HOMEWARD BOUND.

"James, where is the Queen Anne now?"

"Lying at the buoy, sir. She hauled out of her discharging berth this morning and moored to the buoy, meaning to haul in to her loading berth this tide, but it's blowing a gale and she can't stir."

"She's flying light, I suppose?"

"A bucket at one side of the keelson and a broom at the other is all that's in her hold," I answered. "She's like a bladder in the water."

"H'm," said Mr. Bronson. "And how is Captain St. Clair to-day? Have you seen him?"

"No; I have not seen him to-day. He was ashore, but I did not come across him. I heard, though, that he is just as bad as ever."

Eric St. Clair, master of the Dutch galliot Queen Anne, of Sunderland, had been for ten days on a mad spree since his arrival in Layton, a town on the south coast of England.

"It's miserable to have to do business with a man in his present condition. He has only signed the memorandum of agreement. We must get the charter party signed this evening for the merchants. Where is this wretched fellow now?" asked Mr. Bronson, ship broker, in whose office at Layton I was outdoor clerk or runner.

"I heard he was aboard, sir," I answered. "He has discharged his crew, except the mate and boy. He had to employ shore hands to shift this morning."

"Would it be possible for you to get aboard? I am most anxious to have the charter party signed this evening for the shippers. They won't put a pound of the china clay into her until the charter is signed, and, of course, we don't want to miss the vessel. Is it blowing too hard to get aboard?"

I went to the office door and looked down the street toward the river, ringht in the eye of the fierce southwest gale. The March afternoon was perfectly clear. Not a cloud was in the heavens. The wind tore up from the southwest as if frantic with terror.

"Twon't be very easy, but I can manage it, sir," I said, coming back into the office, putting on my thick overcoat, and pulling my hat down over my eyes.

"Do not run any risk, James," said Mr. Bronson, as he handed me the charter parties. "If you find him aboard, and he is in a condition to do business, make him sign these. Of course, he is bound sufficiently by his signature to the memorandum, but things will be more regular when his name is to these."

I thrust the papers into my pocket, and was out in the gale, walking with head and chest bent forward into the wind before another minute had passed. Run any risk! Of course I ran risk, and more than one risk, too. My boat might be capsized, or swamped, or saved. This man, Eric St. Clair, was in a most uncertain temper, and might become violent at any moment. He had been smashing furniture and glass the night before at the "Jolly Sailor's," and that morning he had been walking about the quays with an adze over his shoulder asking for Billington, the shipwright, with a view to taking Billington's life. Billington had done some repairs for the Queen Anne, and Captain Eric St. Clair considered the work badly executed and the charge extortionate. Hence, St. Clair had come ashore, adze on shoulder, to let Billington feel what he thought of the affair. But, risk or no risk, the outdoor clerk to a pushing ship broker, has simply to get the business done before allowing the risk to operate against his limb or life.

The wind was terrific. Chimney pots and slates were flying, old tins and pieces of wood and rush mats were trundling madly up the hilly street that led me down to the river. An outside shutter, wrenched off one of the corn stores on my right, lay flapping on the flagway like a dying sole. At the corner was a group of porters idle; the force of the wind made carrying sacks, or deals, or baskets along planks an impossibility. I passed the men without a word. One could have spoken only in a shriek. I crossed the broad quay to the head of the graving dock, where my punt lay moored to a hopper, and slid down the bars of the stage to the deck of the hopper.

At Layton the river is about half a mile wide. It runs east and west, so that with the southwest wind blowing there is always a swell, and with a gale a little sea. My punt was much larger than those used for mere pleasure on inland waters. I have had five adult persons in the boat, but this, of course, was in tranquil weather. The oars were locked to a thwart. I always carried the key; for I often had to be afloat before the office was open in the morning and after it was closed at night.

It was slow and careful work to get out to the galliot. The punt's head had to be kept to the sea, and as the vessel lay abreast, it was only by edging foot by foot progress could be made toward the schooner. When I got close I hailed the deck, but got no answer. I looked over my shoulder and saw the accommodation ladder was hanging over the side of the main chains, and that the ship's boat was not under the stern. From the absence of the boat it was more than likely the Captain was ashore. What a fool I had been not to ask the men at the corner of the street if they had seen him land!

As I was now in midstream I resolved to go aboard and learn from the boy or mate where the Captain was likely to be found. There was not much tide; it was close upon high water, and the galliot was yawing and driving and pitching and rolling a good deal. The punt had taken in half-a-dozen bucketfuls of water. I was wet through with spray, and my feet were washing ankle deep as the punt leaped up and down the swells. I pulled a few strokes, unshipped my oars, ran alongside, caught the accommodation ladder, and struggled on deck with the painter of my boat in my hand, made fast the painter to a belaying pin, shook myself, and looked round.

There was nothing very noteworthy to be seen. The hatches were on, the deck was cleared. The companion was open; from this I assumed the mate must be below aft. The forecastle scuttle was closed; fr[illegible] and the absence of the boat I [illegible]he boy must have sculled the [illegible]ore, and that no one was aboard [illegible] I would go aft and hear [illegible]taple, the mate, had to say [illegible]aptain and his condition.

To let go the belaying pin to which I clung and reach the top of the companion ladder was no easy matter. The distance was only a few feet, but the schooner was rolling horribly and pitching quickly and uncertainly in the short, irregular sea. I had not been long at the shipbroking business, and had no experience before of a light galliot in a gale. American or English built vessels are much crankier, I know, than Dutch bluff, round-bottom craft. If the Queen Anne had been American or British built, and not so stiff as the galliot, I should have been in mortal dread of her capsizing. It was not, I believed, in the power of wind in those latitudes to blow a galliot over. I let go the belaying pin and ran to the head of the companion.

I looked at the sky. The bright blue of a northern March afternoon was unspotted by a single cloud. The wind screamed through the rigging and spars. The vessel rolled and pitched beneath my feet. The roar of the torrent of air and the swash of the water against the bow and sides of the ship were deafening, stunning. I bent low over the companion ladder and hailed the cabin. It was impossible to hear distinctly above the tumult of wind and water, but I thought there was a reply of some kind. I stood up, expecting every minute to see the mate's face at the foot of the ladder. I waited a few moments in vain. Then I turned round and descended. The cabin door stood open, about four feet from the foot of the ladder. I entered the cabin. A man was sitting on the locker that ran round the little table. He leaned forward, his chest against the table, his bearded cheek flat upon the shabby oilcloth, his arms spread wide, his hands hanging nervelessly over the opposite side of the leaf. This man was not the mate, but Eric St. Clair, the master of the ship, he whose signature I wanted to the charter party.

I was young at the time, with a flow of romance in my nature. I remember now that when the schooner Queen Anne, Eric St. Clair master, was reported on the way to Layton, I pictured to myself what a man with such a name ought in appearance to be. I had hoped to find him not unlike the youthful Raleigh. The man stretched on the table before me was between 50 and 60 years of age, low-sized, stout, coarse-featured, bottle-nosed, with stout, thick, dirty hands, and long gray beard, whiskers and mustache. He wore dark, baggy trousers, the ordinary sailor's jersey, and a tight-fitting sealskin cap, the wings of which hung loose and untied. He was fast asleep.

I looked into the mate's stateroom; it was empty. I could find no trace of the boy. I concluded that they were ashore, and that I was alone with the master of the ship. I did not care to stay a greater time aboard than necessary. If the man had been sleeping long, no doubt he would be able to sign the documents when he awoke; but I would not wait for him to rouse himself. It would be dark in an hour or two, and it was not pleasant to stand here in this rolling, pitching, lurching yawning ship, with this beast lying insensible before me.

I caught him by the shoulder and shook him briskly a few times. He groaned, muttered an imprecation and looked up. "Eh," he said, throwing himself back against the locker behind him, "Mr. Paulton, is that you? I am very glad to see you. How did you come aboard?"

To my surprise and delight the man was sober. I answered that I had come in my own boat, and that she was now alongside under the accommodation ladder. I took the papers out of my pocket, and, placing them open on the table beside him, told him what had brought me there, adding, "Will you please sign opposite the word 'Master?'"

"Ah," he said with a smile; "all right. Wait a minute." He now motioned me to sit down by the table, and, going out of the cabin, ascended the companion ladder. I thought he had gone on deck to fetch pen and ink, which in coasting vessels in port are often kept in the binnacle. In less than three minutes I saw his heels again on the ladder. He came into the cabin with nothing in his hand. "I've made all snug," he said, with another smile. He turned round, locked the cabin door, put the key in his pocket, took a square quart bottle and a cup out of a locker, poured some of the Hollands out of the bottle into the cup, and drank off the spirits neat. Then he sat down at the table opposite me with a look of intense satisfaction on his face, and holding the empty cup in one hand and the bottle of Hollands in the other. "Will you have a drop? It's first-rate stuff. First-rate."

"No, thank you Captain, not now. I must get back at once. Where do you keep the pen and ink? I am in a hurry. The Governor wants the charter party signed at once for the shippers."

"A wee drop," he said, persuasively, "a tiny drop, a toothful, an azimuth, just enough to drown a fly?"

"No, thank you. I never drink spirits."

"More fool you. More d——d fool you." He filled himself out some more and bolted this neat also. Then he sighed and looked around him with dim, unseeing eyes and an expression of pleasant contentment on the rest of his face.

By this time I was a great deal more than uneasy. I felt fairly alarmed. What did he mean by saying he had made all snug, and why did he lock the cabin door and put the key in his pocket? I was sitting on the bottom locker, which, running around three sides of the immovable table, did duty for dining-room chairs. The cabin was of the usual horseshoe shape, the door to the companion being at one cock, the door into the Captain's stateroom at the other. Between these two doors and in the bulkhead was the stove, and in front of the stove two camp stools. Between the Captain and me stood the table, at which six or seven people might sit. Under the skylight hung a barometer and the lamp, both in gimbals. Beyond the table, the stools and the barometer there was no furniture of any kind in the cabin. I could have touched St. Clair or he me across the narrow table. The vessel was rolling heavily now and plunging sharply, but I was in no danger of being thrown so long as I sat still and held on by the table.

"I really am in a hurry, Captain. Where may I find the pen and ink? When you went on deck I thought you'd bring them down."

"My dear lad," he said, with a strange look and a chuckle, "its all right. When I went on deck I made all snug. The boy is gone ashore in the boat, and when I left you a moment ago I cast off the painter of your boat. So neither you nor I can go ashore, and we're going to have a rare old good jolly time, we are."

"Cast my boat off," I cried in dread, rising to my feet. "What did you do that for? How dare you cast my boat off? I'll not stop here a minute. I'll hail a shore boat."

"You won't," he said, with a boisterous laugh. "You can't for two reasons: First, because," tapping his pocket with a playful smile, "I've locked the cabin door and the key is here; second, because if you were to shout until you burst all the veins in your body not a soul could hear you in such a gale. Ha! ha! ha!"

I was standing at the port side of the cabin on the space in front of the locked cabin door. In my excitement I had not laid hold of anything. The galliot gave a fearful roll, and I was sent over headlong in a heap against the starboard side in front of the Captain's stateroom. I struggled to my feet as quickly as I could. For a moment I was confused by the fall. When my attention was again alert I found myself clinging to the brass handle of the stove-blower, and saw Captain St. Clair helping himself to a third dram of hollands.

"Why, where are your sea legs, messmate? A bucket couldn't make a worse tack than that! What! Washed like that down into the lee scuppers by a pint and a half of fresh river water! Come over, man, and sit down. Bring up at your moorings and let's have a jolly time—it won't be for long."

I staggered back to my former place at the table and sat down.

"That's more ship-shape, messmate. Now, then, let us wet the sheet and we'll draw ahead." He poured out some hollands once more into the cup, and thrust the cup into my hand. "Down the shoot with it, my boy. Down the scuttle with it, my boy; for we're homeward bound. I tell you we're homeward bound. We're shalting the water at a fathom a knot. What! You won't! More fool you, I say. For we're homeward bound! we're homeward bound! We'll let go the anchor in a cabbage garden presently, and walk out and kill snakes. Snakes! why we needn't wait till we get ashore for them. There's a beauty. A regular green beauty, with blood-red eyes on the table under your nose. Thunder and lightning, man! why don't you kill the vermin?" With frantic haste he took a large jack-knife out of his pocket, opened the blade and stabbed the table three or four times furiously.

At that moment he became suddenly calm. I abandoned all hope of life. I instantly made up my mind to watch the unfortunate man closely but quietly and to sell my life dearly if he made an attack on me. I had no weapon of any kind, nor was there any within reach. I was locked in the cabin with a man in delirium tremens. There was no chance whatever of breaking away from him by force. On land and with plenty of room I might be a match for him, for he was twice my age; but here, in the narrow space to which I was unused and he perfectly accustomed, and with this awful rocking and pitching of the vessel, to which I was unused and he perfectly accustomed, I could have no chance against him.

Many years ago, when I was a boy of nine and in perfect health, I gave up, with as little notice, all hope of living an hour. I was fishing in the sea with a hand-line from a rock, and fell into deep water, no succor being in view. I could not swim at the time. I remember distinctly that I did not cry nor call out before I sank. Even when I rose I did not call out. I did not think of my approaching death, though I believed firmly that there was no chance of rescue, and I could not by myself get back to the rock. I began treading the water, keeping my arms well down by my sides. I felt no pity for myself or my people; no fear of approaching death. I looked around the little bay and thought with wonder that I had never before noticed how bright the sunlight could be on field and cliff and rock and sea and cloud. I thought of nothing but that sharp, clear, silvery brightness. I have never, in all my life before or since, seen so much light as on that July evening, years and years ago, when my chin was level with the smooth sea which I believed would in less than an hour be my shroud. A chance fisherman saw and saved me then.

Now, in the cabin of the Queen Anne, when I gave up all thought of ever again seeing land, seeing anything but this cabin and this man, I remember my first thought on completing my survey of my environments was that the cabin needed very badly to be painted.

There, sitting before me, was this maniac who at any moment might become homicidal. I was about to play a game for my life, but had lost all concern in the stake. I felt no stronger interest in the result than I felt over an ordinary game of chess with an opponent of whose strength I knew nothing. To myself now this is perfectly inexplicable.

When I had completed my survey of the cabin, I fixed my eyes on St. Clair. Apparently he had forgotten my presence. His head was sunk upon his chest, his long gray beard lay flat upon his jersey; he was silently, thoughtfully stropping his jacknife on his sleeve. If I could get possession of that knife I should feel much easier.

"That's a fine knife, Captain. Where did you buy it, in Layton or Newcastle?"

"No. I didn't buy it this voyage. It's as sharp as a razor. I'm trying to rub the blood stains off it."

"Blood stains!" I said with a laugh. "Have you been filling the harness cask? May I look at it?"

"You may not. This knife is not for looking at. It's for feeling. It's for cutting weasands. That's how I served Philip Maple, the mate, when he refused to follow the snakes down the hatch there. I cut his weasand this way." He sawed at his own throat with the back of the blade. He pointed with his other hand to a small hatch in the floor of the cabin, between the table and the stove. "And I shoved him down there!"

I shuddered. Could it be possible he had done the thing of which he spoke? There were, I could see, stains on the steel, but there are stains on all such knives carried by sailors. "Who's the maker? Let me look!"

"No, you don't," he cried with a laugh, raising his face toward mine. He shut the knife, rolled up his jersey, and dropped it into his capacious trousers pocket. "You want to get hold of it and condemn it—not for me!"

I felt I had gained something by the disappearance of that murderous-looking weapon. I thought to myself, "If I see him put his hand near that pocket again I will spring on him and risk all in a hand-to-hand struggle."

St. Clair threw himself back on the locker, rested both hands on the edge of the table, and stared at me. He was very broad and powerful-looking. His eyes were prominent, wild and bloodshot. His face was now deadly pale, except the nose, which burned a red copper color. Although his eyes rested fixedly on me they did not seem to see me. They were looking through me, behind me, beyond me. The thumbs of his thick, short, dirty hands were under the leaf of the table, and I knew by the whitening of the flesh on the inner side of the fore-fingers that he was cluthing the leaf with great force. I had never up to this seen a man in his condition, but I had read and heard something of delirium tremens. I knew that when suffering from an acute attack his disease would lend him strength, and that he would not be responsible for his actions. He began speaking of his own accord:

"Philip Maple was a fool. I said to him as plain as plain could be that I would send him below for his long watch if he didn't follow the snakes down that scuttle; he wouldn't, and then I cut away all the standing rigging of his head and turned him into my own bunk in my own stateroom. He's laying to there now, waiting for the last trumpet." He shook himself, rose with a shout, and stooping down, seized hold of a ring in the hatch, and pulled up the hatch. The vessel at this moment rolled terribly and he fell sprawling on the floor of the cabin.

For a few minutes he floundered about, the vessel pitching and rolling fearfully the while. I dare not stir. I could not keep my feet if I moved. It took me all my strength and address to retain my place at the table. Presently the motion of the vessel moderated, and Captain St. Clair with a horrible oath sat up and glared wildly around.

"I have been Captain and owner of the Queen Anne for ten years," he said in a horse whisper, "and she never rolled liked that before. Never. But we won't mind. Bless you, we don't mind; for we're homeward bound, my boys. We're homeward bound! She'll go right over the next roll, I'll take my oath."

He did not attempt to rise, but sat white with terror on the floor close by his stateroom, at the other side of the open scuttle, in the corner where he had fallen. The vessel became comparatively steady. Now was my opportunity. If I sprang on him as he lay, he could offer but little resistance. I should have the advantages of the attack and the uppermost position. In the struggle I would not be over-nice. I would strive with all my force and skill to win and possess myself of the knife and key of the cabin door. To his talk about the schooner capsizing I attached little importance. It was the talk of a madman. I had often been in empty vessels that rolled quite as much as the Queen Anne.

The distance from the end of the table to the forward bulkhead was no more than six feet, and in this was the gaping scuttle, twenty inches square. Whether that scuttle opened into a lazaret or the hold or a half-deck, I did not know. Anyway, I must take all risks and abide the consequences. Nothing coming of a struggle could be worse than sitting here waiting for his homicidal frenzy and his knife.

I sat still a until the schooner lay a moment on an even keel. Then suddenly I rose and threw myself on him with all my force, pinning both his arms to the floor. At first he seemed stunned by the unexpectedness of my assault. Then with a prodigious effort he drew up his legs between him and me, and, placing his knees against my chest, shot me from him to the other side of the cabin as easily as if I were a two-year-old child.

With a wild whoop he sprang to his feet, drew his knife, opened it, and flourished the long, thick blade over my head in act to strike. The vessel gave a more fearful roll than the one before, the worst roll yet, and flung him back to his old position by the stateroom door.

"We're homeward bound, my boy!" he yelled, struggling to his feet. "We're homeward bound, my boy, and we'll all sup sulphur to-night out of an iron ladle! We're homeward bound! I'll cut the standing gear of your skull, my boy. I'll let daylight through your throttle!" he screamed, making for me and jabbing the air with his knife. "I'll take the hatches off your windpipe, sonny! We're homeward bound, and I'll give you a tow into—"

The worst roll of all! I staggered across the floor, tried to stop myself—failed—lost daylight—felt a horrid blow all over my body, and for a time. I know not how long, was unconscious. When I recovered my senses I was in complete darkness. I was struggling in water among floating objects, I could not tell what. I seized hold of a plank or board and tried in vain to pierce the dense darkness. It had been daylight when last my eyes saw, and now it was the blackest night. What could have happened? Where was I? In a moment the awful answer came.

The Queen Anne had capsized and I was under her, floating about among the dunnage. The scuttle through which I had fallen must have led to a half-deck below. When I touched that I must have been stunned and have lain on it or rolled about until the vessel turnad over, then the inrush of water from the deck revived me. The moment I recovered consciousness all this was presented to me as plainly as though I saw the whole affair. I clutched two floating pieces of plank dunnage, and, having passed an arm over each, considered my position.

I could see absolutely nothing and could hear nothing but the burst and swash of the water washing about in the sightless hold. Now I was pitched this way, now that. Now I was rolled to right, now to left. I knew I was in no immediate danger of death. There were twenty fathoms of water where the Queen Anne had capsized. Some feet of air must be between me and the floorings of the galliot, for in my first struggles I had not been able to touch the plank above my head. There was, therefore, no reason to anticipate suffocation. The plank and oakum and tar that sufficed to keep the water from entering the bottom and bends of the schoonor when upright would suffice to keep the air in when she was upside down. In her rolling and pitching the great danger lay, for each plunge she made air escaped and the water rose higher in the hold. In the end all the air would ooze out or get out in this plunging, and then the Queen Anne would sink. This would not in all likelihood occur for days.

For days! When I came to this reflection I rembered the month was March. All at once I felt the bitter coldness of the water. An icy chill shook me, and my marrow froze. Whether the vessel swam for days or weeks or months would be all the same to me. In an hour—or at most in two hours, I should become numbed—be no longer able to keep my hold on the planks which now kept me afloat. They would slip from my grasp, and in an hour or less after that I should be as cold as the water now stiffening my limbs.

Captain St. Clair was right; I was homeward bound.

With the thought of that murderous maniac suddenly appealed to my imagination an awful question: Where was Philip Maple, the mate? St. Clair had said at one time that he had put the mate in his own bunk; at another that he had thrust him down the lazaret scuttle. Was it now washing about beside me? It, with its awful wound? Thank Heaven, I had these planks. They would keep it away. It could not come very near me so long as I had a plank on each side of me. The planks were a merciful protection against that hideous contact. But then, it might touch the part of my arms and my hands outside the planks. Ugh!

And yet what egregious nonsense was this on my part! Just now my brothers were the living; in an hour or two my brothers would be the dead. I should not mind the fearful fellowship of Maple so much only for the hideous wound.

Then I was cursed by the sight in darkness of images too odious to describe. In my hands I felt contacts of complete and unendurable illusion. Lights glanced and darted and flashed before my eyes. Lights pierced my eyes and shot through my brain with fiery thrills of agony. Lights entered my eyes in thin pencils, and then impacted themselves on the bones of my skull, and grew in bulk and glare, and spread out and permeated all my brain, and suffused all my head and blazed with an intolerable tyranny in all the hollows of my skull until the walls of my skull shone with a piercing white light more unendurable than the voiceless gloom of virgin space.

All the time my hands suffered the appalling contact. All the time my hands held the throatless man by the throat!

Then Heaven's mercy was moved; the lights went out; my hands relaxed, and all was dark and void of sound and feeling.

How long I washed about supported by the planks I do not know. When reason left me, instinct must have remained, for I must, after being washed aft, have come against the half-deck under the cabin and crawled on the bottom of it. There, at all events, I was found lying three hours afterward. The bottom of the half-deck must have been just flush with the water in the hold, and hence I was not drowned.

It appears that when the men standing at the corner of the street saw the Queen Anne blow over they raised the alarm, and the whole effective force of Layton was enlisted for rescue. There was little hope anyone would be found alive aboard the galliot, but they cried, "To the rescue!" as though the lives of a battalion were obviously at stake. The mate, Maple, and the boy were believed to be aboard. The men had seen St. Clair cast off my boat, and they assumed that in a drunken freak he had cast off the ship's boat, too. As a matter of fact, both the mate and boy were safe ashore in a distant part of the town, and all the madman had said to me about Maple was the figment of a disordered brain.

The first thing the rescuing party did was to get a tug alongside the galliot. She was fast to the buoy by a cable. This was instantly cut. After great efforts and with much difficulty the schooner, still bottom up, was towed to the edge of the graving dock. As she came into shoal water the great fear was that the masts would go through her bottom. They went by the board instead, and the Queen Anne was floated into the dock and hauled up as far as possible. The tide was now running out. The galliot grounded, and minute by minute the water around her and in her decreased. In less than two hours from the time she capsized she was dry enough to allow of men entering her by the gangway, and up the main hatch they got to the hold, where I lay on the bottom of the half-deck delirious with terror. My fall through the scuttle had saved my life. The unfortunate master and owner was found drowned in the cabin above.

On the third day after my rescue I was well enough to attend the uphappy Captain's funeral. At the grave the mate came up to me and said: "You didn't know him, young man, as well as I did. He was a good man and a thorough sailor. When he hadn't the drop aboard he was the best chap that ever sailed." He dashed a tear indignantly away from his eye. "He knew 'twas coming. He knew he wasn't going to sign that charter for you ever. For he said to me the morning she went over, 'Go ashore, Phil; it's blowing too hard to haul into the berth. They want me to sign for clay for London, but I won't, Phil, for I'm homeward bound.'"

It was years before I recovered fully from the effects of that day's experience, and even still the sight of a galliot fills me with tumultuous memories, and often I awake in the night from dreams and hear, as clear as a trumpet note upon the silence, words ample and familiar, but which make me sick with terror: "We're homeward bound, my boy; we're homeward bound."—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

HOUSES OF THE DEAD.

Plan of Burying Bodies That Would Do Away With Cemeteries.

[From the Pittsburg Dispatch.]

A number of doctors, undertakers, cemetery officials and others in the two cities are now considering the merits of a new plan of burial to supplant the use of cemeteries and furnish an acceptable medium between the burial in the ground and cremation. It is no less than a plan of erecting mammoth mausoleums, to hold thousands of bodies, and, by a system of air draughts, dry the bodies up as the Indians on the plains leave their dead on scaffolds to be dried and preserved by the wind, leaving the bones, muscles and fibers intact, with the skin over them, but the fatty substance underneath wasted, vaporized and carried off by the draught of a furnace, which will consume the odors.

The process is now in the hands of a rich company in the East, that proposes to introduce its plan of burial into every city in the country. The company has issued neat catalogues with plates and descriptions of its plans. The mausoleum will be built of stone or other durable material. Concrete is the preferable material fancied, perhaps, for purposes of ornamentation, with vitrified brick, granite or other time-defying stones.

The designs will be after Greek, Roman and other styles of architecture, and from the concrete foundations the thousands of sepulchers and of the arched walls and corridors will go up with the outer walls, forming one immense casting without seam or joint.

The interior plan will resemble that of a well-appointed library, with its main corridors and diverging halls leading to the different sections. The sepulchers of solid concrete four inches thick, without seam or joint, of the proper size to receive caskets, are arranged in tiers of six upon either side of the hallways.

The opening into each sepulcher is provided with two doors. The inner door of plate-glass will be hermetically sealed as soon as the space is occupied. The outer door may be of highly wrought gold, silver, bronze or ornate stone, and may be decorated with scriptures or inscriptions, or adorned in other ways in accordance with the desires of surviving friends. A portion of the mausoleum will be set apart for family compartments.

The sepulchers will be numbered and a deed given to the purchaser, and records of those interred, including data of their life, etc., will be kept on file.

For those who wish it, electrical apparatus is to be provided, so arranged and adjusted to the body that the slightest movement in the casket will start an alarm and warn the watchman.

The sepulchers are constructed with conduits so arranged as to bring fresh dry air into them, and conduct it through the casket space by forced draughts to a central furnace in the sub-cellar, remote from the spaces devoted to the dead. To that furnace the gases and vaporized fluids of the body are thus borne and there consumed, and the escape into the atmosphere of any noxious matter is prevented. The air current is sufficiently rapid to make an entire change in the contents of the casket space every second.

The ends and upper portions of the caskets will be removed, the lower part of the caskets being so constructed, and the clothing so adjusted, as to permit the freest circulation of air about to every portion of the body. By this treatment it is claimed that the remains will become naturally desiccated or dried up, the fluids which constitute three-fourths of the bulk of the human body passing off to the furnace and being consumed, leaving the bones and fibers intact with the skin still drawn over them, giving the outline and features of the body as parchment is stretched over a mold.

Dr. Snively, ex-physician of the Board of Health of Pittsburg, was seen by a *Dispatch* reporter, and said: "It is a good plan; yes, it is an excellent plan. We all know of the contamination of water, the propagation of disease germs and the other objections to the usual modes of burial in the ground; but no remedy has heretofore been offered. The people can never be educated to cremation. It covers up all traces of foul play, is contrary to the religious views of the people, and can never become popular. The proposed method is perfectly natural; no chemicals or other foreign means are needed to dispose of the body. The fatty substance merely wastes away in a natural way, the only difference being that the decomposed gases and vapor are carried away and consumed, instead of being confined and at last bursting their bounds and perfneating the soil and the air of our cities with the breath of death.

"The method cannot be offensive or revolting. There is nothing to make it so. The body goes through the changes by a natural method, and the tissue is vaporized by the air—the breath of God. It is much more revolting, indeed, to think of the body lying in the grave rotting and often bursting with the decomposed gases."

The doctor here paused in the conversation, and going to a closet brought and handed to the reporter a human arm all shriveled up. "That," he said, "is the arm of a girl who died ten years ago. I was dissecting the body when I was at college. I had taken the cuticle off the arm and separated the veins and arteries, and then laid it aside on the table and turned to other work. It lay there for some time neglected. At last I happened to notice that no offensive odor came from it, and that it was dried up. The girl had died of consumption and was very much emaciated, and there was hardly any flesh on the arm; but what was left was dried up, leaving the bones, tendons, muscles, nails, arteries, etc., intact, and if the skin had been left on the arm would now have no appearance of death, except that the skin would be like parchment, and the shape would be perfectly preserved.

"The arm, as you see, has no odor. The tendons are still moist, as though they had been oiled, and this has probably kept the arm from molding."

Dr. McKelvy also thought the plan a good one. He said that the high prices paid for lots in cemeteries ought to pay the expense of burial in a mausoleum, and the large surplus in the treasury of the Allegheny Cemetery Company, and its large capitalization proves such an undertaking to be feasible, though it would, of course, require immense capital.

Dr. McCann did not have time to give the reporter a chat, but said the plan was a good one. However, he is an advocate of cremation.

Dr. English had not studied the matter up, but thought that it was feasible in some cases, but not in others.

Dr. Hayes thought the scheme an excellent one, and far better than cremation, but said he would like to see it tried before he gave a final expression as to its merits.

Boils and pimples and other affections arising from impure blood may appear at this season, when the blood is heated. Hood's Sarsaparilla removes the cause of these troubles by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and at the same time it gives strength to the whole system.

To a persistent and loquacious sewing machine agent near Llewellyn, Pa., who asked a woman where her husband was, she said he was behind the barn burying a dog. The agent sympathetically asked the cause of the dog's death, and was sadly assured that he had barked himself to death at machine agents.

WHAT WE KNOW OF LEPROSY.

The Present Status of the Controversy Among the Physicians.

Our knowledge is largely inferential, and the facts which come under our individual notice, and point in some particular direction, naturally impress us more than those which are observed by other persons, which perhaps may lead to a different conclusion. According to the principal theories in vogue in recent time leprosy may be acquired by (1) heredity, (2) by a diet of imperfectly cooked or decomposing fish, and (3) by contagion. The Norwegian physicians for many years supported the doctrine of heredity, and to this day numerous observers in all parts of the world consider that the disease is transmitted from generation to generation. As Jonathan Hutchinson has well shown, and as all of us know, Englishmen and others who have no family taint are occasionally liable to become leprous when they dwell in countries where the disease is endemic. Heredity therefore has, sometimes at any rate, nothing whatever to do with its development. Were leprosy to any material extent hereditary we might reasonably expect to find cases among the descendants of the lepers who have emigrated from Norway to the United States.

Dr. Hansen, who recently visited North America for the purpose of investigating this question, found, however, that of the 160 Norwegian lepers who had settled in the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota, none of the offspring—in some cases as far as the great-grandchildren—have shown signs of the disease. With the eminent exception of Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, the "fish theory" has now little scientific support. Although the principal centers of leprosy are often in districts, as on the coast of Norway, where fish, frequently in an uncooked, salted or dried state, forms a staple article of food, we must remember that the disease is widely prevalent where fish is rarely or never eaten, *e. g.*, in some inland districts of India, China and Brazil, and that numbers of individuals in Scandinavia, Africa and elsewhere, who largely consume fish, and even stale fish, never develop the disease. A belief in the contagiousness of leprosy was formerly almost universal, with the result that rigorous measures of isolation were nearly everywhere adopted, but during the last half century the "contagion theory" has fallen somewhat into abeyance—at least in the medical mind—mainly in consequence of the arguments of Drs. Danielsen and Boeck in their celebrated treatise, published in 1848, and of the authoritative expression of opinion on the part of the committee of the Royal College of Physicians in 1867, whose valuable report, as his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, has stated, was drawn up after extensive inquiries carried out under the Duke of Newcastle.

At the present time, however, the view that the disease can be contracted by the healthy from those who are suffering from leprosy is undoubtedly gaining ground, and facts are certainly accumulating which point to this conclusion. It must nevertheless be admitted, on the one hand, that there is a vast amount of negative evidence in reference to the communicability of leprosy from person to person, and, on the other, that the supporters of the theory are able to produce but very few clear and trustworthy cases which cannot be otherwise accounted for than by pure contagion. In the words, however, of a Dublin physician who has published almost as good an instance of the communicability of leprosy from one man to another as it is possible to obtain, "one fragment of positive evidence carries more weight than a vast amount of negative evidence." The important discovery of Dr. Hansen in Norway that a certain microscopic fungus much resembling that which is characteristic of "tubercle," is always to be found in the diseased tissues of a leper—an observation which has been over and over again corroborated by pathologists in all parts of the world—has had much to do with the growing belief that leprosy must be regarded as a specific infective "bacillary" disease.—*Dr. Phineas S. Abraham, in the Fortnightly Review.*

HOUSEWIFELY HINTS.

To carve a loin of veal begin at the small end and cut the ribs apart.

An authority says that fish sauce should always be thick enough to adhere to the fish. It is better to be too thick than too thin.

If you find that your stoves that are put aside for the summer are rusting, rub them over with a little kerosene. Apply it with a flannel cloth. This will prevent rust.

Cooking holders of ticking are made nearly as long as a towel, so that both hands can be used with them. Fully a dozen should be on hand, and they should be washed frequently.

The little red ants, that are so troublesome in the house, may be caught in sponges into which sugar has been sprinkled; then the sponge should be dropped into hot water.

If you have trouble to get your last year's catsup bottles perfectly clean, after washing them thoroughly in suds and rinsing in clear water, chop a potato quite fine, mix it with a little warm water, put this in the bottle and shake it well; it will surely remove any foreign substance.

Cleaning-rags, with which metal may quickly be polished, consist of a woolen rag saturated with soap and tripoli. They are prepared in the following manner: Four grains soap are dissolved in water, twenty grains tripoli are added to the solution. A piece of cloth of about twenty-four inches long by four inches broad is soaked in this and left to dry.

When washing windows dissolve a small quantity of washing soda in the water, if the glass is dimmed with smoke or dirt. Do not let the water run on the sash, but wash each pane with a piece of flannel; dry quickly with a soft clean towel and wipe out the corners carefully. Polish with a piece of common chamois skin or newspaper that has been softened by rubbing between the hands.

Hale and Hearty in Old Age.

What is more beautiful than an ancient tree clothed with an ample robe of verdure. Apt is the comparison between such a growth and an old man or woman infused with health and vigor. The *sine qua non*, the indispensable condition of vigorous youth, robust manhood and a virile old age, is sound digestion. Without this life is shorn of the hearty zest that should attend it. No more beneficent and agreeable contributor to the attainment of a hale old age, and efficient means of counteracting the infirmities that too often attend life's decline, can be found than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Dyspeptic symptoms, a tendency to kidney complaint, nervous inquietude and rheumatic trouble are overcome by its use. The effect of exposure and overwork are nullified by it, and it affords efficient protection to all subjected to malarial influences. Give it a thorough trial.

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