SPARKS THAT FLASH FROM THE ANVIL OF POLITICS.

A Flood of Oratory is Pent Up and Will Break Loose on the "Rank and File" This Fall. Hampton Hoge to Make a Spectacular Canvass—Changes in Legislature.

The gubernatorial campaign in Virginia this fall promises to border on the spectacular, so far, at least, as the Republican side of it is concerned.

The nominee of that party for Governor—Colonel J. Hampton Hoge—is essentially a typical grand-stand performer. His great fort lies in his ability as a dashing campaigner before the footlights, over which he shoots meteoric bursts of eloquence at the gallery gods, with a wonderful amount of tact and ingenuity. If there is one Republican speaker in Virginia who knows better than the rest how to frame his public utterances so as to catch the unwary, that man is probably J. Hampton Hoge, of the county of Montgomery.

The brave and splendid nominee of the Democratic party—Mr. Andrew Jackson Montague—who certainly, when age is considered, is the most profound orator in the State, might rivet and hold spellbound listening thousands while he discussed the things that relate to the material advancement and prosperity of all the people; and yet, Hampton Hoge, by resorting to sharp tactics and ridiculous story-telling—for both of which he is widely famous—might capture the unthinking masses and set them to shouting for his side. How this is often done is fully illustrated by a story that is told of a joint debate at Nelson Courthouse some years ago, when Jake Yost and Harry Tucker were pitted against each other for Congress in the Tenth District. Before a court-room packed from pit to dome the brilliant Democratic leader had delivered a profound argument against the duty on tin-plate, the tariff question being the paramount issue of the hour. When the Republican candidate rose to reply he brushed it all aside and gained the sympathies of the unwary with one single sentence. The negroes rocked and moaned their approval and the ignorant white men shouted for joy when the wily Republican leader declared in his opening sentence that it was not so much a question of duty on the tin-plate as one of where the people should get something to put in it. No man in Virginia knew better than Mr. Yost that such a reply was no answer to the argument of Mr. Tucker, and he would never have made it in Congress or before a jury of his countrymen, but it was a play for the sympathies of the under dog, which proved very effective. And so it is in nearly every campaign that the minority party puts forward some ingenious leader, whose chief mission is to tantalize the Democratic speakers, without the barest dream of victory at the polls.

The campaign will be one of much brilliant stump-speaking on the Democratic side, but there is hardly any possibility of joint debates between Messrs. Montague and Hoge. While it is said by his friends that no man lives in Virginia before whom Jack Montague would tremble in joint debate, yet it has for years been the policy of the Democratic managers to discourage joint meetings, for the reasons given above, and because, especially in East Virginia, the Democrats furnish the major part of the audiences and start out confronted by the fact that no amount of argument, however reasonable or convincing, would tend to make a single convert from the ranks of the opposition.

Of course, the "Red Fox" and the two "Lame Lions" will be the star attractions on the Democratic list. It is the opinion of many that the brilliant young nominee of the Norfolk Convention has no superior as a popular stump-speaker in Virginia. Side by side with Daniel and William A. Anderson, who have given the best years of their lives to Virginia on the battlefield and in the councils of State in peace, he will march from the seaboard to beyond the mountains, driving terror into the ranks of the enemy and pointing out the way to a sweeping Democratic triumph at the polls. Close behind these brave and distinguished leaders will come Willard, Swanson, Jeffries, Braxton, Jones, Moore, Hunton, Rhea, Flood, Glass, Lassiter, Echols, Kelley, Otey, Hay, Lee, Folkes, the Pettits, Early, Barksdale, Parke, Lawless, Cabell, Withers, Turnbull, Mann, Irvine, the Wallaces, Eggleston, Keezell, Mellwaine, Munford, Watkins and scores of others, who will help bear the banners of the old party to victory and make the very welkin ring with eloquence.

Colonel Hoge, of course, is expected to do the chief campaigning for his party, but he will have strong support in his young running mates on the ticket as well as in such able young laymen as Hugh Gordon Miller, of Norfolk, and Thomas Lee Moore, of Montgomery. The old stagers like Yost, Roller, Rosser, Lurty, Groner, Pedigo and Summers will likely take the stump too; so the flood of oratory that will "break loose" on the "rank and file" this fall will be sufficient to operate a huge manufactory, if it could be harnessed and utilized for such a purpose.

Indications are that a great many of the present members of the House of Delegates will be returned by their constituents this fall. Some of those who have already been renominated are: Messrs. Ware, of Amherst; Newhouse, of Culpeper; Jordan, of Frederick; Hunley, of Mathews; Early, of Greene; Lacy, of Halifax; Fitzpatrick, of Nelson; Stickley, of Shenandoah; and Garnett, of King George. Others who will likely be returned are Messrs. Boaz and Duke, of Albemarle; Matthews, of Accomac; Stoner, of Botetourt; Baker, of Chesterfield; Donohoe, of Elizabeth City; Cardwell, of Hanover; Edwards, of King William; Ryan, of Loudoun; Southall, of Amelia; Parks, of Page; Owen, of Prince Edward; and Kelley and Folkes, of Richmond city.

The following members are understood not to be candidates for re-election: Hume, of Alexandria; Hubard, of Buckingham; Horseley, of Appomattox; Priddy, of Charlotte; Warthen, of Warren; Bowles, of Salem; Willard, of Fairfax; Pilcher, of Fauquier; Pettit, of Fluvanna; Tuck, of Halifax; Jones, of Henrico; Jones, of Isle of Wight; Shelton, of Louisa; Hutcheson, of Mecklenburg; Madison, of Newport News; Anderson, Patteson and Epps, of Richmond city; Embrey, of Fredericksburg; and Prince, of Bristol.

Messrs. McRae, of Petersburg, and Gouldman, of Northumberland, have died since the extra session adjourned. Only one old member who stood for re-election has so far been defeated, and he was Dr. R. S. Powell, of Brunswick, who failed of renomination by a majority of two votes.

Half of the Senate is to be chosen this fall. So far, there have been but four nominations. Three of the nominees are incumbents—Senators Massie, of Nelson; Barksdale, of Halifax; and Wallace, of Stafford. The other is Colonel Geo. S. Shackelford, of Orange.

Following are some of those who will not stand for re-election: Messrs. Sands and Munford, of Richmond; Eggleston, of Charlotte; Hartley, of Sussex; Jeffries, of Culpeper; and Johnston, of Rockbridge.

Among the many interesting contests to be disposed of when the coming Legislature meets next winter, none is attracting more widespread attention than that for the speakership of the Lower House. The avowed candidates are Hon. Samuel L. Kelley, of this city, and ex-Speaker John F. Ryan, of Loudoun.

Delegate George Y. Hunley, of Mathews, who has just been renominated for the House, has been mentioned by his friends for the honor, and he may decide to enter the race.

Mr. Kelley ranks as one of the most brilliant young leaders in the Legislature. He is a man of fine presence and is a splendid presiding officer. During the regular and extra sessions of the present House he demonstrated his ability as an orator and as a debater, and became widely known and popular with his colleagues, many of whom have already assured him of their cordial support. Mr. Ryan is widely known and popular throughout the State and has long been a striking figure in the House, over whose deliberations he presided for one session.

OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK.

Unique Stories Picked Up Everywhere for Readers Looking for Something Amusing.

A Dog That Crows.

Gene Jacobs, the eleven-year-old daughter of Edward Jacobs, of St. Louis, is the possessor of a Newfoundland dog that crows like a rooster. It awakens the neighbors every morning by its peculiar sounds. Rover, as the animal is called, was raised from puppyhood with a large Brahma rooster that was given to little Gene by her father's grocer. The dog and chicken first showed a marked antipathy for each other. They fought and scratched at every opportunity. One day, however, they patched up their differences and became fast friends. That was about a year ago, and since then they have been inseparable companions, sleeping and eating together, and deriving mutual enjoyment from the same pursuits. Eight months ago the Jacobs family were surprised at hearing Rover utter a crow that sounded exactly like that of Danny, the rooster. After that the dog continued its crowing with morning regularity. Danny opens up the programme and is followed by Rover. Their crows are in the same pitch, and it is impossible to tell them apart.

Experts in "dogology" have investigated the phenomenon and examined Rover's larynx. They found the animal's vocal organs like those of all other dogs and are mystified at its peculiar powers. Danny formerly roosted in an apple tree, but as his friendship for Rover increased he abandoned his lofty perch and now takes up his nightly abode in the dog's kennel.—Chicago News.

Harding Davis' Cuban War Story.

The other day Richard Harding Davis was asked by a vivacious hostess to tell some story about the Spanish-American war that was funny and not gloomy, "for," said she, "there must have been very many amusing incidents also."

"Well," said the young author reflectively, "of course, no great tragedy is complete without its element of comedy. I remember particularly one little incident in the crudely-fixed up hospital tent in Siboney, which, despite its pathos, was so droll as to bring a smile to even the faces of the boys on the stretchers. There was one young fellow who had been laid up with a bad case of fever. He was a big, raw-boned, overgrown fellow, came from 'Cincy,' he said, and as he tossed about from side to side, he kept telling me that he was restless as a wildcat, tired of being chained to a blank cot, sick of being coddled like a baby, the smell of disinfectants made him iller; he was aching not from fever, but from a longing to get out into the air with the boys and be in the fight.

"'Can't you get the doctor to let me out, Mr. Davis?' he begged pathetically.

"'I'll do what I can,' I said, and as the doctor happened to be passing I called him over and put the matter before him.

"'Nonsense!' he exclaimed. 'Just look at him. Is he fit—now, is he? Look at that face, will you—red and blotched with fever. He's in no condition to get out.'

"The boy had gradually raised himself eagerly on to his elbow, but as the doctor finished speaking his head fell back hopelessly.

"'Fever! Red!' he cried querulously, 'I paint, doctor! It's just paint, I tell you.'"—N. Y. Times.

A Quaint Cersmony.

A curious ceremony took place at St. Ives, Cornwall, last week, when the quinquennial celebration was held under the terms of the bequest of John Knill, who was at one time a collector of customs at St. Ives, and subsequently a barrister, with chambers at Gray's Inn. He erected a mausoleum on the hill overlooking St. Ives bay, but was not buried there. Money was left by him in trust to the mayor, vicar and collector of the town for the carrying out of the quaint celebration observed on Thursday. The trustees, accompanied by the borough mace bearers and police, escorted to the mausoleum ten girls under ten years, two old women to attend them, and a fiddler.

To the strains of the violin the children danced for a quarter of an hour around the monument, and for so doing they each received ten shillings, the fiddler and the women getting a sovereign each. The bequest also included £5 to a man and wife who have had the greatest number of children above the age of ten years, £5 for the best knitter of fishing nets and a similar amount for the best curer and packer of fish. In the evening the trustees, who are entitled to invite two guests, dined together, the money providing the feast also coming from the bequest.—Leeds Mercury.

A Strange Story of the Sea.

A strange story is reported this morning from Marseilles. It is stated that a Neapolitan named Paolo Silvani, who lives by fishing along the southern coast near the Chateau d'If, was out in his boat recently, when he saw signs made to him from on board an alleged English steamer, the name of which is given as the City. The Neapolitan at once hauled in his nets and pulled towards the vessel with all his energy. When he came alongside the steamer, two sailors made fast his boat to the vessel, and then took him to see the skipper. The latter put a sovereign into the hands of Silvani, together with a document, which was probably what is known in nautical language as a discharge. The skipper explained that the paper belonged to one of the crew, who had died on board near Marseilles, and whose body Silvani was asked to take ashore for burial. The name of the dead sailor is given as Tom Bagworth, of York. It is affirmed that before the Neapolitan could say anything the dead body was put in his boat. The craft was then unfastened as soon as he had got into it, and was pushed off from the steamer, which immediately went full speed ahead, but in what direction the Marseilles report fails to state. The Neapolitan pulled back to the Joliette dock and communicated with the police, who took the dead body to the morgue. There a post-mortem examination was made by a local doctor, who found that the sailor's skull was cut open. This, as the medical man reported, seemed to imply that the mariner had died from the effects of violent treatment or of an accident.—London Telegraph's Paris Letter.

Chinese Boxers in London.

The discovery that the Chinese troupe, which has been for some time acting in the spectacle at Earl's Court contains no fewer than seventeen of the redoubtable boxers supplies in our very midst an example of that dispassionate and almost inhuman Chinese shrewdness which it would be hard to beat. After such incidents as those of a short twelve months ago, to members of very few races, it is safe to say, would the idea commend itself of settling in an enemy's capital city and engaging as a means of livelihood in a daily theatrical display. Strong even though the presumption might be of escaping detection, the situation would seem a little too strained and risky to be entered upon in a perfectly gratuitous and voluntary spirit; while, if fear of detection was actually so slight as to afford a prevailing sense of security, the position would seem to be one of the most subtle and sardonic humor. In the Chinaman, and perhaps in him alone, a situation of this kind neither suggests the slightest nervous terror nor excites the smallest sense of inconsistency, and one scarcely knows whether more to envy them their national lack of nerves or to pity their want of humorous perception. One to most occidental minds seems as unnatural as the other; and such incidents as the present forcibly recall to our memories De Quincey's saying that the Chinese seemed to him less human and more repulsive than a race of maniacs.—London Globe.

The Earth's Bendings.

Little bendings are in progress all the time the world over. The "immovable" hills are bowing and scraping to each other constantly. Every evening, as the dew settles in the valleys between them, they nod to one another. So, likewise, do the mountains, even to a greater extent. Gravity is tugging all the time. And in London, too, where earthquake sensations are practically unknown, the earth bends daily, and the buildings, like the hills and the mountains, nod to their friends opposite when the morning traffic begins. On Sunday, usually their manners take a rest, excepting in such places as Petticoat Lane, where business flourishes in as lively a fashion as in Paris.

Heine said that even the trees made obeisance to Napoleon the First when he entered Berlin. This was imaginative yet truthful, for the weight of the crowd along Unter den Linden made a tilting sufficient for Professor Milne's pendulums to have recorded distinctly. One might say the crust of the earth acts like a steel spring; it bends so easily.—Everybody's Magazine.

Two Snakes Welded.

SEDALIA, COL., August 19.—Professor Dickson, of Yale, camping on Indian Creek, has demonstrated the possibility of welding two snakes together so that the two bodies would unite and continue to grow as one. While it was admitted that human parts could be made to grow together, it was contended that the sluggish circulation of the reptiles would militate against success. A rattler was extended with an iron hoop circling its head. The adder was obtained and cut in two. The rattler was treated in the same way. The rear half of the adder was then sewed to the front of the rattler with strong thread, and after twenty-four hours the iron collar was removed and the composite reptile was placed in a cage, where he squirmed around with every evidence of vitality in his nether end. The absence of the customary rattle and warning puzzled the rattler when a rabbit was shoved into the den. His supply of virus, however, was not diminished by the curtailment, for when he struck the rabbit it began to swell and in an hour was dead. The metamorphosed rattler will be kept under scientific scrutiny for the next two months.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Bird Photographer.

When once you have won a bird's confidence and feel on intimate terms with him, it will surprise you to find what a wonderfully interesting little chap he is. The plainest and commonest kind has a multitude of strange and interesting habits you have never dreamed of, and even the despised English sparrow will exhibit traits of intelligence and affection which will at once win for him a warm corner in your heart. Bird life is not all pleasure and sunshine by any means. Tragedy and drama there is in plenty, and many a wee bird finds life just as serious a problem as we humans. Comedy and humor there is, too, and some species seem actually to appreciate a joke. On one occasion, while watching a busy downy woodpecker industriously boring for grubs a sharp-shinned hawk dashed by my face straight for the little drummer. Even quicker was the woodpecker as he slipped behind the protecting limb, while the bold marauder, baffled, veered off, perched on a neighboring birch, and after staring with savage hauteur for a moment, disappeared among the trees. No sooner was his enemy out of sight than Mr. Woodpecker bobbed out from his shelter and, perking his head on one side, appeared to wink in such a knowing manner and I half expected to hear him exclaim: "Didn't I fool him neatly?"—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

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WAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE

Happenings of Interest, News Notes and Gossip from the South.

Charleston's Naval Station.

The site selected by the Government for a naval station at Charleston has now passed into possession of the United States, and any one who may have doubted the consummation of the great project should be completely relieved. That a splendid work will be executed here is certain and that the city wil benefit vastly from it is too plain to require more than the statement. The naval station will be one of the best in the United States, and therefore one of the best in the world. Its location will be as thoroughly satisfactory, too, to the Government as it will be to the people of Charleston, for certainly no better site could be found for such an establishment than that selected. The officers who took possession for the Government yesterday expressed the liveliest satisfaction with and considerable astonishment at the excellence of the site, and so it will be with all who have, from imperfect or incorrect report, formed unfavorable or hold indifferent opinion on the desirability of the pace. As a matter of fact, it is quite ideal to its purposes, and this can be said now with a perfect sincerity, since all controversy over the matter has been settled.—Charleston (S. C.) Post.

Seven Tons Per Acre.

Whatever farmers in the interior may think and do about Bermuda grass, Mr. T. B. Ellis makes it plain that it is a crop of great value to all farmers on the coast.

Mr. Ellis does not theorize about the grass, but gives a few facts relative to Mr. Hinson's Bermuda meadow on James Island, under his charge. He "cut and cured twenty-five tons of the Bermuda grass from seven and a half acres," two weeks ago, and from its vigor and rapid growth since expects to cut as much more hay in October, which means fifty tons of hay from the plot, or at the rate of nearly seven tons to the acre in one season. The hay is "free from weeds and all other grasses" and is "as fine hay," as Mr. Ellis has even seen. Being a resident of South Carolina, he has, of course, seen hay from all parts of the country. Nearly all our farmers are familiar with hay grown from Maine to the Rocky Mountains.

And the fine Bermuda grass meadow does not appear to be an expensive part of the farm. "It has been used for a hay patch for fifteen years, during which time it has never had a plow in it." Weeds that spring up during April and May are cut down with a hoe, and that appears to be all the working the patch receives. The seven tons of hay per acre represent nearly clear profit on this basis, whatever they may be worth. Even at $5 to $10 a ton the grass seems to pay reasonably well for the rent of the land and the labor expended on it. "And it seems," says Mr. Ellis, "to be getting better each year, which cannot be said for some other lands and the crops on them in this part of the country."

Finally Mr. Ellis finds that the Bermuda "stands the dry weather well on the islands and along the coast generally," and he believes it to be "far ahead of anything we have tried as a forage crop for winter use; and our best pasture lands are where the Bermuda grass is most abundant."—Charleston News and Courier.

Mobile's Stability.

In order to remove misconception by the public as to the stability of Mobile and the likelihood of the city being "storm swept" or destroyed by the "raging flood," it is proper to say that Mobile is not on a sand spit in the gulf, as is Galveston, nor in a marsh and protected by fifteen-foot levees, as is New Orleans. Mobile rests upon a sandy plain, that rises rather rapidly from Mobile river, and then extends more gradually to a bridge about three-quarters of a mile back. Royal Street, parallel with the river and three blocks distant, was in early times the river front street. As the river shifted eastward, a lowland was exposed that has been built upon extensively. In this lowland is the wholesale district. The river customarily has but little rise and fall, being a tidal stream, and the tide here not amounting to more than eighteen inches; but when the wind blows from the southeast, the full length of the bay, the waters of the bay and river meet and are banked up, causing an overflow or backwater, that floods the lower streets to a depth of from one to five feet. This has happened four or five times in a half century. With a strong wind and high backwater, shipping in the river and property on the wharves are subject to damage, but the damage to the city itself, the business houses, etc., are in no danger of destruction, as outsiders suppose.—Mobile Register.

Busy Memphis.

An extraordinary tribute to the growth and activity of Memphis' business was paid incidentally at yesterday's meeting of the Business Men's Club, in the way of a reason why the city was not reaching out for trade along the Choctaw road. Mr. H. Morris declared that the omission was due to the fact that Memphis merchants had all they could do to handle the trade they already had, and he went on to say that there was need of more business houses here to look after the new territory. The two statements, taken together, are unique as well as gratifying in the revelation they afford of Memphis' commercial prosperity.—Memphis Scimitar.

Cotton Buyers Come Together.

The organization of the interior cotton buyers of the four States—Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas—covered by the Southeastern Freight Association, marks the beginning of a contest on the part of cotton handlers with all the extraneous agencies fastened upon the business.

The coming together of these men was not without premonition. The commercial end of the local cotton market has never had organization, and as a matter of fact has never stood for what it should. A crop valued at $400,000,000 a year presents the curious anomaly of having no resting place between the field and the freight car. No matter what the state of the market, there was no recourse but for the producer to hand over his property without regard to his loss. Ruinous as was this policy to the planter, it was equally so to the local commercial handlers, who, without common understanding, always stood in fear of one another, and became a ready prey for those at a distance. The classification of cotton was fixed by those who had never seen a cotton bloom; prices were fixed by those who stood in need of the cotton, and all the planter could do was to submit. Railroad rates were fixed at meetings in which the cotton man was not represented. This entire business, then, from producer to commercial handler, was equally held up by the man at a distance and had no escape from his exactions. That the cotton buyers should have come together was but natural. The wonder is that they had not organized years before.—Atlanta Constitution.

Sea Gulls in Atlanta.

A visitor to Piedmont Park these days may see, if he will betake himself across the green oval of the race-track to the edge of the lake one of the most remarkable sights that the park, famous for remarkable spectacles of all sorts, ever offered—the same being dozens of sea gulls, wheeling and turning above the placid waters of the little lake. How these birds of the ocean wave came hither is not positively known, but, as they appeared the day after the recent Gulf storm, it is supposed they were blown here by it.—Atlanta News.

Jacksonville's Restoration.

Since the fire of May 3d, there have been 525 permits issued for permanent structures. Many of these permits are for two or more houses, which, taken together, place the number of buildings at 715 which have been and are being constructed. The above does not include 160 shacks which were erected immediately after the fire. These shacks are only temporary, and according to agreement must be removed December 1st. It is now thought, however, that there will not be enough buildings completed by that time to have these shacks removed, as the tenants must have some kind of a place to do business in, and permission will probably be given by the Council to allow several of them to remain until February 1st. It is thought by this time that all of them can be torn down. They are in most cases very unsightly, and citizens who have property adjoining them as anxious to have them removed at once.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Metropolis.

Rejuvenated Groves.

A letter from Sanford, Fla., says: "Frequent and heavy showers have put our orange groves into fine shape, and if we have no freeze next winter our packing houses will open the winter following for a lively season of orange packing and shipping. For the first time in several years guavas are ripening all over Orange county, and almost everything else blighted by the freeze recovering and becoming fruitful."

The Strange Forest of Dulgarri.

My strangest adventure, though I didn't take a very active part in it, was in a tropical forest. All kinds of queer things may be hidden in the coverts of those dark, crowded woods.

Dulgarri, I don't know whether it's on the map, but it was much talked of in our regiment, which was stationed at one of those out-of-the-way tropical places you read about. It was the rein season; and all our excitement was discussing the queer men from Dulgarri, that brought nuggets of gold to trade for clothes, gunpowder and looking-glasses. They didn't speak the dialect of the natives that lived around our garrison, and when we asked where they lived, they pointed up the river towards the Blue Mountains. But nobody had ever heard of mines in the neighborhood of Dulgarri.

Our natives couldn't or wouldn't tell us anything. There are times when a native cannot understand a white man. These savages from the mountains, were very different from the tribes we had seen before. They were tall, straight, a light bronze color. Nobody saw them come or go. So their journeys must have been after dark. But there was no doubt as to their gold.

I was new to the place, and immediately proposed a hunt up the river, and an exploration of the mountain sides.

"Can't do it," said the major, smiling. "It is forbidden. Hostile tribes hold the country beyond, and it would be madness to run the risk of collisions. We are none too many here as it is."

The colonel alone did not share our excitement, but sat grim and glum when his efforts to change the subject of our talk failed. I suspected him of being harder hit than any of us, but supposed he did not wish to divide profits.

Of course, I was down with malarial fever soon, and the Scotch surgeon, Sandy Mcintyre, attended me. Once I communicated to him my suspicions of the colonel.

He laughed at me heartily. "The colonel is all right. He only wants to keep you young fellows out of danger."

"Danger!" I exclaimed. "Pooh! Now, on your word, have you never known Englishmen to go up the river? You have been here twenty years."

"Oh, yes," he answered, but, I thought, with reluctance, "I've known some."

"Well didn't they return?"

He moved a little uneasily. "A few of them did."

"A few?" Didn't they tell what had happened? Did they bring gold? What did you find out?"

"Nothing."

I looked at him in amazement.

All at once he jumped up, and gave me my medicine.

"You must not talk until your fever is gone. Then I'll tell you all I know—that's little enough."

"Couldn't we watch those queer natives that bring the gold? Track them back?"

The doctor shook his head. "Wait until you're well," was all he would answer, until I was again on my feet.

Then, to my surprise, I discovered his interest was as keen as mine, though he had a little more caution."

He said the parties that returned had told very little, and nothing would induce him to try a second time. Some of the men were ill, some seemed badly out of sorts mentally. He showed me a rough map he had drawn of the land "up the river."

On the right were the marks: Nothing but malaria to be gotten there. On the left a mountain occupied by hostile tribes, or, at least, held by them, at a barrier against the white man. Sandy said the natives had at first used the Tartar trick of hiring themselves as guides; upsetting the canoes on the rocks or in the midst of the rapids, and then running away. Of course, with the powder all wet, there was no use in going on.

"Why do you mark Dulgarri 'Dangerous?'" I asked. "It seems to be a common mountain."

Sandy whistled. Then he looked at me in surprise.

"You never heard the native legends about the queer man-eating forest of Dulgari? I thought you knew all that."

"No," I answered, crossly. "Why do you pay any attention to such nonsense? I don't care to hear. They are trying to scare us off."

"I don't know that," he answered, more serious than I'd ever seen him. "They believe it. You wont find a native going into the country of Dulgarri."

"Stuff!" I repeated impatiently. "Well, I wont go any farther with you until you see Lobolo and hear his tale. He knows more than any other native. The colonel has sent him off on some secret business, for Lobolo can find his way anywhere, and talks any dialect. Wait until he comes back."

Vexed as I was, Sandy was immovable. He was determined I should know as much as he did about the perils of our enterprise.

One night he sent for me to come to his room. Lobolo was there—a little wizened creature, like an old, old child, very dark, but with queer comma-shaped marks, showing white upon his face. His hair was knotted into small horns, his ears stuck out comically, and his eyes were keen and glittering.

We both gave him money, and he consented to talk. He did not seem to have the blind fear of the natives, and readily promised to go with us up the river secretly, but he would not enter Dulgarri-land.

"There was the devil-tree. It ate flesh. When it could, it caught men. They never got away. He saw a man killed once," he said. "That was enough for him."

"I laughed. "How do these men get through, who bring the gold? They know a way."

"It is their secret, he replied. "I do not know it."

"But you have a woman there, Lobolo," said Sandy. "She brought you gold. She would show you the way."

"No, no, no," he replied. "The woman dead. All die, if they follow that trail. I go not near the wood."

This meant that he refused to quit the river, for the forest began very near the water's edge. We talked a long while, and he seemed very sensible about the nature of the danger incurred. The natives of that country knew every inch of the way, and once near the forest, they easily eluded any following, he thought by an underground way, leaving their pursuers to enter the wood. Once within touch of the wide sweeping branches, they were lost. He persisted in his declaration that the trees ate men.

When he said this, I showed my disbelief; and he flamed into sudden fury, and pointed at the white scars on his brow.

"See the claws!" he cried. "There is their mark," and for ten minutes he poured out a vivid description of the low-jointed trees, full of thorns or barbs at their end that stuck into everything they touched, and kept fast hold; unnatural purple trees, "the color of a stain," he insisted. A wood of death.

After he went out, soothed by another gift, Sandy remarked:

"Lobolo is mistaken as to the way the natives get through the wood. Probably they have secret paths, underground places or tunnels, and false clues as well, but the important thing is to come in the wet season. I notice the gold is always brought during the rains. I've a notion the moisture with which the air is charged, makes the trees flabby. The night is favorable too. It's well known that plants relax in the dark and damp."

"You talk as if it were true."

"Well, look at Darwin. He believed in flesh-eating plants."

He took down a rather large book from his shelf—"Carnivozous Plants"—and showed me picture after picture of flowers that ate flesh. Both leaf and flower were well provided with cruel traps for ensnaring insects.

I was resolved, however, not to give up our attempt. If the natives could reach us, surely we could reach them; and, although Sandy talked prudently, I had no doubt of his going.

We got off at last, though Lobolo did not join us. He sent two stalwart boatmen in his stead, who supposed us to be going on a hunt in the upper marshes, and chattered merrily until the silence quieted them. We left behind us the cultivated fields as the gray dawn was flushed with sunrise, and from that time we saw no human figure. Wild rice grew down to the water's edge, beyond on rising ground were feathery, palm-like forests. The difficulties increased, as part of the way was shallow, and the rocks were sharp, and in the smoother water the current ran strong.

The next day we were all silent, and our boatmen only spoke in whispers. Using my field-glass I caught sight more than once of burning eyes, watching between the jungle-fibre groth of tall reeds that we were now moving through, but I saw no animal, and heard no call or chirp of birds. We were drawing near the mountain.

How the rest happened, I cannot tell. We had reached the Forest of Dulgarri, as the natives pointed out with fear. Most of the tree seemed a dull purpleish hue, with long tendrils or with thorns, like the acacia.

I did not know it, though I knew most tropical trees pretty well. I was to keep watch and—I fell asleep.

I was waked by Sandy, white as death, his teeth chattering. One native followed him, frozen with terror, if his looks expressed him. They both carried, yes, a load of the golden nuggets!

"Pull out," cried Sandy. "Pull out in mid-stream. Let us be gone."

The low moon gave a little light and we were not far from dawn, I judged. I obeyed mechanically, then I objected.

"Why, I have seen nothing yet. Besides we need food and a camp-fire. These river-frogs will soak us with malaria."

"My God!" exclaimed Sandy. "You want to see? Pull for your life! He uttered these last words with such a tone, such a look at the shore we were leaving, that I dared not falter.

In a little while, he gave us all brandy, and some balls of coca, "to keep up our strength." The native took the oars under his command, and had pulled a few lengths, when I unfortunately asked about his companion. He uttered a wild cry of anguish, and sprang into the water, striking his head against a sharp rock, and dying almost instantly.

Sandy and I were rich men, but nothing ever induced him to speak of his experience. One thing I noticed, he had the same scars that Lobolo showed, and carried them to his grave!

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Marine Blue With Black.

Woman's Surplice Waist—Seven Gored Skirt.

No material is more fashionable nor more satisfactory than etamine in a medium color. The attractive gown illustrated shows the material in a soft shade of marine blue with bands of black velvet ribbon on the skirt and white taffeta shield and handsome black applique outlining the fronts of the waist. With the gown are worn a hat of black figured net over white, and white gloves.

The waist, in surplice style, is made over the fitted lining and with the shield and collar that render it high at the neck,

but can be worn open at the throat and made unlined if preferred. The fronts are tucked to yoke depth only and take soft folds below, but the back is tucked to form a group at the center, which extend from the neck to the waist. The sleeves are in bishop style with straight cuffs.

The skirt is cut in seven gore with a circular flounce at the lower edge, which, in this instance, is covered with bands of velvet ribbon.

To cut this gown for a woman of medium size 15 yards of material 21 inches wide, 11 yards 27 inches wide or 8 yards 44 inches wide will be required; for the waist alone, 3 1-2 yards 21 inches wide, 3 1-8 yards 27 inches wide or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt alone, 12 3-4 yards 21 inches wide, 8 3-8 yards 27 inches wide or 6 5-8 yards 44 inches wide.

Edwin Stevens, formerly comic opera comedian, is to act Don Jose with William Faversham in "A Royal Rival."