

THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Well, well, I will say no more," he replied. "Though, to be sure, if you had consented to induce—a propos," he broke off, "and my trousers! They are lying in the snow—my favorite trousers?" And he dashed in quest of Jean-Marie.

Two hours afterward the boy returned to the inn with a spade under one arm and a curious sop of clothing under the other.

The Doctor ruefully took it in his hands. "They have been!" he said. "Their tense is past. Excellent pantaloons, you are no more! Stay! something in the pocket," and he produced a piece of paper. "A letter! ay, now I bind me; it was received on the morning of the gale, when I was absorbed in delicate investigations. It is still legible. From poor, dear Casimir! It is as well," he chuckled, "that I have educated him to patience. Poor Casimir and his correspondence—his infinitesimal, timid, idiotic correspondence.

He had by this time cautiously unfolded the wet letter; but, as he bent himself to decipher the writing, a cloud descended on his brow.

"Bigre!" he cried, with a galvanic start.

And then the letter was whipped into the fire, and the Doctor's cap was on his head in the turn of a hand.

"Ten minutes! I can catch it, if I run," he cried. "It is always late. I go to Paris. I shall telegraph."

"Henri! what is wrong?" cried his wife.

"Ottoman Bonds?" came from the disappearing Doctor; and Anastasie and Jean-Marie were left face to face with the wet trousers. Desprez had gone to Paris, for the second time in seven years; he had gone to Paris with a pair of wooden shoes, a knitted Spencer, a black blouse, a country nightcap and twenty francs in his pocket. The fall of the house was but a secondary marvel; the whole world might have fallen and scarce left his family more petrified.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN the morning of the next day, the Doctor, a mere specter of himself, was brought back in the custody of Casimir. They found Anastasie and the boy sitting together by the fire, and Desprez, who had exchanged his

toilette for a ready-made rig out of poor materials, waved his hand as he entered, and sank speechless on the nearest chair. Madame turned direct to Casimir.

"What is wrong?" she cried. "Well," replied Casimir, "what have I told you all along? It has come. It is a clean shave, this time; so you may as well bear up and make the best of it. House down, too, eh? Bad luck, upon my soul."

"Are we—are we—ruined?" she gasped.

The Doctor stretched out his arms to her. "Ruined," he replied, "you are ruined by your sinister husband."

Casimir observed the consequent embrace through his eyeglasses; then he turned to Jean-Marie. "You hear?" he said, "They are ruined; no more pickings, no more house, no more fat cutlets. It strikes me, my friend, that you had best be packing; the present speculation is about worked out."

"Never!" cried Desprez, springing up. "Jean-Marie, if you prefer to leave me, now that I am poor, you can go; you shall receive your hundred francs, if so much remains to me. But if you will consent to stay"—the Doctor wept a little—"Casimir offers me a place—as clerk," he resumed. "The emoluments are slender, but they will be enough for three. It is too much already to have lost my fortune; must I lose my son?"

Jean-Marie sobbed bitterly, but without a word.

"I don't like boys who cry," observed Casimir. "This one is always crying. Here! you clear out of this for a little; I have business with your master and mistress, and these domestic feelings may be settled after I am gone. March!" and he held the door open.

Jean-Marie slunk out, like a detected thief.

By twelve they were all at table, but Jean-Marie.

"Hey!" said Casimir. "Gone, you see. Took the hint at once."

"I do not, I confess," said Desprez. "I do not seek to excuse his absence. It speaks a want of heart that disappoints me sorely."

"Want of manners," corrected Casimir. "Heart, he never had. Why, Desprez, for a clever fellow, you are the most glib mortal in creation. Your ignorance of human nature and human business is beyond belief. You are swindled by heathen Turks, swindled by vagabond children, swindled right and left, upstairs and downstairs. I think it must be your imagination. I thank my stars I have none."

"Pardon me," replied Desprez, still humbly, but with a return of spirit at sight of a distinction to be drawn; "pardon me, Casimir. You possess, even to an eminent degree, the commercial imagination. It was the lack

of that in me—it appears it is my weak point—that has led to these repeated shocks. By the commercial imagination the financier forecasts the destiny of his investments, marks the falling house—"

"Egad," interrupted Casimir; "our friend the stable-boy appears to have his share of it."

The Doctor was silenced; and the meal was continued and finished principally to the tune of the brother-in-law's not very consolatory conversation. He entirely ignored the two young English painters, turning a blind eyeglass to their salutations, and continuing his remarks as if he were alone in the bosom of his family; and with every second word he ripped another stitch out of the air balloon of Desprez's vanity. By the time coffee was over the poor Doctor was as limp as a napkin.

"Let us go and see the ruins," said Casimir.

They strolled forth into the street. The fall of the house, like the loss of a front tooth, had quite transformed the village. Through the gap the eye commanded a great stretch of open snowy country, and the place shrank in comparison. It was like a room with an open door. The sentinel stood by the green gate, looking very red and cold, but he had a pleasant word for the Doctor and his wealthy kinsman.

Casimir looked at the mound of ruins, he tried the quality of the tarpaulin. "H'm," he said, "I hope the cellar arch has stood. If it has, my good brother, I will give you a good price for the wines."

"We shall start digging to-morrow," said the sentry. "There is no more fear of snow."

"My friend," returned Casimir sentimentally, "you had better wait till you get paid."

The Doctor winced, and began dragging his offensive brother-in-law toward Tentailon's. In the house there would be fewer auditors, and these already in the secret of his fall.

"Hullo," cried Casimir, "there goes the stable-boy with his luggage; no, egad, he is taking it into the inn."

And sure enough, Jean-Marie was seen to cross the snowy street and enter Tentailon's, staggering under a large hamper.

The Doctor stopped with a sudden, wild hope.

"What can he have?" he said. "Let us go and see." And he hurried on.

"His luggage, to be sure," answered Casimir. "He is on the move—thanks to the commercial imagination."

"I have not seen that hamper for—ever so long," remarked the Doctor. "Nor will you see it much longer," chuckled Casimir, "unless, indeed, we interfere. And by the way, I insist on an examination."

"You will not require," said Desprez, positively with a sob; and, casting a moist, triumphant glance at Casimir, he began to run.

"What the devil is up with him, I wonder?" Casimir reflected; and then, curiosity taking the upper hand, he followed the Doctor's example and took to his heels.

The hamper was so heavy and large, and Jean-Marie himself so little and so weary, that it had taken him a great while to bundle it upstairs to the Desprez's private room; and he had just set it down on the floor in front of Anastasie, when the Doctor arrived, and was closely followed by the man of business. Boy and hamper were both in a most sorry plight; for the one had passed four months underground in a certain cave on the way to Acheres, and the other had run about five miles, as hard as his legs would carry him, half that distance under a staggering weight.

"Jean-Marie," cried the Doctor, in a voice that was only too seraphic to be called hysterical, "is it—? It is! he cried. "Oh, my son, my son!" And he sat down upon the hamper and sobbed like a little child.

"You will not go to Paris, now," said Jean-Marie sheepishly.

"Casimir," said Desprez, raising his wet face, "do you see that boy, that angel boy? He is the thief; he took the treasure from a man unfit to be entrusted with its use; he brings it back to me when I am sobered and humbled. These, Casimir, are the Fruits of my Teaching, and this moment is the Reward of my Life."

"Tis well," said Casimir.

(The End.)

My Fellow Laborer.
By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER I.
SINCE my name has become as widely known in the world, and my discovery the subject of conversation wherever civilized men do congregate, I have, through the agency of one of the establishments that have recently sprung up, and which for a moderate

fee distribute to individuals such cuttings from newspapers as may concern them, been made acquainted with a considerable amount of gossip more or less truthfully connected with my private affairs. This nuisance began to come upon me shortly after the publication some years since of my work, "The Secret of Life." The reader will remember, if this short history of facts is ever made public in years to come, that the appearance of this book created a great sensation, even in what is called English society.

Everybody appeared to have read "The Secret of Life," or pretended to have read it, and it was no uncommon thing to meet ladies who evidently knew far more about the whole matter than I did after many years' study. But it—society I mean—seems soon to have tired of the scientific aspect of the question, not even the interest attaching to the origin and cause of existence could keep its attention fixed on that for long.

Unfortunately, however, curiosity passed from my book to myself. It seemed to strike people as wonderful that they should never have heard anything of the Dr. Gosden (for this was before Her Majesty was graciously pleased, somewhat against my own inclinations, to make me a baronet), who happened to be able to discover the Secret of Life, and accordingly they, or rather some of the society papers, set themselves to supply the want. Thus it was that a good deal of rather ill-natured talk got about as to what had been the exact relationship between myself and my fellow-laborer, Miss Denely. I say ill-natured advisedly, for there was nothing more than that; but still, at the best, it was, and indeed is calculated to give pain to myself and to the lady concerned, whose conduct throughout has been morally blameless, and such as I can conscientiously say on the whole commends itself to my reason however much it may jar upon my prejudices.

And now with this short apology to myself for setting down on paper a passage in my private history, I will tell the story, such as it is. I say "to myself," for probably it will never be made public, and if it is, it will be in accordance with the judgment of my executors after my death, so I shall have nothing to do with it.

I am now a middle-aged man, and have been a doctor for many years. While I was still walking the hospitals, my mother died and left me all her property, which amounted to four hundred a year, and on this slight encouragement, having quiet and domestic tastes, I went the way that young men generally do go when circumstances permit of it, and instantly got married. My wife, who possessed some small means, was a lady of my own age; and, owing to circumstances which I need not enter into here, had a cousin dependent upon her, a girl of about thirteen. That girl was Fanny Denely, and my wife made it a condition of our marriage, to which I readily consented, that she should live with us.

I shall never forget the impression that the young lady made upon me when she came to join us in our little house at Fulham, after we went there to settle at the end of our honeymoon. As it happened, I had only seen her once or twice before, and then in the most casual way, or in the dusk, so this was the first opportunity I had of studying her. She was only a young girl between fourteen and fifteen, I think, but still there was something striking about her. Her hair, which was black and lustrous, was braided back from a most ample forehead. The eyes were large and dark, not sleepy like most dark eyes, but intelligent and almost stern in their expression. The rest of the face was well cut but massive, and rather masculine in appearance, and even at that age the girl gave promise of great beauty of form to which she afterward attained.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Paymaster and President.

A railway paymaster, whose conversation is reported by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is inclined to magnify himself; and no doubt he is a pretty important man in the eye of the employes, who look to him for their wages. This view of the case is emphasized by a story which he tells of President Ingalls, of the "Big Four." President Ingalls was out in his special car one day on his road, and stopped near St. Paul, Ind., for the purpose of inspecting a gravel pit that he anticipated purchasing. He had several minor officials of the road with him. A section gang was at work near by, and a switch ran up into the gravel pit, half a mile distant. The day was very hot, and an almost tropical sun threatened to warp the rails out of position. Naturally Mr. Ingalls did not choose to walk half a mile under such circumstances, so he called to the section boss and ordered him to bring his handcar and crew, and carry the party up to the pit.

"Not on your life," was the surprising reply. "Sure, I have no orders from the superintendent to do the work beyond and not leave till it's finished."

Mr. Ingalls smiled, colored, and was about to reply, when one of the party tried to help him out by saying:

"Oh, that's all right, Mike. This is Mr. Ingalls. Get your car and come along."

But Mike was not moved in the least by this appeal, and promptly replied: "Mr. Ingalls, is it? Never a bit do I care who he is. I wouldn't have this job for the paymaster himself, and that's all there is about it. You can walk to the gravel pit."

Maine oysters are being extensively used in Florida waters this winter.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE SECRET OUT," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "And Samuel Said, What Meaneth This Bleating of the Sheep in Mine Ears and the Lowing of the Oxen?"—1 Sam. 15:14.



HE Amalekites thought they had conquered God, and that he would not carry into execution his threats against them. They had murdered the Israelites in battle and out of battle, and left no outrage untried. For four hundred years this had been going on, and they say, "God either dare not punish us, or he has forgotten to do so." Let us see, Samuel, God's prophet, tells Saul to go down and slay all the Amalekites, not leaving one of them alive; also to destroy all the beasts in their possession—ox, sheep, camel, and ass. Hark! I hear the tread of two hundred and ten thousand men, with monstrous Saul at their head, ablaze with armour, his shield dangling at his side, holding in his hand a spear, at the waving of which the great host marched or halted. I see smoke curling against the sky. Now there is a thick cloud of it, and now I see the whole city rising in a chariot of smoke behind steeds of fire. It is Saul that set the city ablaze. The Amalekites and the Israelites meet; the trumpets of battle blow peal on peal, and there is a death-hush. Then there is a signal waved; swords cut and hack; arms fall from trunks, and heads roll in the dust. Gash after gash, the frenzied yell, the gurgling of throated throats, the cry of pain, the laugh of revenge, the curse, hissed between clenched teeth—an army's death-groan. Stacks of dead on all sides, with eyes unshut and mouths yet grinning vengeance. Huzza for the Israelites! Two hundred and ten thousand men wave their plumes and clap their shields, for the Lord God hath given them the victory.

Yet that victorious army of Israel is conquered by sheep and oxen. God, through the prophet Samuel, told Saul to slay all the Amalekites, and to slay all the beasts in their possession; but Saul, thinking that he knows more than God, saves Agag, the Amalekites king, and five drove of sheep and a herd of oxen that he cannot bear to kill. Saul drives the sheep and oxen down toward home. He has no idea that Samuel, the prophet, will find out that he has saved these sheep and oxen for himself. Samuel comes and asks Saul the news from the battle. Saul puts on a solemn face, for there is no one who can look more solemn than your young hypocrite, and he says, "I have fulfilled the command of the Lord." Samuel listens, and he hears the drove of sheep a little way off. Saul had no idea that the prophet's ear would be so acute. Samuel says to Saul, "If you have done as God told you, and slain all the Amalekites and all the beasts in their possession, what meaneth the bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen that I hear?" Ah, one would have thought that blushest would have consumed the cheek of Saul! No, no! He says the army—not himself, of course, but the army—had saved the sheep and oxen for sacrifice; and then they thought it would be too bad anyhow to kill Agag, the Amalekites king. Samuel takes the sword and he slashes Agag to pieces; and then he takes the skirt of his coat, in true Oriental style, and rends it in twain, as much as to say, "You, Saul, just like that, shall be torn away from your empire, and torn away from your throne." In other words, let all the nations of the earth hear the story that Saul, by disobeying God, won a flock of sheep but lost a kingdom.

I learn from this subject that God will expose hypocrisy. Here Saul pretends he has fulfilled the divine commission by slaying all the beasts belonging to the Amalekites, and yet at the very moment he is telling the story, and practicing the delusion, the secret comes out, and the sheep bleat and the oxen bellow.

A hypocrite is one who pretends to be what he is not, or to do what he does not. Saul was only a type of a class. The modern hypocrite looks awfully solemn, whines when he prays, and during his public devotion shows a great deal of the whites of his eyes. He never laughs, or, if he does laugh, he seems sorry for it afterward, as though he had committed some great indiscretion. The first time he gets a chance he prays twenty minutes in public, and when he exhorts, he seems to imply that all the race are sinners, one exception, his modesty forbidding the stating of that one is. There are a great many churches that have two or three ecclesiastical Uriah Heeps.

When the fox begins to pray, look out for your chickens. The more genuine religion a man has, the more comfortable he will be; but you may know a religious impostor by the fact that he prides himself on being uncomfortable. A man of that kind is of immense damage to the church of Christ.

A ship may outride a hundred storms, and yet a handful of worms in the planks may sink it to the bottom. The church of God is not so much in danger of the cyclones of trouble and persecution that come upon it as of the vermin of hypocrisy that infest it. Wolves are of no danger to the fold of God unless they look like sheep. Arnold was of more damage to the army than Cornwallis and his hosts. Oh, we cannot deceive God with a church certificate! He sees behind the curtain as well as before the curtain; he sees everything inside out. A man may, through policy, hide his real character; but God will after awhile tear away

the whitened sepulchre and expose the putrefaction. Sunday faces cannot save him; long prayers cannot save him; psalm-singing and church-going cannot save him. God will expose him just as thoroughly as he branded upon his forehead the word "Hypocrite." He may think he has been successful in the deception, but at the most unfortunate moment the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

One of the cruel bishops of olden time was going to excommunicate one of the martyrs, and he began in the usual form—"In the name of God, amen." "Stop!" says the martyr, "don't say 'in the name of God!'" Yet how many outrages are practiced under the garb of religion and sanctity! When, in synods and conferences, ministers of the Gospel are about to say something unbrotherly and unkind about a member, they almost always begin by being tremendously pious, the venom of their assault corresponding to the heavenly flavor of the prelude. Standing there, you would think they were ready to go right up into glory, and that nothing kept them down but the weight of their boots and overcoat, when suddenly the sheep bleat and the oxen bellow.

Oh, my dear friends, let us cultivate simplicity of Christian character! Jesus Christ said, "Unless you become as this little child, you cannot enter the kingdom of God." We may play hypocrite successfully now, but the Lord God will after awhile expose our true character. You must know the incident mentioned in the history of Ottacas, who was asked to kneel in the presence of Randolphus I.; and when before him he refused to do it, but after awhile he agreed to come in private when there was nobody in the king's tent, and then he would kneel down before him and worship; but the servants of the king had arranged it so that by drawing a cord the tent would suddenly drop. Ottacas after a while came in, and supposing he was in entire privacy, knelt before Randolphus. The servant pulled the cord, the tent dropped, and two armies surrounding looked down on Ottacas kneeling before Randolphus. If we are really kneeling to the world while we profess to be lowly subjects of Jesus Christ, the tent has already dropped, and all the hosts of heaven are gazing upon our hypocrisy. God's universe is a very public place, and you cannot hide hypocrisy in it.

Going out into a world of delusion and sham, pretend to be no more than you really are. If you have the grace of God, profess it; profess no more than you have. But I want the world to know that where there is one hypocrite in the church there are five hundred outside of it, for the reason that the field is larger. There are men in all cities who will bow before you, and who are obsequious in your presence and talk flatteringly, but who all the while in your conversation are digging for bait and angling for imperfections. In your presence they imply that they are everything friendly, but after a while you find they have the fierceness of a catamount, the slyness of a snake, and the spite of a devil. God will expose such. The gun they load will burst in their own hands; the lies they tell will break their own teeth; and at the very moment they think they have been successful in deceiving you and deceiving the world, the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

I learn further from this subject what God meant by extermination. Saul was told to slay all the Amalekites, and the beasts in their possession. He saves Agag, the Amalekites king, and some of the sheep and oxen. God chastises him for it. God likes nothing done by halves. God will not stay in the soul that is half his and half the devil's. There may be more sins in our soul than there were Amalekites. We must kill them. Wee unto us if we spare Agag! Here is a Christian. He says: "I will drive out all the Amalekites of sin from my heart. Here is jealousy—down goes that Amalekite;" and what slaughter he makes among his sins, striking right and left! What is that out yonder, lifting up his head? It is Agag—it is worldliness. It is an old sin he cannot bear to strike down. It is a darling transgression he cannot afford to sacrifice. Oh, my brethren, I appeal for entire consecration! Some of the Presbyterians call it the "higher life." The Methodists, I believe, call it "perfection." I do not care what you call it; "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." I know men who are living with their soul in perpetual communion with Christ, and day after day are walking within sight of heaven. How do I know? They tell me so. I believe them. They would not be so. Why cannot we all have this consecration? Why spare of the sin in our soul, and leave others to bleat and bellow for our exposure and condemnation? Christ will not stay in the same house with Agag. You must give up Agag, or give up Christ. Jesus says, "All of that heart or none." Saul slew the poorest of the sheep and the meanest of the oxen, and kept some of the finest and the fattest, and there are Christians who have slain the most unpopular of their transgressions, and saved those which are most respectable. It will not do. Eternal war against all the Amalekites; no mercy for Agag.

I learn further from this subject that it is vain to try to defraud Christ. Here Saul thought he had cheated God out of those sheep and oxen; but he lost his crown, he lost his empire. You cannot cheat God out of a single cent. Here is a man who has made ten thousand dollars in fraud. Before he dies every dollar of it will be gone, or it will give him violent unrest. Here is a Christian who has been largely prospered. He has not given to God the proportion that is due in charities and benevolences. God comes to the reckoning, and he takes it all away from you. How often it has been that Christian men have had a large estate, and

it is gone. The Lord God came into the counting room and said: "I have allowed you to have all this property for ten, fifteen or twenty years, and you have not done justice to my poor children. When the beggar called upon you, you hounded him off your steps; when my suffering children appealed to you for help, you had no mercy. I only asked for so much, or so much, but you did not give it to me, and now I will take it all."

God asks of us one-seventh of our time in the way of Sabbath. Do you suppose we can get an hour of that time successfully away from its true object? No, no, God has demanded one-seventh of your time. If you take one hour of that time that is to be devoted to God's service, and instead of keeping his Sabbath, use it for the purpose of writing up your accounts or making worldly gains, God will get that hour from you in some unexpected way. God says to Jonah, "You go to Nineveh." He says, "No, I won't. I'll go to Tarshish." He starts for Tarshish. The sea raves, the winds blow, and the ship rocks. Come, ye whales, and take this passenger for Tarshish! No man ever gets to Tarshish whom God tells to go to Nineveh. The sea would not carry him; it is God's sea. The winds would not wait him! They are God's winds. Let a man attempt to do that which God forbids him to do, or to go into a place where God tells him not to go, the natural world as well as God is against him. The lightning is ready to strike him, the fires to burn him, the sun to smite him, the waters to drown him, and the earth to swallow him. Those whose princely robes are woven out of heart's strings; those whose fine houses are built out of skulls; those whose springing fountains are the tears of oppressed nations—have they successfully cheated God? The last day will demonstrate—it will be found out on that day that God vindicates not only his goodness and his mercy, but his power to take care of his own rights and the rights of his church, and the rights of his oppressed children. Come, ye martyred dead, awake! and come up from the dungeons where folded darkness harsened you, and the chains like cankers peeled loose the skin and wore off the flesh, and rattled on the marrowless bones. Come, ye martyred dead, from the stakes where you were burned, where the arm uplifted for mercy fell into the ashes, and the cry of pain was drowned in the snapping of the flame and the howling of the mob; from valleys of Piedmont and Smithfield Market, and London Tower, and the Highlands of Scotland. Gather in great procession, and together clap your bony hands, and together stamp your mouldy feet, and let the chains that bound you to dungeons all clank at once, and gather all the flames that burned you in one uplifted arm of fire, and plead for a judgment. Gather all the tears ye ever wept into a lake, and gather all the sighs ye ever breathed into a tempest, until the heaven-pleasing chain-clank, and the tempest-sigh, and the thunder-groan, announce to earth and hell and heaven a judgment! Oh, on that day God will vindicate the cause of the troubled and the oppressed! It will be seen in that day that though we may have robbed our fellows, we never have successfully robbed God.

My Christian friends, as you go out into the world, exhibit an open-hearted Christian frankness. Do not be hypocritical in anything; you are never safe if you are. At the most inopportune moment, the sheep will bleat and the oxen bellow. Drive out the last Amalekite of sin from your soul. Have no mercy on Agag. Down with your sins; down with your pride; down with your worldliness. I know you cannot achieve this work by your own arm, but Almighty grace is sufficient—that which saved Joseph in the pit; that which delivered Daniel in the den; that which shielded Shadrach in the fire; that which cheered Paul in the shipwreck.

THE SONAL ISLANDS.

Their Existence Is at Last Affirmed by Good Authority.

The existence of the Sonal or Phil lips Islands in the Pacific ocean, which has been mooted by mariners for years and finally discredited, has just been reaffirmed by the captains of the British ships Lock Eck and Swanhild, and the little group is likely to be replaced on marine charts. The maritime exchange has just got possession of all the facts.

Capt. Pettenrigh master of the British ship Lock Eck, which cleared this port in September last for Hiogo, Japan, sighted the islands in latitude 8.06 north and longitude 140.29 in the South Pacific ocean, and reported the facts of his discovery to the branch hydrographic office in the Exchange in this city. He reported the islands to be three in number, and to form a range in the path of vessels plying to China and Japan, running in a southerly direction for six or seven miles, being connected by low-lying rocks. It is believed that the third island is of recent formation, having come to the surface of the water within the last six months, and the entire group within the last year.

It is thought they were of volcanic origin, but a subsequent vessel, the British ship Swanhild, not only confirmed the position of the islands, but also found them inhabited. Capt. Mexico of this vessel, fully confirmed the Lock Eck report.

While drifting off the island he was surprised to see two canoe loads of natives come out to meet his vessel. They spoke in some unknown language. The party numbered thirty, and all were naked, but for dried leaves around their waists. Nearly every man was tattooed in bright red colors, entirely different from the manner of tattooing in the United States. One of those who appeared to be a chief, was marked with an American flag, the stars reaching from the thigh in the knee and the stripes from the knee downward.—Philadelphia Record.