THE SOUTH SEAS.

LIFE UNDER THE EQUATOR.

LETTERS FROM A LEISURELY TRAVELLER.

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CHAPTER LIII.

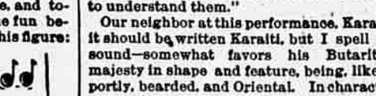
BUTARITARI—THE FIVE DAYS' FESTIVAL.

OPOLU, Samoan Islands, August, 1891.—Thursday, July 25.—The street to-day was much enlivened by the presence of the men from Little Makin. They average taller than Butaritarians, and, being on a holiday, went wreathed with yellow leaves and gorgeous in vivid colors. They are said to be more savage and to be proud of the distinction. Indeed, it seemed to us they swaggered in the town like plaided Highlanders upon the streets of Inverness, conscious of barbaric virtues.

In the afternoon the summer parlor was observed to be packed with people, others standing outside and stooping to peer under the

PREPARING TO DANCE, BUTARITARI.

eaves, like children at home about a circus. It was the Makin company rehearsing for the day of competion. Karaitch sat in the front row, close to the singers, where we were summoned (I suppose in honor of Queen Victoria) to join him. A strong breathless heat reigned under the iron roof, and the air was heavy with the scent of wreaths. The singers, with fine mats about their loins, cocoanut feathers set in rings upon their fingers, and their heads crowned with yellow leaves, sat on the floor by companies. A varying number of soloists stood up for different songs, and these bore the chief part in the music. But the full force of the chorus, even when not singing, contributed continuously to the effect, and marked the ictus of the measure, miming, grimacing, casting up their heads and eyes, fluttering the feathers on their fingers, clapping hands, or beating (loud as a kettle drum) on the left breast. The time was exquisite, the music barbarous but full of conscious art. I noted some devices constantly employed. A change would be introduced (I think of key) with no break of the measure, but emphasized by a sudden dramatic heightening of the voice, and a swinging, general gesticulation. The voices of the soloists would begin far apart in a rude discord, and gradually draw together to a unison, which when they had reached they were joined and drowned by the full chorus. The ordinary, hurried, barking, unmelodious movement of the voices would at times be broken and glorified by a psalm-like strain of melody, often well constructed, or seeming so by contrast. There was much variety of measure, and toward the end of each piece, when the fun became fast and furious, a recourse to this figure:



It is difficult to conceive what fire and devilry they get into these hammering finales; all go together, voices, hands, eyes, leaves, and fluttering finger rings; the chorus swings to the eye, the song throbs on the ear; the faces are convulsed with enthusiasm and effort.

Presently the troupe stood up in a body, the chorus forming a half circle for the soloists, who were sometimes five or even more in number. The songs that followed were highly dramatic; though I had none to give me any explanation, at times I could make out some shadowy but decisive outline of a plot, and I was continually reminded of certain quarrelsome concerted scenes in grand operas at home. Just so the single voices issue from and fall again into the general volume; just so do the performers separate and crowd together, brandish the raised hand, and roll the eye to heaven or the gallery. Already this is beyond the Thespian model; the art of this people is already past the embryo. Song, dance, chorus, quartet, and solo—it is the lyrical drama full

A FIGURE IN THE DANCE, BUTARITARI.

developed although still in miniature. Of all so-called dancing in the South Seas, that which I saw in Butaritari stands easily the first. The *hula*, as it may be viewed by the speedy globe trotter in Honolulu, is surely the most dull of man's inventions, and the spectator yawns under its length as at a college lecture or a parliamentary debate. But the Gilbert Island dance leads on the mind; it thrills, rouses, subjugates; it has the essence of all art, an unexplored, immanent significance. Where so many are engaged, and where all must make (at a given moment) the same swift, elaborate, and often arbitrary movement, the toil of rehearsal is, of course, extreme. But they begin as children. A child and a man may often be seen together in a moniap. The man sings and gesticulates, the child stands before him with streaming tears and tremulously copies him in act and sound. It is the Gilbert Island artist learning, as all artists must, his art in sorrow.

I may seem to praise too much; here is a passage from my wife's diary, which proves that I was not alone to be moved, and completes the picture: "The conductor gave the cue, and all the dancers, waving their arms, swaying their bodies, and clapping their breasts in perfect time, opened with an introductory. The performers remained seated, except two, and once three, and twice a single soloist. These stood in the group, making a slight movement with the feet and rythmical quiver of the body as they sang. There was a pause after the introductory, and then the real business of the opera—for it was no less—began: an opera where every singer was an accomplished actor. The leading man, in an impassioned ecstacy which possessed him from head to foot, seemed transfigured; once it was as though a strong wind had swept over the stage, the arms, the feathered fingers thrilling with the emotion that shook my nerves as well; heads and bodies followed like a field of grain before a gust. My blood came hot and cold, tears pricked my eyes, my head whirled. I felt an almost irresistible impulse to join the dancers. One drama I think I very nearly understood. A fierce and savage old man took the sole part. He sang of the birth of a Prince, and how he was tenderly rocked in his mother's arms; of his boyhood, when he excelled his fellows in swimming, climbing, and all athletic sports; of his youth, when he went out to sea with his boat and fished; of his manhood, when he married a wife who cradled a son of his own in her arms. Then came the alarm of war and a great battle, of which for a time the issue was doubtful; but the hero conquered, as he always does, and with a tremendous burst of the victors the piece closed. There were also comic pieces which caused great amusement. During one an old man behind me clutched me by the arm, shook his finger in my face with a roguish smile, and said something with a chuckle which I took to be the equivalent of 'Oh, you women, you women, it is true of you all!' I fear it was not complimentary. At no time was there the least sign of the ugly indecency of the eastern islands. All was poetry, pure and simple. The music itself was as complex as our own, though constructed on an entirely different basis; once or twice I was startled by a bit of something very like the best English sacred music, but it was only for an instant. At last there was a longer pause, and this time the dancers were all on their feet. As the drama went on the interest grew. The performers appealed to each other, to the audience, to the heaven above; they took counsel with each other; the conspirators drew together in a knot; it was just an opera, the chorus coming in at proper intervals, the tenor, baritone, and bass all where they should be—except that the voices were all of the same calibre. A woman once sang from the back row, with a very fine contralto voice spoilt by being made artificially nasal; I notice all the women affect that unpleasantness. At one time a boy of angelic beauty was the soloist, and at another a child of 6 or 8, doubtless an infant phenomenon being trained, was placed in the centre. The little fellow was desperately frightened and embarrassed at first, but toward the close warmed up to his work and showed much dramatic talent. The changing expressions on the faces of the dancers were so speaking that it seemed a great stupidity not to understand them."

Our neighbor at this performance, Karaitch—it should be written Karaiti, but I spell it for sound—somewhat favors his Butaritarian majesty in shape and feature, being, like him, portly, bearded, and Oriental. In character he seems the reverse, alert, smiling, jovial, jocular, industrious. At home in his own island he labors himself like a slave, and bounds like a driver. He takes an interest in ideas. George, the trader, told him about flying machines. "Is that true, George?" he asked. "It is in the papers," replied George. "Well," said Karaitch, "if that man can do it with machinery, I can do it without," and he designed and made a pair of wings, strapped them on his shoulders, went to the end of a pier, launched himself into space, and fell bulkily into the sea. His wives fished him out, for his wings hindered him in swimming. "George," said he, pausing as he went up to change, "George, you lie." He has eight wives, for his small realm still follows ancient customs, but he showed embarrassment when this was mentioned to my wife.

"Tell her I have only brought one here," he said, anxiously. Altogether the Black Douglass pleased us much; and as we heard fresh details of the King's uneasiness, and saw for ourselves that all the weapons in the summer parlor had been hid, we watched with the more admiration the cause of all this pother rolling on his big legs, with his big smiling face, apparently unarmed, and certainly unattended, through the hostile town. The Red Douglass, pot-bellied Kuma, having perhaps heard word of the debauch, remained upon his fief; his vassals thus came uncommanded to the feast, and swelled the following of Karaitch.

Friday, July 26.—At night in the dark the singers of Little Makin paraded in the road before our house and sang the song of the Princess. "This is the day, she was born today, Nei Kamaunaue was born to-day, a beautiful princess, Queen of Butaritari"—so I was told it went, in endless iteration. The song was of course out of season, and the performance only a rehearsal. But it was a serenade besides; a delicate attention to ourselves from our new friend, Karaitch.

Saturday, July 27.—We had announced a performance of the magic lantern to-night in church, and this brought the King to visit us. In honor of the Black Douglass, I suppose, his usual two guardsmen were now increased to four, and the squad made an outlandish figure as they straggled after him in straw hats, kilts, and jackets. Three carried their arms reversed, the butts over their shoulders, the muzzles menacing the King's plump back. The fourth had passed his weapon behind his neck, and held it there with arms extended like a back board. The visit was extraordinarily long. The King, no longer galvanized with gin, said and did nothing. He sat collapsed in a chair, and let a cigar go out. It was hot, it was sleepy, it was cruel dull; there was no resource but to spy in the countenance of Tebureimoa for some remaining trait of Mr. Corpse, the butcher. His hawk nose, crudely depressed and flattened at the point, did truly seem to us to smell of midnight murder. From the rest of his gross person nothing breathed but boredom. When he took his leave, Maka bade me observe him going down the stair (or rather ladder) from the veranda. "Old man!" said Maka. "Yes," said I, "and yet I suppose not old man." "Young man," returned Maka, "perhaps fo'ty." And I have heard since he is most likely younger. The tedium of that visit, painfully supported by ourselves, courted and seemingly enjoyed by our guest, explained to me not only some of the doings of Mr. Corpse, but the premature senility of his changeling, Tebureimoa.

While the magic lantern was showing, I skulked without in the dark. The voice of Maka, excitedly explaining the Scripture slides, seemed to fill not the church only, but the neighborhood. All else was silent. Presently a distant sound of singing arose and approached, and a procession drew near along the road, the hot, clean smell of the men and women striking in my face delightfully. At the corner, arrested by the voice of Maka and the lightening and darkening of the church, they paused. They had no mind to go nearer, that was plain. They were Makin people, I believe, probably stanch heathens, contemners of the missionary and his works. Of a sudden, however, a man broke from their company, took to his heels, and fled into the church; next moment three had followed him; the next it was a covey of near upon a score, all pelting for their lives. So the little band of the heathen paused irresolute at the corner and melted before the attractions of a magic lantern, like a glacier. The more stanch vainly taunted the deserters; these fled in a guilty silence, but still fled; and when at length the leader found the wit or the authority to get his troop in motion and revive the singing, it was with much diminished forces that they passed musically on up the dark road.

Meanwhile inside the luminous pictures brightened and faded. I stood for some while unobserved in the rear of the spectators, when I could hear just in front of me a pair of lovers following the show with interest, the man playing the part of interpreter, and (like Adam) mingling caresses with his lecture. The wild animals, a tiger in particular, and that old school-treat favorite, the sleeper and the mouse, were hailed with joy; but the chief marvel and delight was in the Gospel series. Maka, in the opinion of his aggrieved wife, did not properly rise to the occasion. "What is the matter with the man? Why can't he talk?" she cried. The matter with the man, I think, was the greatness of the opportunity; he reeled under his good fortune; and whether he did ill or well, the exposure of these pious "phantoms" did, as a matter of fact, silence in all that part of the island the voice of the scoffer. "Why, then," the word went round—"Why, then, the Bible is true!" And on our return afterward we were told the impression was yet lively, and those who had seen might be heard telling those who had not: "Oh, yes, it is all true; these things all happened; we have seen the pictures." The argument is not so childish as it seems, for I doubt if these islanders are acquainted with any other mode of representation but photography; so that the picture of an event (on the old melodrama principle that "the camera cannot lie, Joseph,") would appear strong proof of its occurrence. The fact amused us the more, because our slides were some of them ludicrously silly, and one (Christ before Pilate) was received with shouts of merriment in which even Maka was constrained to join.

Sunday, July 27.—Karaitch came to ask for a repetition of the "phantoms." This was the accepted word; and, having received a promise, turned and left my humble roof without the shadow of a salutation. I felt it impolitic to have the least appearance of pocketing a slight; the times had been too difficult and were still too doubtful, and Queen Victoria's son was bound to maintain the honor of his house. Na Karaitch was accordingly summoned that evening to the Ricks, where Mrs. Rick fell foul of him in words, and Queen Victoria's son assailed him with indignant looks. I was the ass with the lion's skin; I could not roar in the language of the Gilbert Islands, but I could stare. Karaitch declared he meant no offence, apologized in a round, hearty, gentlemanly manner, and became at once at his ease. He had a dagger to examine, and announced he would come to price it on the morrow, to-day being Sunday. This nicety in a heathen with eight wives surprised me. The dagger was "good for killing fish," he said, roguishly, and was supposed to have his eye upon fish upon two legs. It is at least odd that eastern Polynesia "fish" was the accepted euphemism for the human sacrifice. Asked as to the population of his island, Karaitch called out to his vassals, who sat waiting him outside the door, and they put it at 450, but (added Karaitch jovially) there will soon be plenty more, for all the women are in the early way. Long before we separated I had quite forgotten his offence. He, however, still bore it in mind, and, with a very courteous inspiration, returned early on the next day, paid us a long visit, and punctiliously said farewell when he departed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(To be Continued.)

WANTS MANUAL EDUCATION.

Mayor Cleveland Says Jersey City Has Fallen Behind Other Cities.

Acting on a suggestion from Mayor Cleveland, the Jersey City Board of Education has appointed a committee to consider the feasibility of adding an industrial department to the curriculum of the public schools. In his communication to the Board the Mayor says in part:

"Some of you are aware that I have for a long time contended for a more practical education in our public schools, an education which would enable the scholars to work their own way in the world, if need be, when they leave the school; that would make them more useful members of the community, more independent and self-reliant in their immediate surroundings, and so cause them to become more valuable citizens of the State. That is the purpose for which money is raised to support the public schools. Next to personal independence, the glory of the several States that compose this great republic is in their public school system, but we must not lull ourselves to sleep with the popular idea that our system in Jersey City is perfect. It must be remembered that this is a world of progress, and that what does not progress will fall behind.

"While we have been struggling with the problem of how to provide for the absolute needs of our city government, we have not kept in touch with the public school systems of other cities. We have been content to provide as well as we could for the old method, and have allowed other cities to move on far beyond us in their march for a more practical education. They teach their girls to do useful things. They teach their boys the use of the saw and hammer, the chisel and plane, the square and compass, the plumb line and level, and thus they teach the application of mathematics to the useful arts. The girl can do something, and the boy can make use of his own hands in a way to aid him in any position in life, whether in learning a trade, following a profession, or pursuing any calling or business after leaving school."

The President appointed Directors Pfingster, Moran, and Kelly a committee to prepare a plan which will meet the Mayor's views.

Love at Second Sight.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"So Tuffer is really engaged to Miss Bond?"

"Yes; sudden, wasn't it?"

"I should say so. Love at first sight, I presume."

"No; not till second sight. You see the first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."

A DRAMATIC CAVALRY CHARGE.

How the Guest of Cooke's Brigade at Gaines's Mill Saved the Federal Guns.

(Copyright, 1891.)

Dramatic cavalry charges, so far as our civil war was concerned, began at the very outset, and the first regiment to cross sabres with the Southern horsemen on Virginia soil was probably the last one Mr. Jefferson Davis imagined would be prominent against him, the Fifth Regulars. He had selected its officers when it was organized in 1855, most of them pets of his own from the sunny South, and famous troopers they were. With few exceptions, the Southern born of their number had resigned and gone with their States, but Virginian though he was, nothing could daunt the loyalty of George H. Thomas, who had risen from Major to Colonel commanding when Sidney Johnston and Robert E. Lee stepped down and out. It was Thomas who remounted and prepared the regiment for the field on its arrival from Texas, and half its force was thrown at once into Washington, guarding the White House and Treasury building until near the end of May, '61, when the dash was made over Long Bridge. On the morning of June 1, B troop, led by Lieutenant Charles H. Tompkins, now Assistant Quartermaster General of the army, charged three times through the town of Fairfax Court House, killing and wounding twenty-five of their antagonists and losing only five men and thirteen horses shot. It was a brilliant dash, the first cavalry exploit of the war, but was speedily forgotten in the whirl of events that followed. Bull Run was fought July 21, and the few cavalrymen on the field had little to do beyond supporting batteries and covering the retreat. Then came the long months of organization and drill under McClellan; the advance on Manassas in March, '62, only to find it abandoned; then the transfer to the Peninsula; the halt of a hundred thousand men in front of Magruder with little more than a division; the tedious siege of Yorktown; the pursuit to Williamsburg; the advance to the Chickahominy and the straddling thereof, and then the four squadrons of the Fifth Cavalry not employed on orderly or escort duty had some genuine cavalry work.

A born trooper was the veteran Brigadier who commanded the little force of Union Horse, Philip St. George Cooke, but among the powers that were in the Army of the Potomac in June, '62, he was neither appreciated nor treated as he deserved. When toward the end of June McClellan had determined to change base from the Pamunkey to the James, and Gen. Fitz John Porter's corps was still to the north of the Chickahominy, down came that wonderful flanker and marcher, Stonewall Jackson, from the Shenandoah, and, acting in conjunction with A. P. Hill and Longstreet, swooped upon Porter's less than 30,000 with not less than 60,000 fighting men. And the desperate battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill were the result. Jackson was not in the first named, but remained emphatically he was in the second—for all he was worth. And so were what were left of Hill and Longstreet's people after their savage handling at Beaver Dam Creek the previous day.

Like every other battle about Richmond in the campaign of '62, Gaines's Mill began after 12 o'clock. In those days the mill itself was a fine five-story structure hardly two miles north of the Chickahominy, its millrace emptying into Powhite Creek, a little stream which ran due south into the Chickahominy. All around east and southeast of the mill the woods were thick and heavy. Old Cold Harbor lay a mile and a half to the east; New Cold Harbor half a mile to the southeast, and, sweeping around in almost a complete semicircle, a little stream rose half a mile south of Old Cold Harbor, flowed westward through the woods, then began circling to the south, and eventually dropped into the Chickahominy in the densely wooded bottom east of where Duane and Woodbury, of the engineers, had built their bridges. All on the north and west of this little branch was forest; all to the east and south beautifully undulating and cleared land—the farms of McGee, Watt, and Adams. And all this open plateau terminated in bluffs overlooking the little stream, and here on this curving, commanding ridge Porter had made his stand. With the regulars of Sykes's division on his extreme right and facing north, the line swept around upon the crest, the brigades of Buchanan, Warren, Griffin, Martindale, and Butterfield in order covering the ground from east to southwest, the frowning, black-muzzled batteries peeping through every gap. Further in rear, on the low hills overlooking the valley of the Chickahominy, were the supports under McCall and a mass of batteries held in reserve. It was a strong position, chosen and manned with consummate skill, but with force far too small to hold against such fighters as Jackson, Hill, and Longstreet.

It was Hill who began the attack about 2 P. M., and got a most unmerciful pounding for two mortal hours. Then Longstreet assaulted the extreme left, and the batteries delayed him with case shot and canister. Then Jackson, who seems to have counted on Hill's easily driving the Union force into his welcoming line, found, in the language of Major Dabney, chief of staff, that "Porter didn't drive worth a cent." Ewell was well nigh worn out fighting Buchanan's regulars, and had to be heavily reënforced. D. H. Hill's five Confederate brigades lapped completely around the Union right, and were crawling steadily up on the beautiful batteries of Wood, Tidball, and Kingsbury, all regulars. The six brigades strung out in Jackson's rear that he never thought to have to use at all were sent plunging into the fight wherever they found the encircling line thinned by that terrible fire from the crest. Slocum's division in the Union blue came cheering over the Chickahominy in time to fill the growing gaps in Porter's sturdy ranks, and so the battle wore on until nearly 7. Then came the last grand assault along the whole front, and the one chance for the cavalry.

Obedient to his orders, little as he liked them, Gen. Cooke had held his puny brigade of troopers to the left rear of the fighting gunners along the crests. Porter had moved up by this time battery after battery to the edge of the plateau until the left of his line was fairly black with cannon. The roar and crash of battle was terrific as the sun dropped below the forest to the west, and all that surging front was shrouded in a dense cloud of sulphur smoke. The triumphant yells of the Southern host, rising shrill above the thunder, told of their burst through the hard-pressed line. The flood of wounded, hobbling painfully to the rear, became thickened with stragglers, and soon all the left wing seemed reeling back toward the sheltering slopes of the Chickahominy. Still those guns loomed black and threatening along the westward crest. Dim, shadowy, spectral forms leaping in and out with whirling rammer and sponge staff, and toppling earthward every instant, borne down by the storm of lead from the smoking forest beyond. Fiercer ring the battle cries, louder crash the volleys. Nearer, nearer every instant come those unseen hosts in gray, and now the cavalry commander can stand it no longer. Cardigan, with his Light Brigade at Balaklava, had 670 men. Cooke has but one of his brigades, a mere handful of regulars led by Col. Blake, the Fifth Cavalry on the extreme right, their comrades of the Sixth Pennsylvania—"the Seventh Regulars," as we used to call them—a few yards to their left. Then the beautiful troops. Only five companies of the Fifth are on the field. Trembling for the fate of those precious guns, now battling all unsupported to their right front, these 220 horsemen of the Fifth are quivering with eagerness for the word that lets them go. A fresh brigade, Texans, is bursting through the woods on Longstreet's extreme right, and with exultant yells forging up the slope toward those riddled batteries. To cease firing for an instant and limber up is simply to invite a rush among them and the inevitable loss of every gun. In vain the commanders look for support. Not three hundred yards away now the red battle flags are waving through the smoke; grimy faces peering along the stained rifle barrels. "Forward! forward!" are the shouted orders, and despite rounds of canister on they come. Three minutes more of such determined assault and the Union guns are gone—those priceless reserve batteries.

Now comes the supreme moment! Something must be done to check the onset and give the gunners cover under which to haul their cannon to the rear. Cooke has galloped forward and said a few quick words to the commander of the Fifth Cavalry, which in column of squadrons is now facing westward on the southern slope. It is Capt. Whiting who receives the order. He is a veteran soldier who has led many a wild charge against Comanche and Kiowa on the Texan frontier, protecting the people of the very State whose men are now surging across the low valley in their front. The eye of every man in the little battalion is on him as he reins about and casts one quick glance along his line. There in front of their men sit half a dozen gallant comrades of the old Western days, Capts. McArthur and Chambliss, Lieuts. Arnold, Sweet, and Watkins. Like their leader, McArthur, Arnold, and Sweet, are West Pointers. Chambliss and Watkins won their spurs from civil life. Maley was a gallant Sergeant in the Fifth from the days of its organization, was Quartermaster of the splendid Sixth Pennsylvania, but had been commissioned in his old regiment, and now rides this day with the regiment as Adjutant. No better troop and squadron leaders ever took their men into action. And now the time has come.

"Draw sabre," is the quiet order, followed by "forward!" then the trumpet sounds "trot." And with Whiting and Maley in the lead, with McArthur, Chambliss, Arnold, Sweet, and Harrison in the squadron, out they go over the springy turf of the sloping hillside; on they trot across the low ground under the plateau. Splash goes the foremost line through the miry bottom of the little stream, its right scraping the smoking guns. Look well upon those leaders now, for only one rides back scathless when the charge is done.

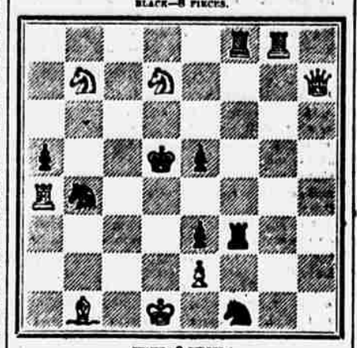
And now they are past the shoulder of the bluff; and now before them lies that smoke-shrouded, fire-flashing valley, the yelling swarms of Texans just breaking into the run, the red battle flags waving in the lead. A half wheel to the right brings them squarely headed for the foe. "Gallop!" sounds the trumpet, and almost before the eager steeds can obey the ringing call, "Charge!" is the prolonged call from Whiting's bearded lips. And with one glorious burst of cheers, the deep-voiced hurrah of the Union, with thunder of hoof and clash of steel down they go upon the astonished hordes in gray. Through the first line they whirl like madmen, checking its triumphant advance, downing scores of officers and men. Then on they crash into the second, though many a saddle is empty, though many a riderless horse is tearing madly about the field. And at last, torn and bleeding, the remnant reins up at the skirt of the woods, their duty done. Then comes the backward ride for home, sabring their way; every man for himself now. They have to hew a path through the swarming foe, and ten minutes later breathless they are rallied by McArthur under the slopes from which they came in rear of the sheltering lines of their comrades of the First—one-fourth their number gone. Whiting dragged from under his dead horse by the Fourth Texas. Chambliss riddled like a sieve with musket balls, yet falling alive into the hands of his old friend and comrade Hood. Brave young Sweet shot dead. Arnold, Watkins, and Maley severely wounded. Fifty of their gallant followers killed, maimed, or prisoners. But they have halted Hood's Texans in full career when another moment would have borne their battle flags in the very middle of our guns. They had charged and bled and died to glorious purpose, for the guns on the left—most of them, at least—are saved.

CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

NOW FOR A MATE IN THREE MOVES.

Problem No. 8 by H. W. Butler of Brighton.

BLACK—8 PIECES.



WHITE—8 PIECES.

White to move and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 2.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1 B—K 5	P x B	1	B x Q B P
2 B—K B 7 mate		2 Q—Q 4 mate	
1	P moves	1	R—Q 6
2 R—K 8 mate		2 R—K B 4 mate	
1	K B x B or	1	R x Q P
	P or moves	2 Kt x R mate	
2 B x R mate		1	Kt moves
1 Kt—Kt 3	R x B	2 Kt—Kt 3 mate	
2 Q—R 4 mate		1	Q B—B 7
1	R—Q 5	2 Q—K sq mate	
2 Q x R mate		1	Q B—Q 6
		2 R—K B 4 mate	

Solved by R. C. W., E. F. Sherwood, "Junior," Rudolph Albert, and E. N. Hurlbut, New York; Thomas W. Beakbane, National Armory, Springfield; John Hargrave, Boston, and Charles Smith, U. S. M. A. Band, West Point.

SELECTION OF CLASSICAL GAMES.

FIRST GAME.

In presenting the following game to the chess players of THE SUN few remarks are necessary, inasmuch as this gem of Blackburne against Dr. Ballard, one of the strongest, if not the strongest living amateur in London, speaks for itself. How it is possible to conduct such a game blindfold and simultaneously with eight other games is a marvel in itself. They say that Blackburne can play more beautifully blindfolded than when looking at the board. It is difficult to believe that this assertion is true, but the appended game points strongly toward the correctness of the statement, for a finer game Blackburne never produced over the board:

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

BLACKBURNE. White.	DR. BALLARD. Black.	BLACKBURNE. White.	DR. BALLARD. Black.
1 P—K 4	P—K 4	9 P—K R 3	Kt—Kt sq
2 Kt—K B 3	Kt—Q B 3	10 P—K B 4	P—Q 6 dis ch
3 P—Q 4	P x P	11 K—R 2	Kt—K B 3
4 B—Q B 4	B—B 4	12 Q—Q sq	Q Kt—Kt 5 ch (c)
5 Kt—Kt 5	Kt—R 3	13 P x Kt	Kt x P ch
6 Q—R 5 (a)	Q—K 2	14 K—Kt 3	P—K R 4
7 Castles	Kt—K 4 (b)	15 P—B 5 (d)	B—K 3
8 B—Kt 3	P—Q 3	16 B x P ch	K—B sq

BLACK (DR. BALLARD)—14 PIECES.

WHITE (BLACKBURNE)—13 PIECES.

17 Q x Kt	P x Q	27 Kt—K 7 ch	K—R sq
18 B x B	Q—K 4 ch (e)	28 R—R sq	Q—Q 8 ch (f)
19 B—B 4	Q x Kt P	29 Q R x Q	P x R (Q) ch
20 Kt—Q 2	P x P	30 R x Q	R x R ch
21 Kt—B 4	Q—B 6 ch	31 K—Kt 3	R—R 8
22 Kt—K 3	R—Q 2	32 R—Q 2	R—R 4
23 K x P	B—R 5	33 R—R 3	R—K Kt sq
24 Kt—Q 5	Q—Q 6	34 P—B 6	R x R
25 R—Kt 6 (f)	R—R 3	35 Kt x B ch	K—R 2
26 Kt—K 6 ch	K—Kt sq	36 P—B 7 (h) and wins	

NOTES.

(a) An old-fashioned attack, the invention of the late Count Vitzthum.

(b) P—Q 3 at once is preferable.

(c) A pretty combination, but unsuccessful against a player of Blackburne's calibre.

(d) A masterstroke, which at once breaks up the attack. White obtains three minor pieces, more than a full equivalent for the queen.

(e) Instead of going fishing for pawns he ought to have developed his forces.

(f) Threatening mate in two moves.

(g) The only way to avert a rapid dissolution.

(h) The complicated manœuvring of white's minor pieces after the sacrifice of the queen is executed in Blackburne's happiest style.

A Game Between Tarrasch and Taubenhaus.

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

White. TARRASCH.	Black. TAUBENHAUS.	White. TARRASCH.	Black. TAUBENHAUS.
1 P—K 4	P—K 4	11 Castles (KR)	Kt—R 4
2 K Kt—B 3	Q Kt—B 3	12 P—K Kt 3	B—Kt 5
3 B—B 4	Kt—B 3	13 P—K R 3	B x R P †
4 P—Q 3	B—B 4	14 Kt—Kt 5	B x R (a)
5 P—B 3	P—Q 3	15 Q x Kt	P—K R 3
6 P—K R 3	P—K R 3	16 Kt x B	P x Kt
7 Q Kt—Q 2	B—K 3	17 B x P	Kt—K 2
8 B—Kt 5	Castles	18 Kt—K 5	P x P
9 Q—K 2	Kt—K 2	19 Kt—Q 5	P—K B 3
10 P—Q 4	Kt—Kt 3	20 B—Q B 4, and wins.	

A Missionary's Sayings About Indians.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

At the St. James Hotel Saturday evening, a rather spare, but strong-featured gentleman, whose face bore the evidence of strength of character and of the trials to which it had been subjected, wrote John P. Williamson, Greenwood, S. D., across the register. This gentleman was born Oct. 27, 1835, at Lac qui Parle, and was the first white child born in the present State of Minnesota, and has spent his entire life on the Western frontier in missionary work among the Sioux Indians. Mr. Williamson is firm in the belief that the Indians will finally be regenerated through education and religion. Some of his experiences in relation to Indian character and Indian management are worth preserving:

"It is easier to convert an Indian than to civilize him."

"An Indian is frequently very religious and very immoral."

"They are naturally a religious people, but do not associate religion with ethics."

"Social inequality between whites and Indians is the great barrier to their civilization."

"However much a white man may sympathize with the Indian, he doesn't want him for a son-in-law."

"The present theory of Indian management is as perfect as can be devised; the practice makes it as bad as can be."

"The advancement of the Christian Indians in civilization is most encouraging."

"The Indian may acquire religion without acquiring civilization, but he never civilizes without Christianity."

The Lake's Bottom Shaken Out.

From the St. Louis Republic.

WAVERLY, Ill., Sept. 28.—Seventeen miles southwest of this city lies a small stream called Panther Creek. On this stream are several large caves. During the earthquake on Saturday night crash after crash was heard to resound from the larger cave, and on investigation it was found that numbers of large fissures in the rocks had appeared. Masses of stone fell from the ceiling and a small subterranean lake covering half an acre has entirely disappeared. In the bottom of the former lake are a large number of fissures. A strong smell of burning sulphur pervades the cave.

FOR RHEUMATISM

Which is caused by an acid in the blood, the best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Abundant testimony shows that where all other treatment fails, the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla effects a complete cure. H. P. Green, of Johnstown, Ohio, writes: "For over fifteen years I suffered untold misery from rheumatism. Physicians' prescriptions, as well as the various specifics, proving of no avail, I at length concluded to give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a persistent trial. I have used in all about eighteen bottles, and am now enjoying perfect health. The expense for this medicine was nothing compared with what I had put out for doctoring that did me no good whatever."

"About three years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to work only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to say that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th street, New York City.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures Others, Will Cure You

QUESTIONS FROM SUN READERS.

"The quickest passage of the Collins line," writes a Jersey City friend, "was made by the Arctic, 9 days 4 hours from Liverpool, not Queenstown, to New York; this passage was made on a daily consumption of eighty tons of coal." We wish he'd given the date of this performance, which, for the amount of coal expended, and for the distance, beats the trips made nowadays. Here is an interesting note from Senex, another Jersey friend: "Concerning the use of the word present in the address of a letter, discussed in this column Aug. 2 and 9, the writer was taught in younger days, and when that form of address was more in vogue than now, that the word was pre-sent—not pres-ent: the verb, not the noun, and was used with the prefix To. Thus:

To
Mr. John Doe,
Present.

Kindly use your influence in bringing about suppression of the uncouth and unmeaning formula of

Mr. Richard Roe,
Addressed."

1. Please tell me where I can obtain Elaine Goodale's poems. 2. What are the best works on field and wild flowers, exclusive of a botany? Where can I buy them? 3. Will you please reprint the legend of the aspen, referring to the way the leaves came to tremble at the time of the crucifixion? 4. Do you know a little poem, a story of the blue gentian, which tells how the fringed was changed to the closed gentian? I do not mean Rose Terry Cook's poem called "The Gentian." 5. What are the best books for persons to study who wish to prepare themselves for writing for periodical literature or for the press? Is there any work which gives a complete list of errors often made by writers in the use of our language? Please give list, prices, and where obtained. 6. Where can I obtain a complete list of periodicals and newspapers published in the United States, with subscription price of each? HYPERION.

1. Try a book store. 2. Thoreau's works, or John Burrough's works (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). W. Hamilton Gibson's books (Harper & Bros.). 3. It is simply this: The aspen leaf trembles because the cross on which Christ was crucified was made of an aspen tree. 4. The only "gentian" poem we know is Bryant's "To the Fringed Gentian." 5. Wolstan Dixey's "Trade of Authorship" ($1.25, Dixey, Brooklyn). Luce's "Writing for the Press" (50 cents, The Writer Company, Boston). Alfred Ayres's "The Verbalist," "The Orthoepist" ($1 each, Appleton's). 6. "The Newspaper Directory," Rowell, New York.

Will you reprint to comfort my soul Mr. E. J. Phelps's poem on "Essex Junction?" I have experienced the same annoyances that he did. F. E. E.

We can't give the whole poem; you'll find it in THE SUN of Monday, March 19, 1888. The first stanza is as follows:

With saddened face and battered hat
And eye that told of blank despair,
On wooden bench a traveller sat
Cursing the fate that brought him there;
Nine hours, he said, we've lingered here,
With thoughts intent on distant homes,
Waiting for that delusive train
That, always coming, never comes,
Till weary and worn, and sad and forlorn,
And paralyzed in every function,
I hope in hell
His soul may dwell
Who first invented Essex Junction.

Let your friend repeat the last three lines several times slowly; he will get all the exhilarating effect of the entire poem, without any of the reaction.

1. If a doctor is attending a case and has reason to believe he will not be paid, can he refuse to continue treatment? 2. Can a doctor refuse to answer a call at night or on Sundays? 3. If a case terminates fatally, can a doctor be sued for not attending through fear of the above reasons? E. S.

1. There is nothing in the law to prevent him doing so. 2. Yes; the old idea that a doctor, because he was a doctor, was bound to answer any call made upon him, to carry through every case that he took, whether he was paid or not, has gone out a good deal. The Medical Code requires a physician not to desert a dangerous case that he once has taken, but it doesn't oblige him to take any case that any one may bring to him. 3. We don't believe so. He can't be sued, any way, except for malpractice—neglect, failure to diagnose the disease, failure to treat it as a competent physician would treat it.

On what day of the week did Sept. 1, 1876, fall? What is the rule for finding the day of the week of any given date? T. O'C.

Sept. 1, 1876, came on Friday. The rule is this: Divide the year number by four, discarding any remainder; to the dividend and quotient add the number of the day in the year, and divide the sum by 7. If there is no remainder, the date came on a Saturday. If there is a remainder, it represents the day of the week numerically. In leap years, from Jan. 1 to Feb. 29, supply an extra day; after Feb. 29 take no account of the extra day. Now for an example: Dividing 1876 by 4 gives 469; 1876 plus 469 plus 244 (Sept. 1 is the 244th day of the year) gives 2589; dividing by 7 gives 369, with 6 remainder; therefore the day is Friday.

Are there any works or authors generally