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THE DALLES OREGON

A Peripatetic
Wooring.
By RITA KELLEY.
Copyright, 1907, by Houston Post.

Elise was having thoughts. That they were not pleasant thoughts was proved by the hurry with which she donned her fan and slipped out of the house. She hurried down brilliantly lighted Broadway, hoping that the new experience of being alone, unprotected, unprotected, amidst the rush of life on all sides, might divert her mind. She was halted at last by a man with a megaphone. He was shouting: "All aboard for Chinatown! Right this way. Tickets two dollars. All aboard for Chinatown!" She looked up at the huge, ugly "rubberneck wagon," now fairly transformed into a bower of beauty of red, white and blue electric lights and Chinese lanterns bobbing in the chill breeze. It seemed to offer succor from the flustered, uncomfortable thoughts at the back of her brain. The old wagon in its brave array held some of the elements of fairyland and its happy irresponsibility, and on the spur of the moment she whipped out her purse.



from her ulster pocket, bought her ticket and climbed in among the lanterns well toward the front. George had dared to insinuate that she could not get along without him. He had acted as if he were as much a part of her life as her daily ride in the park, her nights at the opera, her cotton favors. Worse still, there had been, too, the suggestion that he was so much a part of her existence that she could not get along without him. Other girls were wooed and hard won. She was taken for granted. And she wanted romance—"heart interest," she had heard it called, when the drama was under consideration. All her life had the conventional been wrapped around her like a dun colored cloak. She would have freedom from conventionality—and George.

A thrill of anticipation ran through her as the big, clumsy vehicle wheeled cautiously and threaded its way down the crowded streets. Through the Tenderloin, the Ghetto, the Bowery—all those localities of which she had heard, but never seen—she went. When it halted at last she was in the front of the party, still determinedly eager to get outside of herself. The conductor had taken her under his wing, and she felt very safe and sure. A thrill of anticipation ran through her as the big, clumsy vehicle wheeled cautiously and threaded its way down the crowded streets. Through the Tenderloin, the Ghetto, the Bowery—all those localities of which she had heard, but never seen—she went. When it halted at last she was in the front of the party, still determinedly eager to get outside of herself. The conductor had taken her under his wing, and she felt very safe and sure.

"Do you mean me?" she demanded. "I guess we have as good a right to be here as any one. And we'll stay here till we are ready to go." The conductor turned to Elise for approbation. "The members of this party have each paid \$2 for this valuable information, and it is not fair to them to allow you to hear this for nothing. I know your kind. You have been following us around just to get this information free. Not a night passes but I have trouble of this kind, and it's got to stop." The little woman fought off her friends who strove to lead her away. "And who are you?" she asked. "Do you know who I am? I'll have you arrested for insulting a lady. My brother is down now looking for a policeman. Do you hear?" she shrieked, maddened by her inability to impress the cool conductor.

There was a commotion in the doorway, and two men pushed through and thrust their feet under the conductor's

"I'll report you," they yelled, "for insulting a lady." Elise turned sick. She pushed out of the excited crowd, past the two unattended, imperturbable old Chinamen behind their little trinket counter and fled to the balcony overlooking the main street of the Chinese quarter. It was horribly low. She shuddered at the thought of where she was and under what protection as she gazed down from the lantern hung balcony into the street crowded with Chinese in their native dress—their pig faces, long cues and long nailed fingers holding paper bags filled with vegetables.

"Elise!" She jumped at the sound of her name and a man's step on the balcony and pressed back against the wall of the house, staring with wild eyes at the man before her. "What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Why, you have just been out like this! What does it mean?" She gathered her forces suddenly for retaliation. "What if I haven't?" she said, somewhat breathlessly. "I am old enough to do as I choose—and I am not in the least your affair what I do!" She pushed past him into the incense laden interior to have the conductor present her with a package of soap sticks and a slip of paper covered with Chinese characters. "A fortune," he said gallantly. "Ask your Chinese laundryman to read it for you."

"I haven't a Chinese laundryman," she exclaimed passionately, "and I never will have one!" She ran almost blindly down the stairs and into the street, trusting to her instinct for locality to guide her to the nearest subway station. The orchestra fell back in astonishment. A few fat old fellows said unintelligible things to her which caused a roar of laughter. Her cheeks were burning, her breath was coming in gasps, and she came into the little square marking the one time wickedest place in New York. All at once she felt that she was being followed. Quick, light footsteps were coming behind her, were keeping pace with hers, and terror clutched her heart. A few drunken men sprawled on the park benches. To return was impossible. She could never find the "rubberneck" party. There was nothing to do but keep on as best she could.

She emerged from the park ready to drop with exhaustion and was obliged to slow down to get her breath. To her relief she found the steps had stopped, and no one was in sight. She stood for a moment, looking at the better streets of the wholesale district and at last saw the twinkling lights of surface cars ahead. She reached for her purse. It was gone! She stopped, looking still on a corner, from which horror. Alone at 11 o'clock at night on a deserted street, with no money and home miles away! The ill of her guarded, pampered life showed up in this dilemma. A gasp of horror came to her. What was to do? She stood there dazed, helpless, till the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps startled her into action. She sprang forward.

"Elise!" A man's voice echoed her name commandingly among the sky-scrapers. She collapsed all in a heap on the curbstone. "You—you-lovely girl," he said, looking down at her limp person struggling for breath. "Oh, George," she panted, "I didn't know it was you!" He sat down on the curb beside her. "I thought you did," he said. "And there wasn't any real danger?" she asked, wide eyed. "Oh, what a simp!" "None at all except from the ogre me," he laughed shortly. "Oh, George, you are simply finer!" "You didn't think I was just week this time," he said relentlessly. "But you didn't insist," she pouted. "A girl likes to be convinced."

"Oh, you—you—I will say it—foolish girl!" he said, with adoring eyes. The word "Explosive." "Explosive" was first used in its modern sense in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. "Explosive" in the sense of "blow up" or "go off" is scarcely a century older. Before that people talked of a ball being "exploded" from a gun, the clouds "exploding" lightning or a volcano "exploding" lava, but that was very much nearer the word's original sense of driving away with scorn. "Explosive," in fact, is literally to clap away and was a technical word for driving an actor off the stage by contemptuous handclapping. That is the real meaning of an "exploded idea."

Her Glance Backward. In a Broadway car long past midnight a robust, motherly woman sat with a well grown boy of about fifteen beside her. The boy had fallen asleep, and his head rested heavily against her shoulder. A man entering the car was cordially greeted by the woman and was about to slap the boy on the knee when the mother interposed. "Don't wake him," she pleaded. "He's so big now he is ashamed of doing childish things. This is the first time in a year that he has been my baby boy again. Let me enjoy it." —New York Globe.

Not a Diplomat. Lady—You are a good parlor maid. Why did you leave your last place? Applicant—The mistress was too bossy, ma'am. Lady—Too bossy? Applicant—Yes, ma'am. She was always telling me to do things instead of asking me to do 'em. —Houston Post.

A REAL PIRATE ISLAND
It Was Once the Stronghold of Morgan, the Buccaneer.

A TINY COUNTRY TO ITSELF.

Old Providence, an Unhappy Spot in the Caribbean Sea, and the Lawless, Reckless, Murderous Crew That Now Claim It as Their Own. Sailing upon that almost unknown sea which ebbs and flows upon the Mosquito Coast, the line of the horizon is broken by two faint points. As the vessel approaches nearer a strange sight meets the vision. The points have become two jagged mountains the clearness of the sky and water. It is an enormous mouth had been suddenly thrust out of the sea with distended jaws pointed skyward. Truly the sight is uncanny, but the jaws mark an uncanny spot in the Caribbean. Once these waters were not so deserted by man. Upon their bosom passed stately galleons, the plate ships loaded with treasure from the new Spain. When their captains saw those black jaws they may have said an Ave, as, altering their course, they sailed away from them, for this bit of dry spot in the ocean was then known, as it is today, as a pirate island.

Old Providence, as the map maker calls it, is in truth a dot on the waters. Not over four miles from end to end in its longest direction and half as much in width, a good walker can encircle it by the little coast path the natives call a highway in half a day. The human beings who call it home are confined to its outer edge, for the submarine volcano which at some time in the past ages gave birth to Old Providence in one of its convulsions, topped it off with a miniature mountain range stretching above the center of the island. It is one of these mountains that forms the black gaping jaws so plainly seen long before the graceful coconut palms marking the shore line are visible. In a whimsical display of its power the volcano cut a great wedge in one of the peaks—a wedge fully a hundred feet across at the top and tapering to a score or so at the bottom.

Today, as centuries ago, Old Providence is a tiny country to itself. Far out in the middle ocean highway, in one of the least frequented parts of the Caribbean, the steamship or sailing ship has no occasion to pass near it unless driven there by storm. There is no postoffice, for the reason that there is no mail service. True, it is claimed by some country just as every point that sticks out of the sea is claimed. Colombia calls Old Providence a part of its republic, but not a man lives upon it. It is to act as governor, judge and commit other crimes utterly regardless of any authority save force and the little influence of the solitary white man who has cast his lot among them.

St. Catherine, as it was mockingly called in the old days, was the stronghold of Henry Morgan. For nearly 250 years the blood of his followers has flowed in the veins of its people, but before the Spanish governor of Costa Rica had made it an island prison for criminals he thought too dangerous to keep on the mainland. When Morgan defeated the garrison he placed as guards of his prison the men of the harbor and on their promise to join his band—humanly human drags of new Spain. Again the Spaniards captured the island and turned it into a penal colony until Morgan's flag was raised above it in 1670 and the struggle for its possession ended. Since then most of those who have lived upon it have been descendants of the "white outlaws," their convict allies and the black women who went there from the West Indies Morgan's ship.

The blood of the islanders is the blood of English, Irish and Scotch, but adulterated with that of the negro. To-day fully 1,000 persons live upon this islet—a thousand human beings who have degenerated in mind until the majority of them are little better than beasts. Murder is common; there is not a crime; marriage is unknown. Only the fear of a stronger keeps many a man from taking life for a trifle. The island is literally a den of thieves, robbers, and rascals. Liquor, firearms, knives and trinkets. After a vessel has loaded and departed, for days the island may be the scene of a drunken delirium, which brings to mind stories written about the carousals of the buccaneers after the capture of a prize, but here is no captain or discipline of the sea. The weaker are the prey of the stronger, and robbery and killing pass unheeded.

St. John, the brave priest who alone is endeavoring to do something to improve the condition of these people, that scarcely a week passes without a murder. With only a handful out of the 1,000 population acknowledging any form of Christianity, it is not strange that the belief in fetiches, even voodooism, should be widespread. Which doctors and religious of charms for good and evil are numerous. Most of the women wear next to the skin a tuft of hair, a piece of rag smeared with blood or some other amulet which is intended to cast a spell over their enemies, to keep off evil, in which all believe.

But the life and history of these human renegades are not the only evidence to prove that their home is a real pirate island and not the sort of which the novelists are so fond of describing. At its north end rises a rocky plateau covering half a dozen acres. Really it is another island, but sepa-

rated from Old Providence by a channel 100 yards in width and so shallow that one can easily wade across it. The highest point on this plateau bears a slight resemblance to a man's face, and the native says that it is "Morgan's Head." The fifty foot precipice which extends from the water's edge to the top of the plateau is so steep as to be almost inaccessible except in two or three places where the storm of years have worn away the cliffs. The top is so covered with vines, shrubs and other growth that not until one has penetrated into their midst does he find the remains of a wall evidently the work of human hands. Most of it is hidden by the rank vegetation but enough of the massive masonry can be seen to indicate that it was intended for a fortification.

A strange sight are the dozen or more pieces of artillery mounted upon a plateau at the north end. Some of them are of brass, but long since thickly coated with verdigris, which gives them the appearance of fallen trees green with mold. Others are of iron, but all of them rusted and decayed. The artistic imagery with which the gun makers of the seventeenth century decorated their work. Lying inside of the wall, the guns were evidently a part of the armament of Santa Theresa, the castle which the Spaniards built for the main defense of St. Catherine, but which they surrendered to Morgan in 1670 with eight smaller forts and batteries.

Contagious diseases frequently ravage the land and kill scores in a visitation. Ignorant of sanitation, knowing little or nothing of medicine and depending chiefly on the charms they get from the voodoo doctors to ward off disease, the people often die from ailments which in other conditions might be cured. From the accounts of the old men there is no doubt that fifty years ago the number of inhabitants was much greater than at present. A half century ago the island was a great center of the pirates of this southern ocean—reduced to a mere handful if not entirely extinct—Day Allen Willey in Mims Journal.

SLEEP A PUZZLE.

The Mystery Involving "Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer." Although the phenomenon has been observed since man has existed, the true nature of sleep and what causes it are practically mysteries today. All recognize the necessity of sleep and know that it is the sovereign remedy for fatigue—"tired nature's sweet restorer."

This fact has led to the theory that sleep is induced by the poisons which are known to be formed and passed into the blood stream during wearying exercise of mind or body. The theory is that these poisons numb the nerve center controlling the circulation in the brain, with a consequent reduction in the blood supply. This "anemia" of the brain produces unconsciousness, or sleep, during which the activities of body and mind are repressed, the formation of "fatigue poisons" is arrested, and those already formed and circulating in the blood are eliminated.

When this has taken place the purified blood again nourishes and stimulates the circulation center, an increased volume of blood flows to the brain, and the subject awakes, renewed in spirit and flesh and ready for the labors of the day.

This explanation is only a theoretical one, but it is plausible. Whatever may produce it and whether it is a cause or a result, the fact is that a man who has a lessened blood supply in the brain is associated with healthy sleep and that cerebral excitement and congestion must be overcome before normal sleep can take place.

The relation of the circulation to sleep is seen in the alternate drowsiness and insomnia of the very aged. While sitting up they are drowsy and cannot keep their eyes open, but the minute they lie down the power to sleep forsakes them. This is probably due to the fact that the arteries have lost their tone. While the subject sits up the blood sinks away from the brain because the weakened heart is unable to overcome the pull of gravity but when he lies down the blood trickles into the vessels of the brain, and the smaller arteries are passively dilated by its pressure. Of course the process is not quite so purely mechanical as this, for no one can live with surging arteries, but the force of gravity does act in a measure.

The treatment of this form of insomnia of the aged is not in the giving of hypnotics, but of something that will tone up the blood vessels, such as a cup of hot beef tea, of not too strong tea or even of weak coffee—a paradox, since these things are usually supposed to be inimical to sleep—Youth's Companion.

Fact Versus History. In 216 B. C. Hannibal, with about 50,000 men, nearly annihilated the Roman army of about 60,000 at Cannae at Apulia, Italy. But it is all a fable to say that he sent three bushels of gold rings plucked from the hands of dead Roman knights back to Carthage as evidence of his victory. The messenger who carried the news back to the Carthaginian senate on concluding his report "opened his robe and there out a number of gold rings gathered on the field of battle."

Four years later the Romans, under Scipio, attacked and captured Syracuse, belonging to Greece, because of its alliance with Hannibal against Rome. As the invading ships approached, Archimedes is said to have set some of them on fire with burning glasses. However, modern science has so well watered this story that it only remains to add that even at this day the feat would be impossible.

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