

A GREAT CATSKILL LAKE PLANNED.

Reservoir Covering Twenty Miles to Supply New York With Water For Years.

Projects involving the most stupendous engineering tasks undertaken in modern times to furnish a great city with water...

The scheme most favored by the experts is nothing less than to create a great artificial lake in the heart of the Ulster county Catskills and to bring the water to New York city through a gigantic pipe line more than 100 miles long.

Clear as crystal and fresh from nature's refrigerator, no great city anywhere will have so plentiful a supply of pure, wholesome drinking water as will New York if this plan is carried out.

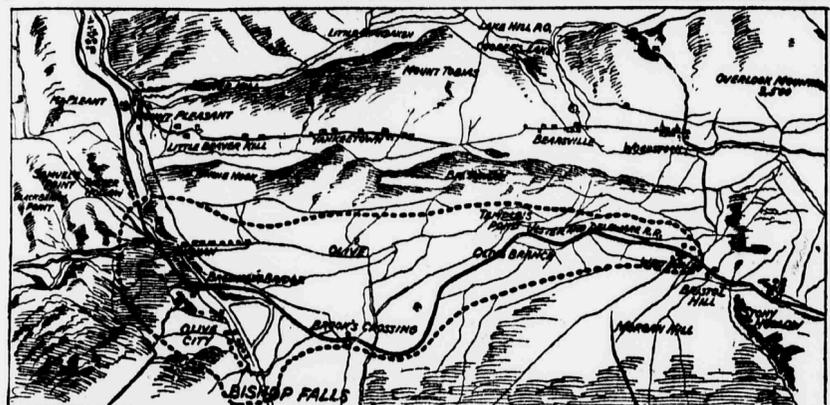
For several months surveyors have been marking out a proposed site for this great reservoir. As planned it will make a huge lake, having a water surface of from fourteen to twenty square miles.

wash the foot of the Blackberry Range and Samuels Point.

Many notable trout brooks lying in the towns of Olive and Hurley would be lost when the water is impounded. No doubt the great reservoir would soon become one vast reserve of game fish.

A large part of the Bushkill, coming out of Watson's Hollow, would become part of the lake. The old Beaverkill, except its most remote headwaters, would be entirely blotted out as a stream.

Some of the more considerable streams which empty into the Esopus are the Little Beaverkill, which has its source in the Yanketown Pond in the town of Woodstock, on top of Mount Tico Ten Eyck; the



MAP OF THE PROPOSED CATSKILL RESERVOIR. THE AREA IT WOULD OCCUPY SHOWN BY THE DOTTED LINE.

crack runs and just northeast of the village called Olive City.

The dam would be erected across the gorge through which the Esopus runs. As nearly as can be ascertained it would be fully seventy feet in height from the bottom of the gorge to the apron of the dam.

To complete the reservoir another dam would be built at short distance to the northward across the old Beaverkill stream, which rises on Touche Mountain, near West Hurley and flows into the Esopus a few miles below Bishop's Falls.

The plan provides for several other smaller dams or escarpments around the east and north borders of the lake to prevent the water from escaping through the watercourses not leading to the reservoir.

Several of these would be at West Hurley, six miles west of Kingston, and others near Samonville where there might be an escape into the headwaters of the Rochester Creek and Pelars Kill, which empty into the Rondout Creek at Port Jackson and Accord, respectively.

The lake to be formed by the building of these dams, but principally by the main dam at Bishop's Falls on the Esopus, would cover the country from West Hurley to within three miles of Samonville, Ulster county, and would be from about a quarter of a mile wide near West Hurley to nearly or quite five miles wide from Bishop's Falls to Boiceville.

About Shokan, Boiceville and as far down as Bishop's Falls the ground is a clean sand and gravel formation, broken by occasional ledges of blue sandstone formed in which there is a great deal of ferric oxide.

The water would be deepest at West Shokan, where there is a wide extent of flat country. It is estimated that it would cover the roofs of the highest buildings there.

Part of the country near Olive Village also stands on well elevated ground and may escape, but it would no doubt be an island in the lake.

From West Hurley to Shokan the lake would lie between the Touche and Tico Teneyck mountains with their wooded and cultivated slopes on the west and the Hurley Mountains on the east.

On the north the low foothills of the Woodstock Catskills would bound it, while on the south the waters would have the foot of High Point, 3,000 feet in height.

On the extreme west beautiful coves or arms of this body of water would penetrate Traver and Watson's hollows and

Big Beaverkill, sometimes called the Mink Hollow stream, which flows through the doorway of Dan Sully's (the Irish comedian) summer home, the Stony Clove Creek and its branches, Forest Valley Creek, Birch Creek, the Bushnellville Cove stream and the Warner Kill. Most of these streams alone would furnish water enough for a city of half a million inhabitants and have some to spare.

It is calculated that this great reservoir could furnish to New York city 800,000,000 gallons of water a day and yet not lower the water sufficient to stop the overflow of the waste gates. But to provide against a possible emergency when even this great supply of water might prove insufficient, further ponds or reservoirs are under consideration.

There is also a greater scheme still, to further increase the supply of water in the Esopus Valley. A tunnel thirteen miles long, large enough to carry a battery of four-foot iron pipes, is projected to pierce the Shandak and Westkill ranges of mountains and, by building great dams on the Westkill and Schobarie creeks, to turn their waters through the tunnel under the mountains and empty their volume into the Esopus Creek in the eastern watershed of the Catskills.

Should the city decide to go on with this stupendous engineering project the question of damages and recompense will be a tributory and serious one.

At Glen Erie, five miles south of Saugerties, stand the great Battelle White Lead Works, idle for more than a dozen years. Here is another fine water fall, fully fifty feet. Although this magnificent water power does not at present turn a wheel, the owners may be expected to demand damages for all their property is worth.

At Boiceville are the great wood pulp mills of the American Wood Pulp Company. The reservoir wipes them out entirely. There are a dozen other milling interests which also must be reckoned with.

The Ulster and Delaware Railroad Company, a wealthy and powerful corporation, will have to be placated. Their railroad will be practically wiped out from West Hurley to Mount Pleasant. Its line will have to be changed so as to run from the present stopping place at Bristol Hill to Woodstock and thence to Boiceville and Yanketown Pond in the valley of the Big Beaverkill to Mount Pleasant.

Some of its best paying stations would be wiped out, but it would bring the beautiful Woodstock Valley within railway communication and

will be amply compensated for the changes.

Many roads would be wiped out and whole neighborhoods would be cut off. But the building of the great reservoir from which New York city intends to draw its drinking water means much for Ulster county. It means that perhaps the most unattractive part of the county, the great West Hurley and Beaverkill swamps, would be blotted out and that the country would be beautified with a noble sheet of water, which would be to all appearance a lake.

Many miles of new highways would be built and new neighborhoods opened to settlement. Kingston would receive such a boom as it has never had and already the inhabitants are beginning to see the prospective extension of their electric railways into the country and to feel the stimulus to business which the prospect of spending so much money in the county gives.

If this great engineering project is undertaken it also means for Kingston a revival of the cement and lime industry, which has been languishing for years. Millions of barrels of cement and lime manufactured in Kingston and vicinity would be used. It means new manufacturing institutions in Kingston, for the greater part of the millions of dollars paid for wages and material would be spent in Ulster county, mostly in Kingston.

Ulster county is particularly happy in possessing everything in the way of material necessary to undertake such a huge engineering work. The best lime and cement in the world are in and about Kingston. Quarries from which can be taken great blocks of limestone and sandstone are almost on the ground where the projected reservoir is to be located.

Kingston has foundries where the heaviest iron work needed can be bought, and the county, being a quarrying section, has armies of stonemasons and laborers ready for work.

No survey has yet been made as to how the pipe line from the great reservoir is to be laid to the river and from the river to

New York. This, however, no doubt will be made in due time. The engineers are still busy at Shokan, and more definite details will be learned when they report again in November.

NEW ASPECTS OF MONT PELEE.

Remarkable Changes in the Appearance of the Famous Volcano. Geologists and geological commissioners sent by the governments of France and Germany have given much study to Mont Pelee and La Soufriere since the eruptions began in May, 1902.

These scientific men have recently been writing of the changes that have taken place in these volcanoes since the first eruption. E. O. Hovey of the geological department at the American Museum of Natural History, who has recently returned from his second visit to the volcanoes, says in the American Journal of Science that the most striking change is at other volcanoes, since the first great eruption is the complete alteration of the skyline of Mont Pelee.

A part of the old crater of Mont Pelee has been filled up. This crater at the top of the mountain was a half mile in diameter and from 1,000 to 2,000 feet deep. At its bottom lay the small lake, L'Etang Sec.

After the three great eruptions of May, 1902, it was observed that a cone of volcanic debris had been forming in the crater near this lake. When the cone was first observed it was not more than 200 or 300 feet high.

In July last year a protuberance resembling a shark's fin was observed above the southwestern part of the new cone. This spine or tooth, as well as the cone from which it rises, has grown wonderfully. The spine has varied much in size and form from time to time. Occasionally it loses several, or even many, feet of its top, but the loss is always recovered within a short time.

Mr. Hovey took a photograph of the projection on March 25 last. The cone on which it stands rises considerably above the rim of the crater and is not less 1,450 feet above the crater floor. The spine is projected above the summit of the cone and its apex, and at the time the photograph was taken, was 1,174 feet above the crater rim.

The cone with the spine is not central within the old crater. The cone has been built up to the northwest of the crater center and the spine rises from the northeastern segment of the cone. The result is that the northwestern part of the crater has been completely filled up so that the slope of the new cone to the west and north is nearly continuous with the exterior of the old crater rim.

The cone has been built up of fragments of ejecta, including lava. On the other hand the spine or tooth consists of rock, which seems to have been pushed up bodily into its present position and to be kept there probably by friction against the sides of the neck and by the expansive forces underneath.

The spine is fissured in every direction and parts of it are continually falling. The fact that it is so fissured tends to show that the rock is highly porous in texture. There is as yet no central opening in the top of the new cone to correspond with the general idea of a crater.

It is believed there was a true crater at its top when the cone was first formed. But the growth of the spine destroyed it. This was the gorge extending seaward through which swept the explosive volcanic blasts that destroyed St. Pierre.

DEVONSHIRE THE UNREADY.

A LANGUID STATESMAN'S PART IN THE BRITISH CRISIS.

Chamberlain's Chief Opponent in the New Tariff Issue Strangely Unlike Him - A Man Who Does and Does, and Still is Mighty in British Politics.

In the year 1857 a tall, heavy, rugged young man, having plodded his weary way through Cambridge University, lounged into the House of Commons, took a seat on the Liberal side and yawned. He remained in that assemblage, bored but unremittent for the next thirty-four years, playing a great part in spite of himself, and then through the accidental circumstance of a very old gentleman's death lounged over into the House of Lords, where, as Duke of Devonshire, he has continued to be a leading actor in the British national drama.

Within the last week Joseph Chamberlain having precipitated upon the country a great political issue, this same statesman has loomed up out of the fog, tardy and protesting against the disturbance of his personal comfort, and announced that his mental processes have at last informed him that he can no longer consistently hold a place in the Ministry, he being a free trader and the Premier having committed himself to Mr. Chamberlain's protectionist programme.

So he drifts again on the current of circumstance to the chief place of another opposition and finds himself confronted with the man, who, more than twenty years ago, styled him with nimble sarcasm, "the late leader" - Devonshire the Unready against Chamberlain the Alert. What a contrast!

When the present Duke, then Marquis of Hartington, heir to a great name and one of the most powerful of all the Whig noble houses, came to Parliament he sat silent for nearly three years and then was chosen by reason of his station to move a vote of want of confidence in the Derby Ministry.

After that maiden effort he lapsed into a quiescence that lasted for several years before he began to emerge from his obscurity as one of the really important men of the Liberal party.

Mr. Gladstone announced in 1875 that he must have a rest and the Liberal opposition cast about for a new chieftain they sorted out the material and, finding this one too old and that one too radical and another too unconciliationary, discovered the noble Marquis at the bottom of the heap and pronounced him safe - not brilliant, not eager, not commanding, but safe.

So he roused himself, put on the yoke, occasionally even tapped himself with the gad and jogged along. Sometimes Mr. Gladstone used to come into the House and find a rest and afterward said that he found the old leader a mighty rebellious follower.

Anyhow, when the Beaconsfield Ministry was overthrown in 1880 and the Queen thought she saw in Hartington's nominal leadership a pretext for not calling upon Mr. Gladstone to form the new Cabinet, the Marquis soon undeceived her and she was obliged to recognize the claims of the real chief.

But she gave in with bad grace. When Mr. Gladstone went over the lake of Wight, in response to her summons, the royal carriage was not waiting at the railroad station and he walked in a driving rig to Osborne House.

Hartington slipped back into second place until the Liberal-Unionist split over the Home Rule question bore him to the front, a leader again in name, but hardly in fact. This time it was Joe Chamberlain who cast the shadow on his supremacy.

He stayed out of one Salisbury Cabinet, then joined the next in the dignified but unlaborious post of Lord President of the Council.

And though it all, despite his personal limitations, despite his administrative incapacity, despite his disinclination to speech and his shrinking from the detail of public business, he was a great force, a man to be reckoned with. Where he lacked energy he was the symbol of power, and there were gravity and honesty and patience in his character that comported with the loftiness of his birthright and gave it solidity, and even momentum.

Any person who studies the history of British politics for the last twenty-five years will find himself almost unwittingly making comparisons between Chamberlain and Devonshire at every stage of the game. Their careers have run side by side in a contrast that extends even to their personal habits and appearances - the one always keyed up, the other inert.

As long as the Marquis of Hartington was just a plain M. P. it was his practice to slide down into his seat wearing his hat tilted forward to shade his face, one hand in his trousers pocket, the other supporting his head, and the forefinger of that hand was as rare as the night of the blue moon.

By and by, when he moved up to the Treasury bench as a Minister, he discovered one advantage in holding office - it gave him a table to put his feet on while he slept.

His dress was that of a country squire, loose, almost shapeless, careless in the extreme. His thick light brown hair ran down into a hay-colored beard, which, as time wore on, began to show threads and streaks.

When he spoke he planted his left fist firmly on the table, dragged a copious set of notes from an inside pocket, doubled up a handkerchief in his right hand and ground out what he had to say.

He was glad when the ordeal was over, and the House was very glad, though it was always ready to admit that the matter was better than the manner. He spoke so.

He was invariably late - late at the House, late at the Cabinet meeting, late at the traveling station if he was making one of a traveling party, late at all times and places where Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, was punctual.

Lord Hartington was the victim of more than one misfortune which a person of reader wit and keener perception would have dodged.

an evident and painful task. Besides, he stuttered a little.

He went to Darwin in 1868 to open a public exhibition, and while he was speaking the impediment in his talking apparatus got the upper hand of him every now and then and he had to pause and struggle with it.

A woman in the audience kept suggesting the obvious word at each sudden halt, and he kept ignoring the suggestion. As soon as he was able to crooked with his remarks he cast about for some other word, spoke it and went on to the next stopping place.

He got over the stuttering habit eventually, and also over the need of writing out in advance what he had to say. He even schooled himself into a pretty fair debater, and once or twice a year, when the Irish were more expatriating than usual, his peaceful eye would flash scorn and anger at them and his voice would roar defiance across the hall.

But it took a lot of prodding to rouse the sleeping lion.

He made a cracking good speech one day in a mill at Keighley, Yorkshire. Men of the platform noted that when he arrived, late as usual, at the meeting his face was flushed and his eye kindled.

That was because his carriage had just been demolished, and he had had a close call for his life. It shook him up.

The Duke is one of the great landlords of England. He collects the rents of about 200,000 acres and has forty-two, church livings at his disposal.

And he sits in the board meetings of many railroads and other corporations with the same resignation that he displays in the House of Lords. Being a Duke, by the way, hasn't changed him externally a bit. He wears the same slovenly clothes, in the same shambling way and snoozes along just as he did in the Commons.

There's a celebrated romance about him, the one that illuminates a sombre career. When he and the Duke of Manchester, the present Duke's grandfather, were young they loved Louisa, daughter of the Count d'Alten of Hanover, and she loved one of them. But Hartington was a laggard in that business, as he has been in everything else, and so the lady became Duchess of Manchester in 1852, and Duchess she remained for forty years.

But, though she married the other man, her devotion to Hartington and his devotion to her were famous. She counseled him in all the important affairs of his public life, spurred him on, maybe, and was his nearest friend. Nobody thought of inviting one without the other.

At last Manchester died, Hartington himself shortly afterward succeeded to a dukedom, and in 1892 the widow, still one of the beautiful women of England, became a bride and a Duchess again.

NOW HE'S A JUNK DEALER.

Ups and Downs in Many Lands of an East Side Pushcart Man.

Down on the lower East Side, you may come across him any day, trundling his pushcart along and sounding the slogan of his trade: "Baga! Botta! Botta!" an Indian who was fined \$10 and sentenced to work six days on the road. He asked that his fine be made \$100 without labor.

One of the last cases of the day was that of Hope Irons, a woman arraigned for drunkenness. She pleaded guilty, but charged Thick Tail with having given her the whiskey.

Thick Tail had been a spectator up to this point, but now he pricked up his ears. The crowd laughed, for it knew what was coming. Thick Tail was called before the court. He had no chance to escape. He collapsed when Chief Justice Little Soldier said:

"Gryba [ten] numba [two] kids [and] socka [five] habahana [to pay] kilda [and] umbra [day] gryba [ten] walita [work], which meant in plain English a fine of \$25 and ten days at hard labor.

He emigrated with his family to Bulgaria, and thence to Constantinople. He joined the next in the dignified but unlaborious post of Lord President of the Council.

Absolutely ruined, Luttig saw in the Jewish colonies in Palestine his only chance to scrape a living for himself and his family. After working at various callings in Palestine, he next tried his luck in Egypt. Then France came due on an insurance policy and he went to Marseilles. After looking that French seaport over, he went to the meeting of Zionists that was being held in the city of Cologne.

He tried his hand at a number of trades, but, failing in all, he finally drifted into the junk business.

For three years he gathered the rags and bottles of this Gorman city, his family remaining in Palestine, where his two boys, Paul and Daniel, were studying in the Jaffa branch of the Alliance Israelite Universelle, a series of schools maintained by wealthy French Jews with the idea of educating and unifying their Eastern brethren.

At the end of the three years Luttig's family joined him in Cologne, but the rejoicings over their family reunion were short-lived, for the authorities had just passed a law that no alien could take out a license of any kind.

So Luttig, and his family obliged to take to the road. He went to Düsseldorf, where he found a similar bar against aliens, and then to Frankfurt, where he was again met by the same obstacle.

He was disgusted with the Old World, he decided to strike out for America. Travelling by way of Hamburg, London and Liverpool, he and his family arrived in Canada, intending to go into farming. But when he reached Quebec he changed his mind and came to New York.

He moved into an East Side basement and firing a pushcart, again started in his old business of gathering rags and bottles. This ex-landholder, ex-merchant and world trotter now trundles a lined pushcart and carries the odds and ends of his dwelling in tenements. He makes about 30 cents on every 100 pounds he gathers. Sometimes he gathers a couple of hundred pounds in a day, and again it may take him a week.

But his son, Paul, who, by his many shifts of abode has been turned into a plain polyglot, speaking and writing English, French and German, Hebrew, Roumanian, Arabic and Turkish, secured work when he reached New York as an interpreter in an East Side ticket office at \$4 a week, and now he has been raised to \$7 a week. And it is in him that the hopes of his father now centre.

INDIAN JUSTICE.

A Court Conducted by Full Bloods, Who Convict Seven Times Out of Ten.

WHITE EAGLE, Okla., Oct. 3. - One of the few full blood Indian courts remaining may be found grinding away here on the reservation every Saturday, hearing misdemeanor cases and punishing members of the Ponca and Otoe tribes unlucky enough to be convicted. The court convicts in about seven out of every ten cases.

The members of the court are full bloods and never speak English on the bench. They have a high idea of their importance, and their rule with convicted prisoners is to "sock it to 'em." They receive a salary of \$10 a month each.

The three justices are Chief Little Soldier, Rough Face and Big Goose. The prosecuting attorney is the Indian agent, Major Noble.

Court was called to order last Saturday by Major Noble as prosecutor. Little Soldier, Rough Face and Big Goose sat on the bench, never asking a question and gazing with sternness upon the luckless offenders.

The court was not without human attributes, though. Little Soldier seemed especially proud of a big Mexican hat glittering with tinsel, which he hung occasionally on his knee. Big Goose, under the strain imposed by the importance of his office, chafed. He wanted to smoke, but lacked courage at first to defy the proprieties.

Finally he sifted some tobacco from his sack, rolled a cigarette and compromised by placing it unlighted between his lips. Temptation led him on, and after the session was well under way he struck a match and lit the smoke can in the direction of his lips. "Vashti Four Eyes, come forward!" called Major Noble.

Three hundred pounds avoirdupois, in a basket, moccasins and a red wrapper, came to the dock. She nervously seated herself upon a chair five sizes too small and was sworn to tell the truth.

Vashti was charged with being drunk. "Vashti been fevung," she charged Fire Shaker with buying whiskey.

"Did you drink part of it?" "Yes, that's the reason I got drunk."

"Guilty," said the agent. The court of three nodded approval as one.

Then came Mrs. Fire Shaker. She pleaded guilty. Fire Shaker was called next. He came forward with a troubled countenance. He offered no defense.

The Chief Justice, Little Soldier, was equal to the occasion. He began a harangue in Ponca that increased in vehemence as he talked. He said things to Vashti and Mrs. Fire Shaker that should have made them weep. He declared that their conduct was a disgrace to the nation.

Just as he was warming up to his heat, he put one hand on the end of Big Goose's cigarette and suddenly felt the string burn. He jerked his hand away, glared at Big Goose and then sat down. It was almost an hour, and not before Major Noble had convicted half a dozen culprits, that the members of the court regained their full dignity.

Each of the two women was fined \$25 and forbidden to leave the reservation for six months. Fire Shaker was fined \$20 and sentenced to ten days' labor on the roads.

This last was a blow that made Fire Shaker groggy. The Indian's dislike for manual labor may be judged by the fact that he swears through the abandoned houses, plundering right and left, and after removing their booty to the neighboring fields, began the work of leveling the town.

They knocked down the buildings with axes and timbers, an arduous task that occupied a day. Then they set fire to the ruins in a dozen places and took their departure.

It was ten days later before the flames died out. There was nothing left but ashes and blackened stones and ruins to mark the place where Diamond had stood.

Last year only a few of the inhabitants had returned to begin the difficult work of rebuilding their town. Some of them had fled further south to begin life again among settlements that had escaped destruction and others had gone to Paraguay and Bolivia.

Capt. Jermann believes it will be many years before this region will recover from the utter ruin which overwhelmed it. In time, however, he thinks that various industries will be established, for there are good prospects for gold and diamond workings, rubber trees flourish in the neighboring forests, and the agricultural lands are very fertile.

It is a curious fact that nearly two years elapsed before any detailed information reached the outer world of the utter destruction of the little town that had once been famous. It shows how utterly isolated this part of Brazil from the rest of the world is that are compelling all the Northern white races to send thousands of representatives to the newer parts of the world.

A RAILROAD MAN 54 YEARS.

Station Agent Henry W. Deacon of Bordentown, N. J., who retired on Oct. 1 from his post as station agent, had served the Pennsylvania Railroad Company since its inception.

Henry W. Deacon of Bordentown, N. J., who retired on Oct. 1 from his post as station agent, had served the Pennsylvania Railroad Company since its inception. He had been in the service of the Camden and Amboy for fifty-four years and six months. He was the first ticket agent, the first telegraph operator and the first trainmaster in the service of the railroad.

His long service entitles him to receive under the Pennsylvania Railroad pension system an income amounting to 65 per cent of his salary at the time of retirement. He also gets an unlimited pass.

It was in March, 1849, that Deacon entered the employ of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company. The road at that time extended from Camden to South Amboy and the train service consisted of three through passenger trains and two way trains daily in each direction.

Bordentown was then one of the most important stations on the road, and Deacon's duties were many and varied. He sold tickets to passengers, collected the tickets on the trains, and attended to the baggage and express matter. He was yard master, freight and passenger agent, and train dispatcher.

When the Civil War broke out he was appointed train runner in charge of the hundreds of troops over the line of the railroad. Immediately after the battle of Bull Run, when it was feared that the Confederates would take possession of Washington, he remained at his post day and night in the effort to do his utmost to save the national capital. He had the army trains moving so close together that the utmost vigilance was necessary to prevent collisions with the regular passenger trains. The records show that at one time he had more than thirty trains on a single track between Burlington and Camden. The traffic was handled without an accident of any kind.

During the latter years of service of the famous old locomotive John Bull, that drew the first passenger car in New Jersey on Nov. 12, 1831, it was assigned to duty at Bordentown and for further use Deacon took it on his last trip over the road from Bordentown to Trenton.

ON THE EDGE OF CIVILIZATION.

NEWS COMING ONLY NOW OF THE RUIN OF DIAMANTINO.

Once the World Got Its Diamonds From This Town in Brazil - It Was Utterly Wiped Out Two Years Ago - Details of Its Fate Have Just Been Received.

Many of the inner parts of South America are less known to day than any portion of Africa. These regions of widespread forests and swamps, inhabited only by wild Indians, are almost unknown to the outside world; even in southern Brazil large districts of the big State of Mato-Grosso may well be said to be on the edge of the most remote corners of civilization.

Capt. Ludwig Jermann has just been telling in *Germany's Mittheilungen* of the destruction of Diamantino in that State during the insurrection of November, 1901. The world has scarcely heard of Diamantino for many years, though it was once a flourishing little place inhabited by Brazilians who were rich in slaves and in the diamonds they washed from the stream.

The district once had a population of about 4,000, mostly negroes and halfbreeds. The people who still live there speak a very corrupt dialect of Portuguese, but the town was in decline years before its final destruction. Slavery and diamond washing were at an end and the well-to-do had departed. The town had a schoolhouse, but not a soul in that region was competent to teach school. It had a church, but for years no priest had been seen in the town.

No good roads connected it with other settlements and its population had dwindled to about 500 souls. Only the plantations along the three streets, and the few scattered stone residences of the former diamond washers remained to testify to the old time prosperity of a place that was once the centre from which the world derived most of its diamonds.

The insurrection of 1901, when a large disaffected element in Mato-Grosso arose against the Central Government at Rio de Janeiro, completed the ruin of Diamantino. The Government hurried a large number of troops into the State, and in a few weeks they laid the disaffected districts in ruins.

The frantic inhabitants of the little town heard on Nov. 4 that the soldiers were coming, and at once began to abandon their homes. They heard that the soldiers were not sparing even women or children; and so, with bundles of household effects under their arms, they hurried in wild flight into the dense forests to hide from the advancing enemies. On the evening of Nov. 5, Capt. Jermann, a sick, old man, and a black washerwoman were the only human beings left in the town.

The next morning the infantry and cavalry of Brazil, a wild, ruffian crowd, barefooted, dressed in ragged trousers, without coats or hats, poured into the place. They swarmed through the abandoned houses, plundering right and left, and after removing their booty to the neighboring fields, began the work of leveling the town.

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