

was on Locust-st., a little above 14th, and I walked to 14th, and to the middle of the block beyond, before it suddenly flashed upon me that there was nothing real about this; it was only a dream. I can still feel something of the grateful upheaval of joy of that moment, and I can also still feel the remnant of doubt, the suspicion that maybe it was real, after all. I returned to the house almost on a run, flew up the stairs two or three steps at a jump, and rushed into that sitting room—and was made glad again, for there was no casket there.

We made the usual eventless trip to New Orleans—no, it was not eventless, for it was on the way down that I had the fight with Mr. Brown [See "Old Times on the Mississippi"] which resulted in his requiring that I be left ashore at New Orleans. In New Orleans I always had a job. It was my privilege to watch the freight piles from seven in the evening until seven in the morning, and get three dollars for it. It was a three-night job, and occurred every thirty-five days. Henry always joined my watch about nine in the evening, when his own duties were ended, and we often walked my rounds and chatted together until midnight. This time we were to part, and so the night before the boat sailed I gave Henry some advice. I said:

"In case of disaster to the boat, don't lose your head; leave that unwisdom to the passengers,—they are competent; they'll attend to it. But you rush for the hurricane deck, and astern to one of the lifeboats lashed aft the wheelhouse, and obey the mate's orders; thus you will be useful. When the boat is launched, give such help as you can in getting the women and children into it, and be sure you don't try to get into it yourself. It is summer weather, the river is only a mile wide, as a rule, and you can swim that without any trouble."

TWO or three days afterward the boat's boilers exploded at Ship Island, below Memphis, early one morning—and what happened afterward I have already told in "Old Times on the Mississippi." As related there, I followed the Pennsylvania about a day later on another boat, and we began to get news of the disaster at every port we touched at, and so by the time we reached Memphis we knew all about it.

I found Henry stretched upon a mattress on the floor of a great building, along with thirty or forty other scalded and wounded persons, and was promptly informed, by some indiscreet person, that he had inhaled steam; that his body was badly scalded; and that he would live but a little while; also, I was told that the physicians and nurses were giving their whole attention to persons who had a chance of being saved. They were short handed in the matter of physicians and nurses; and Henry and such others as were considered to be fatally hurt were receiving only such attention as could be spared from time to time from the more urgent cases.

But Dr. Peyton, a fine and large hearted old physician of great reputation in the community, gave me his sympathy and took vigorous hold of the case, and in about a week he had brought Henry around. Dr. Peyton never committed himself with prognostications which might not materialize; but at eleven o'clock one night he told me that Henry was out of danger, and would get well. Then he said, "At midnight these poor fellows lying here and there all over this place will begin to mourn and mutter and lament and make outcries, and if this commotion should disturb Henry it will be bad for him; therefore ask the physician on watch to give him an eighth of a grain of morphine; but this is not to be done unless Henry shall show signs that he is being disturbed."

Oh well, never mind the rest of it. The physicians on watch were young fellows hardly out of the medical college, and they made a mistake,—they had no way of measuring the eighth of a grain of morphine, so they guessed at it and gave him a vast quantity heaped on the end of a knife blade, and the fatal effects were soon apparent. I think he died about dawn—I don't remember as to that. He was carried to the dead room, and I went away for awhile to a citizen's house and slept off some of my accumulated fatigue—and meantime something was happening.

The coffins provided for the dead were of unpainted white pine; but in this instance some of the ladies of Memphis had made up a fund of sixty dollars and bought a metallic case, and when I came back and entered the dead room Henry lay in that open case, and he was dressed in a suit of my clothing. He had borrowed it without my knowledge during our last sojourn in St. Louis; and I recognized instantly that my dream of several weeks before was



Almost Precisely as in My Dream of Several Weeks Before.

here exactly reproduced, so far as these details went—and I think I missed one detail; but that one was immediately supplied, for just then an elderly lady entered the place with a large bouquet consisting mainly of white roses, and in the center of it was a red rose, and she laid it on his breast.

ITOLD the dream there in the club that night just as I have told it here.

Rev. Dr. Burton swung his leonine head around, focused me with his eye, and said, "When was it that this happened?"

"In June, '58."

"It is a good many years ago. Have you told it several times since?"

"Yes, I have, a good many times."

"How many?"

"Why, I don't know how many."

"Well, strike an average. How many times a year do you think you have told it?"

"Well, I have told it as many as six times a year, possibly oftener."

"Very well, then you've told it, we'll say, seventy or eighty times since it happened?"

"Yes," I said, "that's a conservative estimate."

"Now then, Mark, a very extraordinary thing happened to me a great many years ago, and I used to tell it a number of times—a good many times—every year, for it was so wonderful

that it always astonished the hearer, and that astonishment gave me a distinct pleasure every time. I never suspected that that tale was acquiring any auxiliary advantages through repetition until one day after I had been telling it ten or fifteen years it struck me that either I was getting old and slow in delivery, or that the tale was longer than it was when it was born. Mark, I diligently and prayerfully examined that tale, with this result: that I found that its proportions were now, as nearly as I could make out, one part fact—straight fact, fact pure and undiluted, golden fact—and twenty-four parts embroidery. I never told that tale afterward—I was never able to tell it again; for I had lost confidence in it, and so the pleasure of telling it was gone, and gone permanently. How much of this tale of yours is embroidery?"

"Well," I said, "I don't know. I don't think any of it is embroidery. I think it is all just as I have stated it, detail by detail."

"Very well," he said, "then it is all right; but I wouldn't tell it any more; because if you keep on, it will begin to collect embroidery sure. The safest thing is to stop now."

THAT was a great many years ago. And to-day is the first time that I have told that dream since Dr. Burton scared me into fatal doubts about it. No, I don't believe I can say that. I don't believe that I ever really had any doubts whatever concerning the salient points of the dream; for those points are of such a nature that they are pictures, and pictures can be remembered, when they are vivid, much better than one can remember remarks and unconnected facts. Although it has been so many years since I have told that dream, I can see those pictures now just as clearly defined as if they were before me in this room. I have not told the entire dream. There was a good deal more of it. I mean, I have not told all that happened in the dream's fulfillment. After the incident in the death room I may mention one detail, and that is this:

When I arrived in St. Louis with the casket it was about eight o'clock in the morning, and I ran to my brother in law's place of business, hoping to find him there; but I missed him, for while I was on the way to his office he was on his way from the house to the boat. When I got back to the boat the casket was gone. He had conveyed it out to his house. I hastened thither, and when I arrived the men were just removing the casket from the vehicle to carry it up stairs. I stopped that procedure; for I did not want my mother to see the dead face, because one side of it was drawn and distorted by the effects of the opium. When I went up stairs, there stood the two chairs, placed to receive the coffin, just as I had seen them in my dream; and if I had arrived two or three minutes later, the casket would have been resting upon them, precisely as in my dream.

To be continued April 12

A WARSHIP WITHOUT GUNS

By J. E. JENKS

NAVAL designers who are looking into the future are having visions of a battleship which shall be larger than anything of the class afloat; of greater speed than existing vessels, and capable of waging battle at a distance of four miles; and this without the turreted, breech loading rifles with their complicated mechanism of training and loading. This is as yet only a dream; but it is based on that development in the facilities of attack and the mechanism of destruction which, with the means of defense and protection, have furnished a species of warfare in themselves.

Hitherto the rivalry has been largely between the gun and the armor. On one side has been the aim to increase the power of the monster rifle so that it will hurl its huge missile of steel through the wedge of armor plate into the vitals of the ship of the enemy. On the other side there has been an almost frantic effort to thicken the shield on the hull of the ship or so compose it of elements that will lessen its weight while repelling the shell.

No one knows just how the case stands at present, and will not know until there can be some test of the gun in its attack on armor under those conditions which resemble in some degree the situation of actual warfare. The tests are now carried on at either the army or navy proving grounds, with guns at no great distance from the armor, and the armor presenting a fixed and certain target which may be attacked under the most favorable conditions.

All this is now changed by the increase in endurance of the torpedo, the most deadly of all weapons when it can be fired with accuracy and when it lasts long enough to reach the enemy. The torpedo used

to be something of a toy, except within limited range; but lately to it has been given a propulsion which will carry it two miles, with every prospect that this distance will soon be doubled. Battleships armed with torpedo tubes, which are the means of firing torpedoes, will some day be able to keep a foe at a respectable distance, and a battleship having a four-mile torpedo in its ordnance equipment will be a veritable floating terror of the sea.

The battleship which is to be designed along the lines dictated by the triumph of the torpedo will be a vessel which may easily scorn the ten- and twelve-inch guns which are now carried in heavy turrets, and which shall offer no discouragement to a vessel which may fire a torpedo four miles and blow up the opposing vessel, no matter how it is freighted with turreted armament or laden with "invulnerable" armor.

The saving which may be effected by taking off the heavy guns and abandoning the turrets may be used in giving greater weight to the machinery, and so drive the ship through the water at a faster rate than is possible with battleships to-day. Some of this saving in weight may also be used to give thicker armor plates along the water line and below,—wherever the torpedo is likely to strike.

Such a departure from the existing conditions furnishes many problems with which the naval designer must cope. They include such details as the storage of the torpedoes, and their rapid handling by special mechanical devices from the magazines below deck to the breech or mouth of the tubes above. Those questions will not be settled without the controversies which seem to be inseparable from naval design, construction, and equipment; but for the present it will be sufficient merely to mention this interesting possibility of a gunless war vessel.