AROUND SOUTHAMPTON, L. I., CLING MANY PICTURESQUE TALES OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE CONNECTED WITH THE SEA.

RELICS OF A VESSEL WRECKED ON THE SOUTHAMPTON SHORE.

ST. ANDREW'S DUNE CHURCH, SOUTHAMPTON.
Near the site of this church the British sloop-of-war Sylph was wrecked.

THE NORTH END COURTHOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON.

OLD SOUTHAMPTON DAYS

TALES OF SHIPWRECKS TOLD IN LONG ISLAND COAST TOWN.

CAPTAIN WHO WORKED HIS WAY HOME FROM BRAZIL—VOUCHED FOR WHITE WHALE STORY—DUG UP PIRATE GOLD.

Southampton is full of tales of the sea. From the day the first settlers marked out their lots, in 1640, until the paddle wheels and propellers of steamships began to churn the waters of the Atlantic—two centuries—there was always the possibility of a whale spouting within sight of the shore, and always a number of venturesome men ready to launch their boats and make for it. The sight of the weft—a basket slung from the attic window on a pole by the discoverer of a whale as a signal—was all that was needed to start a number of men toward the dunes where lay the whaleboats, ready for use.

When some said, "We will build ships and sail in search of whales," Southampton furnished her quota of captains and sailors to man the ships which sailed from the harbor of Sag out past Gardiner's Island and Block Island to the uttermost parts of the sea. In the dusty closet of more than one of the old houses of the town still lie the canvas bound logs of whalers which went out in command of Southampton captains.

The sands of Long Island have held in their grasp many good ships, and several have found their final haven on the dunes of Southampton. A ship's wheel, a cedar hitching post (once a timber in a sloop of war), a small cannon, and an anchor and chain, preserved in the village, all could tell tales of shipwreck if they could speak. Those who came ashore on the Southampton coast fell into hospitable hands, even if they were enemies, as was once the case.

In the acute angle made by Southampton's main street and the North Sea Road stands a picturesque gambrel roofed house, half hidden beneath the trees. It is unmistakably one of the old houses of the village. There is an atmosphere of romance about it both inside and out. Of late years it has been called by some the "North End Courthouse," not because of any legal hearings which are held there, but because of the number of maidens who have been courted beneath its peaceful roof.

Used by Major General Erskine, a British officer in the Revolution, as part of his headquarters the winter he spent in Southampton, it was bought by a whaling captain for his bride in the early part of the last century. In the dining room may be seen to-day the old fireplace before which the captain delighted to sit and recount the stories of his voyages. He made seventeen in all, the last as captain. On the mantel above the fireplace lie his queer, octagonal wooden barreled spyglass and a pair of walrus tusks, a memento of one of his voyages, and at the side stands his old musket.

The story he most delighted to tell was that of the voyage which won him his bride. He had long carried in his mind the image of a certain young woman of the village, and he resolved to win her before he sailed on his next voyage. Her apparent indifference seemed only to add fuel to his determination. She was obdurate, and would not listen to his proposals.

The vessel sailed away with the young man, and for many a day no news of his ship came to Southampton. There was good reason why no tidings had come: the vessel had been wrecked on the shores of Brazil. While the anxious ones at home, including a certain young woman who had refused the hand of one of the members of the crew before he sailed, were watching and waiting, a company of unkempt white men was laboriously pushing its way through the Brazilian forests toward Rio Janeiro, one hundred miles away. One of them was a young man who was inclined to say little, but who seemed to be doing a great deal of thinking.

Months passed and no news of the ship had reached Southampton, and many began to believe that the vessel had been lost. There was one young woman to whom was revealed by the gloom that prevailed that she cared whether some one came back or not.

One afternoon, a month or more after the whaler had gone to pieces, a company of men in torn clothing straggled down one of the streets of Rio Janeiro. Their beards were scraggy and unkempt. In their eyes there was a stare that made those who passed them turn, look at them and make inward comment, "Those are dangerous fellows." After wandering about for some time they found a sailors' boarding house. Here they told their story. One of their hearers was the captain of a small vessel which was to sail for New-Bedford in a few days. The men begged him to take them with him.

"I can't take all of you; I have got room for only a few," was the captain's reply. "Draw lots and find out who they are to be."

Lots were drawn, as the captain had suggested, but the young man was not among those thus selected to go.

"You're not going to ship those men, are you?" asked the captain's wife, when he brought them aboard. "I am afraid of them. They look like bad men."

The captain found, as many men have found, that his wife was the obstacle in his path most difficult to surmount. She was decidedly opposed to his plan. She was at last won over, however, and when the ship sailed the whaling men whom the lot had selected were aboard. In fact, there was one more than the allotted number, for a certain resourceful young member of the whaler's crew had decided that it was of great importance that the vessel should not sail without him. It was not until the ship had been at sea for three days that he was discovered on board. The captain was angry. His wife was angry, which did not improve the temper of the captain in the least. He stormed about the deck, and the Brazilian parrot which he had bought for his wife in Rio Janeiro began its education with a vocabulary of expressive if not elegant words. There was nothing to be done about it, however; the vessel was too far at sea to put back, and the young man could afford to wait for the storm to blow over. "You'll have to work for your passage, young man," was the captain's ultimatum when he had cooled somewhat—and work the "young man" did.

One afternoon in September of that year two men, one with a youthful face, grimed with the dust of the sandy highway, approached Southampton on the Sag Harbor road. The white shingled houses of the village strung out along the plain could be seen among the trees. They were in sight of home again.

A woman that afternoon chanced to be standing at the gate in front of her house, which fronted on the Sag Harbor road. Two men came trudging into view. She glanced at them and then took a longer look. Then she rushed down the road crying, "Oh, Lord 'a massy; there comes them two poor fellows that was drownded in the bottom of the sea!"

It did not take long for the news to travel over the village that the shipwrecked ones were alive and at home again. Many times over they were called upon to tell the story of their escape, and two or three years later the young man bought a certain old gambrel roofed house hidden away among a group of trees in the angle of the main street and the North Sea Road.

One of the stories which the captain would tell as he sat before his fire was that of the Southampton whaler who lost his life in the South Atlantic in an unusual manner. He would always preface it with the remark which is so commonplace nowadays that "truth sometimes equals fiction," and explain his meaning by telling the story of the white whale, of which he had read in that old-fashioned whaling romance "Moby Dick, or the White Whale." As those who have read the book recall, it tells the story of a certain white whale in the Pacific Ocean about which there had gathered a superstition among sailors that whoever injured the animal in any way would himself meet with some calamity. In course of time the influence of this superstition became so strong that no sailor could be found who would make an attempt to harpoon the whale. The animal seemed to possess remarkable powers of recuperation and to recover from the effects of every attack made upon him.

There was a New-Bedford whaling captain who swore a great round oath that should he ever meet with this remarkable whale he would dispatch it and show that this superstition was of no force. He chanced to be in the Pacific on one of his voyages, and one day, seeing a whale spout, turned his glass upon it. It was the white whale. "Lower the boats!" he shouted, in his haste to get away. He himself took the harpoon to strike the animal, and, with steady aim, pierced it. How would this defiance of the superstition result? In some way the line caught about the captain's legs. Then the whale was seen to turn slowly over and over, winding the line around his body and dragging the captain with it. The captain was unable to extricate himself, and at last was drawn upon the whale's back. Then the leviathan sank, and the captain was seen no more.

"Strange as it may seem," the captain would say, after telling the story of the book, "just such a calamity befell a Southampton man. He went in his brother's ship to the South Atlantic, and was drawn overboard and drowned in exactly the same way, the whale 'sounding' just as the man reached his back."

The sands of the Connecticut and Long Island shores at many different points have been dug into with the hope of finding Captain Kidd's gold. In 1790, which was further back than the captain of the "courthouse" could remember, a curious stone resembling a ballast stone was dug up about a quarter of a mile from the shore. On the stone was engraved in an illiterate hand a rude dagger and an inscription which read as follows: "Under this stone pot there lies another twice as good." With great secrecy the young man who found the stone dug, divulging his secret to two companions only. The season selected by the young man for his digging was well chosen for seeking pirates' treasure—the hour of midnight. His wisdom, so tradition says, was well rewarded, for after digging three feet his spade rang against something hard and metallic. A further expenditure of energy resulted in the unearthing of an iron pot, over the top of which a stone was securely fastened. Taking it up, he found it to be filled, as he had expected it would be, with gold coins.

If any had doubted his sagacity before there was now no reason for doing so. Some would have flaunted their newly found prosperity before the eyes of those less fortunate in the matter of material wealth. Not so he. He pursued the wiser course of saying nothing about it and going about the streets among his fellow men as unostentatiously as if he were not the possessor of wealth far greater than that of any of them. It is believed that he quietly gave it away in the course of his life to send missionaries to heathen lands, as his heirs were unable to find any trace of it after his death, and he made no mention of it in his last testament.

That a treasure ship was cast upon the Southampton shore is certain, for the captain, although a small boy at the time—it was in the fall of 1816—could well recall the circumstances, and often told the story as he sat looking into flames dancing in his fireplace. The vessel was a Spanish brig. She was supposed at first to have been the prey of a privateer from papers found on board. Her lockers had been torn open and examined. Several barrels of coffee and provisions were revealed in the search made in her forward hold. Then something was found which changed the opinions of the people of Southampton regarding the character of the craft. In the back of one of the drawers were observed several masks. This, coupled with the unusual rake of the masts, which had attracted their attention when the vessel came ashore, led them to conclude that it was a pirate craft.

A later find clinched this view. A month or two after the ship drifted up on the sands the vessel's side burst open and from the ceiling of the captain's room tumbled out a stream of Spanish gold coins. Into the sand they poured as if from a horn of plenty. For a time the sifting of the sands of the beach was as profitable as placer mining became in California a number of years later. The finders speculated why the gold was hidden in the ceiling of the room, and why the captain did not take it with him when he abandoned his ship. This problem was satisfied by the conclusion that he had hidden it without the knowledge of the crew and had been unable to take it with him for the excellent reason that the crew had mutinied and killed him. Whether this supposition was true or not did not matter, as no one ever came to dispute the ownership of their salvage.

Planted in the ground of the "North End Courthouse" is a cedar hitching post with an interesting history. It is a relic of another shipwreck of which the captain used to tell. Near the site of St. Andrew's Dune Church, formerly a life saving station, a British sloop of war, the Sylph, was wrecked in 1814. The people of Southampton had good reason to remember it because of the spirit in which their aid to the survivors was received.

The War of 1812-'15 was not to close for a year yet. The Sylph, a vessel carrying twenty-two guns and manned by twelve officers and 121 seamen, had for some time been patrolling Long Island Sound in search of coasting vessels such as she might make prizes of. On the night of January 16, 1814, she was coasting along the south side of Long Island. It was foggy and cold. Officers and men were chilled through. There was a nasty sea running. Nothing could be made out in the dense fog. There had been no opportunity to take an observation at noon and there was some uncertainty felt by the officers as to their distance from the shore. They listened intently for the roar of the water rushing up the dunes, but could hear nothing. They were on a lee shore and the wind was bearing them down upon it rapidly.

Suddenly the keel grated on the sand and the vessel canted over toward the shore. Then wave after wave tumbled inboard, washing over the lee bulwark every movable thing. Flare lights were burned, but from the shore there were only dull spots of light in the fog. Men saw them, however, and the alarm was given. The sea was too rough to think of launching a boat. None could have lived in such a surf, and had one been launched successfully it would have been crushed against the side of the vessel to which it was trying to give assistance. As the night wore on the bodies of men began to come ashore. With the thought that there still might be life in them, the men upon the shore would rush into the seething sea and, thrusting their hands into the bitterly cold water, pull the bodies out on the sand beyond the reach of the surf. They were rewarded by their efforts by finding signs of life in the bodies of six—the purser and five seamen. Struggling against their impending fate these were hauled up on the beach, the sole survivors of the crew of 133.

The six, who under other circumstances would have been enemies, were hurried to the tavern near the head of Job's Lane and there plied with brandy. The men, warmed by the draughts of liquor, began to revive, and soon could talk coherently.

"That was a narrow squeak," remarked one of those who had pulled them out of the chilling sea. "Why were you so near the shore on such a bad night?"

"D——n you! there would have been a number of you Americans laid low if we had come ashore under other circumstances," replied the purser, who was naturally the spokesman of the party. "You may thank Jupiter and all the shades of the Olympian burying ground that the weather was what it was!"

This speech stirred up a spirit of resentment in the village and, as the captain was in the habit of expressing it when he told the story, "they were treated coarsely" until they left the town.

The fragments of the lively seasoned cedar frame of the vessel as they came ashore were picked up and preserved. Several of them were set into the ground to serve as hitching posts, and fulfilled their more peaceful mission well.

THE UNIMPORTANT QUANTITY.

From The Washington Star.

"You have been with that firm a long time," said the old school friend.

"Yes," answered the man with the patient expression of countenance.

"What's your position?"

"I'm an employe."

"But what is your official title?"

"I haven't any official title. It's like this: When the proprietor wants something done he tells the cashier, and the cashier tells the bookkeeper, and the bookkeeper tells the assistant bookkeeper, and the assistant bookkeeper tells the chief clerk and the chief clerk tells me."

"And what then?"

"Well, I haven't anybody to tell, so I have to go and do it."

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

DEPRESSING WEATHER DOES NOT CHECK ARRIVALS—HOTEL ORCHESTRAS FURNISH GOOD MUSIC.

Jefferson, N. H., July 26 (Special).—A rather depressing week of almost continuous rain has not been to the advantage of White Mountain resorts, and among the smaller hotels there is regret that the fine prospect of the early season has suffered from bad weather conditions. Yet, so far as can be noted, the daily arrivals all along the line hold steadily up to fair numbers, and if outdoor pursuits have been put out of commission there is plenty of indoor attraction, with diversified entertainment for all. The music at all the prominent hotels is far different from the oldtime combination of piano and flute, not always artistically combined, and now remembered as one of the bygone agonies which had to be endured by the summer resort visitors. Instead there are now fine bands of skilled musicians under the best direction obtainable. The off season among theatrical companies makes available in summer the rank and file of theatre orchestras from all the great cities, and careful selection and the most finished concert work is uniformly required in the interest of a public patronage which has grown critical to a degree.

The Rev. J. E. Frame, of New-York, who has been enjoying an extended trip through New-York State and up the Saguenay, has arrived at the Waumbek for the summer, coming from Château Frontenac, Quebec.

Play over the Waumbek links for the Raymond Cup has been a feature of White Mountain golf this week. Only contestants forty-nine years of age and older have been eligible, and guests of the Mount Pleasant House, Crawford House, Profile House, Wentworth Hall and the Intervale House have competed. The cup is a handsome prize offered by Charles L. Raymond, of Chicago, and the man making the lowest gross score over eighteen holes at a previously stated time of play before July 31 wins the trophy.

The combined orchestras of the Mount Pleasant House and the Mount Washington House, including twenty-two pieces, which are now giving daily concerts at the former, previous to the opening of the latter, furnish a musical treat rarely enjoyed at any resort hotel. Last Sunday evening's concert, when the orchestra was assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Van R. Bunn, talented New-York vocalists, was much appreciated by the house patronage.

The popularity of the Crawford House has been attested by a specially large number of July guests. The energy of the proprietor, C. H. Merrill, has been heavily taxed at times to properly accommodate the large parties who have arrived for a week or ten days at this well known house, and they have been happily entertained, as usual. Scott Baldwin, of Chicago, who has spent several seasons at the hotel in company with Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Baldwin, was the moving spirit in a recent minstrel show, and acquitted himself as creditably as in former years.

The Casino at the Maplewood Hotel has been extensively refitted and furnished this season. Ping pong tables have been added, and the sport proves as popular there as at other resorts. Captain and Mrs. Gilbert Cotton, of New-York, have returned to the hotel for another summer, as have also J. S. Olney and Miss Olney, the most skilful of last season's golfers.

Mrs. T. R. Butler and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Sanders, of New-York, have returned to Cottage No. 4 at the Profile House. Mrs. E. M. Fulton, jr., of the cottage colony, has been entertaining Mrs. Henry A. Alexander and Miss Eleanor Alexander, of New-York, for a July visit. Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Atwood, of New-York; Miss Laura Bassett, and Miss Katherine Whitney, are guests of Mrs. A. S. Jarvis, in Cottage No. 10. Mrs. C. W. Haskins and the Misses Haskins, of New-York, are pleasantly located in Cottage No. 5.

The Balsams, at Dixville Notch, furthest north of White Mountain resorts, has prepard for the most successful season in its history. The hotel has been thoroughly modernized, and excellent facilities are provided for all the popular sports. Its situation is unique, being in the heart of the fish and game country, and the most inexperienced fishermen are sure of a fine catch of trout in Lake Gloriette. With the protection of the law deer are tame at this season, and are frequently seen from the hotel piazzas.

A ping pong tournament at the Waumbek engaged the attention of thirty-two young people last week. Several expert players were entered, and some very close matches rewarded the interest of spectators. Miss Lucy Raymond, of Chicago, won the women's prize, and Garret A. Hobart, of Paterson, was an easy winner among the men.

The Waumbek Gun Club has been holding several shoots at the clay birds traps recently. The sport holds popular with a good number of the men, and the winners are usually picked from among the following: A. T. Compton, jr., and J. J. O'Donohue, jr., of New-York; C. V. Murphy, A. J. Murphy, and Dr. C. L. Lindley, of Lakewood, all expert shots.

Play for the season handicap golf prize at the Waumbek, a handsome gold lined loving cup, has thus far resulted in placing E. P. Rowe, Oakley Golf, and Philip Rhinelander, of New-York, at the head of the list, with a net eighty-three each. Golfers have been arriving regularly this week for practice for the coming August tournament. John Moller, jr., the runner-up for Travis in the recent Garden City tournament, arrived on Wednesday. Alfred D. Compton, of Washington, Chevy Chase Golf Club, promises to put up a strong game for the Waumbek Cup.

Recent New-York arrivals at the Waumbek include Mr. and Mrs. John J. Gilroy, H. T. Westervelt, O. W. P. Westervelt, Mrs. Albert Loening, R. R. Loening, A. P. Loening, G. C. Loening, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Walton, R. F. Munro, Charles Carroll Goldsborough, Mrs. J. E. Moore, Frank F. Fay, Mrs. S. H. Belloni, Mrs. L. J. Belloni, Miss Belloni, Mr. and Mrs. John Moller, jr., the Rev. J. E. Frame, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. O'Donohue, jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Devoe, Miss Devoe and Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer.

At the Mount Pleasant House—C. C. Burke, jr., George H. Franklin, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Ferris Meigs, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Worstell, Mrs. H. M. Higgins, Miss Hattie Higgins, Miss H. M. Root, Dr. and Mrs. J. Blake White, Mrs. Thomas B. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Halloran, Mrs. G. N. Woodward, the Misses Woodward, and Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Goodwin.

The Crawford House—Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Kilborn, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Purdy, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Brady, Mrs. C. H. Boaz, Mrs. D. A. Turner, Mrs. O. Turner, Dr. A. Gonzalz, A. de Armas, J. Valentine and H. C. Von Post.

The Profile—Mrs. K. K. Taylor, Mrs. Lawrence Wells, Miss Julia Wells, Mrs. Le Grand Lockwood, Miss Hilda Le Grand Lockwood, Miss Louise H. Merritt, Mrs. Mary Pennman, Miss Elsie Morgan, E. C. Jurgensen, Mrs. H. Cooper, Mrs. T. R. Butler, Mrs. Henry A. Alexander, Miss Eleanor Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Sanders, Mrs. C. W. Haskins and the Misses Haskins.

Fabyan House—Mr. and Mrs. Louise Werner, E. Steiner, Samuel J. Ottinger, Mrs. M. Freedman, Leo D. Newburg, Henry Erdman, M. J. Warner, George B. Barrett, Miss Barrett, Martin Bamberger, Mr. and Mrs. E. Holzman, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Holzman, Miss D. H. Holzman, Mrs. A. M. Atkinson, Miss Atkinson, L. R. Steinhardt, L. C. Steinhardt, G. S. Dalton, A. H. Gleason and H. J. Bartholoman.

The Maplewood—Mrs. Charles Olney, Miss Grace Olney, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Conway, Miss Becker, Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Beers, W. F. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Street, Mrs. J. M. Dodd, jr., H. M. Dodd, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Mattison, J. M. Liderwood and Miss M. D. Mattison.

EARLY KANSAS JUDGES.

AMUSING STORIES OF THEIR INNOCENCE OF THE LAW.

In the early days, says "The Kansas City Journal," two Topeka attorneys went over into Jefferson County to try a civil case before a justice of the peace. One of the lawyers went equipped with a lot of law books, while the other took nothing along save a bottle and his wits. The man with the books clearly had the law on his side, and when the evidence was in he commenced to read from the books to the court to show this fact. "Your honor," shouted the other attorney, springing to his feet, "I ask you to find my colleague guilty of contempt of court. He comes here with the cunningly formed purpose of prejudicing this court by reading from books about cases which are not before this tribunal. It is an insult to the bench, and I ask your honor to take judicial cognizance of the matter." And thereupon the virtuous justice of the peace fined the book lawyer for contempt of court and gave judgment for the other attorney.

However, this instance is no more amusing than another which took place in Harper County not so many years ago. A man had been arrested on the charge of cattle stealing, and I. P. Campbell, now of Wichita, had been engaged to defend him. When the preliminary examination came on before Squire Spencer, a local justice of the peace, the county attorney, with his assistant, was on hand to prosecute. At the first word said by the county attorney, Campbell challenged his right to appear in the case, and cited the statute which says that in a preliminary nearing the accused shall be entitled to counsel. "Your honor," said Campbell, solemnly, "that statute provides that the accused shall have the right to counsel at the preliminary hearing, but nothing is said in it about the State having the same right." And Squire Spencer, being a Daniel come to judgment, said the point was well taken, and that the county attorney must be ruled out—the grand result being that the cattle thief went free.

AVALANCHES OVERCOME.

"I find," said an observant traveller, just back from Europe "that the affection for the locality in which he lives is much stronger in the heart of the man who abides in the country than it is in that of him who makes his home in a big city. In New-York, for instance, many people think nothing of moving twice or three times in a year, and some move oftener, while in the country to be compelled to leave the old farm is regarded as being little short of a disaster. This peculiarity of the countryman is nowhere more forcibly illustrated than in Switzerland, where a large proportion of the people live in little cottages perched up on the mountain sides like flies on a wall. Every once in a while an avalanche comes down from above and sweeps a house away, for these tremendous demonstrations of nature have their beaten tracks in many localities, and are of periodical occurrence. If, perchance, the people who were in the house escape with their lives, they almost invariably rebuild in the same place, thus courting a second or even a third visitation by a snowslide or landslide. There is one village, known as Stuben, which has been partially swept away no less than half a dozen times, but each time it has been rebuilt by the survivors.

"In this case, however, their perseverance has been rewarded and the town has been placed beyond the possibility of the recurrence of such disasters by the ingenuity of a party of civil engineers, who, after years of experiment, erected stone and wooden walls on the mountain side in such a way as to divide the mass of snow and earth into small sections, thus lessening its destructive force, or checking its progress completely. Other localities are being treated in the same manner, and the destruction of life and property by avalanches promises in time to be a thing of the past."

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS IN PORTO RICO.

"The education of the youth of Porto Rico," said a returned American teacher the other day, "has made great advancement since the island came into the possession of the United States, although the goal of our hopes is yet a long way off. Indeed, the time is a long way ahead when the school system of Porto Rico will be on a par with that of our Eastern States; but nevertheless I think that time is bound to come.

"For example, since the occupation of the island by the Americans the school attendance has increased from 3.5 per cent to 5.4 per cent of the population of the island. There are now about 1,000 schools and 55,000 pupils, with the need of 6,000 more schools for about 300,000 children, who at the present time are without school accommodations.

"The education of the islands is in the hands of the government, and in the immediate charge of Samuel McCune Lindsay, the Commissioner of Education. Of the 1,000 schools nearly half are ungraded and taught by local teachers, who are for the most part poor, with large families, and receive about $20 a month. Then there are agricultural schools taught by Americans, where the children are trained to the use of modern agricultural implements. The study of English is not compulsory, but it is eagerly sought after. As one child expressed it to me:

"'We want to get smart and talk like you Americans.'

"They seem to think that the English language of itself will open the way to wealth and prosperity for them."

NEWPORT'S EXCITING WEEK

WEDDINGS AND RUMORS OF WEDDINGS—POLO SEASON UNDER WAY—MRS. JONES'S "FROLIC."

Newport, R. I., July 26 (Special).—This has been the most exciting week Newport has experienced in many years. Scarcely had the interest following the wild rumors that somebody unknown had attempted to shoot somebody equally unknown at an unknown place and for an unknown cause died away when equally wild stories were circulated that Mr. and Mrs. George Gould feared that their infant, which is staying with a number of servants at the New Cliffs Hotel, was in danger of being kidnapped and that extraordinary precautions were being taken to prevent this. Like the previous yarn, this had no foundation in fact, but was of sufficient interest to keep half the town on the qui vive until something else had cropped up to take its place.

The people did not have to wait long, as a subject of far more interest to the feminine portion of the community presented itself. It was the unexpected announcement that Robert J. F. Collier, without previously making known his intentions except to a few of his close friends, intended to marry Miss Sara Var Alen, and that the ceremony was to take place this week at Wakehurst, the Newport residence of James J. Van Alen. Anything tinging of romance at once puts all other subjects into the shade, and this was no exception. The Martin-Oelrichs wedding, which up to that time had occupied a large share of interest, was almost forgotten.

The world loves a bold lover, and when it became generally known that Mr. Collier's suit was not meeting with cordial favor at the hands of Miss Van Alen's father public opinion and that of the cottagers here was thrown immediately on Mr. Collier's side, and his champions were legion. The original plans of the young people called for a quiet wedding at Wakehurst on Thursday morning. It was in no sense to be a secret marriage, but was to be performed with little ostentation, and, in order to attract as little public attention as possible, was to have taken place while the public was engrossed with the more elaborate function at St. Joseph's Church, where Miss Oelrichs and Mr. Martin were being made man and wife. The opposition to the marriage of Mr. Collier and Miss Van Alen on the part of Mr. Van Alen was bitter, and when the young people learned that cordial consent was impossible they merely took matters into their own hands and followed the example set for them ages ago, when love laughed at locksmiths and lovers married to suit themselves.

It is a question which attraction at the exhibition of the Newport Horticultural Society, at the Casino, on Tuesday and Wednesday, was the greater—the display of rare plants and beautiful foliage or the toilets of the women, who this season, for the first time, interested themselves in the work of the men in their own greenhouses. The flowers drew the crowd, but the gowns held attention. At the exhibition the display from the greenhouses of Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry has never been surpassed in Newport, and it is a question whether it can be equalled by any private greenhouse in this country. The collection is superb, and the variety bewildering in size, color and rarity. The display was a revelation to the gardeners themselves, and nothing but goodwill was shown when the bulk of the prizes went to Mr. Gerry's greenhouses, as they were richly merited.

The polo season opened here on Wednesday afternoon with a practice game by the younger element. Up to the present time there have been few days when games were not played at Oakland, the farm in Portsmouth owned by Alfred G. Vanderbilt. The playing field at the farm is kept in the pink of condition, and since it was increased to regulation size practice has been kept up there. This has put the Vanderbilt boys in fine condition, and their form and game are far ahead of last year's. General interest in the sport has revived here, and the attendance at the games has been much larger than in previous years. This may be due to the fact that the Westchester club has had built a neat little clubhouse on the grounds, and the broad piazzas have been utilized by tea parties during the games.

The largest event of the season, with the possible exception of the Colonial ball to be given next month by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, will be the "frolic" which Mrs. Pembroke Jones will give at Friedheim on Friday, August 15, for which the cards are out. On the lawn will be erected a number of tents, in which supper will be served, the present plan calling for as many bands of music as there are supper tents. On the stage on the open lawn a vaudeville performance will be given after supper, and the artists for this are coming from New-York, and are said to include some of the latest importations from abroad, who have not yet appeared on the New-York stage, their appearance at Friedheim being their American debut. After the vaudeville the cotillion, led by Elisha Dyer, jr., and Mrs. Jones, will be danced in a specially constructed ballroom, 96 by 100 feet. The "frolic" does not begin until 10 o'clock at night, the guests previously having attended numerous dinners among the cottagers, the various hostesses bringing their guests to Friedheim. It will be an elaborate affair, and promises to eclipse the "frolic" of last season, which was admitted to have been the finest affair of the kind ever attempted in Newport. The Joneses are Southerners, and it is their hope to give a dash of the South to their entertainment. In order to do this an attempt, which was unsuccessful last season, will be made to have a reproduction of a cotton field in full bloom on the lawn.

The business which the hotels and fashionable boarding houses have been looking forward to has arrived, and those places which are not now full are booked not only through the month of August, but well into September. It is a question yet, however, whether the season can be termed a success, as the business men doubt their ability to make up in the remaining weeks the losses incurred in June and July.

The presence of Miss Neilson and Reginald C. Vanderbilt together on the avenue during the last week and at dinners at the cottages has again put in circulation the report of their engagement. It is well known that Mrs. Vanderbilt has opposed this contemplated alliance, but it is said that her opposition has been withdrawn. Although no formal engagement has been announced, a person intimately associated with the young couple is authority for the statement that an engagement exists, and will be announced either before the end of the present season or early in the fall.

WHEN YOU PUT IT THAT WAY.

From The Chicago Tribune.

Argumentative Person—It seems to me this theory of the immortality of the soul is based merely on a selfish hope. It has no philosophical basis. Can you see any reason why I, for instance, should be perpetuated in another state of existence?

Conciliatotry Person—No, I confess I can't.

INTERIOR OF BISHOP POTTER'S ADIRONDACK LODGE.
On Hawk Island, Lake Placid.