THE VESUVIAN TERROR.

Vivid Description of Great Eruption Which Rivals Pompeii's Destruction.

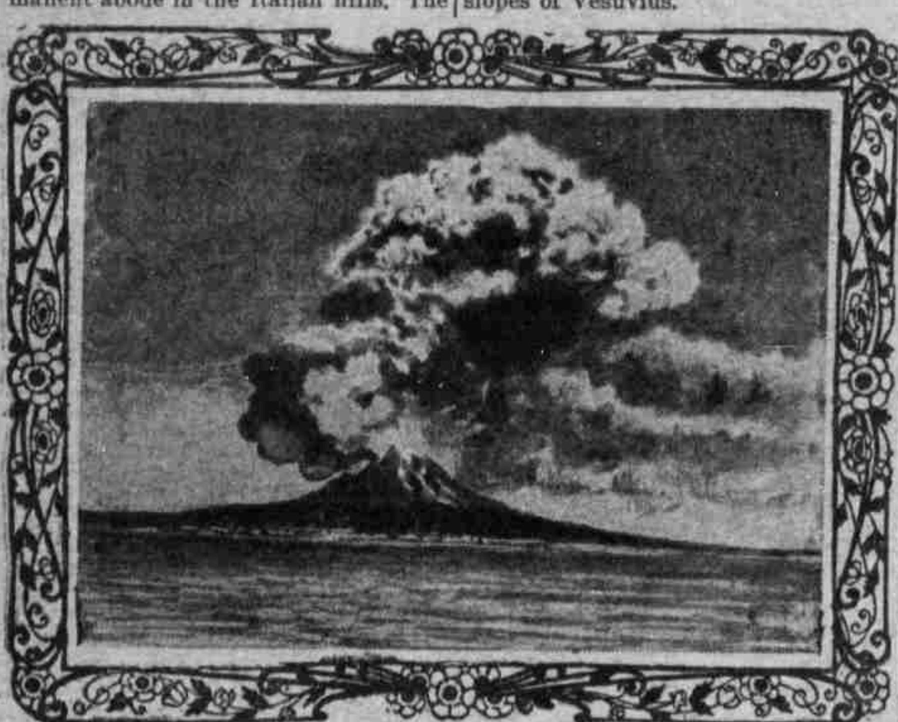
The Famous Italian Novelist, Marion Crawford, Tells of the Terrors of the Big Volcano—History of Former Eruptions.

The whole world looked on, awestruck, at the recent fierce outbreak of stupendous and devastating force in the Bay of Naples. The eruption of Mount Vesuvius is believed to be the most destructive since the days of Pompeii, A. D., 79.

The whole story of the eruption of 1906 is a sorrowful tale of stricken victims, devastated vineyards, ruined homes and terror-stricken, flying people, and it is hard to realize that the same scenes have been enacted there so many times before.

Pliny, the noted ancient historian, described the eruption of Vesuvius in the year '79, in a series of letters to Tacitus. This letter described a dark cloud rising in a single pillar from the crater of the mountain and from this a column spread, and upon it rested a great roof, built by invisible carpenters. Resting ever on its single pillar, like a great mushroom, this roof shut out the sky from all those wide acres extending sixteen miles away. The light ashes of the fire from Vesuvius descended like snow upon Pompeii, burying it to great depths. Herculaneum was drowned in a sea of volcanic mud.

Those who have read the letters of Pliny find similarity in the description written by the noted novelist, Marion Crawford. There is probably no other American living who is so well acquainted with conditions as they exist in Italy. He has taken up his permanent abode in the Italian hills. The life, customs and mannerisms of the Italian have been pictured by him in stories which have made him famous.



VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

In his cabled description to the New York Times Crawford stated that the recent eruption of Vesuvius had been grumbling for many weeks before the outbreak which did the incalculable damage.

Smoke Two-Miles High.

"An enormous volume of black smoke rises to a height of two miles above the crater," he wrote. "Incandescent masses of stone are thrown up 3,000 feet. A continuous southeasterly wind carries the ashes over Naples, which is so completely enveloped in darkness that for three days our communications by sea have been cut off.

"Fissures have opened far below the cone, emiting many streams of lava, one of which has completely destroyed the town of Boscotrecase, which had 10,000 inhabitants. Another has reached the outskirts of Torre del Greco. Others have destroyed thousands of acres of fertile cultivated land, with farmhouses and stock.

"The great cone of Vesuvius collapsed with awful thundering and flames, and the cable railway, the observatory and the large hotel near it were all totally destroyed. The lava carried vast masses of burnt stone and sulphur on its surface like dross on melted lead, and nothing was visible toward Boscotrecase but endless acres of dark scoriae, broken here and there by the greenish curling smoke of sulphur.

"At one point we found a great pine tree, torn up by its roots and turned to black charcoal; the air was almost unbreathable; the heat intense. The faces of the people who crowded upon the edge of the arrested stream expressed terror of exhaustion from recent panic.

Feeble Attempts of Man Useless.

"When the stream of fire threatened Boscotrecase soldiers dug a wide ditch across its patch in the hope of diverting its course, but the molten stream advanced like a colossal serpent of fire, turning its head to the right and left as a snake does, but keeping its general direction toward the fated town. It was not till it reached the first house, sending up great showers of sparks, that the people finally fled for their lives.

"I saw men, women and children, and infants whose mothers carried them at the breast or in their aprons. Dogs, too, and cats were on the carts, and sometimes even chickens, tied together by the legs, and piles of mattresses and pillows, all white with dust under the lurid glare. We ourselves could hardly breathe."

This dispatch corresponds exactly in detail to Pliny's letters. The same flaming mountain and shaking earth, the same stifling smoke and ashes, the same terrifying darkness and the same helpless, distracted crowd stretching vain hands to their gods for succor.

Originally Vesuvius was in the form of a single cone. Later eruptions have broken down the southern side of the original crater, leaving the northern semi-circle, which is called Monte Somma. A smaller central cone had grown up within the ancient ruin. It is this inner cone that had its top blown off. Before the recent eruption the height of the mountain was about 4,000 feet.

In prehistoric days Vesuvius was probably twice as high, the top having been blown off centuries before the eruption that destroyed Pompeii. Since the year 1631 Vesuvius has never been wholly at rest. In that year 18,000 lives were lost. The clouds of steam that came from the rush of water into the hot mass below the surface condensed and fell in a boiling rain that scorched everything with which it came in contact. The very sea drew back the skirts of its dark blue robe and then swept forward again far beyond its old limits. The last of the great convulsions before the recent one occurred in 1872. Then, like this one, there was a great lava flow, together with throwing up of burning rock and the fall of ashes upon the surrounding country.

Vesuvius is one of a group of similar mountains in the Mediterranean Sea, its comrades being Ætna, Stromboli and Vultano, which last gave the name to all mountains of this kind. That, in turn, was called after Vulcan, the god who made the armor for the fighting deities of the ancient world and forged the very thunderbolts of Jove himself. His workshop was under Mount Ætna. There the inhabitants of the hillsides heard him shaping great masses of iron with his terrible hammer stroke while the nameless slaves of the forge, dimly imagined creatures of that old day, blew the gigantic bellows and held great bars in place, while the master worked. The Greeks with even their learning, did not inquire into the scientific reasons for the mighty utterings of the mountain; they knew what the awful roar of those volcanic mountains meant. And our wise men, with their figures and books, know little of what is going on in the fiery caverns under the earth's thin crust.

Nature soon heals her scars. Already, we are told in dispatches, spots of green have appeared on the blackened sides of Mount Pelee, and it will not be very long before the olive and the vine and the clustering villages will find their way back again to the slopes of Vesuvius.

TO RENEW OLD MISSION.

San Juan Capistrano Will Live Again After Long Years of Silence.

All who have heard of the picturesque old Franciscan Missions of California will be interested to learn that San Juan Capistrano, the most poetic of all these ruined structures, which contribute so much to the foreign look of "our Italy," is soon again to be made the centre of religious activity, and that after nearly a century of neglect its buildings are to be restored to their original estate.

This mission is on the railway line between Los Angeles and San Diego, and by reason of being visible from the railroad is to Eastern travelers perhaps the best known of all California missions, except Santa Barbara and San Gabriel, which are among the regulation sights for visitors to Southern California. With the restoration of San Juan Capistrano and the resumption of residence there by the Franciscan Brotherhood, it, too, will no doubt soon become a tourist resort.

The first year of the American Independence saw work begun upon this ancient edifice in what was then a vast wilderness, inhabited only by Indians. The site is in a lovely, sequestered valley, which, beginning back in the canyons of the coast range, winds among grassy knolls and great treeless hills out to the Pacific, upon which it opens, three miles west of the mission. With the aid of the Indians, over whom the padres exerted both temporal and spiritual dominion, the Franciscans established here the most pretentious of all the California mission churches. Instead of being constructed of the customary adobe brick of the country, it was built of stone, laid out in the form of a Latin cross, with a great, cloistered quadrangle adjoining. Here, besides administering to the spiritual welfare of the Indians and gathering them into the fold of the church, the fathers set them to the care and the cultivation of the land, which yielded great wealth of cattle, sheep, grain, grapes and olives.

THE QUADRANGLE OF THE MISSION.

Destroyed by an Earthquake

On the morning of December 8, 1812, all without warning, came a great catastrophe. While the church was crowded with kneeling worshipers a shock of earthquake visited the valley and toppled the great stone tower over upon the roof, crashing through which it buried the congregation beneath the wreckage of beams, tiles and stones, and upward of forty human beings lost their lives in the twinkling of an eye. This earthquake ranks in severity with that of Charleston, in 1886. So great was the disaster that, although the mission continued to be conducted for twenty-two years longer, no attempt seems to have been made by the padres to restore the church edifice, and it and its adjoining buildings and cloisters have remained to this day an imposing and beautiful ruin. Touched gently by Time's hand, dignified in outline and rich in color, it is replete with subjects for the artist and is the admiration of every traveler. With the restoration of the buildings the intention is to create here a college for the priesthood as at Santa Barbara, and to make of San Juan Capistrano an important factor in the work of the Roman Catholic Church in Southern California.

THE OLD WELL IN THE COURTYARD.

THE LOVE OF ALARIC.

Beneath the outflung branches of a mighty oak tree, a giant who had stood sentinel in that lonely dip on the wolds for twice three hundred years, two men were standing, their figures made more or less distinct by the rays of a big, conical lantern of antique pattern that the elder of the two carried in his gnarled and bloodless fingers, a figure strangely akin to the giant tree beneath which he stood.

An aged man was Zachary Doy, his back bent by years of hard labor such as few of the modern generation of laborers know; a man who had been an experienced farmhand, while the man beside him, his master, was still a puling infant.

The old fellow set down his lantern on the iron-bound earth. His quavering voice stabbed the silence. "Now, do 'ee harken unto me, Master Alaric," he said slowly. "I've served 'ee faithful, you and your feyther afore 'ee, for nigh on fifty year, and I tell 'ee master, that what 'ee do purpose for to do is again all right and reason. This yere oak tree—the Kingscote Oak, as all the country-side do know her for to be—ha' bin here as a landmark and a pride for longer than us poor souls can reckon. To cut her down do mean, as I be right well assured, that Kingscote luck will fail wi' 'un. If so be——"

Alaric Kingscote broke in upon his garrulity with a forced laugh.

"If Kingscote luck could fall lower than it has, Zachary," he said bitterly, "you need have little fear that I would touch bark with axe. Now, hear me, old friend. This tree represents the last thing upon the farm that can bring in the money I must have to tide over the bad times in store. The merchants have offered me two hundred pounds for the tree. There's only one rotten limb upon it. They'll come tomorrow with their carts and take it away." He laid his hand upon the old man's shoulder. "Get you home to bed, Zachary," he added gently. "You can do nothing here. I'ts 9 o'clock now. By midnight, with luck, the Kingscote Oak will be down."

The old fellow looked wistfully into the handsome face of his young master.

"Master Alaric," he said hoarsely, "I've fifty-five 'pun, three shillin' and fi'pence 'apenny laid away in a hole in the floor o'my cottage. If so be as that'll save the Kingscote Oak, why——"

"Go home with you Zachary." Broke in the young man roughly, though his roughness hid an emotion almost too deep for any words—"Go home, and God bless you, old friend."

Zachary thrust his roughened hand across his eyes. Without another word, a strangely pathetic, bowed old figure, he turned and shambled off across the field toward the stile into the lane that led to the little thatched cottage that had been his home for so many years. He never once looked back. For a few seconds Alaric Kingscote stood looking after him, then, with a strangely fierce gesture, the young fellow flung off his rough tweed coat, removed the Cardigan waistcoat that covered the breadth of his chest, and turned up the sleeves of his coarse flannel shirt.

At the foot of the oak lay the woodman's huge axe that was to be the instrument of death, that was to cut short the growth of centuries.

Alaric Kingscote swung the great weapon aloft, and the cold starlight ran along the shining steel. Like some Viking warrior of old—like the re-embodiment of one of his Saxon forebears, Alaric brought down the tool of destruction with a blow that gashed deep into the corrugated skin of the oak. The doom of the Kingscote Oak had been proclaimed.

As he stood braced up for the second stroke, the bulging sinews of his forearm responding to the generous rise of chest and thigh muscles, a curious sound from behind him caused him to swing round with a faint cry. Then he lowered the axe with amazing gentleness.

Another figure had appeared upon the scene—the figure of a woman, clad in a cloak of fur that hid the contour of her form.

"Damaris." The word fell from the young man's lips like a caress.

II.

"So you've come," he said softly. "You see I am as good as my word. The Kingscote Oak must go. It is the last link between me and the workhouse—for it almost comes to that."

It was evident that the relationship between these two was something more binding that the ordinary ties existent between casual acquaintances of opposite sex. Each seemed to accept the situation as inevitable. Then the girl went on, hurriedly:

"You'll catch cold, Alaric, dear, if you stand still without your coat in this bitter cold. Let me hold the lantern for you while you work."

She snatched up the light. He, obedient to her injunction, applied his weapon with renewed vigor. The lamplight threw a warm glow over his weather-tanned face and muscular arms.

For a time he labored on, his whole being concentrated on the performance of his herculean task. After a space he paused to rest. A great wound on the mighty bole of the oak showed how sure had been his strenuous endeavors.

When he ceased she broke into quick speech.

"It seems incredible," she murmured, "that you, a Kingscote, of the same race, the same blood as ourselves, should be forced to toil like this—like a common laborer." The man came quickly forward, and flung his arm around her waist. Their lips met in a kiss that could not be mistaken for a mere cousinly salution.

"Damaris Kingscote," he said, steadily enough, "let us be frank one with the other. What are the facts? I am the poor relation—the blot on the family 'scutcheon of the squire, your father. He resents my proximity; loathes the very idea of our love; therefore he has brought his batteries to bear upon me and mine. All that he could do to ruin me he has done, and heaven knows that he had been successful enough."

The girl's eyes brimmed over with tears. Alaric was quick to note her ready sympathy and, he gripped his axe anew, the silence vibrating once more with the ringing cadence of his rhythmic blows.

Presently he rested once again.

"Damaris," he said, "did you ever hear the legend that runs in our branch of the family, that but for some strange whim of chance I should have been in the squire's place today, the ruler of the destiny of Kingscote Glebe Farm? From father to son the tradition has been handed down that Nigel Kingscote, the cavalier, juggled in some unknown way with the laws of succession—that it was not the son of the eldest son who was your own father's ancestor, but mine; that could the truth only be known aright I should be reigning at Kingscote Manor instead of being what I am—a pauper, fated to cut down the family tree to raise a pitiful sum of money that must be procured."

Damaris stood speechless and Alaric once more resumed his heavy task.

Finally, after long and weary toil, the end came. With a cry to the girl, Alaric flung down his axe and leaped backward. His hand sought hers. Side by side drawn apart from the tottering giant, they stood as though spellbound, the only spectators of the end of so many hundred years of silent, strenuous majesty.

And even as the mighty tree went shuddering to its tremendous fall, a crack as of a pistol shot, foreshadowed its overthrow. The noise came from the one rotten bough that the tree had possessed a huge limb some half-way up its stem, which now detaching first from it parent crashed down at the very feet of the wondering couple.

Nor was that all. A metallic tinkle accompanied the crash. Damaris was the first to recognize the solution of the puzzle.

It was a metal canister—a long, time-stained box of rusted tin, closed at both ends—a thing of mystery, of untold possibilities. She picked it up, and as she did so one end fell away. The canister contained nothing but a stained yellow piece of parchment, upon which something was written in a close and crabbed caligraphy, archaic, hard to decipher.

Alaric swung the lantern up from the ground.

"What is it, Damaris?" he asked breathlessly.

Slowly, laboriously, the girl read out the following amazing declaration:

"Mayhap a day will come when that which I, Nigel Kingscote, do set down here in writing, in the year of Grace, 1647, and do hide in the hole of the Kingscote Oak, may be sete out in the cleare light of day. And even as Esau of old did sell his birthright, so do I, Nigel Kingscote, head of the house of Kingscote, renounce my right and the right of those who come after me to be the true and lawful possessors of the faire lands of Kingscote Manor.

"Yet not voluntarily doe I this, but for the life of him, my son. Know, then, that I must flee the country. Cromwell, the regicide, hath dereed that I shall die. Therefore, have I given my infant son to my younger brother James, who will bring up my son as his own.

"Thus it may come to pass that the descendants of Nigel, my son, may be passed over in the right of succession by the descendants of Richard, the eldest son of my younger brother James, who stands well in the eye of Cromwell the regicide and renegade.

"And that this be true, and that Nigel, supposed younger son of James Kingscote, of Kingscote Manor, be really the eldest son of Nigel Kingscote, eldest son of Alaric Kingscote, father of Nigel and James and therefore heir to the Manor of Kingscote, its hereditaments, messuages, and all that do thereto appertain, and his seed hereafter him, if so be there should be any, I do most solemnly swear and protest in the presence of witnesses. To which I do set my hand and seal this sixteenth day of March, one thousand six hundred and forty-seven.

Signed: Nigel Kingscote, in the presence of Rupert Mainwaring, Knight Banneret of Mainwaring Hall, in the County of Berkshire, and Anselm Wolf, Priest."

The parchment fluttered crisply from the girl's nerveless hands.

"Damaris," cried Alaric hoarsely—"Damaris!" Coherent speech he could not find.

The girl raised her head.

"It is true—It is true!" she said brokenly. "We, father and I, are the usurpers! Kingscote Manor is yours, and we are—paupers!"

"Not paupers, dearest, but partners," answered Alaric, and in his eyes there was that which told her how Kingscote love stood wind and weather as steadily as Kingscote Oak.

* * * * *

Squire Kingscote now sleeps with his fathers in the little Berkshire churchyard. But ere he died his declining years were brightened by the generous forgiveness of "the undesirable poor relation."

A young and sturdy sapling oak now fourishes on the spot where stood the ancient tree—a true symbol of the lasting power of Kingscote luck and Kingscote love.—Answers.

TO RENOVATE WICKER CHAIRS.

To renovate a shabby wicker chair first cleanse the wicker thoroughly, using a scrubbing brush and plenty of soap and water. When dry, the chair can be varnished, or it can be greatly improved with a coating or two of green stain.

For the seat make a cushion of green linen or a pretty greenish cretonne. Another cushion for the back may be liked, and is easily made. Make it of the same material as the seat cushion and of bag shape, longer than wide. It may be fastened to the chair by means of tapes sewed at the top and bottom.

If a loose cushion be preferred, a pretty yellow linen would look nice and contrast well with the green. Make the case slip fashion, so that it can be easily washed. An unbleached calico bag will be good enough for the down with which the cushions are filled.

A search light is being erected at Montreux, France, which will have a brilliancy of 30,000,000 candle power and will project its rays fifty miles.

Glorious Hair Grown Free.

A Wonderful Preparation Which Turns Back the Hand of Time—Makes the Old Young and the Young Beautiful.

Free Samples of the Greatest Hair Tonic on Earth Distributed by a Well-Known Medical Institute.

NO ROOM LEFT FOR DOUBT.

We can cure you of baldness, hair falling, scanty partings, all diseases of the scalp, stop hair falling and restore gray and faded hair to its original color.

We don't want you to take our word for this. We will prove it to you AT OUR OWN EXPENSE.

A FREE PACKAGE of our wonderful treatment will get your case under control and make you happy.

Our remedy is NOT A DYE nor a hair coloring, but a marvellous and natural Hair Food. You cannot make a mistake in trying it, for we ship it to you prepaid at our own expense, and do not ask you for a cent of money unless you feel justified by results.

It makes not the slightest difference to us how long you have had your trouble. We will go to the roots of it and cure it.

Think just for a moment what this means! Think what it promises for those who have lost, or who are loosing, the glorious tresses of youth!

We will restore your hair, make it long and strong, make it as you wish it to be, and give you more satisfaction than you have ever before experienced. Do not be disheartened because you have used other hair remedies without results. Be just to yourself and to us. Our remedy will make you happy. What it has done for others it will do for you.

We ask you in all kindness to write to us and we will send you by return mail, at our own expense, a full trial treatment of the Greatest Hair Grower on earth. We will also send you our interesting booklet of advice and hundreds of testimonials from delighted patients, giving their experiences for the benefit of others who have become discouraged. You will never regret answering this announcement, for it means much to you, more than you can imagine.

If you want beautiful hair, if your hair is getting so that you look aged or your personal appearance is disparaged, write to us for help. We are an Incorporated Company, not a private concern. We want you and your friends to know what we can do, and how we do it. Send to-day, and do not put it off. You will be delighted with what we send you, and it costs you nothing. Address in full, enclosing 2c. stamp for reply, LORRIMER MEDICAL INSTITUTE Incorporated, Dept. 229, 118-120 North Paca St., Baltimore, Md.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE PENSIONS

A copyrighted Folder (approved by the Commissioner of Pensions) "Aids in Determining Title to Pension." A "Red Rope Manilla" Wallet for Pension Certificate. Reliable, Expert and Candid Advice on your title to Pension, or increase of same.

Where entitled we promptly obtain for our clients AGE Pensions, DISABILITY Pensions, WIDOW'S Pensions, MINOR'S and DEPENDENT PARENT'S Pensions and INCREASE Pensions for Survivors where entitled thereto. Over 25 years experience at your service. Over One Million Dollars allowed our clients during the last six years. Over TWO THOUSAND allowances obtained through us during the year last past. Highest references furnished. For Folder or Wallet send six cents to pay postage; for information or advice enclose postage for reply.

Taber & Whitman Co., Attorneys, 38-40 Warder Bldg., Washington, D. C.