



THE SILENT CITY.

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them from the strong fumes of sulphur." "The rain of ashes," says the local paper of May 3, "never ceases. The passing of carriages is no longer heard in the streets. The wheels are muffled. The ancient trucks creak languidly on their worn tires."

A facsimile of a page of the last issue of this paper, May 7, the day before the disaster, is of pathetic interest. The editor had been admonishing his readers to pay little heed to the volcano, to regard its work more in the light of a nature study than of something to be

feared. The facsimile presents an article on volcanoes minimizing the peril. "Why this fright, why preparing for flight?" the writer asks. He continues to the last to prophesy peace when there is no peace, and became himself a victim of his temerity.

On the fatal day, a holiday, the Feast of the Ascension, the cathedral was crowded with worshippers when the calamity swiftly came. A great brown cloud was seen to issue from the side of the volcano, followed immediately by a cloud of vapoury blackness, and in two