

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

Her father was a merchant bold
Who o'er the wild Niagara water
Still brought back the good red gold
To richly dower his only daughter.
Radiant she rose on the shore
But, though full many a gallant sought
No, no, not on all their woo
Frowned back the merchant's daughter.
Until, enlured from the light
That shone the shores from France to
Flanders,
Shone upon her patriot sight
The knightliest of our sea commanders,
Looked her through, and from her view
Vanished smiling, on the morrow.
Ah! but she her lover true
Forsook for sighing sorrow.
"Fair blows the wind; the skies are blue.
Will sail with me, my winsome daughter."
"That will I! Dear friends, adieu!"
And o'er the wave her sire has caught her.
Southward far, by sun and star,
His good ship flees the ocean over,
When, aloft across her track
There strikes a Sales rover.
But as the pirate pressed her sore,
And deck and hold ran red with slaughter,
Sudden round the headland hoar
A noble warship sweeps the water.
Heaven above! her flag true
That hath this great delirium wrought her.
Grief, farewell! wake, marriage bell,
For our best merchant's daughter!
—Alfred Percival Graves in Athenaeum.

AN ELEPHANT'S TENDER CARE.

When Left to Watch Children He Will
Fidelity Protect Them.
The whole family of the mahout be-
come, as it were, parasites to the ele-
phant, by whom they earn their living.
I have seen a baby placed by its mother
systematically under the elephant's care
and within reach of its trunk, while the
mother went to fetch water or to get
wood or material to cook the family
dinner. No jackal or wolf would be
likely to pick up and carry off a baby
who was thus confined to the care of an
elephant, but most people who have lived
a life in the jungle know how very pos-
sible it is for a jackal or wolf to carry
off a baby when lying in a hut when the
mother's back is turned.

The children thus brought up in the
company of an elephant become
familiar with him and take all kinds of
liberties with him, which the elephant
seems to endure on the principle that it
does not hurt him, while it amuses the
child. You see a little naked black child
about 2 feet high standing on the ele-
phant's bare back and taking it down to
the water to bathe, shouting all the time
in the most unbecoming terms of native
abusive language.

On arriving at the water the elephant,
obediently in obedience to the child's
command, lies down and enjoys him-
self, just leaving a part of his body, like
a small island, above the water, on
which the small child stands and yells
and yells all the more if he has several
companions of his own age, also in
charge of their elephants, all wallowing
in the water around him. If the child
slips off his island, the elephant's trunk
promptly replaces him in safety. The
little mahouts as they grow up become
first mates to mahouts and eventually
arrive at the dignity of being mahouts
themselves.—Omaha World-Herald.

An Electro-Magnetic Cannon.
This recent invention is dependent for
its action upon the principle of the force
of attraction and repulsion as caused by
magnetism. A brass tube, 5 feet long,
2 1/2 inches in diameter, and 1 inch bore,
was wrapped with insulated wire along
its entire length, the current flowing
through different sections of the wind-
ings in such a manner as to cause the
bullets to become temporary magnets,
which were attracted by the magnetic
lines of force ahead of them and repelled
by those behind them, thus giving the
projection an increasing impetus as they
pass along the gun. The bullets are
thrown forward in much the same man-
ner as the armature of an electric motor
is turned on its axis. The cannon is
light, inexpensive, and its capacity for
throwing projectiles depends on the rap-
idity of loading the same. It is esti-
mated that a five foot gun, requiring
500 volts and 100 amperes, will throw a
one pound ball 1,000 feet, with a strik-
ing velocity of 100 pounds.—Boston
Journal of Commerce.

Got What She Asked For.
She was buying a trunk.
"I want one," she said, "that cannot
be opened by the regulation trunk key
that everybody uses."
"All right," said the dealer. "I will
see that you get one."
The next day the trunk was sent
home, and a few hours later the pur-
chaser appeared at the trunk store.
"I told you," she said, "that I want-
ed a trunk that could not be opened by
the regulation trunk key."
"That's what I sent you."
"Why, any trunk key in the house
will unlock that trunk."
"You said the regulation trunk key.
Have you tried a hairpin?"
Then she went home and wept when
she found that she couldn't unlock that
trunk with a hairpin.—Detroit Free
Press.

William Morris.
William Morris, the English poet, re-
joices in the possession of a prodigious
memory. Given a fair start on any sen-
tence in Dickens' works, he will com-
plete that sentence with very little de-
viation from textual accuracy. Were
every copy of "Pickwick Papers" de-
stroyed today William Morris could
write the book almost word for word as
it now stands.

Greenland was so called because in
summer its hills were covered with a
beautiful green moss.

Paganini looked like a caricature of a
man, so thin was he, with every feature
exaggerated.

Haydn had a long nose, an almost in-
variable peculiarity of genius.

Buckram was at first any sort of cloth
stiffened with gum.

HE WAS TOO SMART.

The Experience of a Countryman With
Londoners.
London has its confidence men, who
are quite as expert as America's, says a
writer in the Boston Herald. Their
methods are very similar. It is not
worth while to record their routine op-
erations, but one recent instance, as illus-
trative of their resources, is amusing
and instructive. An old Scotch travel-
ing man, who bore somewhat the ap-
pearance of a countryman, but who
knew the ropes perfectly, was accosted.
He decided to have some fun at the ex-
pense of the would be swindlers, so he
pretended to fall readily in with their
statements—to be a particularly easy
victim. They bought him a splendid
dinner, calling him Mr. Kenny of Dun-
dee—a name which they had caught
from a traveling bag which he had bor-
rowed from a friend. He enjoyed their
hospitality hugely, and ate prodigiously
and expensively. They paid the bill, and
began the usual talk about a lottery,
prize, etc. Then he saw it was about
time to "cap their game." Said he:
"Gentlemen, I thank you for the din-
ner. It was very good, and I have had a
very pleasant time with you. But I
won't go to see you draw your lottery
prize. Oh, no! I know all about the lot-
tery prize. My name is not Donald
Kenny. It is Robert Ferguson, and I'm
not from Dundee, but from Lochmaben,
where I've lived with my daughter for
20 years. I am too old a fish to be
caught. Good night!"

And he went his way rejoicing.
Two weeks later, when he went home
to his daughter in Lochmaben, one of the
first things she said to him was:
"Did you get the £20 all right?"
"What £20?"
"Why, the £20 you telegraphed for."
And it developed that the confidence
men whom he had beaten at their own
game had an ace up their sleeves, which
they played after he had left them.

HE KEPT THE CHECK.

Turkman Green Morris Was Too Cunning
For the Banks.

With so many bank robberies all
around us it is not surprising that there
should be some uneasiness among deposi-
tors. In general, however, the New
Yorker has a clear head. He has faith in
the Clearing House association, because
he really does not quite understand the
mystery of it, and he believes in his
bank through thick and thin because he
has seen the banks of the city stand to-
gether in support of a weakened institu-
tion. I am reminded of what happened
to Green Morris, the Turkman, who lived
in Brooklyn and reared horses on all the
tracks of the metropolitan circuit. He
had a big year of winnings at Monmouth
park, and received at the end of the ses-
sion a check from the association for
\$67,000. Eighteen months later he
showed that check to me, considerably
worn.

"Why, Green," I said reproachfully,
"this check is 18 months old. What do
you mean by keeping it so long? It is
nearly worn out. Don't you know that
a check should be deposited at once or
cash? Suppose the bank was to fail?"
Green chuckled knowingly and winked
as he folded it up and put it back in
his pocketbook.

"I ain't been racin' horses for nothin
these goin' on nigh 20 year. I ain't got
no faith in no banks. They's too much
faith in suit me. That's what I've al-
ways been afraid of, an' that's why I'm holdin'
on to my check. I ain't a' got to have
no bank failin' with my money in the
safe. Besides I ain't had no use for the
\$67,000, an' it's jes' as easy to keep it in
my pocket this way."

This same Green is worth now \$800,-
000 or \$400,000, and yet cannot write
his name.—New York Press.

"Christ Hath Risen."
All at once is heard in the distance
the clear boom of the cannon announc-
ing the hour of midnight. The Russian
priest, standing on the steps of the al-
tars, swings his censer and announces in
tones which penetrate to the farthest
corners of the edifice, "Christos voskre!"
(Christ hath risen), and the people an-
swer him with one voice, "Christos voskre!"
(In truth he hath risen). The
woman standing nearest the priest lights
her taper at the consecrated one present-
ed to her by him, her neighbor in turn
receives the light from her, and so on,
till in a minute, as it were, the chapel
was illuminated with a hundred lights.
Fathers and mothers, sons and daugh-
ters, friends and relations, embraced
one another, kissing three times on the
forehead and either cheek and exchange-
ing the Easter greeting. The whole con-
gregation, then passing before the priest,
did the same with him, and high mass
now followed.—Chambers' Journal.

Transporting Carp.
When packing live carp for transport
by post, some authorities recommend
placing in their mouths a small piece of
bread, well steeped in brandy, but I
do not myself approve of this plan, as I be-
lieve it tends to encourage the fish in a
disastrous love for ardent spirits. The
eminently respectable Dutch, on the
other hand, keep carp through the winter
hung up in baskets, but feed them
on a blameless course of bread and milk,
which the sternest moralist could not
fail to approve of.—Cornhill Magazine.

Suit-able.
"My," said the shoe clerk boarder,
"but I did get a fine lot of sarcasm from
my tailor when I had to stand him off
again. Still, I rather think I deserved it."

"In other words," gurgled the cheer-
ful idiot, "you deem his remarks both
outgoing and fitting."—Indianapolis
Journal.

Eyes and Darkness.
Objects in a dark room cannot at first
be seen by one going in from the sun-
light, because the pupil of the eye has
been contracted during the exposure, and
cannot at once enlarge to admit suffi-
cient rays of light to enable the individ-
ual to see clearly.

DEATH OF LINCOLN.

NOAH BROOKS' RECOLLECTIONS OF
THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

The President Did Not Want to Go to the
Theater, but Would Not Disappoint the
Public—A Sorrowing People Under a
Weeping Sky That April Morning.

The afternoon and evening of April
14, 1865, were cold, raw and gusty.
Dark clouds enveloped the capital, and
the air was chilly, with occasional show-
ers. Late in the afternoon I filled an ap-
pointment by calling on the president at
the White House, and was told by him
that he "had had a notion" of sending
for me to go to the theater that evening
with him and Mrs. Lincoln, but he had
up a party to take the place of General
and Mrs. Grant, who had somewhat un-
expectedly left the city for Burlington,
N. J. The party was originally planned
for the purpose of taking General and
Mrs. Grant to see "Our American Cousin"
at Ford's theater, and when Grant had
decided to leave Washington he (the
president) had "felt inclined to give up
the whole thing," but as it had been an-
nounced in the morning papers that this
distinguished party would go to the the-
ater that night Mrs. Lincoln had
rather insisted that they ought to go in
order that the expectant public should
not be wholly disappointed.

On my way home I met Schuyler Colfax,
who was about leaving for Califor-
nia, and who tarried with me on the
sidewalk a little while, talking about
the trip and the people whom I knew
in San Francisco and Sacramento, and
he wished to meet Mr. Lincoln had
often talked with me about the possibil-
ity of his eventually taking up his resi-
dence in California after his term of
office should be over. He thought, he
said, that that country would afford
better opportunities for his two boys
than any of the older states, and when
he heard that Colfax was going to Cal-
ifornia he was greatly interested in his
trip and said that he hoped that Colfax
would bring him back a good report of
what his keen and practiced observation
would note in the country which he
(Colfax) was about to see for the first
time.

The evening being inclement, I staid
within doors to nurse a violent cold with
which I was afflicted, and my roommate,
McA., and I whiled away the time
chatting and playing cards. About half
past 10 our attention was attracted to
the frequent galloping of cavalry or the
mounted patrol past the house which
we occupied on New York avenue, near
the state department building. After
a while quiet was restored, and we re-
turned to our sleeping room in the rear
part of the house.

As I turned down the gas I said to my
roommate: "Will, I have guessed the
cause of the clatter outside tonight. You
know Wade Hampton has disappeared
with his cavalry somewhere in the moun-
tains of Virginia. Now, my theory
of the racket is that he has raided Wash-
ington and has pounced down upon the
president and his family." Of course I
was not without the slightest thought
that the president was in any way in
danger, and my friend, in a similar
spirit, banteringly replied, "What good
will that do the rebels unless they carry
off Andy Johnson also?" The next
morning I was awakened in the early
dawn by a loud and hurried knocking
on my chamber door, and the voice of
Mr. Gardner, the land ward, crying:
"Wake, wake, Mr. Brooks! I have dread-
ful news."

I slipped out, turned the key of the
door, and Mr. Gardner came in, pale,
trembling and we began, like him
who "drew Priam's curtain at the dead
of night," and told his awful story. At
that time I believed that the presi-
dent, Mr. Seward, Vice President John-
son and other members of the govern-
ment had been killed, and this was the
burden of the tale that was told to me.
I sank back into my bed, cold and shiv-
ering with horror, and for a time it
seemed as though the end of all things
had come. I was aroused by the loud
weeping of my comrade, who had not
left his bed, but had sufficiently col-
lected himself to dress and go out of doors
in the bleak and cheerless April morn-
ing. We found in the streets an extraordinary
spectacle. They were suddenly crowded
with people—men, women and children
thronging the pavements and darkening
the thoroughfares. It seemed as if every-
body was in tears. Pale faces, streaming
eyes, with now and again an angry,
frowning countenance, were on every
side. Men and women who were stran-
gers accosted one another with distress-
ed looks and tearful inquiries for the
wellfare of the president and Mr. Seward's
family. The president still lived, but at
half past 7 o'clock in the morning the
tolling of the bells announced to the la-
menting people that he had ceased to
breathe. His great and loving heart was
still. The last official bulletin from the
war department stated that he died at
23 minutes past 7 o'clock on the morn-
ing of April 15.

Instantly flags were raised at half
mast all over the city, the bells tolled
solemnly, and with incredible swiftness
Washington went into deep, universal
mourning. All stores, government de-
partments and all private offices were
closed, and everywhere, on the most pre-
tentious residences and on the humblest
hovels, were the black badges of grief.
Nature seemed to sympathize in the gen-
eral lamentation, and tears of rain fell
from the moist and somber sky. The
wind sighed mournfully through streets
crowded with sad faced people, and
broad folds of funeral drapery flapped
heavily in the wind over the decorations
of the day before.—Noah Brooks in Cen-
tury.

Music resembles poetry. In each are
nameless graces which no methods teach,
and which a master's hand alone can
reach.—Pope.

SHE WORKED TO WIN.

THE SUCCESSFUL COMPETITOR FOR
THE FREMONT STATUE DESIGN.

How Mrs. Clio Hinton Hunker Achieved
Fame at a Single Bound—How She Con-
ceived the Design—She "Never Dreamed"
of What She Terms Her Luck.

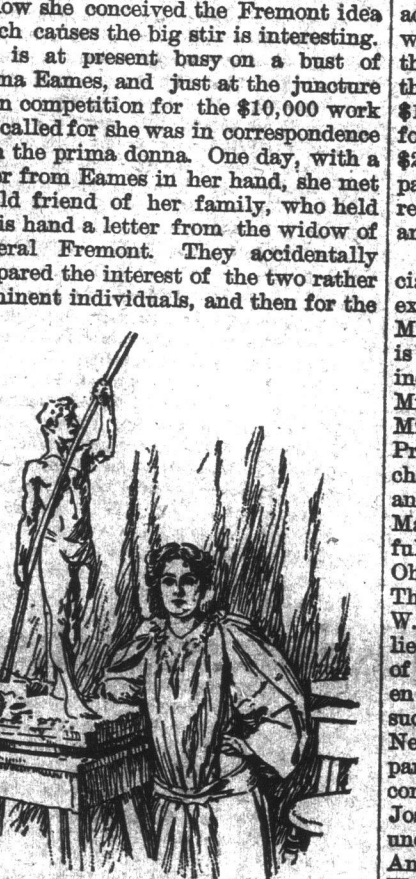
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The last topic in the New York art
world is the winning of the Fremont
statue competition by the young New
York sculptor, Mrs. Clio Hinton Hun-
ker.
The sculptor herself takes the matter
more simply and unconsciously than
anybody else. "Of course," she remarks,
"I worked to win, but now that the
prize has come I have no particular feel-
ing of ambition or pride. I am simply
anxious to get at the work and will be-
gin in less than a month. There will be
a good deal of hard physical strain, but
for the rest I am not a particle nervous.
To do it will be delightful recreation.
Yes, that is true," said the artist mod-
estly. "I am nervous about everything
else in the world except modeling, but
about that I seem to have no conscious-
ness of difficulty."

The nature of the work for which Mrs.
Hunker is to receive \$10,000 is an im-
posing statue showing a bronze figure of
General Fremont, 8 feet in height,
mounted on a pedestal of rough rock, 14
feet in length at the base. Upon this
base panel the Fremont exploring party,
headed by the general himself, is figured
in bas-relief, depicting the first expedi-
tion across the continent in 1842 by the
historic Pathfinder, when he crossed the
site of the Wyoming peak which his
residence bears his name the cross which re-
appears on the rough rock pedestal of
Mrs. Hunker's design.

This design went into the committee
last December in company with a large
number from some of the best known
sculptors in America and was unani-
mously decided upon at the close of the
contest a couple of weeks ago as the
most vigorous and comprehensive among
all submitted. The statue will be finish-
ed in the early autumn and erected on a
plateau 500 feet above Tappan Zee, on
the Hudson, where it will tower into
easy view for many a mile round and
will look down at the home in Rhine-
beck where Mrs. Hunker was born and
where members of her gifted family still
reside.

The sculptor herself has her home and
pretty studio at Carnegie hall. Her talent
comes by right of heredity, her mother
being a sculptor of rare talent, and a
brother and cousins, with other blood
relatives, having inherited the art talent
similarly and distinguished themselves
already in the art world. Before becom-
ing a pupil of St. Gaudens, Mrs. Hunker
studied modeling with her mother sole-
ly. She began dabbling in clay as a baby
and, although she drew freely and
cleverly in her doll stage she preferred
rounding models of playthings to any
flat surface effect. She was able to please
herself remarkably well in dolls and
fashioned little clay ladies in great va-
riety. As she grew older she was not
exactly what might be called a tractable
pupil. She would work hard, but it
should be in her own way, carrying out
her own ideas in modeling rather than
any regularly prescribed rule. But by the
time she reached St. Gaudens her arbi-
trary and enthusiastic methods with her
defiant fingers had not, landed her on any
false ground. She had already produced
works showing genius and was old
enough to adapt herself steadily to the
work mapped out by the master. Under
his tuition she produced the "Condi-
tor," a work easily placing her at the
head of St. Gaudens' class.

How she conceived the Fremont idea
which causes the big stir is interesting.
She is at present busy on a bust of
Emma Eames, and just at the juncture
when competition for the \$10,000 work
was called for she was in correspondence
with the prima donna, one day, with a
letter from Eames in her hand, she met
an old friend of her family, who had
in his hand a letter from the widow of
General Fremont. They accidentally
compared the interest of the two rather
prominent individuals, and then for the



MRS. CLIO HINTON HUNKER.
First time Mrs. Hunker heard the story
of the proposed monument. She did not
confide her idea to any one or seek any
assistance. "I conceived the design as it
stands," she said, "within ten minutes
after I reached home. The idea came to
me complete. No, in this case I did not
think over it all night and plan all day.
As it first struck me I never altered it,
and it came to me just as quickly as I
say. Then what did I do? I sent a copy
of the design to Washington and had it
copyrighted, but I still said nothing to
anybody until this was accomplished and
after I reached home. Then I told my
husband to the committee. Then I told my
family that I had done it, but I never
dreamed I should have the time to make
a miniature model of the design, 1 1/2
feet high. I had formed an attachment
for it, although I never really looked

forward for an instant to mounting a
scaffolding here in this studio where I
fashioned the tiny copy and molding the
genuine statue itself. But I do look for-
ward to it with genuine delight. Trou-
ble? Nervousness? No. I can't tell you
why; but as I said before I am always
like that about modeling. It seems dar-
ing, but modeling is the one thing
makes me dare."

What the author of this brilliant
work looks like herself is as interesting
as her art. Inasmuch as she loves art
she looks herself artistic. She is a tall,
slender, girlish woman, with a charm-
ing head, beautifully poised and ideal
in its contour from the eyes upward.
She is 24 years of age, but of a lissom,
youthful type, which may long appear
even younger. She has a delicately cleft
chin, a wide, firm mouth, intelligent
and winning, but which gives away the
secret of her practical purpose and suc-



FREMONT STATUE.

cess. The rest of the face, with its deli-
cate Dresden coloring, is purely ideal.
The eyes are violet, large and dewy—
very remarkable eyes, expressing an en-
tirely poetic intelligence—and the low,
delicate brow corresponds with them
exactly. There is a delicate freshness
about the face and a refinement and in-
tellect with its bloom and dew that are
very fascinating. But it is hard to real-
ize in first glancing at this flowerlike
personality that efforts of such virility
could be conceived and mastered by her
type.

Mrs. Hunker has charming manners,
grace and dignity. She talks well on all
sorts of topics outside her art, to which
she is not wedded in conversation, and
is extremely musical.
Apropos of this latter she is the wife of
James G. Hunker, the able New York
artist and musician, one of the editors of
the New York Musical Courier and au-
thor of so many able dramatic feuille-
tons.

There is a baby son also in this inter-
esting ménage, and if he does not cause
poor musicians to weep some day, or bad
sculptors to hide their heads in confu-
sion, or bad writers to lay down their
pens in disgust, why he will have reced-
ed sadly from the unique combined
status of his gifted father and mother.

EMILY MEREDYTH ATYWARD.

Women at the Atlanta Exposition.
All the world loves a pluck. It is a great
quality in a man, and it is greater still
in a woman. When it was determined
to have an international exposition at
Atlanta in 1895, there was neither pro-
vision nor mention of a woman's de-
partment. The public spirited women of
Georgia had seen and enjoyed that fea-
ture of the World's fair in Chicago and
were eager to follow the example. The
authorities listened to their prayer, and
answered that there were no funds left
which could be applied to the purpose,
and that it would be necessary to have
at least \$5,000 wherewith to make a
start. The women were not daunted by
the reply. They organized themselves
into a compact committee and started to
accumulate a fund. The first thousand
was passed, then five, ten and fifteen
thousand. The exposition people caught
the contagion and transferred them
\$10,000, so that on Jan. 1, 1895, they
found themselves the proud owners of
\$25,000. They propose to make their de-
partment a memorable success. A brief
review of the work done will show the
ambitious plans of the managers.

At Atlanta are the standing and spe-
cial committees. Among these are the
executive committee, presided over by
Mrs. W. H. Felton. The visiting board
is headed by Mrs. Grover Cleveland and
includes such distinguished members as
Mrs. Potter Palmer, Lady Aberdeen,
Miss Frances Willard, Mrs. Roger A.
Pryor and Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee. The
chairman of the committee on decorative
and applied arts is Mrs. E. L. Tyler.
Maudie Andrews, the poet and deligh-
tful essayist, who in private life is Mrs.
Ohl, is the chief of the press bureau.
The fine arts are looked after by Mrs.
W. M. Dickson and a number of able
Lieutenants. Hospitals and charities,
of double interest nowadays since wom-
en have taken as active an interest in
such matters, are presided over by Mrs.
Nellie Peters Black. A children's de-
partment will be conducted by an able
committee under the supervision of Mrs.
Joseph Hirsch. A colonial committee,
under Mrs. W. L. Peel, will reproduce
American life in the last century. Mrs.
W. A. Hemphill is the chairman of the
committee on professional work of wom-
en. A committee on patents, inven-
tions and discoveries by women is un-
der the leadership of Mrs. W. D. Grant.
Mrs. Louise M. Gordon, chairman of
the committee on woman's congresses,
will have a great gathering of represen-
tative women on Oct. 18 and 19. Mrs.
Clarence Knowles is the head of recep-
tions and entertainments, Mrs. Hugh
Hagan of ways and means and Mrs. Por-
ter King of library and literature. Mrs.
H. L. Wilson presides over agriculture,
Mrs. John Kelly, architecture; Mrs. W.
Hammond, bees; Mrs. E. V. Gadsden,
cooking; Mrs. E. H. Peters, buildings;
Miss Nettie Sergeant, education; Mrs.
W. C. Lanier, horticulture; Mrs. Hugh
Angier, music; Mrs. Albert Cox, house-
hold economics; Mrs. W. Y. Atkinson,
education, and Mrs. Morris Brandon,
woman.

MARGHERITA ARLENA HAMM.

A MARITIME FREAK.

NARROW ESCAPES FROM WATER-
SPOUTS IN MEXICO.

A Traveler Relates Two Experiences He
Had With These Twisting Terrors—A
Congregation of Them, Each of Which
Was Nearly 1,000 Feet in Height.

The narrowest escape I ever had was
from a congregation of waterspouts. I
was making a trip to some of the small
islands in the Gulf of Mexico, about 50
miles from Cuba, a spot famous for its
waterspouts, and in the summer months
there were few days that one or more
were not seen. Generally a long, atten-
uated black cloud would appear, from
which would drop a pendulous cloud.
Lower it would descend, resembling the
lower portion of a balloon, and when
about half way to the water a corre-
sponding figure would be seen rising to
meet it. Finally the two would join,
and the column, from 400 to 1,000 feet
high, more or less, would move away
before the wind, bending before it like
a gigantic bow—a thing of terror, a
frightful object of the sea.

I had been visiting an island about
ten miles from our camp and was in a
heavy sailboat—too heavy to manipu-
late by oars readily. When half way
home, on the edge of the channel, the
wind died completely away, and I no-
ticed all about us a number of strange
black clouds.

Watching them closely and comment-
ing upon them to my man, I suddenly
saw the ominous drooping of a pointed
index finger not a sixteenth of a mile
away. As I mentioned it my companion
pointed behind me to another, and in
less than five minutes five of these dread
objects dropped from the clouds about
us.

There was not a breath of air, and
there was an ominous silence. Even the
ever present gulls seemed to have de-
serted the place. We got out the oars
and endeavored to pull, but the boat
was too heavy, and we were compelled
to await developments.

The cloud tips slowly dropped, and
all about us mysterious columns rose up
to meet them, until in a few minutes
we were surrounded by these huge pil-
lars, so that in one direction the heav-
ens appeared to be supported upon
these watery columns. A more remark-
able sight cannot be imagined, and
when they began to move we gave our-
selves up for lost, as two appeared to be
bearing down upon us.

As good luck would have it, they
seemed to bring a breeze, and we were
able to get under way, and, fortunately,
escaped. The two giants came careering
down upon us—a spectacle to demon-
strate the stout hearted. One passed not 200
feet away, rushing on with a noise
like that of a steam engine. I could dis-
tinctly see the terrific twisting and
whirling motion of the water, and for a
large area about it there was what ap-
peared to be a heavy rain.

The spouts began to move as soon as
they were complete, and very soon as-
sumed the bend or bow shape that charac-
terizes them, and went sailing away.
These giants were so tall that I could
not venture to estimate their height.
My companion said a mile high, and
they certainly looked it; but they were
under 1,000 feet.

My nearest approach to a waterspout
occurred later, and dissipated some of
the theories I had concerning them. One
was that a spout was broken when
touched or interfered with in any way,
yet I saw this water giant cross an is-
land.

I was lying in the sands near our
camp one day when a lofty spout came
into view from the south. It was head-
ing directly for us, but we felt perfectly
safe, as there was a large reef and long
canal key between us. On came the col-
umn, passing the reef in safety, a grand
spectacle, and every one in the island
was soon watching it as it moved rap-
idly up the lagoon, its upper portions
apparently lost to the clouds. If it had
continued it would have passed between
the two islands, and so reached the open
sea, but for some reason its course was
changed, and in a few moments it struck
the island at an angle. We fully expect-
ed to see the whole mass drop, but it
kept plowing up the sand, and soon
struck a good sized schooner that had
been hauled on to a sea wall, whirling it
about and for end like a feather. Then,
to our consternation, the spout headed
for our island, and with a great bow or
curve rushed on.

The distance from island to island
was a good rifeshot, and there was not
much time to debate, as the spout was
now half way across. Seeing that it was
bearing off and would probably not
reach us, I ran out on to a sea wall and
watched it. It gradually drifted to the
south, and in a few moments struck our
shoal with a roar like that of a locomot-
ive.

As I looked up the top seemed a great
canopy of water lost in the black clouds,
down from which poured great drops
which soon drenched me through. The
center of the great curve I could not see
at all for some singular reason, while
the lower end or portion, now but 100
yards away, was rushing by me, a mag-
nificent column of water foaming and
hissing like some living thing. I liter-
ally raced with it for the length of the
wall, 600 or 800 feet, and had all I
could do to keep pace with it.

The water of the shoal was but a few
feet deep, and I found later that it cut a
deep trench in it as it went along, the
coral sand and mud looking as though
a dredger had been at work. How long
a spout can travel over the land I do
not know, but not long. The bay over
which this one passed was not over 300
feet at that place. The spout passed us,
beating us in the race, and soon disap-
peared among the dark clouds on the
horizon. As common as these were phe-
nomena in this region, I never heard of
a casualty, though from the above it
will be seen that narrow escapes were
not rare.—Cor. San Francisco Call.

Victor
Gan

F. S.

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