Mr. N. L. Satter

A well known photographer of Merced, Cal., testifies: "My face and body were covered with red blotches which disfigured me and caused much suffering. Other medicines failed, but after taking four bottles of

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I am entirely free from blotches and am perfectly well." **HOOD'S CURES.**

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Clean newspapers, tied in bundles of 100, not cut, for sale at this office at fifteen cents a bundle. A heavy straw wrapping paper, large sheets, two cents a pound. Next door to the postoffice. tf

THE DIVER'S TRAP.

Everybody knows Old Point Comfort, Fort Monroe, Newport News, the Rip Raps and Hampton Roads—at least on the maps and in the history of the civil war.

The story I am going to tell had its scenes in that locality, chiefly under the waters of Hampton Roads, and the time runs through nearly three centuries.

On a black, stormy night in 1729 there came sailing in past Henlopen a Spanish caravel, the El Dorado, carrying 10,000 ounces of gold in ingots of 50 pounds each.

The don in command looked in vain over the black, seething waste of water for a light of a boat that might have on board a native of the coast. He paced the gallery to the high prowed ship, called on all the saints and tore his hair out in handfuls.

All the time the caravel drove on in the storm and struck the reef where the ripraps were constructed long afterward.

Next morning she had disappeared. No one had seen her. One survivor of the crew washed to shore and lay dead to all appearance. Not a soul in the world knew that a rich treasure ship had been on the spot.

Old Louis Peran was about the oldest man living anywhere on Maryland east shore. He had been born there and his father before him. They were not of the ancient Maryland stock. A tradition went that the first Peran known there was of Spanish blood, old Louis Peran's great-grandfather.

Louis Peran himself showed no trace of such blood, but his young grandson—likewise a Louis Peran—had an olive complexion, black curly hair, large brilliant dark eyes, and the haughty nose of the original Peran, whose portrait hung in the old parlor of the manor house. The intermarriages had all been with the early English colonial families. Perans had fought in both wars—the Revolution and the civil war—and in the last four men of the family had given their lives, and now, in 1872, the old grandfather and the young grandson comprised the whole race. Not a man nor woman else was left of the Perans.

This October evening the two sat on the old, dilapidated veranda. It had an outlook on the Atlantic, and white winged clippers were skimming the waves in the moonlight.

"Louis," said the old grandfather suddenly, laying down his pipe, "you love the sea, and I am going to tell you a sea story. Every Peran loves the sea, but for 200 years I know of one only that has been a sailor.

"I am going to tell you of that Peran and of his ship. My father told me the story, and you may tell your son some day. Still I don't think you will. I think it will be no longer private family history by the time you are gray headed.

"It was in 1729 that the El Dorado, 20 guns, Don Louis Juan de Aguado Perano commander, was selected to convey from the Peruvian and Mexican mines an immense treasure in gold and gems home to the king of Spain.

"Don Louis gathered his treasure safely enough, but one night, flying the yellow royal standard of Spain, he drove in here before an awful storm and sank on a reef. Adverse winds had beat him out of his course for days, and it was all unknown waters.

"Just one man was saved. He had been struck on the head by falling timbers and was picked up on the shore senseless. When his health was restored his memory was a blank. He could not tell his name nor what country he sailed from. He had been found on the beach, nearly naked, but he could tell absolutely nothing, not even the name of his ship, or that he had come from a ship. His speech was Spanish—that was all that remained of his identity. He learned English as he recovered, forgetting his Spanish utterly.

"He was a fine, handsome man, with a proud air of command. He remained in the family—it was here on this estate—and married the daughter, and this manor house has come down to us, as you know, from them.

"When he was a very old man, he was one day at a barn raising, and by another strange turn of circumstances a falling beam struck him on the head. The injury was a fatal one at his advanced age, but it restored the memories he had lost for 57 years.

"To his oldest son he gave his history and his name. He told them that he had sworn to take on board the El Dorado the king's treasure and guard it and deliver it at Barcelona. The memory of the oath on the crucifix seemed to haunt him with terrifying distinctness. He laid commands on his son to guard the secret of the location of the lost treasure and to transmit it to his son, and so it was to do down until such time as the treasure could be recovered and restored to the sovereign of Spain."

"A very interesting story, grandfather," said the young Louis, speaking now for the first time. "So we are of noble blood. He was a grandee of Spain! Blue blood! Well, now, grandfather, you know I don't care for such distinctions."

"Be silent, Louis," said the old man sternly. "To decry the value of blood is ignorance indeed." And then he went on: "None of us has been able to attempt the recovery of this treasure. Nor have we seen how it was ever to be possible in the future. But lately I have read of divers who go down to the bottom of the sea and perform wonderful feats there. I feel an old man's presentiment regarding you, Louis—that you are the one of the race to redeem the oath to Spain. Swear it to me, Louis."

"Indeed, grandfather, I cannot do any such thing," interrupted the boy. "If you say it is a point of family honor to try to restore this fabulous treasure, I'll promise to do my best, but I'll not swear it."

After a moment the eager look faded out of the old man's eyes. He smiled. "So be it," he said. The boy was looking at him fearlessly, and he was struck by the resemblance to the old portrait over the mantelpiece, a fine, tall, muscular young fellow, with the brilliant eyes and the leonine expression. "The Perans were never promise breakers," he said. Then he added: "Among my papers is a rough chart drawn by Don Louis. If you do not use it, pass it on to your son."

One morning in 1877 a curious looking craft sailed in past the capes and anchored in Hampton Roads, about two lengths from the rip-raps. Its commander was a fine looking boy about 18, and the crew were 12 stout Cape Codders. On board were diver's outfits, planks, barrels, chains, windlasses, endless coils of rope and some queer engines.

The young captain at once set all hands at work. Drags were got out, and the bottom of the sea was swept for a circular space of five acres. A very old chart was consulted for bearings, but as it was made from memory by an old man at point of death it was liable to be in error.

The grappling irons brought up nothing of any value, but young Louis Peran—for of course it was he—was not a whit discouraged

He had sold the old manor house and the Peran plantation after his grandfather's death and had gone north into the employ of a famous diver. For three years he had been in the heavy work at Hell Gate in New York harbor. After that he had made a voyage to Spain.

"The young captain," as he was called, put on a diver's suit and went to the bottom. Tom Newell, a fine diver, accompanied him. The trip was apparently fruitless. They had trouble with a current near the bottom, which ran very fast at flood tide and made it difficult to keep their feet. They found the bed of the roads swept bare of mud in some places; in others covered with loose bowlders. Sand had been piled in high banks by the set of the tides. In some places the water was clear as crystal, in others turbid and muddy.

There the young captain began to study. He anchored buoys at the corner of a square and took observations of these changes of place from the flood and ebb tides and from the currents. He spent hours under water examining the contour of the bottom. With Newell he made a map showing all the details for an area of about 10 acres.

I will let Tom Newell step in here and tell the rest of the story:

We worked for about 30 days at the charting. The weather was mild and the water in the Roads comparatively still, and we had had little to hinder us. We had the usual experience with large fish at the bottom. One day a school of dogfish swarmed around. These fellows are nasty customers, for they are armed with two short daggers of bone near the tail, and a slash from one of them is serious. They are cannibals too. If one of their number is hurt, the other fellows gobble him up.

Sharks, too, we had, but not man eaters. One big fellow, however, was so persistent that I suspected he might belong to the man devouring breed. Peran was down with me, but I could not see him. The visitor turned out to be a blue shark and a dangerous customer. He came up rather close, and I felt rather shaky as he eyed me. A noise near me made me turn my head. There was Peran, with a big cheese knife in his hand, just making a slash at the sea wolf that cut him open. They hauled us up, and that ended the day's work for Tom Newell.

Peran did not seem to mind it at all. For a young chap, devoid of fear, that fellow took the cake. The crew stood in awe of him, boy though he was. He had a way of looking steadily with his big eyes like the black African lions. Yet he was as gentle as a girl. Well, we raked and raked the bottom, but got only old iron.

You'd think Peran would have given in with disgust. But he got more and more hopeful, though it was going on two months, and he was paying out big wages.

He never communicated his conclusions to me, so I was to some extent working in the dark: I tell you I was almost devoured with curiosity. We even had to guess that it was a search for treasure. The oldest sailor in Norfolk and the people along shore had never heard of any ship being lost thereabouts.

Well, there we are! We got big wages—all of us—as I told you. Ten dollars a day was my figure. The grub was excellent, the schooner nicely fitted up, and taken altogether it wasn't bad.

All at once we went on a new tack. There was a low reef at the outer side of the square we had marked out, about 500 yards away from the ripraps. Before the raps were constructed the swift current at the bottom must have set differently. At least I thought so and told Peran. He nodded in a pleased way. As I made it out, the work on the new tack was to discover how the tide ran in former years. That was what Peran was working out, I was sure, for suddenly we were set to building a trap. We got a cargo of stone from Norfolk.

Why didn't the government interfere? Well, however he got it, Peran had a permit from the secretary of war or some one up there in Washington, and none of the authorities gave us any trouble.

A nice, dark skinned man came to visit us once or twice, and I heard afterward that he was the Spanish minister. He joked a good deal with Louis in his own lingo and laughed I really think the old gentleman was of my opinion and believed we were chasing rainbows.

Well, we built two curving walls at an angle of about 70 degrees and left the angle open. One of these walls ran over to the shoal of the raps. The other was shorter. Inside this we began excavating. We used dynamite, and in front of the line we anchored a big, curiously shaped dragwedge dredge. The submarine ditch we made extended at right angles with a line drawn from Fort Monroe to the raps and was about 1,000 feet in length. There was no current there when we finished, and the water was 20 fathoms deep.

I began to see dimly that we had changed the current and sent it over the old course through the big mud banks. The flood tide washing in from the capes met this current, and at one stage of the tide sent it in a circle clear round the raps.

The mud was finally broken up. The water was roilly for over a month. During that time we men took a rest, but Peran spent most of his fixing up an electrical apparatus with a galvanometer. He lowered a cable—regular telegraph cable it was—and connected it with the big iron, wedge shaped dredge. Then he fixed up about a hundred glass jars into an electric battery.

Jim Biddle had charge of the dredge, and his instructions were to go out about half a mile toward the capes in a line with the raps every day and dredge inward until past the schooner.

It was then Peran began to sit in his cabin with his eyes on the galvanometer.

All at once there appeared to be a great change in the lad. He was irritable and would allow no one in his cabin. When I asked if he desired me to go down to the bottom and take a look around, his eyes fairly blazed, and he looked like a young panther about to spring. But all at once he softened and reached out his hand.

"No, Tom," he said quietly. "There's no need. We are near the end of our work."

For the life of me I couldn't say if he'd found treasure or not. You could tell nothing from his face.

Well, we staid there and swept 10 acres of the bottom with that wedge shaped dredge, but never a man was sent down to see if we had raked anything into the ditch we had made with the dynamite.

Then the crew was paid off. They thought the whole thing a failure. The schooner ran into Norfolk. The dredge was broken up. The schooner was sent back to New Bedford. Peran took lodgings in town. He kept me on at full wages and sent for a complete new outfit for two divers.

By this I knew we were not through with the search. We also got a new machine for sending down air which we ourselves could control at the bottom. Some of these things I don't care to talk about, for he made over all the ideas to me, and I am going to have them patented. I can give up diving then, for I'll be a rich man.

He seemed to be looking all the time for letters, and at the end of a month a big envelope was brought by a man who looked the typical Spanish don all over. It was addressed to "Don Luis de Aguado de Perano, duke of Castelonia, care of Louis Peran, Hotel Atlanta, Norfolk, Va., United States of America."

The Spanish minister, the same nice old fellow who joked so with Peran, came down from Washington, and the three went into secret session.

The result of the "powwow" was apparent a week later. A Spanish gunboat ran in under the lee of the capes and came to anchor. We went aboard, and I'm blessed if the whole crew, officers and all, didn't turn out to receive us and give us a salute. Peran had a talk with the captain, and the next day the gunboat anchored right over the spot where our schooner used to lie. Our traps were brought off in a boat, and Peran himself went down to the bottom every day. He sent up in the grappling irons inside of three weeks nearly 2,000 bars of gold, each weighing about 50 pounds, besides several iron boxes all mud and nearly rusted through. One of the Spanish chaps told me they were full of diamonds and such stuff, but I never saw them.

It was the neatest piece of submarine work I ever saw. Peran took me down when he had nearly finished the job. The dredge had swept the new bottom, where the changed current had torn away the mud banks as clean as a fine tooth comb and raked everything into our ditch where it lay snug at the bottom. And I'm blessed if that there galvanometer hadn't rung a bell every time the dredge struck a bar of gold, so that Peran sitting in his cabin in the old schooner had known he had the treasure safe enough. There it lay at the bottom of our trap to be fished up at leisure and stored away in the hold of the gunboat in big steel boxes.

They tell me the Spanish government gave him half the find, that he is now a grandee, whatever that is, that his right name is Perano, and that he got back all the lands and castles of some ancestor who lost that lot of treasure long ago in Hampton Roads.

As I told you, Peran was a generous young chap, and when he was going away to Spain he gave me a check for $5,000 over and above my wages.—Lieutenant J. C. Walshe, U. S. A., in Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Genuine One.

A Detroiter who had been at the World's fair for two weeks met an acquaintance in a Chicago railway station as he was starting back home. As he paid for his sleeper he showed up a $50 bill.

"What's that?" asked the astonished acquaintance.

"What's what?"

"That bill?"

"A fifty."

"How long have you been in Chicago?"

"Two weeks."

"And got that much left?"

"More than that."

The acquaintance pondered a moment.

"Look here," he said. "Would you like to hire out for the rest of the season as a freak?"—Detroit Free Press.

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He speaks through his nose in a careless way
That would make a precisian jump!
"Shake hands!" How his arm of oak
Stretches out as you draw a-nigh!
All he asks is an easy stroke,
To pour you out, as smooth as smoke,
A sweeter nectar than you could buy.
What! do you doubt it?—only try!
Take that cup from the rusty nail,
Hold it under the gurgling spout.
Well, how goes it, this Adam's ale?
Pump away; you can't pump him out!
Hearts like his weren't made to fail.
Three full cups? Ah! you need not tell
Whether you like him ill or well.

So he stands by the dusty way—
God's own landlord—and seems to say,
"Drink your fill; there is naught to pay!"
Thirsty horses, with nostrils wide,
Plunge their heads in his mossy trough,
Drink, and crop from the cool wallside
A bunch of grass—and then amble off.

And now the deep chested oxen come,
And drain the trough at a single draft.
Their great eyes glisten, though they are dumb,
And thank the pump for the nectar quaffed.
The smoking team 'neath the load of hay
Lovingly turn their eyes that way—
They, too, shall drink, for the axle swings,
And the outstretched noses kiss the cool,
Sweet stream from the spout that springs
Like a mountain brook in a mossy pool.
The farmer's dog with his lolling tongue
Laps and pants till he laps his fill.
Then the creaking wheels from the rut are swung,
And the fragrant load aways up the hill.

Dear old wayside friend,
Doing good in thy time and place,
Full of cheer as a good man's face,
Overflowing with simple grace
Of giving whate'er thou hast to spend,
Would that I were as true a man
As thou art pump, on thy humbler plan!
Out of my hands kind deeds would go;
Out of my heart sweet love would flow;
Round me all nourished life would grow,
And ev'ry pilgrim with thirst oppress
Would stop to bless me and to be blest.
—James Buckham in Youth's Companion.

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12:15 p. m.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv.	1:00 p. m.

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EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

4:40 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	8:35 a. m
7:35 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv.	5:50 a. m

THROUGH TICKETS
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