THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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—OF—

FINE FOOTWEAR IS ALL IN.

We went east early, and after carefully looking over the different lines and getting their best prices for CASH. We placed our orders on all goods to be made to our special order. These goods have all arrived and are open and ready for your inspection. To say this stock of spring goods is the finest we have ever had and the selection much the largest is stating it mildly.

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—309—

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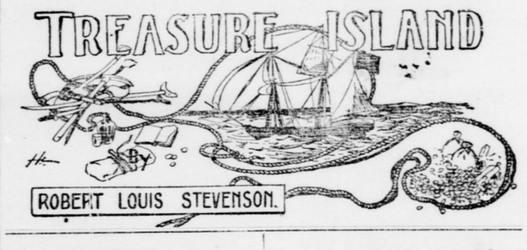

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Billy Bones, an old sea dog, much addicted to rum, lodges at Admiral Benbow inn.

CHAPTER II.—Stranger, called "Black Dog," meets Bones; an interview ends in fight and disappearance of stranger. Bones suffers apoplectic stroke.

CHAPTER III.—Blind beggar comes to inn, presses something in Bones' hand and leaves. "Ten o'clock!" Bones cries. "Six hours. We'll do them yet!" at which moment he is struck dead by apoplexy.

CHAPTER IV.—Near Bones' body is found a little round paper, blackened on one side, on the other the words: "You have till ten to-night." Gold is found in Bones' sea chest, and an oilskin packet. Flight taken from inn.

CHAPTER V.—Blind man (Pew) with companions attack the inn. Chagrined at not finding "Flint's fist," the scoundrels scatter. Blind Pew is run down and killed by a horse.

CHAPTER VI.—Young Hawkins takes packet to Dr. Livesey, who with Squire Trelawney opens it and finds minute directions for finding of vast treasure.

CHAPTER VII.—Trelawney fits up expedition to seek treasure.

CHAPTER VIII.—Jim Hawkins meets Black Dog at John Silver's inn. Black Dog runs away, and Silver avows ignorance of his identity.

CHAPTER IX.—Ship's captain thinks some things on board somewhat singular and asks to have certain precautions taken, among which are the storing of the powder and arms astern and giving the doctor and his friends berths beside the cabin.

CHAPTER X.—"Hispaniola" begins her voyage. Hawkins climbs into apple barrel and overhears plans of treachery on foot among the crew.

CHAPTER XI.—Plot (laid by Silver, ship's cook) provides for the strike for possession of the treasure immediately it is gotten aboard. Cry of "Land ho!" heard.

CHAPTER XII.—Hawkins tells of Silver's treachery to Livesey, Trelawney and Capt. Smollett, who hold a council of war.

CHAPTER XIII.—Mutiny begins to show in restlessness of men, and captain decides to give the men an afternoon ashore. Jim Hawkins slips off with them, but on the island gives them the slip.

CHAPTER XIV.—From cover Jim sees Silver kill one of the honest hands, and also learns of the murder of another in another part of the island and runs from the scene.

CHAPTER XV.—Jim meets Ben Gunn, a marooned sailor who had lived on island three years. Report of a cannon is heard. Both run for boat when they see in the wood the union jack.

CHAPTER XVI.—Hunter and the doctor go ashore in a jolly-boat, discover a block-house within a stockade and decide to provision it. Faithful party is joined by Gray, a mutineer, and the ship left with the five remaining mutineers on board.

CHAPTER XVII.—Jolly-boat starts on last trip to shore overloaded with provisions. Mutineers on ship man the gun. Trelawney picks off one of the gunners. Cannon ball passes over boat, which sinks and leaves party to wade ashore. Buccaneers heard near by in the wood.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Fight with buccaneers results in one killed on each side. Faithful party gain the stockade and run up the British colors.

CHAPTER XIX.—Jim seeing the colors knows he is near friends and, leaving Ben Gunn, climbs into the stockade.

CHAPTER XX.—Silver, under flag of truce, makes overtures for chart to get the treasure by, but fails.

CHAPTER XXI.—Buccaneers attack stockade, are worsted, leaving five dead behind. The faithful party loses two, and Capt. Smollett wounded.

CHAPTER XXII.—Doctor sets out to find Ben Gunn. Jim slips off to seek boat Ben Gunn had built, and decides to cut "Hispaniola," now flying the jolly roger, adrift.

CHAPTER XXIII. — Schooner now manned by only two of the pirates, and they in a drunken brawl, is cut from anchor. Jim then, from sheer exhaustion, falls asleep in bottom of coracle.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Awaking, Jim sees the "Hispaniola" helplessly drifting, and by a great effort reaches her and leaps, catching the jibboom.

CHAPTER XXV.—Jim finds one of the mutineers (O'Brien) dead, killed by Hands, and Hands, the only survivor on board, severely wounded; decides to reach the ship in North inlet.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Hands manages to secure a dirk. Jim discovers the treachery and escapes up a mast, to which he is pinned by Hands throwing his dirk. Jim fires his pistol.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Hands pierced by a bullet falls into the water and sinks. Jim makes fast the vessel and returns by moonlight to stockade, to discover he has fallen into the hostile camp.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A quarrel among the buccaneers causes a revolt and they take council, during which Silver tells Jim he will stand by him.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Buccaneers return and give Silver the "black spot," on one side of which is written "deposed." Silver, in answer, throws to them the chart of the island, showing location of treasure, which they had so long coveted, and he is again made the buccaneer chieftain.

CHAPTER XXX. — Doctor attends wounded buccaneers; has a short talk with Jim, when latter tells of his exploits. Doctor advises Silver to keep the boy close beside him as he goes on his treasure hunt that day.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TREASURE HUNT — FLINT'S POINTER.

"Jim," said Silver, when we were alone, "if I saved your life, you saved mine; and I'll not forget it. I seen the doctor waving you to run for it—with the tail of my eye, I did; and I seen you say no, as plain as hearing. Jim, that's one to you. This is the first glint of hope I had since the attack failed, and I owe it you. And now, Jim, we're to go in for this here treasure-hunting, with sealed orders, too, and I don't like it; and you and me must stick close, back to back like, and we'll save our necks in spite o' fate and fortune."

Just then a man hailed us from the fire that breakfast was ready, and we were soon seated here and there about the sand over biscuit and fried junk. They had lighted a fire fit to roast an ox; and it was now grown so hot that they could only approach it from the windward, and even there not without precaution. In the same wasteful spirit, they had cooked, I suppose, three times more than we could eat; and one of them, with an empty laugh, threw what was left into the fire, which blazed and roared again over this unusual fuel. I never in my life saw men so careless of the morrow; hand to mouth is the only word that can describe their way of doing; and what with wasted food and sleeping sentries, though they were bold enough for a brush and be done with it, I could see their entire unfitness for anything like a prolonged campaign.

Even Silver, eating away, with Capt. Flint upon his shoulder, had not a word of blame for their recklessness. And this the more surprised me, for I thought he had never shown himself so cunning as he did then.

"Ay, mates," said he, "it's lucky you have Barbecue to think for you with this here head. I got what I wanted, I did. Sure enough, they have the ship. Where they have it, I don't know yet; but once we hit the treasure, we'll have to jump about and find out. And then, mates, us that has the boats, I reckon, has the upper hand."

Thus he kept running on, with his mouth full of the hot bacon; thus he restored their hope and confidence, and, I more than suspect, repaired his own at the same time.

"As for hostage," he continued, "that's his last talk, I guess, with them he loves so dear. I've got my piece o' news, and thanky to him for that; but it's over and done. I'll take him in a line when we go treasure-hunting, for we'll keep him like so much gold, in case of accidents, you mark, and in the meantime, once we got the ship and treasure both, and off to sea like jolly companions, why, then we'll talk Mr. Hawkins over, we will, and we'll give him his share, to be sure, for all his kindness."

It was no wonder the men were in a good humor now. For my part, I was horribly cast down. Should the scheme he had now sketched prove feasible, Silver, already doubly a traitor, would not hesitate to adopt it. He had still a foot in either camp, and there was no doubt he would prefer wealth and freedom with the pirates to a bare escape from hanging, which was the best he had to hope on our side.

Nay, and even if things so fell out that he was forced to keep his faith with Dr. Livesey, even then what danger lay before us! What a moment that would be when the suspicions of his followers turned to certainty, and he and I should have to fight for dear life—he, a cripple, and I, a boy—against five strong and active seamen!

Add to this double apprehension, the mystery that still hung over the behavior of my friends; their unexplained desertion of the stockade; their inexplicable cession of the chart; or, harder still to understand, the doctor's last warning to Silver: "Look out for squalls when you find it;" and you will readily believe how little taste I found in my breakfast, and with how uneasy a heart I set forth behind my captors on the quest for treasure.

We made a curious figure had anyone been there to see us; all in soiled sailor clothes, and all but me armed to the teeth. Silver had two guns slung about him, one before and one behind—besides the great cutlass at his waist, and a pistol in each pocket of his square-tailed coat. To complete his strange appearance, Capt Flint sat perched upon his shoulder and gabbled odds and ends of purposeless sea-talk. I had a line about my waist, and followed obediently after the sea-cook, who held the loose end of the rope, now in his free hand, now between his powerful teeth. For all the world I was led like a dancing bear.

The other men were variously burdened, some carrying picks and shovels—for that had been the very first necessary they brought ashore from the "Hispaniola"—others laden with pork, bread and brandy for the midday meal. All the stores, I observed, came from our stock; and I could see the truth of Silver's words the night before. Had he not struck a bargain with the doctor he and his mutineers, deserted by the ship, must have been driven to subsist on clear water, and the proceeds of their hunting. Water would have been little to their taste; a sailor is not usually a good shot; and, besides all that, when they were so short of eatables, it was not likely they would be very flush of powder.

Well, thus equipped, we all set out—even the fellow with the broken head, who should certainly have kept in shadow—and straggled, one after another, to the beach, where the two gigs awaited us. Even these bore trace of the drunken folly of the pirates, one in a broken thwart, and both in their muddled, unbailed condition. Both were to be carried along with us, for the sake of safety; and so, with our numbers divided between them, we set forth upon the bosom of the anchorage.

As we pulled over there was some discussion on the chart. The red cross was, of course, far too large to be a guide; and the terms of the note on the back, as you will hear, admitted of some ambiguity. They ran, the reader may remember, thus:

"Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N. N. E.

"Skeleton Island, E. S. E. and by E.

"Ten feet."

A tall tree was thus the principal mark. Now, right before us, the anchorage was bounded by a plateau from two to three hundred feet high, adjoining on the north the sloping southern shoulder of the Spy-glass, and rising again toward the south into the rough, cliffy eminence called the Mizzen-mast Hill. The top of the plateau was dotted thickly with pine trees of varying height. Every here and there, one of a different species rose forty or fifty feet clear above its neighbors, and which of these was the particular "tall tree" of Capt. Flint could only be decided on the spot, and by readings of the compass.

Yet, although that was the case, every man on board the boats had picked a favorite of his own ere we were half-way over, Long John alone shrugging his shoulders and bidding them wait till they were there.

We pulled easily by Silver's directions, not to weary the hands prematurely; and, after quite a long passage landed at the mouth of the second river—that which runs down a woody cleft of the Spy-glass. Thence, bending to our left, we began to ascend the slope toward the plateau.

At the first outset, heavy, miry ground and a matted, marsh vegetation greatly delayed our progress; but by little and little the hill began to steepen and become stony underfoot and the wood to change its character and to grow in a more open order. It was, indeed, a most pleasant portion of the island that we were now approaching. A heavy-scented bloom and many flowering shrubs had almost taken the place of grass. Thickets of green nutmeg trees were dotted here and there with the red columns and the broad shadow of the pines; and the first mingled their spice with the aroma of the others. The air, besides, was fresh and stirring, and this, under the sheer sunbeams, was a wonderful refreshment to our senses.

The party spread itself abroad, in a fan shape, shouting and leaping to and fro. About the center, and a good way behind the rest, Silver and I followed—I tethered by my rope, he plowing, with deep pants, among the sliding gravel. From time to time, indeed, I had to lend him a hand, or he must have missed his footing and fallen backward down the hill.

We had thus proceeded for about half a mile, and were approaching the brow of the plateau, when the man upon the furthest left began to cry aloud, as if in terror. Shout after shout came from him, and the others began to run in his direction.

"He can't have found the treasure," said old Morgan, hurrying past us from the right, "for that's clean a-top."

Indeed, as we found when we also reached the spot, it was something very different. At the foot of a pretty big pine, and involved in a green creeper, which had even partly lifted some of the smaller bones, a human skeleton lay, with a few shreds of clothing, on the ground. I believe a chill struck for a moment to every heart.

"He was a seaman," said George Merry, who, bolder than the rest, had gone up close, and was examining the rags of clothing. "Leastways, this is a good sea-cloth."

"Ay, ay," said Silver, "like enough; you wouldn't look to find a bishop here, I reckon. But what sort of a way is that for bones to lie? 'Tain't in natur'."

Indeed, on second glance, it seemed impossible to fancy that the body was in a natural position. But for some disarray (the work, perhaps of the birds that had fed upon him, or of the slow-growing creeper that had gradually enveloped his remains) the man lay perfectly straight—his feet pointing in one direction, his hands, raised above his head like a diver's, pointing directly in the opposite.

"I've taken a notion into my old numskull," observed Silver. "Here's the compass; there's the tip-top p'int of Skeleton island, stickin' out like a tooth. Just take a bearing, will you along the line of them bones."

It was done. The body pointed straight in the direction of the island, and the compass read duly E. S. E. by E.

"I thought so," cried the cook; "this here is a p'inter. Right up there is our line for the pole star and the jolly dollars. But, by thunder, if it don't make me cold inside to think of Flint. This is one of his jokes, and no mistake. Him and these six were alone here; he killed 'em, every man; and this one he hauled here and laid down by compass, shiver my timbers! They're long bones, and the hair's been yellow. Ay, that would be Allardyce. You mind Allardyce, Tom Morgan?"

"Ay, ay," returned Morgan, "I mind him; he owed me money, he did, and took my knife ashore with him."

"Speaking of knives," said another, "why don't we find his'n lying round? Flint warn't the man to pick a seaman's pocket; and the birds, I guess, would leave it be."

"By the powers, and that's true!" cried Silver.

"There ain't a thing left here," said Merry, still feeling around among the bones, "not a copper dollar nor a bacey box. It don't look nat'ral to me."

"No, by gum, it don't," agreed Silver; "not nat'ral, nor not nice, says you. Great guns! messmate, but if Flint was living, this would be a hot spot for you and me. Six they were, and six are we; and bones is what they are now."

"I saw him dead with these here deadlights," said Morgan. "Billy took me in. There he laid, with penny-pieces on his eyes."

"Dead—ay, sure enough he's dead, and gone below," said the fellow with the bandage; "but if ever speerit walked, it would be Flint's. Dear heart but he died bad, did Flint!"

"Ay, and that he did," observed another; "now he raged, and now he holler for the rum, and now he sung 'Fifteen Men' were his only song, mates; and I tell you true, I never rightly liked to hear it since. It was mair hot, and the windy was open, and I hear that old song comin' out as clear as clear—and the death-haul on the man already."

"Come, come," said Silver, "stow this talk. He's dead, and he don't walk, that I know; leastways, he won't walk by day, and you may lay to that. Care killed the cat. Fetch ahead for the doubloons."

We started, certainly; but in spite of the hot sun and the staring daylight,

Shout after shout came from him.

the pirates no longer ran separate and shouting through the woods, but kept side by side, and spoke with bated breath. The terror of the dead buccaneer had fallen on their spirits.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE TREASURE HUNT—THE VOICE AMONG THE TREES.

Partly from the damping influence of this alarm, partly to rest Silver and the sick folk, the whole party sat down as soon as they had gained the brow of the ascent.

The plateau being somewhat tilted toward the west, this spot on which we had paused commanded a wide prospect on either hand. Before us, over the tree-tops, we beheld the Cape of the Woods fringed with surf; behind, we not only looked down upon the anchorage and Skeleton island, but saw—clear across the spit and the eastern lowlands—a great field of open sea upon the east. Sheer above us rose the Spy-glass, here dotted with single pines, there black with precipices. There was no sound but that of the distant breakers, mounting from all round, and the chirp of countless insects in the brush. Not a man, not a sail upon the sea; the very largeness of the view increased the sense of solitude.

Silver, as he sat, took certain bearings with his compass.

"There are three 'tall trees,'" said he, "about in the right line from Skeleton island. 'Spy-glass shoulder,' I take it, means that lower p'int there. It's child's play to find the stuff now. I've half a mind to dine first."

"I don't feel sharp," growled Morgan. "Thinkin' o' Flint—I think it were—'as done me."

"Ah, well, my son, you praise your stars he's dead," said Silver.

"He was an ugly devil," cried a third pirate, with a shudder; "that blue in the face, too!"

"That was how the rum took him," added Merry. "Blue! well, I reckon he was blue. That's a true word."

Ever since they had found the skeleton and got upon this train of thought they had spoken lower and lower, and they had almost got to whispering by now, so that the sound of their talk hardly interrupted the silence of the wood. All of a sudden, out of the middle of the trees in front of us, a thin, high, trembling voice struck up the well-known air and words:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

I never have seen men more dreadfully affected than the pirates. The color went from their six faces like enchantment; some leaped to their feet, some clawed hold of others; Morgan groveled on the ground.

"It's Flint, by —!" cried Merry.

The song had stopped as suddenly as it began—broken off, you would have said, in the middle of a note, as though some one had laid his hand upon the singer's mouth. Coming so far through the clear, sunny atmosphere among the green tree-tops, I thought it had sounded airily and sweetly, and the effect on my companions was the stranger.

"Come," said Silver, struggling with his ashen lips to get the word out, "that won't do. Stand by to go about. This is a rum start, and I can't name the voice, but it's some one skylarking—some one that's flesh and blood, and you may lay to that."

His courage had come back as he spoke, and some of the color to his face along with it. Already the others had begun to lend an ear to this encouragement, and were coming a little to themselves, when the same voice broke out again—not this time singing, but in a faint, distant hail, that echoed yet fainter among the clefts of the Spy-glass.

"Darby M'Graw," it wailed—for that is the word that best describes the sound — "Darby M'Graw! Darby M'Graw!" again and again and again, and then rising a little higher, and with an oath that I leave out: "Fetch aft the rum, Dr rby!"

The buccaneers remained rooted to the ground, their eyes starting from their heads. Long after the voice had died away they still stared in silence, dreadfully, before them.

"That fixes it!" gasped one. "Let's go."

"They was his last words," moaned Morgan; "his last words above-board."

Dick had his Bible out and was praying volubly. He had been well brought up, had Dick, before he came to sea and fell among bad companions.

Still, Silver was unconquered. I could hear his teeth rattle in his head; but he had not yet surrendered.

"Nobody in this here island ever heard of Darby," he muttered; "not one but us that's here." And then, making a great effort: "Shipmates," he cried, "I'm here to get that stuff, and I'll not be beat by man nor devil. I never was feared of Flint in his life, and, by the powers, I'll face him dead. There's £700,000 not a quarter of a mile from here. When did ever a gentleman o' fortune show his stern to that much dollars, for a boozy old seaman with a blue mug—and him dead, too?"

But there was no sign of reawakening courage in his followers; rather, indeed, of growing terror at the irreverence of his words.

"Belay there, John!" said Merry. "Don't you cross a sperrit."

And the rest were all too terrified to reply. They would have run away severally had they dared, but fear kept them together, and kept them close by John, as if his daring helped them. He, on his part, had pretty well fought his weakness down.

"Sperrit? Well, maybe," he said. "But there's one thing not clear to me. There was an echo. Now, no man ever seen a sperrit with a shadow; well, then, what's he doing with an echo to him, I should like to know? That ain't in natur', surely?"

This argument seemed weak enough to me. But you can never tell what will affect the superstitious, and, to my wonder, George Merry was greatly relieved.

"Well, that's so," he said. "You're a head upon your shoulders, John, and no mistake. 'Bout ship, mates! This here crew is on the wrong tack, I do believe. And come to think on it, it was like Flint's voice, I grant you, but not just so clear away like it, after all. It was liker somebody else's voice now—it was like—"

"By the powers, Ben Gunn!" roared Silver.

"Ay, and so it were," cried Morgan, springing on his knees. "Ben Gunn it were!"

"It don't make much odds, do it, now?" asked Dick. "Ben Gunn's not here in the body, any more'n Flint."

But the older hands greeted this remark with scorn. "Why, nobody minds Ben Gunn," cried Merry; "dead or alive, nobody minds him."

It was extraordinary how their spirits had returned, and how the natural color had revived in their faces. Soon they were chatting together, with intervals of listening; and not long after, hearing no further sound, they shouldered the tools and set forth again, Merry walking first with Silver's compass to keep them on the right line with Skeleton island. He had said the truth; dead or alive, nobody minded Ben Gunn.

Dick alone still held his Bible, and looked around him as he went, with fearful glances; but he found no sympathy, and Silver even joked him on his precautions.

"I told you," said he—"I told you, you had spilled your Bible. If it ain't no good to swear by, what do you suppose a sperrit would give for it? Not that!" and he snapped his big fingers, halting a moment on his crutch.

But Dick was not to be comforted; indeed, it was soon plain to me that the lad was falling sick; hastened by heat, exhaustion, and the shock of his alarm, the fever, predicted by Dr. Livesey, was evidently growing swiftly higher.

It was fine open walking here, upon the summit; our way lay a little downhill, for, as I have said, the plateau tilted toward the west. The pines, great and small, grew wide apart; and even between the clumps of nutmeg and azalea, wide open spaces baked in the hot sunshine. Striking, as we did, pretty near northwest across the island, we drew, on the one hand, ever nearer under the shoulders of the Spy-glass, and on the other, looked ever wider over that western bay where I had once tossed and trembled in the coracle.

The first of the tall trees was reached, and by the bearing, proved the wrong one. So with the second. The third rose nearly 200 feet into the air above a clump of underwood; a giant of a vegetable, with a red column as big as a cottage, and a wide shadow around in which a company could have maneuvered. It was conspicuous far to sea both on the east and west, and might have been entered as a sailing mark upon the chart.

But it was not its size that now impressed my companions; it was the knowledge that £700,000 in gold lay somewhere buried below its spreading shadow. The thought of the money, as they drew nearer, swallowed up their previous terrors. Their eyes burned in their heads; their feet grew speedier and lighter; their whole soul was bound up in that fortune, that whole lifetime of extravagance and pleasure, that lay waiting there for each of them.

Silver hobbled, grunting, on his crutch, his nostrils stood out and quivered; he cursed like a madman when the flies settled on his hot and shiny countenance; he plucked furiously at the line that held me to him, and, from time to time, turned his eyes upon me with a deadly look. Certainly he took no pains to hide his thoughts; and certainly I read them like print. In the immediate nearness of the gold, all else had been forgotten; his promise and the doctor's warning were both things of the past; and I could not doubt that he hoped to seize upon the treasure, find and board the "Hispaniola" under cover of night, cut every honest throat about that island, and sail away as he had at first intended, laden with crimes and riches.

Shaken as I was with these alarms, it was hard for me to keep up with the rapid pace of the treasure hunters. Now and again I tumbled; and it was then that Silver plucked so roughly at the rope and launched at me his murderous glances. Dick, who had dropped behind us, and now brought up the rear, was babbling to himself both prayers and curses, as his fever kept rising. This also added to my wretchedness, and, to crown all, I was haunted by the thought of the tragedy that had once been acted on that plateau, when that ungodly buccaneer with the blue face—he who had died at Savannah, singing and shouting for drink—had there, with his own hand, cut down his six accomplices. This grove, that was now so peaceful, must then have rung with cries, I thought; and even with the thought I could believe I heard it ringing still.

We were now at the margin of the thicket.

"Huzza, mates, altogether!" shouted Merry; and the foremost broke into a run.

And suddenly, not ten yards further, we beheld them stop. A low cry arose. Silver doubled his pace, digging away with the foot of his crutch like one possessed, and next moment he and I had come also to a dead halt.

Before us was a great excavation, not very recent, for the sides had fallen in and grass had sprouted on the bottom. In this were the shaft of a pick broken in two and the boards of several packing cases strewn around. On one of these boards I saw, branded with a hot iron, the name "Walrus"—the name of Flint's ship.

All was clear to probation. The cache had been found and rifled—the £700,000 were gone!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Among the recent resignations is that of G. W. Cable from the editorship of Current Literature.

—H. C. Chatfield-Taylor's next novel is to be called "The Vice of Fools." It is a story of Washington society life.

—Frank R. Stockton recently made a visit to New Orleans, and the first fruit of the trip is a characteristic story, "The Romance of a Mule Car," in the Century.

—Henry Seton Merriman is the nom de guerre of Hugh S. Scott, who is known in the business world of London in a very different capacity from that of novelist.

—Chester Bailey Fernald, author of "The Cat and the Cherub," has written a companion story, introducing some of the same characters. It is called "The Cherub Among the Gods."

—It has been arranged that an English translation of J. K. Huysman's forthcoming novel, "La Cathedral," shall be published in English simultaneously with the issue of the volume in French.

—The poems of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet, have gone into the fourth thousand—a pretty fair circulation for any book of poems nowadays. But now Mr. Dunbar is about to tempt Providence by publishing a novel. It is described as a realistic picture of a small Ohio town.

—"The Skipper's Wooing," is the longest story that W. W. Jacobs has yet written, but the success of that book has emboldened him to try his hand at a full-length novel. He has been more or less engaged on it during his holidays, but he is so slow a worker that it is not likely to be finished until next year.

—A German monograph on Thompson, the author of "The Seasons," describes him in the title as "a forgotten poet of the eighteenth century;" but an English exchange points out that "during the present century there have been no less than 20 editions of his poems, to say nothing of separate editions of 'The Seasons,' while his works, or portions of them, have been translated into German, Italian, modern Greek and Russian."

RELIC OF THE FLOOD.

Petrified Giant Tree of Supposed Antediluvian Antiquity.

Camden county, N. J., boasts a genuine relic of the flood, a petrified giant tree, dug up on Farmer Charles Norcross' land, in Lindenwold. The theory of a scientific man who has examined the relic is that the tree was tossed up on the waters of the great deluge and finally struck dry land, when the flood receded, at the point where it has since been buried, ages and ages ago.

Its gigantic proportions certainly prove it to have been a stranger to this part of the United States, says the New York Journal. Its size warrants the assumption that it belongs to the family of big trees that are so remarkable a feature of forest growth on the Pacific coast. It resembles a pine tree in fiber and a California redwood in size.

The petrified remains are those of a tree eight feet in diameter, consequently about 24 feet in circumference, and scintists say its age in life was about 600 years. For 30 years Farmer Norcross has tilled the soil of his farm, and has plowed hundreds of times over the spot where the tree was found.

The farm has always had on one spot a number of curious stone slabs and loose chips. The scientific man whose attention was called to them determined to make an excavation there. His spade soon struck a buried tree. He dug a trench across its base, and at the end of an hour laid bare a section two feet wide and five feet across.

Convinced that he had struck a really wonderful relic, he called upon the state geologist at Trenton, who sent down a staff of assistants. They began to dig toward the top of the trunk.

At a distance of several feet above the butt the diameter had fallen off to about seven feet. At 12 feet it was reduced to five feet across its girth. At 24 feet the diameter of the tree had shrunk to two feet. Two feet further along the diggers found the snapped-off top. The rest of the relic had evidently disappeared from sight and knowledge.

The age of the tree, when it was swept away in the flood, according to the rings in it, is computed at 600 years. The rings and even the tissues are visible to the naked eye. Sections have been highly polished and subjected to a microscopical examination. There are about 60 rings, having an average diameter of two inches, 25 rings with an average thickness of one inch and 20 smaller rings with small diameters. In color the tree has a dull salmon hue, which is probably due to its long burial in the earth. The surrounding soil is of a coarse sand, mixed clay and gravel lower down.—St. Louis Republic.

New Process of Diamond Making.

Dr. Quirino Majorana, an Italian chemist, has succeeded in producing minute artificial diamonds in a manner differing, in one important particular, from the method of M. Moissan, the French chemist. Dr. Majorana heats a piece of carbon with the electric arc, and then submits it to a sudden pressure developed by explosion driving a piston, and amounting to 5,000 times the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere. In the mass of carbon thus treated he finds microscopic crystals which answer the tests for diamonds. Moissan's method is to first dissolve carbon in molten iron and then allow the iron to cool under great pressure. The Italian chemist's experiments indicate that great heat and great pressure are sufficient to transform ordinary carbon into the diamond form without metallic solvent.—N. Y. Sun.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mamlin Garland considers "The Descendant" one of the most remarkable first books produced within the last ten years.

—The French sculptor, Rodin, has just finished the model of a statue of Victor Hugo, which the French government has ordered for the parthenon. The other model of the same subject, which he exhibited in the last Champ de Mars salon, he is now executing in marble.

—Sir Oliver Mowat, premier of Ontario, Canada, who will soon become lieutenant-governor of the province, is 77 years of age. He is of Scotch descent, was born in Kingston, Ont., removing to Toronto early in life. He has been in public life for 41 years.

—An author has been discovered for "The Descendant," the clever novel published anonymously. Though most critics attributed it to Hall Caine, Harold Frederick and other masculine writers, the real author is said to be Miss Ellen Glasgow, who is only 22 years old.

—William Allen Butler, the chief promoter of the latest great transcontinental railway scheme, in which three big trunk lines figure, is the man who in ante-bellum times created the famous Flora McFlimsey in the celebrated poem, "Nothing to Wear." Mr. Butler is now a successful lawyer in New York.

—When Queen Victoria visited the Dublin exhibition in 1849, with her two eldest children, an Irish