# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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## THE ANARCHIST.

Gerald Faulkner took the morning train at Sacramento for San Francisco. Gerald was of Puritan ancestry, from an old, old American family. Therefore he was small of stature, with uncertain digestion, eagle face, quick, self-reliant, tolerant spirit, and nimble wits. He sat near a window, opened his daily paper, and searched for news as the train set forth.

A late comer stopped in the aisle near by. Gerald hospitably drew closer to the window and made room, still intent upon his paper. The stranger slid forward a large black valise and crowded in beside him, finding accommodations for his feet as best he could, his baggage blocking the floor space seriously.

Gerald read on, but soon became aware that his companion exhaled unsavory odors. He glanced at the newcomer, who was of squat, brawny figure, broad, low head, heavy perceptives, greedy eyes, shaggy brows, pug nose, and crude face, but wearing an expression of positiveness and decision. He looked like a mechanic who feared neither dirt nor any man.

Gerald turned from his grimy seat-mate and glanced out of the window, where ripening fields of grain and distant orchards laden with choice fruits refreshed the eye. As he again faced about he caught his companion's gaze. Picking up his paper, Gerald, remarked casually, with courteous tone:

"Providence has been good to us this season," and gave a final glance at the telegrams.

"I don't believe in Providence," was the quick reply.

☞ Weather, then," rejoined Gerald, indifferently, opening to the editorials.

"Don't believe in weather, either. Not in this climate," growled the stranger, his voice harsh and accent discontented.

Gerald vouchsafed no reply, but plunged into the brevier.

"I don't believe in law," continued the stranger.

Gerald read on.

"Nor police."

Gerald gave no heed.

"I don't believe in private property, sir."

Gerald put down his paper, annoyed. Immigration gives us strange company and custom accords much to fellow-travellers, but woe to him who intrudes on the American without cause when absorbed in his daily paper! Gerald glared wrathfully, but the stranger was as impervious to angry looks as a turtle to raindrops. Thereupon Gerald responded sarcastically:

"I have little interest in what people don't believe. Tell me what you do believe."

The stranger was nonplussed, but presently stammered:

"I believe in a common right to lands and property."

"I see. What's mine's yours, eh?"

The stranger nodded.

"Thanks!" cried Gerald. And he siezed the valise and drew it over toward his own feet.

The stranger showed alarm. He pushed away Gerald's light fingers with his heavy hand, and drew the valise gently back.

Gerald exclaimed contemptuously, "That doctrine don't apply when the other fellow is smaller than you, eh?" And he resumed once more the ponderosities of his newspaper.

Carefully replacing his black valise, the anarchist replied, "O, I don't mind your quips. Your idea is all right, but the fact is I have something dangerous there, and it must be handled cautiously. Yes, I believe, sir, in community of property. Equal sharing and ownership."

The veins stood forth on Gerald's forehead. His eyes sparkled with indignation. His native good sense was affronted, and he dropped his paper to retort.

"Preposterous! Some men are created with superior abilities. You can't hold all to a dead level. It would destroy ambition."

This was received with a combative gesture.

"We have got to have a law saying how much a man shall own. Earnings beyond that to go into a common fund."

"My friend, you might as well burst in on a man sword in hand, and say, 'Do you eat red pepper on your beefsteak?' If he says 'No,' tell him he must, or die. He'll jump up, fire the stove handle, rocking chair, and lamp at you, work his way back to the woodshed, come in with the hatchet and crowbar, and clean you out. Such questions can't be forced. Every man has a right to his own tastes and his own winnings."

The stranger asserted grimly, "I can force the question."

Gerald lifted his chin and said no more. He picked up his newspaper.

His companion opened the valise and touched Gerald softly, to draw notice. This valise was crammed with cotton wherein lay snugly packed several dull globular objects.

"Bombs!" whispered the stranger. "Dynamite from Cincinnati. These will force the question quick enough."

Gerald gasped and drew back. The round leaden missiles appeared portentious. But his nerve soon rallied.

"Doesn't it occur to you that in case of a railroad collision—?" he said suggestively.

The stranger smiled, like one who has presented an invincible argument. Whereupon Gerald caught up a bomb and made pretence of casting it in the aisle. His companion paled and sat terrified. Gerald put back the bomb into its batting, and once more took up his paper, saying derisively:

"You are afraid of your own weapons. Guess you'll never do much harm."

Swift came the response:

"Afraid, because I know their power. You are easy because you don't.

Gerald, who was a jobber in drugs and chemicals, smile! wryly and again essayed those editorials.

But his persistent fellow-traveller gave him no peace. He moved closer, to whisper fiercely:

"Capital is the product of the many. Its monopoly by the few must cease. We must all get the benefit of it."

Gerald responded impatiently:

"We do get the benefit. Capital means savings, and saving means investment, which develops mines, manufactures, commerce, and gives labor employment. We can all save if we know enough, but it is a law of nature that man must bear the result of his ignorance. The true road to capital is by study and trial, by temperance and disciplined judgment. Instead we go bruising our way in headlong stupidity, cursing everybody but ourselves. Self-conceit is the great bar which keeps men from seeing a good deal in this world. We want to put all blame off upon somebody else."

The stranger nodded grimly: "Wait, and you will see! There is a corps of us drilling, and one of these days we'll rack Frisco from stem to stern. Nob Hill has got to come down! And the crowd are going to enjoy what their tyrants now have."

An abstract protest trembled on Gerald's tongue. But what use to utter it? The hard visage beside him looked but one way. The set wits rejected generalities. He replied once more with allegory:

"I see. Chanticleer looks over the fence, sees another fowl with a covey of hens, and cries, 'Get out! You are a tyrant.' He flies over, tears his comb, and rules the covey with just the same iron law. In place of what you now call tyranny of the few you would put tyranny of the many, blighting the rise of every aspiring soul, and driving back into the ranks every man who wants to improve. Don't prate on high moral grounds, but say frankly that you want your class to get the spoils! Tell me, were you born in this country?"

"No. I was born—Hallo! Here's my station. I get out here."

The wheels stopped. The stranger rose and caught up his valise. He started forth unceremoniously.

Gerald accompanied him. This man with his dynamite bombs, a declared enemy of society, must be denounced. He followed to the platform. It was a small country station. A grain elevator, a cattle yard, a distant grocery, waving grain, sweep of river, radiant sky. But no police, no authorities, to arrest or investigate. The dynamiter started off, bearing his deadly baggage.

As the wheels again turned Gerald called after him:

"Suppose I am rich and divide with you. You go off, squander your money, and come back destitute. What am I to do?"

The stranger turned, and holding his valise with one hand while he thrust his other hand into a coat pocket, showed his yellow teeth in a sinister smile, and growled, "Divide again!"

Gerald returned to his seat indignant. Clearly, these United States are absorbing more raw immigration than can be assimilated readily.

He cogitated as he sped toward town. This confusion of liberty and license, this misunderstanding of organic rights must be checked. It seemed time to advocate a new department in our prisons, where dangerous ignorance may have a three years' couse in political economy.

Some months later Gerald noticed that his book-keeper, Philips, was making many errors and wore a troubled face. As time went by these blunders increased and the expression of anxiety deepened toward despair. Philips was in trouble. Gerald hinted his interest in the matter.

Thereupon Philips unbosomed himself. A year before he had mortgaged his home for a thousand dollars, and bought a share in a sealing company whose schooner Iskum caught fire and burned off the Alaska coast. His mortgage came due to-morrow, and foreclosure was threatened. Gilfast, original holder of the instrument, (the well-known benevolent banker,) died four months ago. It had passed to Gilfast's cousin, Jorx, who was inexorable. Philips begged of Gerald to see Jorx and arrange for its renewal. He himself had failed to obtain any concessions.

Accordingly Gerald hastened to the bank, determined if no other way was open to buy the mortgage himself. For Philips had been long in his employ, and was a worthy and deserving gentleman.

He was shown to the private office of Mr. Jorx.

"Well, sir?" demanded Mr. Jorx, a man in tidy business attire, of squat, stout figure, shaggy brows and pug nose.

Gerald stated his business, meantime studying in perplexity the face before him. He had seen Jorx before. But where? Ah!—He remembered the bombs. This was the anarchist!

Gerald's face lighted. By a simultaneous ray of recollection in the greedy eyes of the banker, Gerald Faulkner saw that he was remembered. He at once continued:

"It ought to be easy to arrange this matter with you, Mr. Jorx, for you believe in equality of rights. I recall distinctly your liberal views upon the sharing of capital when we met last. You certainly are not the one to oppress your fellow man."

Mr. Jorx appeared embarrassed. He hemmed delay and wheeled to and fro in his adjustable rattan chair. At last he stammered:

"That was before I came into the property. I did not understand these things as I do now."

"How? Not believe in division of capital?" persisted Gerald, gently.

Mr. Jorx hesitated and turned red in the face.

"No. Fact is, capital is the great benefaction of our race. Capital in the hands of energetic men, as it always is in this country, gives work to the crowd, opens new fields of labor, creates new machinery and methods to cheapen everything, and is the poor man's best friend. He ought to work with it and not against it."

"But how about bombs, common right to property, and so forth?"

"Only a quip of mine!" cried Mr. Jorx, rising abruptly and with evident desire to end the interview. "As for your friend, Mr. Philips, I will concede him another year or two at the same rate of interest."

Gerald Faulkner discretely took his leave. Descending the polished steps of the bank, he muttered:

"This man is not the first fool made wiser by a little property. So many see only the side their pockets hangs on. Clearly, the chief duty of true Americans nowadays is to maintain the law and give equitable protection to every man!"
—Wood Ruff Clarke in *The Overland.*

Small boy—"Uncle, do you understand the rule of three?" Uncle—"Perfectly well, my boy. I lived with my father-in-law, my mother-in-law, and my wife."

## The President's Record.

The president's desperate attempt to retrieve the diplomatic reputation of his administration renders a review of its Canadian policy timely. When he entered upon office a transition stage in the relation of the United States and the Dominion was approaching. The fisheries clauses of the treaty of Washington had proved an unsatisfactory and inequitable arrangement so far as American interests were concerned. An exorbitant price for inshore fishing rights had been exacted by the Halifax arbitrators. The award of $5,500,000 was paid under protest, and when the period which it embraced had passed there was no disposition on the part of the United States to reopen negotiations for a renewal of the contract. Experience has demonstrated that the Canadian inshore fisheries were not worth as much to American fishermen as the privilege of free entry to the New England market was to the Dominion fishing fleet. Accordingly notice was given to the British government of the abrogation of the fisheries articles. By act of Congress and President Arthur's proclamation these articles were to lapse on July 1, 1885. The American fishing fleet had known for two years what would happen, and were not only fully prepared for the change, but very eager to have their home market protected against their Canadian rivals.

This was the situation when the president was inaugurated. Congress had abrogated the fisheries articles; President Arthur had proclaimed the change of policy, and American fishermen were delighted with the prospect of securing relief from the burdens of an inequitable treaty. What was the first diplomatic act of the new administration in these circumstances? Secretary Bayard having been approached by the astute British minister affected alarm on account of the reversion of the treaty of 1818 in the middle of a fishing season. He gratefully accepted an offer from Canada for a temporary extension of the inshore fishing privileges, provided the president in his first message would recommend a settlement of the fisheries dispute by arbitration. The British minister was thus allowed in the first instance to dictate a passage of the message relating to the fisheries. The abrogated clauses were continued in force for six months without authority of congress. A policy in the interest of American fisherman, which had received the approval of senate and house, and had been officially proclaimed by President Arthur, was reversed before the new administration had been in power for three months.

The president carried out Secretary Bayard's compact with the British minister, but the senate rejected by a decisive vote his recommendation for arbitration. The season of 1886 opened with the treaty of 1818 in operation, and the first series of outrages on American commerce occurred on the Dominion seaboard. Congress passed a retaliation measure without division in party lines. The president made no attempt to enforce this legislation during that season, nor in the following year, although as many as 400 American vessels were boarded, seized, harassed and subjected to expense or annoyance on the Dominion seaboard. He met congress with the complaint that the retaliatory powers were inadequate, and the declaration that diplomacy was the only remedy. The senate promptly enlarged those powers in 1887, Democrats and Republicans voting as one man. Then was witnessed a strange spectacle. The administration exerted all its influence for months to prevent the passage of any retaliation measure. The Belmont and Manning projects were brought forward apparently for the express purpose of blocking legislation altogether on this subject. This maneuver was defeated by the passage of the senate bill in the house largely by Republican votes.

The administration having been twice armed with authority from congress evaded its responsibility, neglected to enforce the retaliation acts and pursued its diplomatic adventures. After hundreds of American vessels had been harassed and denied their commercial rights it made a humiliating treaty of surrender without securing reparation for wrongs suffered by American citizens or for insults offered to the American flag. At the same time it had loaded Canadian corporations with gratuities worth millions of dollars to them in their warfare upon American commerce and railways. This is the administration that suddenly bounces upon the scene like a circus clown in the stripes and spangles of the American flag, shrieking that it will retaliate and fight hard if congress will only furnish it with a larger pair of boxing gloves.—*New York Tribune.*

## To Workmen.

About the biggest job, next to re-electing Cleveland, that the Democrats have undertaken in this campaign is to prove to the American workingman that he will be better off with lower wages, a smaller house and plainer food, and with less of it.

This is what free trade will bring you to. If you will be satisfied with less than you now get, vote for free trade; if you want to keep what you have and get more vote for Protection.

The choice is yours and you must by your intelligent vote decide the question. Which shall it be?

## Viviparous Florida Fishes.

Not long since a couple of gentlemen were out fishing near Orlando, one of whom is an accomplished naturalist, who can name the genera and species of almost any thing he comes across. But there he found something which he set down as a natural Florida curiosity. It was a little fish that produced its offspring after the manner of warm-blooded animals. It is a fact of interest to naturalists that in all the fresh waters of Florida are found fishes that bring fourth their young alive and perfect, instead of laying eggs in the manner of the finny tribe generally. The parent fishes are very small, being only from one and a half to two inches long and are often used for bait for bass. The exact name of the genus and species is not yet known, but the books mention several species of goby as being viviparous like the specimens here mentioned.—*Sanford News.*

Teacher—"Heat makes things grow large, while cold causes them to grow smaller." Johnny (eight years old)—"Is that why the days are shorter in the winter?"

## Why He Kicked.

A middle aged fairly dressed stranger was routed off a bench in one of the Grand Circus parks the other night at midnight by a policeman. He rubbed his eyes, yawned and finally said:

"Oh, well, I expected it. It makes a great difference to Detroit whether I sleep in a deserted park or a deserted alley."

"Stranger?" queried the officer.

"Yes; from Chicago."

"Out of money?"

"Yes."

"You should have stayed home."

"Couldn't. I'm a kicker. I'm looking for Utopia. I hoped it was here, but I've got to travel further."

"What do you kick about?" asked the officer.

"Look here!" replied the man, as he took a note-book from his pocket. "There are 10,000 baby carriages in Chicago. They obstruct the travel of 200,000 people. I kick. Am I right?"

"You are."

"Every city has a snow ordinance. Only one resident in a hundred obeys it. I clean my walk, but every one else on the block leaves his snow. I kick. Am I right?"

"You are."

"The law says the driver of every vehicle shall keep to the right. At least half of them keep to the left, thus bringing about accidents and injuries. I kick. Am I right?"

"You are."

"I know that an umbrella carried on the shoulder or a cane under the arm is dangerous to the public in a crowded thoroughfare. I leave mine at home. Five thousand others carry theirs, having no respect for the safety of their fellow pedestrians. I kick. Am I right?"

"You are."

"A tramp steals a loaf of bread from a bakery, and the law jumps all over him. A bank official steals $50,000 from the bank and they settle the case with the stolen money. I kick. Am I right?"

"You are."

"I own a vacant lot in the city. I must pay for paving in front of it, and must pay to keep the pavement in repair for other people to drive over. I can't afford to keep a horse, but the man who can needs own no land nor pay a paving tax. Others must pay for his roads. I kick. Am I right?"

"Well?"

"There is an ordinance which forbids one to sleep in this park. There is a State law which forbids that saloon over there to be open at this hour. You seek to enforce the ordinance and shut your eyes at the law. I kick. Am I right?"

"Right you are, old man," replied the officer, "and you can not only resume your nap on the bench, but here's a quarter to buy your breakfast."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## The Story of Genius and Talent

An item of gossip in *Current Literature* states that Bret Harte has decided to spend the remainder of his days in London.

Mr. Harte's career started out full of promise, but it has disappointed his admirers. The novelist made a mistake when he went east. He made another mistake when he drew money for his work in advance and plunged into debt. The Consulship at Glasgow was given to him, and he had an opportunity of getting square with the world, but he neglected his duties and lived most of his time in London. He still writes, and his work commands good prices, but he is living on credit, and will run this schedule until he dies, when he will leave his family totally unprovided for.

A few weeks ago another novelist named Roe died at his home on the Hudson. His pen had always earned him a comfortable living, and he had never been in debt. At his death he left a large estate to his widow and children.

Harte is a genius; Roe was a man of talent. From the first Harte was told by the reviewers and his readers that he was a man of genius. Nothing so inspiring and encouraging was ever said to Roe. His critics doubted whether his work deserved to be ranked under the head of literature. His readers agreed that he had talent, but not a spark of genius.

These two men began writing about the same time. There was a furore over Harte, but there was none over Roe. Everybody predicted fame and fortune for the former, but nobody thought that the latter would ever accomplish much.

The brilliant genius went on sparkling and coruscating in a fitful way, to the admiration of the wondering crowd, and at the end of twenty years he is not as well off as he was at the start. The man of plodding talent made his way so quietly that people have not awakened to the fact until recently that his readers are numbered by hundreds of thousands, and his pen brought him a fortune.

It is not in literature alone that we see this wide difference in the achievements of genius and talent—it is everywhere, in every profession and occupation. Genius is a dazzling thing, but it won't plod. Talent is forced to plod or get left, and so with the instinct of self preservation, it generally plods. Genius starts out a petted darling, and ends by dodging the bailiffs and dying in the poor-house, while talent raises a monument in its honor and pays the bill out of its well-filled pocket.

It is an old story, but it is strikingly repeated in the lives of Bret Harte and Edward P. Roe.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"What won't they make whisky of next?" exclaimed old Mrs. O'Paque, upon reading that a "wild cat distillery" had been captured in Butler county, Alabama. "I'd sooner drink strychnine," she added, "than to pour down my throat whisky made of wild cats. It must scratch awfully as it goes down."


## Popular Preparation!

Pure, Potent, Powerful! Pallid People Praise Progressive People Purchase Positively Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, Properly Partaken, Preserve Physical Powers, Produce Permanent Physical Perfection. Purchase, Prove.


Hotel waiter—"You are late for lunch, sir." Eminent Physician—"Yes, I had to finish my magazine article on 'The Laws of Health,' so as to get it into the next mail. What have you to-day?" "Hot rolls, clams, plum pudding, apple dumplings, green tomato pot pie, mince pie and fruit cake." "Bring 'em all."

## Too Much Now.

"I see," said the private secretary of the chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee, "that Harrison in his letter favors money being spent on schools and all that sort of thing."

"Is that so?" answered the chairman, as he jabbed his finger about half-way down the page of the volume of one of Mr. Howell's most exciting works which he was reading, and gazed thoughtfully out the front window. "Well, all I can say," he resumed after some time, "is that I hope when they get any more schools in this country than they have now that they'll get somebody besides me to run their Democratic campaigns—I never had such a time before as I am having now fighting Republicanism and education. By the way," he added, "I mean to read Harrison's letter and Cleveland's, too, when I get this finished. I'm very anxious to see how this comes out;" and he turned again to his book. Then all was still in the headquarters of the National Committee of the great party now in power in this country, the clock ticked loudly on the mantel, the distant roar of a Republican parade came like a subdued murmur, and the private secretary propped up a small pocket mirror on his desk and began practicing a new knot on his necktie.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## He May be West Virginia's Next Governor.

Congressman Nathan Goff, Jr., the Republican nominee for Governor of West Virginia, is a native of that State, and belongs to a wealthy family at Clarksburg, where he was born in 1858. He served throughout the war on the Union side, entering the army as Colonel of the Third Virginia regiment, and rising to the rank of Brigadier-General. He suffered many hardships during the war. In February, 1864, he was captured and thrown into the Libby prison, where he and six other officers were held as hostages for the lives of seven Confederate soldiers who had been sentenced to death as spies. The alleged spies were not shot, and a month later Goff was exchanged and sent home. In 1868 General Goff was appointed United States district attorney for West Virginia, an office which he continued to hold, by successive reappointments, up to January, 1881, when he succeeded Richard W. Thompson as Secretary of the Navy under President Hayes, in whose brigade he had served during part of the war. At the end of Hayes' term he was again appointed district attorney, but resigned in June, 1882, when he became a candidate for Congress. In 1870, and again in 1874, he had been defeated for Congress, and in 1876 for Governor. In 1882, he was elected to the House, and is still a member of that body.

## Suggestions to Housewives.

Put very little lard in your bread if you wish it to be white.

In putting the covers on fruit cans do not wait till the cans are cold.

Do not allow ashes to accumulate in the ash-pan until they reach the grate.

A kitchen grindstone that sits on the table only costs $1, and will last a generation.

A cool cellar aired on a warm day will gather moisture. To avoid this open the windows in the evening.

If you moisten your broom in warm water every time you sweep you will find the dust will not fly so badly.

A good way to distinguish mushrooms is to sprinkel salt on the spongy or under side. If it turns yellow the specimen is poisonous; if black it is wholesome.

Save all the brown meat paper for it is very useful for wiping out greasy bottles and pans; it absorbs the grease, saves the dishcloth, and it can be burned when through with it.

The best wash for the hair is: One cupful of salt, one quart soft water. After it stands for twelve hours commence to use. Take a cupful of the brine and a cupful of hot water, wash well with that, rinse once and rub dry as possible with a towel.

## Heights of Clouds.

At sunset we see a band of stratus clouds in the west, seeming to rest upon the horizon. How far distance from the point of observation is the place where those clouds are directly overhead? A Stratus cloud is as visible in height. Generally low in winter and higher in summer. Their height may be from 800 to 6,000 feet. Clouds 800 feet may be seen on the horizon at 36 miles distance. At 2,000 feet high they may be seen 50 or more miles, and at 3,000 feet 60 miles.

What is the average height above the earth's surface of the approaching storm cloud, as we see it creeping up from the horizon before a thunder or rain storm? Of the cumulus? Of the cirrus? A. Thunderstorm clouds are very variable in height—500 to 5000 feet. The clouds in thunderstorms may be very deep, two or five miles or more. Hence the appearance as to distance is very deceptive. Cumulus clouds are intermediate, and generally occupy a position from 2000 to 3000 feet above the earth. Cirrus clouds are the highest, and are from 10,000 to 30,000 feet above the earth.

What rule may be given for finding the distance of clouds from the place of observation, when their angular distance above the horizon and their approximate height above the earth's surface are known. A Calculation for the distance and height of clouds are very uncertain, from the difficulty of obtaining correct observation; simultaneous trigonometrical triangulation from a known base, and computation, are the only method of determining the distance.


## Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning? The signal, perhaps, of the sure approach of that most terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford, for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.


"I don't like Squilldig," observed Mr. Snaggs. "He's too temporizing."

"That's so," rejoined Mrs. Snaggs. "I've often seen his tender rising.

## A Treasure Seeker.

Referring to the story of "Piracy and Hidden Treasure" told in "The Times" of the 15th ult., a correspondent writes: "The captain of the Herald, who went searching among the Pacific islands for Spanish treasure, is only a type of a class of seafaring men whom one constantly meets in Eastern, and perhaps in many other, ports. But to the east of Singapore this class is especially numerous. Among pilots in Chinese and Japanese ports, and the masters of small trading vessels, especially those visiting the Philippines, Carolines and Corneo, the belief that somewhere in these regions vast sums lie buried, either inland or in the ocean, which can be recovered by those having the clews, which still exist, is almost universal—or, at least, was a few years ago. The story may differ in many mouths—the treasure may have been buried by pirates, as in the present case, or it may have been lost by shipwreck; but all versions agree that it came from Lima or Valparaiso, usually the former, and was on its way to Manila in a Spanish galleon. And, as the history of the Herald shows, there are men of intelligence and skill in their calling who are ready to risk their little wealth in the search for the lost treasure. I was once brought by business into contact with a pilot in a well-known Eastern harbor, who was a man of such skill that he was permanently employed by several important companies to take charge of their vessels. He had been for many years a strict teetotaller, and had by care, economy and luck amassed a considerable fortune. A large part of this he spent in the purchase of a strongly-built yacht or schooner and in fitting her up for some purpose which no one could understand. The long intervals of solitude and waiting imposed by his calling he had spent in reading and study, and his acquaintance with sundry out-of-the-way subjects was amazing. He was the only private person I ever met in the East who subscribed for a London daily paper. Eastern readers usually purchase the bi-weekly mail edition of "The Times," "The Times Weekly Edition," or other weekly papers, but he received the daily "Times" regularly. He got his letters at his remote station on the coast once a month, and it took a coolie to carry the sack containing the whole of the month's issue of "The Times." These he carefully arranged in order of date, and then read one every day, so that he was able to boast that he read his "Times" every evening like a Londoner; and so he did, with the trifling difference that his daily copy was three months old.

Something to do with the presentation of a gold chronometer from, I think, the Prussian Government, or it might have been a medal from the Royal Humane Society, for saving life at sea threw me into his company. He invited me for a cruise in his yacht about the neighboring coasts, and in the confidence begotten of such close contact he unfolded his cherished plans. He had several times hinted darkly at the wonderful things the sea contained; but one night after dinner in the cabin he told me—whispered to me rather, although there were no English-speaking persons on board, but ourselves—a story, many of the details of which I forgot. Of his profound earnestness there could be no doubt, and the yacht in which we were was a proof of his own conviction of its truth. He produced a little rough chart, rudely drawn by hand, which had evidently borne much rough usage and was well thumbed. The spelling was old, and in places left much to be desired, and here and there were a few words of Spanish. It represented a coral reef or shoal, somewhere to the northeast of the Philippine Islands, on which a Spanish galleon, from Lima to Manila, had gone down some time in the sixteenth or seventeenth century; and there all her treasure, which was said to be something enormous, remained until the present time. Of the history and authenticity of the chart my friend seemed quite satisfied. All I can now remember of the story is that a man named Salmon, a master-mariner of Plymouth, had got it in the Philippines. He was engaged in carrying valuable woods from those islands to Singapore and Calcutta about 1850, and was wrecked somewhere to the south of Bolilo. Here he lived among the natives for about ten years, acting as a kind of agent for another shipmaster engaged in the same trade, keeping the people up to their contracts and preparing a cargo for the next voyage. He kept a rough diary which my friend showed me, from which it appeared that he had endured great hardships, and made several endeavors to obtain the aid of a firm in Manila in carrying out a search for the treasure. He died one evening on board his principal's vessel, and as the people would not allow the heretic to be buried on shore, his body, sewn up in canvass, had to be taken at midnight