

QUEER RACE.

RY OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

had been doing a knot an hour for three weeks, how much would we have done?"

"Three hundred and four miles." "That means that much further south, shouldn't it?" "Have you looked at the chart lately?"

"I've looked over it till my head aches; more I look the more puzzled I become in my life felt so ignorant less. How I wish I had got poor Peyton to give me a few lessons in navigation!"

"You had, Mr. Erie. It almost seems to me that you are not so utterly ignorant and I weary of having nothing to say to you."

"Worry yourself, sir. We shall be there some time, if you will only wait; and when the weather changes we shall be quite enough to do. And I feel in the air and a look about me tells me that the change won't be long in coming. That signal with our flag seems to be stirring a bit, doesn't it?"

"I think it is fluttering just a little." "It must be a light breeze aloft, then; we could only set our topsails, and our mizzen top-gallant sails, and our steering van on her, and make two or three knots an hour."

"I wish we could get on our backs and get somewhere," he said, passionately. "Storm, tempest, anything would be better than this intolerable calm."

"I wish Mr. Erie, don't you be a-going of Providence; we shall have a storm long, you'll see. We don't want a storm, or tempest, or shipwreck; a fair wind, and no more."

"Whereas as old Tom undoubtedly forecast—indeed, probably by the stars—remained a dead letter for a week. But as he repeated it every day, it proved himself a true prophet in the end. Contrary to my expectations, I had read and heard that tropical seas are almost invariably succeeded by storms—the change came gradually, first of all a breath of air, just sufficient to rattle the jibs and fill the fore-top without having any sensible effect on the progress of the ship; then a light wind, gave us steering way, followed at an interval by a spanking breeze that came along at the rate of four or five miles an hour, and made us wild to spread our sails."

"Carried this breeze with us several days, and with a lower temperature, brighter sun, and a grand sea, we felt better than we had felt for a long time. Our voyage, we thought, must be at an end. We could surely not go further without either sighting a land, or making land. But when our hopes at the highest, the fine weather suddenly collapsed. Clouds gathered, the sun faded, and a fine rain fell, so thick that we could not see more than a few rods' length ahead. This went on for some time, the wind changed, too, and not being able to tack, we were obliged to change our course, and almost reverse our course."

"This is worse than the calm," grumbled Tom, "and if it goes on we shall either be beached on the shore, or getting run by a steamer."

"Not only went on, but grew worse. The sun melted into a fog so dense that we could not see more than a few rods' length before us, and had almost given up our way about the ship. It was like solitary confinement in a black cell with an extreme probability of death. Our spirits sunk to zero, and our courage almost gave out. Even old Tom, confident as he had hitherto been, began to despair. To run aground or be dashed against some iron-bound shore in pitchy darkness would be death in its frightful shape. Yet the certainty of death was easier to bear than the suspense which was compelled to endure, and the consciousness that every moment might be our last. Bolsover, being still weak, could do little help, and except when I took my rest, once or twice in the twenty-four hours I was always at the helm. But every strength has its limits, and after I had become so used up that I could do nothing longer."

"I can only die once," I said to Bolsover, "and whether we live or die, I must die."

"Partly. Anyhow, it is a good deal clearer up there than down here, and a score yards or so higher up I dare say it is broad daylight. All the same, I saw the sun rise; and, what's more, I made out something as looks very like land."

"Land! Land at last! Thank God!" I gasped, almost speechless with surprise and joy. "But are you sure you are not mistaken? Where away?"

"On the port bow. No, I don't think I am mistaken. It looks like a big mountain, fifteen or twenty miles off, may be. Give me a glass, and I'll go up again and have another squint."

"I'll go with you, Tom. Wait half a minute." "As I spoke I whipped into the captain's cabin and fetched two binoculars. I slung one round my neck and handed the other to the boatswain."

"Don't you think as you had better take the helm, sir, and keep her up to the wind? She rolls so much as it will hardly be possible to make anything out. Then, when I come down, which it won't be many minutes, I can take the helm and you can go up."

"There was so much sense in this suggestion that I was fain to comply with it, notwithstanding my eagerness 'to take a squint' on my own account—and it was well I did. As I went to the wheel, the boatswain began to climb up the shrouds, slowly and painfully, being still rather short-winded and weak-kneed."

"I had just steadied the ship, and he had got as far as the upper main-top-sail yard, when there came out of the fog a hall so startling and unexpected that it almost made me jump out of my skin."

"Starboard! Hard a starboard! For God's sake starboard your helm!" "As I whirled round the wheel the fog rolled back and revealed a scene the like of which I had never before beheld, or even imagined, and old Tom came down on the deck with a run."

CHAPTER XIII.—PAINTED ON FIRE! Right before us rose sheer out of the water a tall white rock, at least fifty feet high. Another moment and we would have crashed against it. "Stom on!" We were saved only by Tom's sharpness of vision, by the promptitude with which I obeyed his order, and the sudden lifting of the fog."

But are we saved? There are rocks to the right of us, rocks to the left of us, some white, others red, yet all of great height, with splintered, fantastic pinnacles and broken battlements like the keeps of so many ruined castles; some as naked as an Alpine peak above the snow-line, others mantled with a luxuriant growth of greenery and pendant wild flowers, while the waves leap up their sides and troops of seabirds wheel round their summits. A veritable labyrinth of rocks; and as I look up after the first shock of surprise, I see inscribed on one of them, in old-fashioned and bold yet worn characters, these startling words:

"Here the 'Santa Anna'—1744." There seems to be another word, but being covered with a spray of ivy, I cannot make it out. Whether Bolsover sees the inscription I do not know. He is at the bows, conning the ship, and I am steering; the passage between the line of rocks being so narrow, and the current or tide so strong that it requires most strenuous attention to avoid striking. More than once the yards scrape the brow of some beetling cliff, and only by Heaven's help and old Tom's skillful pilotage do we escape utter destruction."

At length the stress is over, and with an indescribable sense of thankfulness and relief we sail into open water. We can breathe freely. Danger and the dark sea are behind, hope and a harbor of refuge before us. We are in a wide, crescent-shaped bay, fringed with a shore of white sand, from which rises, in gentle slopes, a glorious mountain, on whose summit waves a cloud-banner, which at first sight I mistake for the smoke of a volcano."

Save for the white limestone crags with which it is crowned, the mountain is clad with verdure from top to bottom. Field alternates with forest; I can distinguish rocks, too, and here and there is a quaint house of wood, not unlike the chalets that lend so great a charm to the valleys of Switzerland and the Tyrol."

All this, of course, through a binocular. We are still too far off to see much with the naked eye."

"Heaven only knows where we are," I said to Tom, who by this time had come aft. "But it seems a civilized sort of place. No danger of our being killed and eaten, I think."

"Not a bit. Cannibals don't build houses or make roads like them there. I wonder whether it's an island or a continent? Anyhow, it is well protected. That line of reefs stretches from one point of the bay to the other. It is a miracle how we got through. If the fog had not lifted just when it did—and it did not lift much—we should have gone to everlasting smash. We came out of it; that was it. Look there!"

A safe anchorage, poor old Tom was evidently in an unhappy frame of mind. It was easy to guess the reason. We had seen nothing of the treasure-ship, nor any sign of her, and for several reasons I did not think the time had yet come to make mention of the writing on the rock."

When I returned to the deck, feeling all the better for a good wash and fresh rig-out, Tom was peering hard through his glass.

"There's a boat putting off," he said; "a biggish boat with a lateen sail, and a crew of six or eight men—custom-house chaps, of course; for you may be cock-sure of one thing; if a country hasn't as much trade as would keep a colony of fleas, it is sure to have custom-houses—for, you see, if custom-houses isn't trade, they looks like it."

I took a glass and had a look on my own account. The boat was under way, and evidently making for the "Diana," but owing to the lightness of the breeze and the flowing tide, the lateen sail did not seem to be of much use, and the crew were taking to their oars, which they appeared to handle with great dexterity. But I gave less heed to the boat and her management than to the people she carried. I burned with curiosity to know where we were and what kind of people we had fallen among; and I thought that I might possibly gather some idea of their characters, perhaps even of their nationality, from the personal appearance of the boat's occupants."

At any rate, they were clothed; so far, so good. Houses, roads, boats, garments—all these were unmistakable signs of civilization.

"Blacks, by—!" sang out Tom, who, albeit older than I, had not dimmed his sight by bending over a desk.

"Nonsense! They are dark, perhaps; but certainly not black; and those two men in the stern are certainly white."

"It looks so; but we cannot surely have got to the West Indies, nor yet to the Brazils. And you are wrong; they are not white, and the others are not black."

"What on earth are they, then?" "They are—By the Lord Harry! they are spotted—every man-jack of 'em. Those chaps in the stern are white and red; and those as is rowing red and black."

And Tom dropped his glass and gave me a look so comically expressive of fear, bewilderment, and surprise, that I laughed outright.

"What can they be?" I asked; for though my vision was less keen than his, I could see that the people in the boat had very queer complexions.

"Cannibals—savages in their war-paint! Nothing else—and they'll eat us, too, if they get a chance. But I'm not going to be eaten if I can help it, Mr. Erie. We'll sell our lives dearly—we will that. There's arms in the captain's cabin. Let us load them at once. And those old carronades" (two brass pieces we had for firing signals), "we'll load them, too. I know where the cartridges are."

"But we have no ball." "Never mind; we'll charge them with old nails and bits of iron."

"Very well; do so then. We may as well be prepared. But, for my part, I cannot say that I have any great fear of these painted people. At any rate, it is better to speak them fair before we show fight."

"Speak 'em fair! What's the use of speaking fair—or foul either; for that matter—to a lot of savage devils as can't understand a word you say? As soon as they get within shooting distance they'll let fly a harrow at your head—unless you are beforehand with 'em. I've been among such-like in the Pacific, and I know. However, you stop here and watch 'em, Mr. Erie, and I'll get the arms ready."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Dog Was Astonished.

RELIEF AT GOTHAM.

ONLY ONE SUSPICIOUS CASE REPORTED.

The Normanna's Passengers Leave Fire Island—Two Cholera Cases in Washington—A Suspected Case of the Disease in Philadelphia.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.—Another suspected case of cholera was reported yesterday and a man supposed to be a victim of the plague died. Dr. Labouchere, the physician of the Five Points mission, this morning reported to the board of health a suspicious case of probable cholera in Sullivan street. The board has sent an inspector to investigate. Dr. Bryant, who is attending Mary Conerty, who was taken to the reception hospital yesterday suffering from cholera, reports this morning that there is a good chance of the woman's recovery. The death of Charlotte Keek, which occurred on the 13th inst., was to-day officially declared to be due to Asiatic cholera.

The storm-buffed passengers of the Normanna had another experience and another delay. Embarking for their return to the city by boat, they ran aground off Fire Island—not in danger but harassed again by detention when almost on the threshold of home. The tide was out and they had to await the flood for release from the sand bar. About 100 passengers of the Normanna refused to go on the Cepheus, preferring to cross over to Babylon and take a train for the city. They left Fire Island on board the boat Ripple at 9:15 o'clock for Babylon under military escort, and there took a train on the Long Island railroad for New York.

A big scare was caused among the employees of the Acme Manufacturing company on Wythe avenue and North Ninth street, Williamsburg, this morning when two Russians employed in the factory were stricken with vomiting and diarrhea. An ambulance was summoned and the men removed to the hospital. The doctors pronounced both cases cholera morbus. Many of the employes of the factory quit work and refused to return.

CHOLERA IN WASHINGTON. Two Unauthenticated Cases Reported, but They Do Not Cause a Scare. WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—Two cases of cholera were reported in Washington but no really authentic information could be obtained as to their whereabouts. Surgeon General Wyman said he did not believe there was any cholera here. "Every case that looks like cholera will be called cholera," he added. "I expected to hear reports of that kind from all parts of the country, but until the health authorities pronounce cholera to exist don't take any stock in the reports."

There is fear that the cholera scare will deter a great many from coming to the encampment, but there is not yet any reason why anybody should not come. The city is pronounced in a most healthy condition, and if it be determined that the tents and barracks should not be used other quarters will be obtained. There exists a belief that Chicago will be selected for the encampment next year. Over twelve Chicago posts have declared that they do not want it and that they favor Indianapolis, but it is thought the encampment may be thrust upon Chicago. If not, then Indianapolis will be selected, it is thought.

REGARDING AN EPIDEMIC. Surgeon-General Wyman Gives His Views on the Cholera Question. WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—"I have no fears of an epidemic of cholera in this country," said Surgeon-General Wyman yesterday.

"We may expect to hear of alleged cases springing up here and there in all parts of the country. Now that cholera has at last made its entrance into New York city, cases of cholera morbus, dysentery, colic and kindred ailments will all be magnified into cholera cases."

"People should be prepared for these idle rumors and not get alarmed. I have perfect confidence in our ability to hold the disease in check."

Austria is Free. VIENNA, Sept. 19.—The supreme sanitary council announces that Austria is still free from cholera and that suspected cases have been proved by bacteriological examination to be without a trace of the disease.

Mexico is Alarmed. CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 19.—Dispatches received here announcing the appearance of cholera in New York city created a profound sensation on all sides. The government has asked for details of the matter and if the story is confirmed it will declare the strictest quarantine against all arrivals from the United States.

An Ominous Prediction. DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 19.—Cholera is due in Detroit in two weeks according to Dr. J. J. Mulhern, United States inspector. "It is almost inevitable," the doctor declared. "It can hardly be avoided. The whole country is in for a struggle with the disease. It is my earnest belief."

New Cases at Havre. HAVRE, Sept. 19.—The number of new cases of cholera in this city yesterday was fifteen, two more than were reported Wednesday. The deaths yesterday numbered three, four less than the day before.

Suspect in Philadelphia. PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 9.—The tenement house 432 Lombard street was quarantined from early morning until noon because of a suspected case of cholera. Mrs. Carme Jacobs, the wife of a tailor who recently returned

from Europe on the steamer British Princess, was the victim. Drs. Angney of the board of health and Welch of the municipal hospital were in constant attendance and at noon they decided that it was a clear case of cholera morbus. The quarantine was then raised.

Kansas City a Fertile Field for Cholera. KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 19.—A committee appointed by the Jackson County Medical society to inquire into the sanitary condition of Kansas City with a view to ascertaining what should be done to prevent an attack by cholera, have found that the city is foul, that the conditions prevail in abundance favorable to the spread of cholera and that absolutely no means exist for the prevention or control of the disease. The committee has so reported to the society, which body this evening presented a petition to the city council recommending that inspectors be appointed and every precaution be taken to prevent the disease gaining a foothold here.

Will Guard Indiana. INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 9.—The State Board of Health is in session here to consider the cholera situation. It is proposed that the board order a quarantine of all sick passengers on trains coming into the city and provide a place of detention for them. The local board of health has a corps of physicians inspecting passengers on the trains as they arrive.

Precautions in the South. BRUNSWICK, Ga., Sept. 19.—Beginning yesterday all vessels coming from north of Hatteras will be stopped for inspection at quarantine. If there is any sickness on board the patients will be sent to Sapelo island.

The Disease in Holland. THE HAGUE, Sept. 19.—One death from cholera was reported yesterday from Zwartslus and two deaths from the disease occurred at Brandvuyt. At Bleskengraaf one case of cholera is reported.

Pestilence Among Russian Troops. ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 19.—It is reported here that cholera has broken out among the Russian troops stationed along the River Pruth.

REVIEW OF IRON TRADE. An Improved Tone, with Better Status in View. CLEVELAND, Ohio, Sept. 19.—An improved tone and some anticipatory notes of a better status is the report from most of the iron and steel trade centers of the country this week. Most statements about the market are qualified, however, in view of the transitional state in which nearly all branches of the trade have been since the mill resumption, and it has been difficult to sift temporary conditions from those likely to be more permanent.

The total ore sales of the week have been in the neighborhood of 30,000 tons, on a basis of 25 cents below last season's prices. The complement of pending negotiations for the sale of Mesabara ore has been of interest to the trade, and there is no longer doubt anywhere as to the appearance of the new range as an important factor in the market the coming winter. The status of hard ores, of which considerable stocks are to be brought down this month and next, is not materially changed.

Mrs. Harrison Worse. WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—Secretary Foster has just received a dispatch from Loon Lake, saying that Mrs. Harrison's condition has changed for the worse. The news has cast a gloom over official and social circles, and put a damper on the enthusiasm of the Grand Army veterans, who are already crowding into Washington.

The President and his family were very apprehensive of serious results from the operation to-day, and were highly gratified with the statement of the physicians when the operation was concluded. J. R. McKee arrived at Loon Lake at noon to-day. He came through from Boston and was furnished with a special engine and car from Malone. Mrs. McKee and her children met him at Loon Lake station.

The Choice of G. A. R. Men. WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—The department of the Potomac of the Grand Army of the Republic has unanimously decided to present the name of Oapt. J. M. Pipes, Past Department Commander, to the National encampment for the office of Senior Vice-Commander in Chief and that of D. A. Grosvenor for member of the Council of Administration. Capt. Pipes' selection is almost equivalent to his election, as courtesy gives the office to the department in which the encampment is held.

Recovered From the Wreck. MARSHALLTOWN, Iowa, Sept. 19.—The last of the four bodies buried under the ruins of yesterday's collision on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, was recovered this morning. The dead are John Ashton and Tom Howes, engineers; William Linesbaugh, fireman, and W. E. Carlin, a stockman of Powell, Mich. All have families. Trains are running to-day.

Advising Removal of Duties. TORONTO, Ont., Sept. 19.—At the Dominion Trade and Labor congress a resolution has been introduced favoring the removal of all the duties levied on products of industry, either imported or manufactured in the country, excepting such as are levied with a view to restricting its use.

Troops to Quit the Choctaws. WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—The war department has instructed Gen. Miles of the department of the Missouri to send troops to McAllister, I. T., to be ready in case of an uprising of the Choctaws.



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