The Captain's Money.

A Tale of Buried Treasure, Cuban Revolt and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Thus far the strength of hope, the wings of love had held him up against the weakness of half-healed wounds; but now, when he found himself alone with Helen, his head reclined wearily upon her bosom, She held him closely in her arms.

"You'll not leave me again dear?" she whispered.

He made no answer: he had fainted Nothing but love had held him from the grave.

Two weeks passed before he was ab); to leave his bed. Then the doctor said. he was in fair way to recovery. one wan in a thousand, he said, could have survived such wounds; not one in five thousand would have survived the journey undertaken in early convalesence. His complete restoration to health would be slow; but with care,

little later, all would be well with him. Now that Henry Crawford was certain that the villainy of Hunter had succeeded, he was reluctant to pain his betrothal and her mother with the strange fate of Captain Willis' money. Their astonishment on hearing it knew no bounds. Much that had been inexplicable in the conduct of her husband was now made plain to the sorrowing



"NO, MISS, HE'S NOT DEAD."

woman, and the meaning of Hunter's actions was as plain, It was not without admiration that Crawford observed the demeanor of the wislow under this most surprising and unexpected revelation. She indulged in no useless repining nor reproaches; her sorrow for the loss of her husband was unabated. All disappointment at the loss of wealth was concealed.

"Helen," said Crawford one day, when they were alone, "your poor father was in his last hours very anxious that you and your mother should have the money. Yet I don't know but that it is well that it is gone." "Why?"

"I fear it would have brought us a curse. It made your father partially they saw nothing of the kin unhappy in his life; and it cost him his too. The infamous scoundrel from the speaker to the house, as you sorry it is gone?"

"Not if you are content." "But its loss will put time between us and happiness."

"I can wait for you." She said it. and she looked it.

What could he do but kiss her?

PART IV-CHAPTER IL

distressed him; but youth, strength and a vigorous constitution were triumph- house of its bad name." ing. And the future was beckoning to him—not the future of ease and com-fort that poor Captain Willis had "The fact seems to be," Crawford pictured for him and Helen, but a continued, "that houses are very much both. But he was happy in the prospeet; her love was his exceeding great reward.

He had never been at this place before; but from the Captain's description of the locality, he had no difficulty in finding the old house. Before he reached it he made some inquiries at a shop, and received a very explicit

"The old Lobdell house you mean, sir? Why, Lord bless you, nobody goes near it since Ma'am Willis and her daughter left it. Nobody knows any thing more about it, nor wants to; we know too much already. Things have been quiet there lately, for all I've heard: but I s'pose they're liable to break out again any night."

"Mrs. Willis and her daughter own the place now," said Crawford. am their agent, and have come here this morning by their direction to look at the condition of the place, and to take care of the property remaining in the rooms they occupied. Where can I get two or three men to help me?"

What-to go into the house and move things out?" "Certainly,"

"Not in this town, you may be sure,

sir. Nobody would set foot in it." Crawford left the horror-stricken shop-keeper, and walked on. He assertion. smiled at first at the man's fears; but after he had asked the same question in several other quarters, and received the same reply, he began to see diffi-

culty before him upon his errand. As he reached the near vicinity of the house, he paused to take a careful survey of it, which enabled an old sailor who had been following him for several minutes to overtake him.

"Pardon, your honor," he said, scraping the crown of his hat. "I just heard you tell Mr. Goss that you wanted some help to move Mrs. Willia' furniture. I can't do much; but I'm crying to the Lord to help if - whatever willing to bear a hand to help Captain it was begging not to be let to die-Aaron's folks. That is, providin you and all sech! I just tell you, young sir, don't ax me to go anywhere but in the if you'd heard 'em, you'd shut up on and cordage. rooms where they lived I don't knew baunted bouses. I reckon."

any one nere as Would do that much, Howsomever, in the daytime, and with company, I don't mind doin' so much for the sake of the old Captain's folks-God rest his soul!"

"You knew Captain Willis, then?" "O, aye! Everybody here knew

"What is your name?" "Thomas Burt, your honor." "I shall need at least two more men

o move away Mrs. Willis' household effects. Can't you get them for me?" "It can't be done, sir," was the pos-

"Why, what a set of old wives you men must be here in this town to be seared by a lot of silly stories about ghosts and hauntings!"

"Beg pardon again, sir; but neither on nor any one else has a right to neak that way about men old enough be your father. I'd like to help the Captain's widow; but if you're to talk like that, you'd better look for some one else. Good morning, sir!"

Crawford was amused at the old fellow's anger, but could not dispense with him yet.

" Here, Burt-come back," he called out, "Here's a dollar for you, whether you go into the old house with me or not. I always like sailors; I've been with them many a voyage, though not much of a sailor myself; and I and perhaps a change of climate, a don't want to offend an old salt like

"O, no offense, your honor; you're a nice-spoken gentleman," said Tom, returning and pocketing the coin.

"I ought to tell you," Crawford continued, " that Captain Willis was my best friend. I was with him on his vessel when he was killed by the mutineers, and I nearly lost my life in trying to defend him. I could show you wounds clear through my chest, not yet healed, that I got from the knives of the mutineers that night." The under-jaw of Mr. Burt dropped with surprise.

"Let me shake your hand, your honor," and he sawed that member up and down in such vigorous pumphandle fashion that Crawford had to remind him that he was not strong mough yet for so enthusiastic a greet-

Well, the Lord love your brave young soul. I'm proud and happy to ee you and take you by the hand! What can I do for you or for the widow, or her pretty darter?"

"I'll tell you, Tom. You're the only man I've got hold of here yet who promises me any help; and I want to tell you what will make you believe that you and all the people here have been frightened at shadows. Captain Willis talked with me freely about that house, and the stories of its being haunted; but he did not believe a word

"Not believe it, sir! Why he told them yarns himself, all over town."

"He told me that, too; but he did that for a certain purpose. I may tell the people here what it was, some day:

"Capt'n Willis not believe the house was spooky!" the sailor repeated, dwelling upon the incredible "Why, he came back to it himself after he was dead! Mrs. Willis and her da'ter saw him."

"You're certainly wrong the", my old friend. Both of them tell that

who has got it struck down every thing though expecting that the latter might that stood between it and him. Are suddenly take wings and soar aloft. suddenly take wings and soar aloft. The cherished delusions of himself and his mates were one by one being mercilessly destroyed by this unbeliever. Still he would not yield.

"But them wimmen heard shouting that night-and screechins-and hidgcous laffin-and pistols?"

"To be sure they did, Tom; and I know who made all that disturbance. On a frosty morning of early De- I have fully satisfied both these ladies cember. Henry Crawford stepped that they were most cruelly and ashore at Provincetown. The color brutally imposed upon by a blackwas returning to his face, his step had hearted scoundrel, for his own crimsomething of its old elasticity, he had inal ends. If the ladies come back thrown aside his canes. Sharp pains here next summer, as they may, we from his desperate hurts occasionally shall probably have to make the whole curious story public, so as to clear the

Tom stared at the speaker in blank

future of toil and endeavor for them like dogs in the proverb. Only give one a bad name-and it will stick!



'IF YOU'VE TO TALK LIKE THAT, YOU'D BETTER LOOK FOR SOME ONE ELSE."

Everybody in Provincetown talks about the Lobdell place being haunted; but it's all rumor and gossip.. Nobody has seen or heard any thing that deserves even to be examined.

"That's where you're wrong, sir!arong as wrong can be!"

Tom spoke up triumphantly, and dashed down his hat to emphasize the

"What do you mean?"

"O, I'll tell ye-I'll tell ye, my young dr; and then see if you'll be so pert an chipper in laughin' at the things that's seen makin' the Provincet'n folks ereep! You want to know who's heard or seen any thing from that old house worth noticin'. Well, I have." "Indeed?" queried Crawford, good humoredly. "Now, don't give me any

second-hand gossip, Mr. Burt. "I saw and heard it myself, I tell you! Groaning and moaning like as the fiend bimself had a holt of a man,

"Where did these noises seem to ome from?" "From the cellar of the old part.

got down to the ground and listened by that sunk window there, where the loose dirt has filled up nearly to the top of the sash.

"The old cellar!" Crawford exclaimed, with sudden interest. "When was this? See if you can fix the time exactly."

"I reckon I can. It was 'bout 'lever o'clock of the night of the day that the wimmin left the house.

Like a flash did Captain Willis' brief account of the place of concealment of his treasure occur to Crawford's mind, with the details that he had given, and particularly the stress be had laid on the difficulty of raising the enormous stone that covered it. His heart bounded madly at the thought perhaps the triumph of villainy had recoiled upon itself, and there succeeded that other exultant thought, that he had himself been brought here this day to restore the Captain's money to its rightful owners.

He laid his hand firmly on Tom's shoulder. "I declare," that worthy said afterward, in describing the scene, "he looked that proud and happy that I didn't wonder Miss Helen had took to him so. And he looked bold and resolute like, and he spoke like a Paul Jones givin' his orders on the quarter-

"Thomas Burt," said Crawford, "there are no ghosts in that house, there never have been any. The cellar from which you heard those noises is the place where Captain Willis buried his treasure. When he sailed on that last voyage that landed his kind soul in Heaven, he had fifty thousand dollars buried there; what you say makes me very hopeful that it's there now. I'm going down there this minute; it'll take more evil spirits than have ever got together there, to stop me. What I may find there, somebody else must see as soon as I do; if I guess rightly about it, the law will have to make an inquiry, and there must be no doubt about the evidence. I don't believe, after what I've said to you, that you're afraid to go there with me; but I say that if you will go, and if we find the Captain's money there, you shall have one hundred dollars of it."

The time caine, not long after this that Tour Burt received the promised reward. He exhibited it at the tavern to the admiring eyes of his associates. and to the envious one eye of old Peter Mullius. He remarked, as he

"I wasn't half satisfied about the spooks, positive as the young fellow talked. But I did what none of you would hat dared to do; I followed him into the old house."

PART IV CHAPTER III.

THE SIGN OF GOD.

The front door of the lately-occupied part still hung open; the rain had beat n; there had been no fires in this part damp and chill. Deferring a visit to great curiosity and interest that pressed at his heart had been satisfied, Crawford mounted the stairs. He found that a door between the upper hall and disregard and shun them! the old part, which had been kept barred and bolted, lay shattered and broken on the floor, as if beaten in by the covering stone, reared back against blows of an axe. He passed through a pile of rubbish by the utmost efforts the aperture, Tom Burt closely follow- of this man, was placed insecurely, and ing, and stood in one of the long-de- had fallen because of it. serted rooms.

In what way Captain Willis had been accustomed to make his secret visits to the old cellar he had not been informed. He paused now a moment to reflect that it had probably been by some more convenient outside passage but he was now so far on his way that he would not turn back.

He had provided himself with pocket-lantern, which he now lit. The room was bare of farniture, as was every other that he saw in this part of the house. All was dark, damp and musty; the dust and cobwebs of half a century were around him.

But he was too eager to be awed by such thoughts. He passed through this room and two others before finding the stairway. Descending it, the loos and rotten boards creaked and cracked beneath his tread, and bats flew at the

In the rooms below he searched for some minutes before finding the covered recess by which the stairs descended to the cellar. He knelt down and thrust the lantern into the opening. The darkness and dampness of plied in that noisome depth. A sickening smell pervaded the air.

Tom Burt stood trembling behind him, his hand grasping the skirt of Crawford's coat. The young man turned and spoke to him:

"Burt, be not afraid; you will meet no spirits down here. Yet, what I have already discovered tells me that it is a place of horrors. Summon your fortitude; nothing will harm you; but you will need courage to face what you must see. Come!-keep hold of my coat, if it pleases you."

In this way they went down, some of ing beneath their feet. Burt kept well behind Crawford, and it was over the

custom their eyes to the gloom of the as in the merchant-service) could place, which was with difficulty and truthfully say, as they did, that they slowly penetrated by the rays of the lantern

powering. Both men stood at the foot which to remain in the place ten min-The feeble light presently disclosed

The horrid odor became almost over-

at once the house of treasure and the looking out over the bay, from which Briefly, as becomes the awful nature

of that scene, let us portray it. They stood in one apartment of the cellar; others were beyond.

This one was perhaps fifteen feet by thirty. Nearest the walls were heaps of refuse, being mostly rotting sails ford did not improve as rapidly as the

this rubbish and a vault or opening at he middle of the cellar. The stairs came down at the extreme end, so that the whole scene was before the specta-

Around this narrow space canvas bags had been deposited. Their mouths had been opened; were open. Their contents were gold - always Some of them appeared to gold. have been closely examined, for great gold pieces were scattered thickly around the border of the vault. No examination of quantity or denomination was made at that time; but the subsequent count of the treasure, including the large number of bags not yet removed from the great sunken chest, showed a trifle in excess of fifty thousand dollars. It revealed French louis d'or, Spanish doubloons and pistoles, Portuguese moidore, British sovereigns. The nations of the earth had contributed to make up the Captain's lost treasure.

This was the splendid sight that the eyes of these men saw. Their eyes returned to it, with the

fascination always exerted upon humanity by a great amount of gold. Yet it was to the horrid spectacle inlongest drawn.

The heavy stone, intended to cover the treasure-vault, had fallen, and pinned between it and the edge of the vault the shoulders of a man. He must have been standing in the vault, lifting out more bags, and had just raised up to place one outside, when the mer-



A HORRID SPECTACLE.

ciless weight descended and fastened him to his living death. His arms were helplessly thrown out; his head was thrown back; the face, distorted with all evil passions, mingled with the terrors of a cowardly soul, was the face of Louis Hunter!

What pen, what tongue, could por tray the horrors of that slow and lingering death, compounded of starvation and suffocation? Who can speak of the torments of the soul, to which the physical pangs were trifling, as hours and days went on, and brought no relief? Who tell of the cries, the groans and moans, protracted for six weeks, and the atmosphere was through days and nights, the least of which had reached the ears of Tom Mrs. Willis' abandoned rooms until the Burt; and which were unheard or disregarded, because, more than for any other reason, the man who thus suffered and died had prepared men to

No man could say how this tragedy had occurred. It might have been that

Or it might have been that the movements of the plunderer in the vault had brought it down upon him. Or might it be, as some of the deeplyreligious and God-fearing people of Provincetown asserted, that a special providence was exerted, and that the vengeance of an outraged God was hurled upon the wicked man in the height of his seeming triumph?

We do not know. We only know that Henry Crawford became profoundly impressed as he looked upon him. this scene.

His mind went back barely three months to the burning deek of the we stood up before the minister." Nellie Willis. He saw himself lying helpless, prostrate, apparently dying in the Pasco of Havana, in a dread-He saw the man whose dead, staring ful exhibition of human hate and eyes and contorted features here con- vengeance; it can end no more fitly fronted him, bending over him in than by that best token of buman love satanic triumph. He recalled his own | -a kiss. words uttered then: "God will never permit such villainy to triumph! I tell you now, you will be overtaken and punished." He remembered his present assured happiness, with love and wealth both given him. He bowed his head; he was humbled in an in- it will prove most valuable in supportthe rooms he had traversed were multi- stant. Tom Burt heard him audibly pronounce the words:

" 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.' saith the Lord."

PART IV .- CHAPTER IV. THE LONG YOYAGE.

During the winter, on one of those bitter nights when no one in Provincetown stirred out of doors, the old Lobdell house was burned to the ground. The destruction was complete; only ashes and the stones of the foundation remained; there was not even a charred beam or plank. What caused the conflagration was never discovered. To the steps not only creaking, but break- no one was the loss less troublesome than to the owners of the old house. Secure now in the possession of a modyoung man's shoulder, as he held up erate competence, cherishing the the lantern above his head, that the memory of Captain Willis, and yet sailor's first clear view of the ghastly with paramount feelings of loathing and wonderful spectacle of the cellar, and disgust for the place, Mrs. Willis and Mrs. Crawford (for Nellie Willis Some minutes were necessary to ac- had ceased to exist in society as well were not sorry for the casualty. The kind reader who has followed

the story so far is notified that the Lobdell house hardly exists in tradition now in Provincetown, Should be go of the stairs, summoning strength with to its site in the pleasant New England summer, he will find it covered with pretty cottages in the Queen Anne style, on the plazzas of which women to their eyes, now wonted to the place, and children spend the long afternoons the salt breeze comes up refreshingly. They never dream-and it is certainly better that they should not know-of the stirring life-drama, closing with a tragedy, that was thirty-five years ago

nacted upon this spot. As the winter advanced, Henry Crawphysician had predicted, and that conscientious professional man urged a

trip to the tropics. Mrs. Willis, com fortably located with her sister, and with plans for the future not yet formed, agreed with the doctor, observing that as Helen and Henry had not as yet thought best to take a bridal trip, perhaps the warning of the doctor might furnish an excuse to combine business with pleasure.

This was so near an approach to a joke, that Mr. Crawford looked with surprise upon his staid and widowed mother-in-law. She smiled quite distinetly at him.

Mrs. Crawford urged the trip. Her loving heart had taken alarm from the mere fact of the physician's advice.

"Well," said the young husband, "we'll go-on one condition-I'm somewhat acquainted with those latitudes. There are places in the southern seas where I shouldn't like to be found. just now. I'll go, if I can arrange the The condition was easily allowed.

It was late in February when they left New York by steamer for Charleston. Some days later they took a sailing vessel from the latter place for New Orleans. They were full two weeks on the

way. Crawford explained to his bride closed by this treasure that they were how it was that the powerful current of the Gulf Stream, setting northward along the coast of Florida, compels sailing vessels to go more than four hundred miles eastward, to find a southern passage.

> In many hours of the moonlight nights, as well as of the pleasant days of the delightful passage, she was on deck with him, viewing the low-lying i dands, the emerald hue of the water, and the pure white bottom at the shallows. He explained to her the mysteries of throwing the lead, and what the landsman meant by his cries of "Six—and a half five!" At one point on a remote shore of New Providence, the vessel passed close to the charred remains of the "Nellie Willis." The newspapers had been busy with the facts of the tragic fate of the bark; Crawford's name had been widely mentioned; his identity had been discovered by the passengers on this vessel-and with Helen leaning on his shoulder, he was compelled to give the true story of the mutiny and its results to those who sat on the after-deck that moonlight night.

As the vessel approached the coast of Cuba, he pointed out to her the range of mountains in the back ground and the Pan of Matanzas near the sea. Sailing westward that night, he pointed out the great revolving, flashing light of Moro Castle, twenty miles away.

"It wouldn't be well for me to land there," he observed. "Those Spaniards have long memories. Our course



A LONG VOYAGE.

will now be northwesterly to New Orleans, where we can pass a pleasant month. We may be four or five days yet on the way; it is a long voyage. His arm was around her; her beauti-

ful eyes were turned trustfully up to "It's not so long. Henry, as the voyage you engaged to take with me when

Let our record end here. It began THE END.]

-The "eal red poppy" has recently been found to have the valuable power of binding with its roots the soil in ing embankments. Already several engineers have undertaken the sowing of rallway embankments with popples.

-It is a queer fact that deaf persons who can not hear ordinary conversation anywhere else can hear the most casual and low-toned remarks when they are riding in rallroad cars. "I can not explain it," a deaf woman said in speaking of it, "but the rattle of the cars seems to drown the ringing in my ears, and all my acquaintances who are

deaf notice the same thing." -The following misspelled names of places on letters is but a sample of what the clerks in the Rondout postoffice are compelled to "wrestle" with every week: "Pogibkse," "Seepike." Each of these letters was intended for Poughkeepsie, and was marked "in haste." "Sogkerces" was thrown in the Saugerties mail, while "Vernleuse" found its way to Phoenicia all right.

-In the United States postal service there are 58,200 postmasters, 7,000 railway mail-service employes, 7,000 letter-carriers, 100 inspectors, 5,000 clerks in the post-offices, 600 clerks in the Post-Office Department. This gives a total of 77,900 employes. Every postmaster averages two assistants, and this in round numbers amounts to 116,-400 persons, which number added to 77,900 gives 194,300 persons over whom the service has control.

-Washington's father died when the future President was twelve, Jefferson's years, Mrs. Todd of Bronson, Mich., a mere habe, Harrison the elder's be- grown. fore he had reached his majority, Ty. -In the United States there are e he had reached his conson's 70,000 lawyers about one lawyer to her's when he was four years old, and Hayes' every 900 inhabitants. In France there

A VENTURE IN CHICKENS.

Extracts from the Diary of a Reformed Poultry Enthusiast Ever since I was a small boy and the

proud owner of a bantam hen, which

offered an untimely end at my hands by being squeezed to death, I have been possessed of a deep desire to own a number of chickens. We had moved, the year before, into a small suburban cottage, and during that summer, when I had seen the neighbors' fowls calmly scratching up our back-pard, the old thought grew within me, and by the next season I had prevailed over the counsels of my wife, and purchased as many chickens as lay within my modest means. I was a happy man when I saw the flock gather about the doorstep for the first time, as they anxiously awaited their evening allowance, and for fear that some unprincipled being might avail himself of the opportunity to replenish his roost by depleting mine, I secured a watch-dog. I also subscribed to a number of agricultural papers that devoted a column or so to the interest of fowls, and purchased books on the care of chickens, which I read devotedly. How my heart swelled with pride when a hen proclaimed with unnecessary reitera tion the advent of an egg! and after I had searched for half an hour for it, how triumphantly I bore the warm object to my wife, remarking: "Now, my dear, we can have fresh eggs every morning for breakfast, and all you need in addition for cakes and pud-

But, alas, the heart of man is often centered upon things of vanity, and it is not well to put your trust even in chickens. Perhaps a few extracts from my diary may best serve to show the sequel:

"May 1 .- It being the first pleasant day, the doors and windows were left open, and my wife, going down-stairs about noon, found two ambitious roosters upon the piano, while a third was industriously picking at the beads on the sofa cushion. In order to prevent a repetition of the scene No. 3 was

converted into stew." "May 3.-My dog has suddenly developed a fancy for playing with the fowls, and spends most of his time in chasing them around the yard; at any rate, it keeps them out of mischief." "May 7 .- One hen is missing. I sus-

pect the dog." "May 9 .- I found a nest of eggs today in the back of the garden, and in carrying them to the house in my hat, I stumbled-eggs and hat ruined. "May 10 .- Another hen missing."

"May 11.-When coming from the train to-day I noticed a couple of hens loooking very much like mine in a neighbor's yard, but unfortunately the fowls have no distinctive mark of individuality. "May 15. - Wrong as regards the hens. Both have been found sitting in

turbed. Prospects of two fine broods." "May 18. - The newly-planted flowerbed has afforded my flock much amusement, to the ruination of the plants; loss, five dollars." "May 19. - Another nest found. This time I carried the eggs to the house

one by one." "May 20 .- The sitting hens have deserted their nests. Can the dog have frightened them off?"

May 22.—The roosters seem to be troubled with insomnia, as they awake us at all hours of the night with their crowing. No remedy mentioned in books or papers."

"May 24 - All the fowls came into the front hall to-day, and enjoyed themselves by picking at the bright carpet very indigestible; hope they swallowed

"May 26. -The dog must go; he was found to-day eating eggs."

"May 28 .- My wife declares that the chickens must follow the dog; but a reprieve was granted, as I found two nests of eggs. "May 29 .- A number of fowls miss-

must be some other agency. old rooster was rather tough eating,

usual." "June 15 .- The last pullet eaten. I

ens." "June 16.-The fowls that were missing a couple of weeks ago returned to-day, but gave no account of themselves. They seemed rather lonely. "June 17.-Two weeks' diet on

chickens is enough; so Mitchell, the colored man who does chores about the place, was presented with the prodigals. Thank Heaven! no more. Total loss, including flower bed, hat and dog, thirty-eight dollars.-Flavet

S. Mines, in Harper's Weekly. Neatness in Girls.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, with ink, and her shoes are not laced, and her apron is dirty, and her collar - Fiectrical Review. unbuttoned or her skirt torn, she can not be liked. Learn to be weat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.-Bantist

CURRENT ITEMS.

-After being totally blind for fifteen when he was fourteen, Jackson's be- was suddenly cured. The first person fore the boy was born. Madison's when that she saw was her daughter, and her he was a youth, Garfield's when he was first remark was, "My! how you've

and Cleveland's when they were young is only one lawyer to over 6,000 people.

The characters of nearly all of In Germany the proportion is about the

FAILURE IN A GARDEN.

Before I made tny garden. O I was a huppy man would plan

How lots o' Juscious veg tables I easily code

raise, figured up the profits that, they say,

Of patent fertilizers, fancy garden tools at seeds
I bought about as many as a Western farmer

needs; I hired men that wouldn't work with the lark I day till time for business

After I made my sarden, Oh! I was a woful ma The chickens scratched my pretty beds. dogs upon them ran.

The cats pi ched battles on them fought the cows ate all my corn,
And a hog that tried to bite me always motel

Then came a d ought that burned to dut no Then came a dought for the state of the stat thing to must.

Then, like the plagues of Egypt, swarmed upon me files and bugs, Inch worms, moles, cut worms, locusts cate-

pillars, crows and slugs. With paris green, tobacco, sulphur, soot and heliebore I dosed that insect army, but they only cried to more; I spoiled my : lothes and patience in the blader

And got myself so dirty that I always missa; All summer long I wrestled, while my person ation drops
I think would fill the barrels I had ready for my

erops.

And though I wasn't able to supply one dinners I took the pri. e of cham; ion for raising famous Before I made my garden, Oh! I was a happ

man. But afterwards my troubles and experience is gan. Now, if some city greenhorn like myself week cure to reap
The profits of a garden, I will sell out re-

cheap.

-H. C. Dodge in Detroit Free Pres. NEW NAVAL TERROR. England's Latest Supply Ship a Quick Fighter and a Fast Sailor.

A new acquisition to England's savy was launched recently and christened the Vulcan. She is designed as a twinserew torpedo-depot ship, but is a fast protected cruiser and a formidable fighting craft as well, and represents in entirely novel type.

The construction of the Vulcan was begun on June 16, 1888. She is of 6,620 tons displacement-larger-in short, than any of the large Indian troop. ships and three times as large as many a cruiser. She is built of steel, he hull alone weighing 3,170 tons, and her principal measurements are as follows: Length, 350 feet; beam, 68 feet; menn draught, 22 feet. The vertical keel is of an unusually heavy and substantial character and is 3 feet and 6 laches high. The cast-steel U-shaped sternpost is extra strong, weighing five tens. The vessel is divided into numerous water-tight compartments, and is protected by a continuous steel deck 6 inches thick in the slope and 21 inches elsewhere. The engines are of the a corner of the garden; were not distriple expansion type and will give a collective indicated horse power under ferced draught of 12,000. They will drive the ship at a speed of 20 knots (23 miles) and 18 knots (20.7 miles) at sea. There will be storage for 1,000 tons of coal, an amount sufficient for 3,000 miles at 18 knots an hour. She will have a balance rudder similar to

that fitted to the Spanish cruiser Rein Regenti and to the Inman steamer Cits of New York. This will enable the new war ship to turn a complete circle of not more than 400 yards in diameter is little over three minutes. As a torpedo-depot ship she will be admirably adapted for the work. She will be a floating factory, full of forges and workshops for the repair of torpetacks, which are usually considered do boats and torpedoes. She will carry an immense supply of torpedoes, submarine mines, and all the necessary

gear for submarine work on a large scale, and she will also have upon her decks a small flotilla, probably eight in number, of second-class torpedo-bosts of the largest size. These she will be able to hoist overboard and dispatch is all directions at a few minutes' notice. ig. As the dog has been disposed of, The Vulcan will also have a torpede armament of her own, consisting of "May 30 .- Their fate is sealed. The six launching tubes, some of which are to be under water. Regarded more but my wife says that the next butch- particularly as a cruiser, she will poser's bill will be considerably less than sess qualities which entitle her to rank among the most formidable unarmored cruisers of the world. She will have have decided that my forte is not chick- weapons which at close range will be capable of penetrating armor up to nearly sixteen inches thick. The quick-firing armament will be the most powerful of any ship in the world. It will enable her to discharge on each broadside a storm of eighty to one hundred and fifty projectiles a minute; and should she ever be attacked by marmored cruisers or topedo-boats, she would be able to give them a warm reception. -N. Y. World.

Pictures Made by Electricity.

The latest novelty in which electricity plays a part is one of the pulyour - money - in - the - slot-and-see-il-g style. It is higher priced than its preand if she does not learn it when she is decessors, but you get more for your young she never will. It takes a great money. This one costs a quarter. You deal more neatness to make a girl look put yourself in a satisfactory position well than it does to make a boy look cook up a proper smile, look steadily passable. Not because a boy is better at a spot designated, drop in your two ooking than a girl, but his clothes are shilling piece, wait about five minutes of a different sort-not so many colors and a snap-shot photograph comes of in them; and people don't expect a complete. In military parlance the boy to look as pretty as a girl. A girl whote 's done in one time and two me that is not neatly dressed is called a tion. The machine can't make any sloven, and no one likes to look at her, change, but you can make it give you Her face may be pretty and her eyes two pictures for one price if you and bright, but if there is a spot on her your girl are sufficiently well as cheek, and her fingers' ends are stained queinted to stand very close together when the quarter goes down the slide

- The sunkes a man sees when he is erectling with a severe attack of deliriam tremens are not "water snakes The is reliable. - Norristown Herald -The Boston Transcript tesis this

story about a small colored boy of arelic lous turn of mind. He wanted a jack knife very much, and was overhearders night praying for one very expesti-His master went to town next day, and on his return in the evening there was jack-knife laid on the boy's window. The boy discovered the knife promptly enough in the morning, examinalites