication has never yet been made. The difficulty with submarine telephony is the fact of considerable electrostatic capacity in the cable, the result of which is retardation and formation of the electrical impulses transmitted. If a line could be made of exceptionally low resistance, so that the electric currents would have the freest possible discharge, the evil effect of this capacity would be in part done away with. It might be possible to speak across the Atlantic over a cable as big as a hogshead, but, as the cost and manipulation of such a cable are prohibitive, we shall have to be content to await further developments in telephoning work. Recent discoveries would indicate that such developments are not far off, and it is possible that before many years have elapsed America and England may be talking to each other with the same ease as Boston has in talking to New York.

The telephone is more used in Honolulu than any other place. There are two rival companies in the island, and the rates are so cut that every soda-water stand has its telephone, and the marketing is all done over the wire. Even railway trains are started by telephone, and men use their legs as little as possible now that the facilities for verbal intercourse enable them to avoid to a considerable extent the inconveniences of a hot climate. An English electrical engineer who has recently been engaged in making a series of surveys in the island says that the introduction of the telephone has had a somewhat ludicrous sequel. The ladies, who were wont to do their marketing with more energy than could be looked for in such a warm climate, now stay at home and send their orders by telephone, and the business men to a great extent follow suit. The consequence is that there is a marked accession of avoirdupois among the better classes of the community, male and female. This phenomenon, which is vouched for as a fact, can be easily understood, when the sudden cessation of accustomed exercise is taken into consideration.

Electric Sights for Ordnance.

The first application of an illuminated sight to ordnance was made by the Chileans during the late war in Peru. In 1879, during the bombardment of Callao, operations were carried on after dark with the aid of luminous sights. The method employed in this case was, as is general in carrying out new ideas, a very crude one. It consisted simply in fixing a short length of platinum wire in the place of the foresight and heating it to incandescence by means of a primary battery, during the period of time required to sight the gun. This manner of lighting up the sight worked so satisfactorily, and was of such assistance to the gunners, that further attention was directed to the subject, and great improvements have been made. One of the methods now generally used is to introduce an incandescent lamp into a hollow cast for the purpose in the gun; the steel leaf or sighting piece at the point is removed and replaced by a glass or crystal cone, which is held in its place by a nut, the hollow of which corresponds with the taper of the cone. The surface of the tubular space in which the lamp is placed is bright and occasionally nickel-plated to intensify the brightness of the light of the lamp, which, when it is switched on shows a bright spot at the point of the cone. In some cases a glass ball is used instead of a cone, but with no better results. This bright spot in the glass point of the sight is sufficiently distinct for all the purposes of sighting at night, and gives great satisfaction to the officers whose duty it is to use it.

Electric Light for Domestic Use.

Many persons imagine that the electric light gives out no heat. This is a mistake. So far as we have at present been able to determine, there can be no light without heat; but in the case of the electric light, the heat is only one-twentieth part of that evolved by gas. The way in which the electric light, however, is destined to promote the health of the people is in its non-vitiation of the atmosphere. When it is remembered that a single jet of gas will consume more oxygen than six men, the ill effects of living in such a contaminated atmosphere for a great part of most nights in a year may be understood. Another interesting fact bearing on this subject is, that where theaters and other places of amusement are lighted by electricity, the audience can sit through a long performance with much less of the feeling of lassitude and exhaustion which was the rule rather than the exception in crowded buildings where gas alone was used. Another advantage of the electric light is its cleanliness in making inevitable its introduction into picture galleries and public and private art collections.

Electricity in Tooth Extraction.

The extraction of teeth by electricity has excited a good deal of interest and some curiosity. When the patient takes hold of the handles of the battery the current is gradually increased in intensity until the patient can bear no more; then, while the forceps are being introduced, the current is turned off for a second, and on again. The rest is the same as without electricity. The question: "Why is it that electricity prevents pain?" was recently ingeniously answered by Dr. Arthur Harries. He said: "Electricity travels over the nerve at the rate of 420 vibrations per second; pain travels from the tooth to the brain in one-sixtieth of a second. My theory is that the electricity, being so much quicker and having the greatest force behind it, gets to the brain first, and then keeps the line for itself, crowding out the pain."

Electricity in Navigation.

The Captain of a ship is now saved much anxiety when sailing in shallow waters, where constant soundings are necessary, by the use of an automatic sounder worked electrically. A beveled plate in the form of a wedge is suspended from the ship, to which it is fastened by detaching hooks. This wedge is towed free at the required depth so long as there is water below. As soon as shallow water is encountered a trigger is tripped, the strain on the tow line is relaxed and an electric bell sounds an alarm. Another device which is likely to be appreciated by the ship captain is an electrical alarm which sounds whenever the vessel shifts her course.

Magnetic Button Fastener.

A clever adaptation of electricity is found in the magnetic button fastener. The difficulty in the common machines has been the absence of a plan sufficiently simple for feeding the buttons from the receiving hopper on the top of the machine down the tube leading to the stamping mechanism. This is now effected by the magnet, which, playing up and down in the hopper through a slot in the bottom, attracts several of the loose buttons at each upward movement. On the downward stroke the buttons which cling to the magnet are rubbed off into a little trough.

Safety Apparatus for Mine Cages.

A greatly improved safety apparatus for miner's cages has been introduced. A current of electricity is conveyed down the hauling rope to four electro-magnets, which sustain the gripping cams. While the current passes the cams are kept away from the guides, but directly the rope breaks and the current is cut off the cams immediately grip the guides and so sustain the cage. The rope is, to all intents and purposes, the ordinary hauling rope, except that it has two insulated copper wires in the hemp core.

A Gravel-Pit Plant.

A railway company in Idaho, which uses many thousand carloads of gravel in improving its roadbed, has advantageously had recourse to electricity for the working of its gravel-pit at night. It is found that the arc lamps on incandescent circuits give excellent results. Portable electric light plants are now in use on many railroads to assist in removing wrecks and doing night repair work.

Rough on Prince Tummy.

Life.]

The Missus: You oughtn't to leave the floor in such a condition. Why don't you take your chips with you?

Carpenter: Who do you take me for, the Prince of Wales?