



A Mystery of the Sea and the Romance of a Wreck.

BY NEREN NEVILLE.

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A bright morning in the middle of the month of August, Arthur Beckwith, who had been traveling for several years, found himself, in company with his fellow passengers, eagerly watching the approaching shores of his native land from the deck of a South American steamer. In due time the steamer reached her dock, and a day or two later Beckwith was with his aunt at Rockberg, on the New England coast.

Although the first summer residence of Rockberg had been erected for nearly thirty years, but a dozen establishments of a similar kind had ever followed it. This was chiefly owing to the fact that Rockberg was situated somewhat off the beaten line of travel, and but few persons had as yet discovered its attractiveness. To persons of quiet tastes and habits, such as were the summer residents of the village, there was much there to excite their admiration as they looked about them from the slightly elevated position of their dwellings on the cliffs. Before them stretched the ever-changing, ever restless, deep blue ocean, on whose surface could be seen the white sails of the ships passing in the distance and from the far-away port to the south.

At one time, perhaps, the constantly changing shades of light on the sails of the yachts, coast-bound craft and the fishing fleet that passed close in shore would attract an observer's attention; while another moment it would be the long column of smoke, appearing at first like a light cloud against the sky, that heralded the approach of the in-bound ocean steamer sometime before its long dark hull was visible above the horizon.

At the foot of the cliff nestled the little village with its white cottages and neatly-kept flower and vegetable gardens. Beyond, bounded on either side by the main road and the edge of the beach, was the long row of fish-houses, in which, in stormy weather,



ROCKBERG.

many a tale of shipwreck and danger was told while busy hands overhauled or repaired the various appliances, by the aid of which the men of Rockberg forced their living from the sea. These fish-houses, with the boats hauled up in front of them out of the reach of the tide, although certainly not beautiful in themselves, added a bit of character to the scene, while the picture of the village as a whole was far from tame.

Back from the cliff could be seen ranges of small hills, on whose sides were scattered here and there a few stunted fir trees and cedars. These hills, extending from the shore in to the distant inland, formed the boundaries of several small fertile plains, which were generally cultivated by hard-working, industrious men of semi-ambitious habits, who divided their time, according to the season, between farming and fishing.

All this, together with the pleasing contrast between the crisp brown grass of the hills and the dark, rich verdure of the valleys, the occasional orchards and elm trees, from behind whose foliage a farm-house was visible here and there—the whole backed by gray and partially wooded hills in the far distance—made a scene of considerable attractiveness.

Mr. Jabez Horton had been among the first to make his summer residence amid these surroundings. After his death, his widow not only continued to go there, but found his quiet and beauty so congenial that her stay each season was of longer duration than that of any of the other summer visitors.

Mrs. Horton had now reached that time of life, just turning into the "sere and yellow leaf," when the heart leans most dependently on those upon whom it has learned to set its affections. For many years bereaved of husband and children, the full wealth of her naturally loving disposition had been bestowed upon her only nephew, Arthur Beckwith. To him was given the first place in her thoughts and affections; but he was by no means the only one who had reason to cherish her love and esteem, for the measure of her tender sympathy and love was boundless. Of late a strong natural regard and friendship sprang up between her and Miss Kate Denham, a young lady whom she had found in the city, surrounded by affluence, a large circle of

acquaintances and admirers, but without a single known relative.

The acquaintance between these two had been formed during Beckwith's absence from home; when, however, the latter arrived at Rockberg, he found Miss Denham a visitor there in Mrs. Horton's little household.

In answer to Beckwith's inquiries, his aunt explained to him how utterly alone in the world Miss Denham was, and added:

"She is a lovely young lady, and I have quite learned to love her! I had serious fears," she continued, "when I first brought her here, that she would find it too dull. I have once or twice had some young people down from the city, thinking their company would make an agreeable change for her, but she seems full as contented and happy when alone with me. She appears to be an extraordinary person in many ways. Now, please to try, Arthur, for my sake," she concluded, "not to wholly ignore the presence of Miss Denham. Forego busying yourself completely in your



ARTHUR MEETS MISS DENHAM.

usual occupations, while here, of fishing, yachting or riding. I want you to help me entertain her, for, notwithstanding what I have said about her apparent contentment, there are times when I think I detect in her a quiet sadness which I can not understand."

Beckwith soon settled into the quiet ways of his aunt's little household. With the exception of a drive every pleasant forenoon with his Aunt Alice, as Mrs. Horton was called, and Miss Denham, one or two sails and an occasional walk on the beach with Miss Denham, he seemed to be contented to remain for the most part quietly about the house. Frequently, during an afternoon, he would entertain the ladies with accounts of his travels. As the evenings began to grow sufficiently long to make the gathering about the evening lamp a cheerful feature of the day's quiet routine, Miss Denham would entertain them with music; or, to please Aunt Alice, she would read aloud to them from Thackeray—the favorite author of the old lady. The apparent contentment of Beckwith with this quiet life was rather a surprise to his aunt, who was accustomed to see him restless and active. She was nevertheless delighted to have him so constantly near her, for he was excellent company at all times. She could not refrain, however, from speaking to him one day about it. "Oh! I am very glad of the opportunity for a good rest, and to experience once more the pleasures of home life, however quiet, after wandering about so long," he laughingly explained to her.

CHAPTER II. A WALK ON THE BEACH.

Mrs. Horton had now remained at Rockberg past the usual time for even her to return to the city. The few trees of a deciduous nature that were to be found in that locality were nearly stripped of their foliage, and cold blustering winds had begun to prevail. The waters of the bay had assumed a greenish hue, over which the white caps of foam were constantly playing, instead of the prevailing blue tints and frequent calms that had accompanied the summer winds and skies. An easterly storm, which the fishermen said had been "brewing" for several days, had now reached them in all its fury.

Several of the fishing boats broke away from their moorings in the bay, and the hardy valor displayed by the fishermen in launching their dories in the high surf that beat fiercely on the beach, their long and dangerous pull to board the crafts and drop an anchor, were watched with interest and anxiety by Mrs. Horton and Miss Denham from the windows of the cottage. Towards night the storm increased,



LISTENING TO THE STORM.

and the howling of the wind and roar of the ocean on the beach came up from the shore to those on the cliff with redoubled fierceness.

After the lamps had been lighted the ladies drew their chairs before the blazing fire on the hearth, and, what was unusual with both of them, sat with idle hands listening to the storm without. Their conversation, which had been desultory from the beginning,

gradually ceased altogether; perhaps from a feeling of dread and awe at the wildness of the night, made doubly lonesome by the absence of Beckwith. The latter had gone that morning to the city and was not expected to return until the next day.

Had Mrs. Horton watched Miss Denham narrowly during this silence, she might have seen in her countenance signs of more than dread and loneliness; for, surely, perplexity and sadness were clearly written in the features of her face, and once she might have seen a tear silently coursing its way over her handsome cheek.

The old lady was busy with her own thoughts, however, which found expression a little later when Beckwith came briskly into the room with a gleeful salutation of: "Good evening, Aunt Alice and Miss Denham! Here I am again! Sooner than you expected; but the fact is, I could not miss seeing this storm down here, so I hurried back. I love a storm!"

"Why! we are delighted to see you," said his aunt, "for I am sure this dreadful weight had already given both Kate and myself the blues. They had so far taken possession of us as to drive all sociability between us away. Now, Arthur, you must cheer us up!"

"Cheer you up? Of course I will!" he said, with a laugh, as he wheeled his easy chair to the fire and seated himself comfortably in it. "But why, Aunt Alice, do you call this a dreadful night? A glorious night I call it: provided one is properly equipped and prepared to meet it."

"But Arthur, just think of the poor sailors to-night! I was thinking of their hardship and peril when you came in."

"The sailors! dangers! of course I think of them. But just listen to what the sailor himself has to say of the matter, aptly expressed by the master mind of the poet:

"A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill; Hark! don't ye hear it roar now! Lord help 'em, how it spites them Unhappy folks on shore now!" "Then you know, Aunt Alice," he continued, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "how this same old Barney Buntline, after rehearsing to his mate the various dangers to which he thinks the landsman is liable on such a night as this, while he and Bill 'on the deck are comfortably lying,' says, referring to those he calls the 'foolhardy chaps who live in towns':

"Poor creatures! how they envious us, And wishes, I've a notion, For our good lucks, in such a storm, To be upon the ocean!"



SAFE UPON THE OCEAN.

"Then he sums the whole matter up, Miss Denham, in the following honest expression of his sentiments:

"We know what risks all landsmen run, From noblemen to tailors; Then, Bill, let us thank Providence That you and I are sailors."

"There! you see, ladies, it is of no use for you to expend much of your sympathy on sailors; they won't thank you for it."

"If I thought you were really as thoughtless as your levity might imply, I would appeal to your aunt to give you a severe reprimand," said Miss Denham, with an amused smile. "For my part, I can not keep from my mind to-night the experience of a friend of mine who was shipwrecked in just such a storm as this on Fisher Island, in this very bay. Do you remember, Mrs. Horton, a family by the name of Harper that used to spend the summer months here in Rockberg years ago?"

"I do," said Beckwith, "particularly because Mrs. Harper used to take her little daughter Hattie and myself to drive almost every pleasant day, for a whole summer. Riding with any one but Hattie Harper had no charm for me in those days. That was the year, Aunt Alice, that father and mother were in Europe, and I was left with you."

"You remember Hattie, then," said Miss Denham, earnestly. "It was of her that I have been thinking. Did you ever know that she was a shipwrecked child—a castaway on Fisher Island? In all probability not, however, for she did not know it herself in those days. I was once her most intimate friend, and she has told me all that she herself knows about it. Being acquainted with her at one time yourself, Mr. Beckwith, you may be interested to hear as much of her history as pertains to her being shipwrecked:

"Just twenty-six years ago the 23d of the coming December, during a terrible storm that lasted for several days, the people of Rockberg saw, just before the night shut in, a large bark, in a disabled condition, being rapidly driven onto the outer point of Fisher Island. The wind and tide being against them, and the storm a most terrific one, the fishermen could render the disabled vessel no assistance, although several attempts were made to launch the surf-boats. In the early part of the night the watchers on the beach were assured that the vessel had

struck, and was rapidly breaking up, for drift from the wreck began to be scattered along the shore. When the morning came, not a sign of the vessel was to be seen; she had gone literally to pieces. Eight corpses were thrown up on the beach, all of sailors, it was thought, and also one living person—a little girl apparently two years of age. The latter owed her life to the fact that she came ashore carefully wrapped in blankets and canvas, and securely packed in an open box which was secured to an empty cask. To the cask were lashed some pieces of spars in such a way that it had floated on the waves without turning. 'None but a sailor's hand did that work.' 'She is a sailor's child,' said the fishermen, as they looked, many of them with moistened eyes, from the wondering face of the child to the construction of the raft that had brought her to them. Their hearts warmed towards the little waif on that account, and she was carefully cared for. Although every effort was made at that time, and afterwards, to learn who her parents were, or had been, it was never ascertained. The wreck afforded no clue as to where the bark belonged, or what her name was, beyond the fact that, from certain indications among the wreckage, known only to sailors, it was said to be of English rig. From the number and dress of the bodies washed ashore, it was also believed that she was not a passenger vessel. Furthermore, there was the ship whose arrival was expected about that time at the port of the neighboring city, which did not reach there in safety.

"The child remained in the charge of the people of the village here until the following summer, when Mrs. Harper, who had but a short time before lost her only daughter, adopted her."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

WOMEN PAPER-HANGERS.

An Illustrative Example and Its Moral.

Two sisters in Des Moines, Ia., are professional paper-hangers, and charge at the same rate as men working in that picturesque but protracted calling. The profuse use of the step-ladder would make it entirely appropriate to call these women step-sisters, but the fact remains that their kinship is of the intimate nature mentioned. Yet it must not be thought from this incident that not less than two women and only blood relatives can enter this light and airy business. Unlike the suffrage right, the right to wield a brush, to mix paste, and to adjust the elusive room paper is open to all women comers. If the Des Moines example should be followed and women in all parts of the country should enter this sphere of work a mighty change would come over the spirit of the householder's dreams. A mind which has never soared with Milton or floated along the innocuous surface of Tupper's verse or climbed the rocky heights of Walt Whitman's wood-cut sort of stanzas may yet readily imagine the methods of hiring the woman paper-hanger and her methods of doing the work.

It is well known that the man hanger is never to be seen at his place of business. Only his slate is there, and that tells that he is elsewhere. In fact, there are persons willing to make affidavit that the ordinary paper-hanger is entirely a slate formation. How different would be the case if a woman were to be engaged to make the walls attractive. Repairing to her shop, she is found knitting her brows over a fine piece of needlework, or smiling over a novel which is ending well. A canary bird sings in a cage made out of a disused paste-pot. Vines run over a trellis work of miniature step-ladders. On the table lie carelessly the proof-sheets of "How Not to Paper a Room." You make known your errand and a hasty consulting of the appointment book follows. "Yes," says the paper-hanger, at last; "I can come as well as not. The author's breakfast will be over at 9 a. m., and the Society to Prevent Cruelty at the Polls does not meet till 7:30 p. m." Having engaged your paper-hanger in this charming and unconventional way, you may well be prepared for a novel style of paste and scissors work. There will be no going out at 11 to "sharpen scissors," nor repeated absences to "get tools." The remotest corner will at last feel that it has rights which paper-hangers are bound to respect. If a graduate, the employe will cheer your heart by asides, like "Tenyson has just such a paper in the room where he writes," or "Private Dalzel composes under a similar border."

Thus the day will go pleasantly. The paste will be a jewel, so well made. The brush, with an embroidered handle, will glide over the happy walls. The clippings will fall like apple-parings in romantic-shapes. There will be nothing prosaic, and the bill will be sent in done in worsted work. The most encouraging fact in the Des Moines case is that no men have yet saved the sisters' step-ladders, or tipped over the paste, or sent them to the wrong house, or in a dozen ways tried to discourage their venture in a calling where the good seem to die first. These sisters may soon lecture on "What I Know About Paper-Hanging," and in this way Eastern women may early learn of the best way to enter and work in the business. The glad day may yet dawn when Massachusetts women will put a dado on the State-House dome, and a border in patriotic hues on Bunker Hill monument.

A curious lawsuit is in progress in a small town in Saxony. A man caught a rat, tied a small bell round its neck, and let it go again, as he had heard that such a rat would scare every other rat out of the house. The plan succeeded, and his house in a few days was clear of the plague. A few nights later, however, his neighbor's family were nearly frightened out of their wits by hearing the mysterious sound of a bell in various parts of the house. They came to the conclusion that the house was haunted, until the servant girl accidentally heard of their neighbor's doings, who now is to be fined, if he loses the suit, for creating a nuisance.

ARTIST AND HUMORIST.

Clever Practical Jokes Played by the Sculptor Hiram Powers.

James H. Beard, the artist, tells some anecdotes of the early career of Hiram Powers, the sculptor, which go to show that he was full of grim humor. When Powers went to Cincinnati he was engaged in making wax figures for a museum owned by a man named Dorfield. The figures which he molded were delicate and beautiful beyond anything that was known at that time. His ingenuity in mechanics was remarkable, and Mr. Beard thinks that he would have made as great a success in mechanic arts as he did in sculpture if he had devoted his attention to the former. There was a popular comic singer in Powers' day at Cincinnati named Alexander Drake. Towers molded a wax head of Drake, and fashioned a figure to match the head. One of Drake's songs which was in great demand with audiences was called "Love and Sausages." Powers took his wax figure to the theater and placed it on the stage in Drake's favorite attitude, and when the curtain rose for Drake's song there stood before the audience two Alexander Drakes, both perfectly natural. The people were astonished; they gazed and gazed in wonderment until the curtain went down and rose again on a single Drake. It was the wax figure, but so like the singer that the audience cried, and shouted, and stamped for "Love and Sausages." The figure was silent and the curtain went down without any response being made to their calls. It rose again, and there was a single Drake confronting them. This time the audience remained undemonstrative, not knowing what to expect. It was the true Drake, and when he proceeded to sing "Love and Sausages" the mystery was intensified. For about three days the people talked of this double Alexander Drake, and then the secret got out that it was one of Powers' freaks.

At another time Powers was at work on a wax bust of Thomas Jefferson. There was a critic in Cincinnati in those days named Simms, who had incurred the displeasure of Powers and others. He was told one evening that the bust was completed, and was asked to inspect it. It was in the days when the only light was from tallow candles, and as the room was dark he was given a candle with which to make a close inspection of the bust. He began to comment upon its unnatural appearance, declaring that the color of the flesh was not natural and so on. As he leaned down for closer inspection the burning candle was brought close to the figure, which suddenly dodged back, winked its eye, and shouted: "Don't burn me." It was Powers himself.

A favorite trick of the artist, which he often performed in the museum and in public places, was made possible by the long cloaks which it was the custom to wear in those days. Any one who has seen the figures in a circus which are short and squat one moment and apparently ten feet high the next will understand the nature of the joke. Powers would gather his cloak up in his hands and make himself apparently about three feet in height, and as he passed around the museum he would gradually become taller and taller until, at last, taking the collar of his cloak and the rim of his hat in his hands, he would shove them far above his head and make himself appear very tall. All the time he would go peering around at the sights while most of the people were watching him, as the biggest curiosity of all.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Rich Man's Whim.

One of San Joaquin county's rich men was at Sacramento recently. His \$300,000 did not make him a bit proud; he walked the streets with leaky shoes and sun-burned coat, despite a driving rain. A kind-hearted gentleman caught sight of the old fellow as the latter trudged along, and hailed him.

"Come, old man," he said, "you oughtn't to be out in a storm like this with shoes like yours. Come, I'll get you a decent pair."

A smile played over the rich man's face. He followed.

The generous stranger bought him boots and started him off. His heart was moved by this instance of the big world's coldness toward the poor and aged, and as he watched the old fellow trudge away, gleefully eyeing his new boots and carrying his old shoes under his arm, the stranger wiped away a tear.

A few days after this had happened the stranger came to Stockton, and met the man he had befriended in Sacramento. Of course his first glance was at the place where his new boots ought to be, but they were not there—the shoes had got back.

"I say, old man," he remarked, "what's become of those boots?"

"I sold 'em."

"How much?"

"Two dollars."

The stranger has found out something since then, and is hunting for somebody.—Stockton (Cal.) Mail.

Proportion of Deaths by Lightning.

The yearly average number of deaths from lightning in England is twenty-three, or four and four-tenths per 100,000 deaths. As a general rule it seems that unless persons are killed on the spot by lightning they recover. A person struck by lightning is more or less stunned, and deprived of consciousness for a time, often, no doubt, by mere fright, in which case the effect is transient; but sometimes in consequence of a shock given to the brain, in which case there is a certain amount of paralysis of motion and sensation. The appearances after death of bodies which have been struck by lightning vary extremely. Sometimes they retain the position which they occupied when struck; while in other cases they may be dashed to a considerable distance. Their clothes are often burnt or torn, and have a peculiar singed smell. Metallic substances about the body present signs of fusion, while such as are composed of steel become magnetic.

A resident of Rockland, Me., has a briarwood pipe which he found imbedded in a huge block of salt at the bottom of one of the tanks of the old frigate Sabine.

Explorers Astonished.

It happens now and then that an explorer makes a sensational and wholly unexpected discovery. Several unique facts with regard to certain tribes of savages have recently been ascertained. Mr. W. Montagu Kerr, for instance, has found among the Makorikori tribe in Africa, whom he is the first to describe, gunpowder which they make themselves for use in the flint-lock muskets which they obtain from native traders.

This tribe lives far from the east coast and quite a distance south of the Zambezi river. Their gunpowder burns slowly, and its explosive force is far inferior to that of ours, but it answers their purpose very well. They mix the efflorescence of sulphur with charcoal which they make from the bark of the mufati tree. This mixture is baked in an earthen pot for several hours and then it is pulverized and spread in the sunlight, where it is left for some time. It is not at all likely that the Makorikori, like the Chinese, discovered the art of making gunpowder. Their fathers doubtless learned it from the Portuguese or from slaves who had lived among white men on the coast. We hear strange things once in a while of African tribes, but it was hardly to be expected that a wholly unknown tribe, hemmed in by the mountains of inner Africa, would be so advanced in the manufacture of gunpowder.

A few years ago a German came home and told a remarkable story about tribes he had met with south of the Congo river, who were far more civilized than most African people. His report is now fully confirmed by the travels in the same region of Lieut. Kund and Tappenbeck. They found last year, between the Congo and the Sauburn rivers, many street villages, with large, gable-roofed huts standing squarely on either side of the street, inhabited by brownish-red, fine-looking people. These villagers have advanced notions of comfort. They sleep on wooden bedsteads instead of on the floor. Their homes are the largest yet found in Africa, and are kept clean. Their streets are about fifty yards wide, sometimes two or three miles long, and are carefully swept. Refuse of all sorts is taken away and thrown into pits dug for the purpose. They are clever hunters, and train their dogs to follow game. They carve pestles out of ivory for pounding manioc, and they have astonishing skill as wood carvers. Lieut. Kund brought home two wooden cups representing negro heads, which might readily be taken for European products, owing to their superior workmanship. Behind the houses of this populous Zenge tribe are many kept gardens and plantations of bananas.

When Lieut. Helm visited an isolated settlement of East Greenlanders two years ago he was astonished to find among these natives, of whom the world had never heard, walrus spears of which the handles were made of wood, although no timber grew there, and the points of hoop-iron. He ascertained that the sea-currents had brought these useful commodities to the poor Esquimaux in the shape of wreckage and iron-bound boxes.

It has recently been shown that in parts of Chili where European trees and plants have been introduced the native flora is actually disappearing and the imported vegetation is flourishing in its place. Exporters are often surprised to see the familiar plants and fruits of other regions growing as exotics where they did not dream of finding them. Kerr discovered the tomato in the far interior of Africa, and Schweinfurth was much astonished to find tobacco in the heart of the continent, where it was raised and enjoyed by natives who had never heard of its American home, though the name by which the weed was known among some tribes was doubtless derived from our name for it.—N. Y. Sun.

The Bustle in Southern History.

When Sherman's battalions were beating through Georgia and the Carolinas it was deemed, for prudential reasons, best to deposit domestic treasures, such as money and valuables, where they would not confront these patriots. It was not at first suspected that the soldiers would appropriate these effects, but it was feared that the gin-brica-brac and brooch and bracelet jewelry might attract their admiration and impede their march by tempting them to stop and examine the precious wares.

When brought into full relief by powerful field fences it was at last seen that Sherman's Christian battalions were an army of incontinent kleptomaniacs and that new ingenuities would be in constant need to escape their keen and acute methods of detecting the secret places of hidden treasure.

Hidden places were numerous, in truth, but their instincts for stealth were quite as diverse and quite as many. At this crisis the bustle played a historic part.

It became a safe-deposit vault for imperilled jewelry possessions.—Greensboro (Ga.) Home Journal.

They're a Bad Lot.

"Mamma," said a Sixteenth street girl to her mother, "I notice that a man in the Aid. McQuade trial in New York has been arrested for 'embrocery.' What's that?"

"Really, daughter, I can't say; but I suppose one of those boodle Aldermen has been hugging a girl. They are bad enough to do anything."—Washington Cr. Co.