

I went home thinking of the evening's performance, and although disgusted with everything connected with the affair, laughed in spite of myself. Nothing had got down to a business basis, and time was passing. There lay the vessel with one of Mr. Hooper's nephews on board, Mr. Dalton, keeping ship, and Mr. Hooper running the streets, followed by an army of reporters, to whose questions he answered in language that was profane and vulgar. This he told me himself one night as he went swaggering along the sidewalk towards his home, where I was invited to take tea with his family. I enjoyed my repast very much as Mrs. Hooper was not only a good cook but a pleasant entertainer.

I called another evening on Mr. Hooper but he was not at home so I strolled down to the wharf where the Diver lay, but found no one there. When, two days later, I was told by a friend that the Diver had blown up and was a total wreck, I could not believe it;—there was nothing in her to blow her up,—there wasn't anything we were going to carry that would blow the vessel up. I worried that day until I got a paper that had the case laid down something like this: the schooner Diver that was fitting out for the Klondike, was blown up while the workmen were doing some repairing; one man was blown overboard, one of the carpenters badly hurt but would recover, one man below was blown from the forecandle to the mainmast and was badly shaken up and had his arms burned, but his injuries were not internal it was hoped; he was carried to the hospital; the condition of the vessel was hopeless; according to the story of one of the men, Mr. Hooper was cleaning for bed bugs and was using a very high explosive, when one of the men attempted to light his pipe, and the consequence was—she went up. I could not believe the papers, for what was there in bedbug poison so explosive. That night I went to Lynn to see for myself, and I found