

WAS THE GOMORRAH OF THE WEST.

Port Royal Erased From the Earth By an Act of the Almighty.

(Kingston, Jamaica, Correspondence.)

Beneath the blue waters of the harbor of this quaint old town lies buried a city which was once the seat of wealth and profligacy and all their attendant train of evils. In one awful moment the earth gaped, the seas opened to receive the palaces of licentiousness and closed above them, and 3,000 luckless mortals. Today, when the waters of the bay are still and shining in the tropical sun, the sailors may lean over the sides of their skiffs, and peering down through the azure depths see the fishes swimming in and out of the arches of the old cathedral, the sharks moving lazily among the great pinnacles, and the sea moss twining around the windows through which the music and song of the revelers were drifting when the fearful visitation came and wiped the city from the face of the earth. Two hundred years have passed since that June day when Port Royal disappeared into the sea. Three other cities built upon its site have been destroyed by fire and hurricane and earthquake. The avenging power which descended upon the stricken city seemed to pursue it even after its thousands had found watery graves in the bay, which now shimmers so placidly except when the fearful typhoons sweep over it and lash its waters to mad revels.

It was June 7, 1692. Port Royal lay sweltering under the heat of a tropical summer. Built upon a tongue of land extended into the ocean, it was swept by breezes which brought with them little relief from the direct rays of the sun. The harbor was filled with shipping from every port in the world, for Port Royal was a place of wealth and luxury. Great Britain's men-of-war lay in the offing with their sails furled and their men reveling ashore in the city. Spanish buccaniers, laden to the guards with stolen wealth, silks, jewels and gold, the spoil of Mexico and Central America, swung at anchor, and their dark-browed crews slept or lounged lazily about the decks while their masters joined the festivities ashore. In the houses and palaces of the city there was revelry and

feasting and drinking, for the pirates of the Spanish main spent freely what they secured so easily. Gold was as common as copper is today. The toddlers in the streets, when they held out baby hands for alms to the passers-by, were rewarded with a gold piece or two.

Another Gomorrah.

Women attired in silks and laces which cost human blood in the making and the stealing lounged on luxurious divans close to the open windows of the houses and drank deep draughts with their paramours. License ran riot. There was no virtue. For years every one in the place had been growing richer and with the wealth came the desire for ease and pleasure which saps a people's strength. No one worked, for money was brought to every one in the pirate ships which roamed the seas only to capture a cargo sufficient to purchase a few weeks of pleasure and feasting and drunkenness at Port Royal. From Peru and Mexico came boat loads of gold and silken stuffs and other treasure and with the arrival of every pirate the bacchanalian revels redoubled in license and depravity. The people lounged to church, but it was only a mockery of worship. They were drunk with their prosperity and insane with their longing for the pleasures of the table and the wine cup.

On that fated day when the vengeance which overtook Sodom and Gomorrah descended upon Port Royal the revelry was at its height, when there came a sound like the great crack of doom, the earth trembled and the half-drunken revelers rushed from the houses in dismay. The great cathedral rocked and its tower trembled a moment, and, while the people were asking one another, white-lipped and terrified, what manner of thing was happening, the earth gaped open like a great jaw and closed with thousands in its maw, catching many half way in the frightful opening and holding them, crushed and broken, with their helpless arms extended toward the heaven they had so long forgotten.

Scarce had this occurred, when, with a mighty roar, the whole city began to slide down into the ocean.

In vain the frightened people began to flee to the high land beyond the city. They were caught and engulfed before they had taken a score of steps. Hundreds were overtaken by the rising flood as they sat at the tables with their wine half drunk, and their food half eaten, their thoughts half spoken. Praying, screaming, and blaspheming the power which had visited its wrath upon them, the harlots and pirates of the city were hurled into the ocean in the very houses in which they sat. The ships in the harbor careened and sank one by one as the great seismic disturbance continued, drawing down in their wake the terror-stricken sailors and buccaniers, who sprang overboard, and in less than five minutes all the wickedness, all the debauchery, all the sin of the profligate city were hidden forever beneath the waves.

Not long after this frightful disaster came another upon the city, which took the place of the one which slipped into the sea. Port Royal was rebuilt, not with its old splendor and magnificence, not with its former glory and luxuriousness, but as a seaport city, and in 1703, a few years after it had assumed the proportions of a city, it was entirely destroyed by fire. Again it was built up, but the avenging power was not yet sated, for a hurricane swept the greater portion of the town into the ocean in 1722. Almost a hundred years later, when the city had once more risen on its old site, it was laid in ashes once more, in 1815. Repeated destructions have left nothing of the city as it once was, but in 1880 a hurricane destructive to life and property swept over the city and once more partially destroyed it.

A Later Catastrophe.

In his "Annals of Jamaica," published in 1828, Rev. George Wilson Bridges quotes from a letter written by one of the survivors—a rector—two or three days after the disaster, which is, in part, as follows:

"After I had been at church reading, which I did every day since I was rector of this place, to keep up some show of religion, and was gone to a place hard by the church, where the merchants meet, and where the president of the council was, who came into my company and engaged me to take a glass of wormwood wine as a whet before dinner, he being my very good friend, I stayed with him, upon which he lighted a pipe of tobacco, which he was pretty long in taking, and not being willing to leave him before it was out, this determined me from going to dinner to one Captain Roden's, whither I was invited, whose house, upon the first concussion, sunk into the earth and then into the sea with his wife and family and some that were come to dine with him. Had I been there I would have been lost. But to return to the president and the pipe of tobacco. Before that was out I found the ground rolling and moving under my feet, upon which I said unto him: 'Lord, sir, what is that?' He replied, being a very grave man: 'It is an earthquake. Be not afraid; it will soon be over.'"

But he disappeared and was never heard of again. Continuing, the rector wrote: "I made toward Morgan's fort, because I thought to be there securest from falling houses, but as I was going I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon them over the fortifications. Moreover, the large and famous burying ground was destroyed and the sea washed away the carcasses. The harbor was covered with dead bodies, floating up and down."

Kingston now stands close to where Port Royal, the old town of revelry and vice, once stood. The ships in the harbor float over the houses, which slipped into the sea, and far, far below their keels lie the imprisoned people who were swept away, with vain prayers for mercy upon their lips. The spire of the cathedral is most prominent of the ruins here in the clear water, as it had raised its taper finger toward heaven, high above the other buildings. Close to it lie the fleets of Spain and England, sunk in the fearful hurricanes which swept these placid waters, with the coral fast forming on their masts and hulls. In their shadow lurk the sea monsters of these waters, playing about the doorways and casements of the houses and shops, where vice once held sway. No man has ever penetrated to the depths where the phantom city lies, to explore its secrets, two centuries old, and all that can be learned of the sunken town is gleaned by peering into the transparent waters on a bright day when the wind does not ruffle the surface of the harbor.

Carrie

The Telegraph Girl

A ROMANCE OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP.

By Captain Jack Crawford

"THE POET SCOUT."

(Continued.)

God bless her! And she called me Fred! Her heroism fanned yet brighter the flames of love in my heart, and I felt that her language indicated that she held me in more than ordinary regard.

Were I dealing with fiction I would write a lurid description of a desperate conflict between the sheriff's posse and the outlaws, but as I am dealing in actual experiences, and the story will, no doubt, be read by many acquainted with the facts, I must adhere closely to the lines of truth. The special stopped about a mile north of the station to allow the posse to disembark, and, by advancing noiselessly, surround the depot and capture the robbers; but, alas, for the well-laid plan, the noise of the train was heard, and fearing a trap, the scoundrels, leaving me a parting curse, hastened from the office, mounted their horses, which had been secured near by, and made their escape before a shot was fired.

A few months later, while on leave of absence granted me from the handsome station given me in a beautiful Kansas town, a telegram was handed to me as I stood in the parlor of Mrs. Rankin's pretty cottage home in Arkansas City. I read it and handed it to the little woman dressed in bridal robes who stood at my side. Then the chief train dispatcher read it aloud to the assembled guests. It ran as follows:

Topeka, Kan., May 10, 18—
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Saunders, Arkansas City.

All the officials of the Santa Fe company join in warmest congratulations, with the sincere prayer that the new lives you to-day begin may never be shadowed by a cloud of care. While we regret the loss of the valued services our little heroine of Red Rock, we glean satisfaction from the fact that we will yet hold her husband, and will also feel that she, too, is a cherished member of the great Santa Fe family. May the sun of true happiness ever illumine your lives.

(Signed) R. B. GEMMELL,
Supt. of Telegraph.

"I am commissioned," added the dispatcher, "to place these two envelopes among the gifts from loving friends on this table. They bear slight tokens of appreciation of valuable services from the Santa Fe Company and from the Wells-Fargo Express Company."

There was an envelope addressed to Carrie, and one to myself. Each contained a crisp, new, unopened \$1,000 greenback.

HIS LIFE'S MISTAKE.

"Why did I never marry? Well, I'll tell you."

The little crowd of listeners looked interested as Col. Wiley, the handsome white haired bachelor, settled back in his chair, as if to more comfortably relate the story of his escape from matrimony.

"I was very much in love, but you would know that when I tell you that she was as fair and lovely a girl as these Virginia skies ever looked down upon. A true southerner, she was loyal to her state and was proud to say that her ancestors were among the F. F. V's."

"While a slender little creature, she was a splendid horsewoman, and knew every inch of our rugged mountain roads. Of course that was just before the war, and I was a young chap then."

"Her name was Lucy, a good, old-fashioned name that we southerners still cherish, and do not change to the more airy Lucile, as do our northern neighbors. It doesn't matter about her surname; you'd all recognize it were I to divulge, so I shall be silent concerning it."

"She was the daughter of the house and had two large brothers, who looked upon Lucy as a mere baby and guarded her quite as zealously. I first had to win their friendship before getting anywhere near being even a mere acquaintance with Lucy."

When the war broke out both brothers were filled with the enthusiasm of the battlefield, and by constant allusions to their bravery, and adroit carefully worded remarks concerning their excellent appearance in the uniforms of the confederate gray, I soon won them completely over. As for Lucy, she regarded me with suspicion for some time, but suffice to say that when I marched away into the fire and thunder of Shiloh a little golden curl, a locket enclosing the photograph of a pretty girl, and a Bible, her gifts, were snugly and carefully tucked away in the lining of my coat.

Lucy's brothers and I were enlisted in the same regiment, and in that way I frequently heard from her. Their father, a strong minded, stubborn, aristocratic old fellow, had positively forbidden an engagement or even communication of any sort. She was too young, he said, to have her mind turned topsy-turvy with love nonsense.

"She made no effort to disobey, but when she gave me the curl and locket and looked at me through tears that were just falling from her great blue eyes, I felt that in the battle of hearts I had not lost, and that in due course of time I'd claim the indemnity of war and call little Lucy my own."

"This blissful condition continued for six months or a year. Then came the usual uncertainties, suspicions and jealousies that so frequently disturb love's young dream and bring despair to youthful lovers."

"It was this way: Our first lieutenant was a dashing young officer, as fearless as a young lion and so handsome that the privates soon dubbed him 'Master Prettyboy.' We were cleaning our muskets one day, preparatory to the morrow's fight, when Master Prettyboy came strolling along and paused near us, saying to Jim, Lucy's brother: 'I received a charming letter from your sister today. She sent her love to you two boys and asked me to tell her how far you both ran at the first fight.'"

"That night I went to Jim and asked him if the first lieutenant and his sister had long been friends."

"They played together when babies," he answered. "She thinks a baby of him."

"That was enough. From that hour my visions of sweet Lucy were blurred with the mist of insincerity and faithfulness. To be sure, we were not engaged, but we understood, and our eyes had asked and answered the questions which our lips were forbidden to speak."

"My love-life—as I then calls it—died one day when the first lieutenant, beaming and smiling, hailed Lucy's brother with: 'Congratulations, old boy; she says she'll have me.'"

"Well, the war ended—as you all have perhaps heard ere this, although some of our mossbacks here in the mountains refuse to believe it. When Lee surrendered I was the superior officer of the handsome first lieutenant, whom I hated and envied with equal passion. I came out of the army with a cruel wound in my shoulder, and it was months before I came back to this part of the country, where I had found and loved and won my pretty Lucy."

"The old-time scenes and associations (although the war had brought many grievous changes) seemed to open my emotions anew, and one Sunday I decided to go to her."

"I had gone perhaps half the way when I came to a switch on which stood a dilapidated locomotive. As



"I LOVE YOU, DEAR," engineer and his assistant were endeavoring to polish its rusty wheels and boiler. They were discussing the pros and cons of matrimony."

"There's no use in talkin'," said one; "there's mighty little sincerity in women."

"That's true," reiterated the other. "I went to the war engaged to the sweetest girl you ever clapped eyes on, but when I came back she was married to a cowardly cur that never saw the smoke of a musket."

"So I was not the only one, I thought. I retraced my steps, boarded a train, and a month later was digging a gold mine in the Grand Canon of Colorado."

"Years later I was at the depot at Denver awaiting a train to take me back east, and was much surprised to find myself face to face with Lucy's brother Jim."

"That night we talked over old times as we smoked our cigars and, at memory drift back to the exciting days of '64. I thought of the dashing first lieutenant and casually asked:

"And whatever became of Pretty-boy?"

"Why, didn't you know? he replied. 'He married my sister Katherine.'"

"Your sister—Katherine?" I gasped. "I—I never knew you had any sister but Lucy."

"She's a half-sister. My father was married twice, and Katherine always lived with her grandparents. Say, by the way," he added, "we thought at one time that you were rather smitten with Lucy."

"You can imagine my eagerness to reach once more dear old Virginia. How beautiful the dusty old town looked as Jim and I sprang from the train and almost ran down the street toward his old home!"

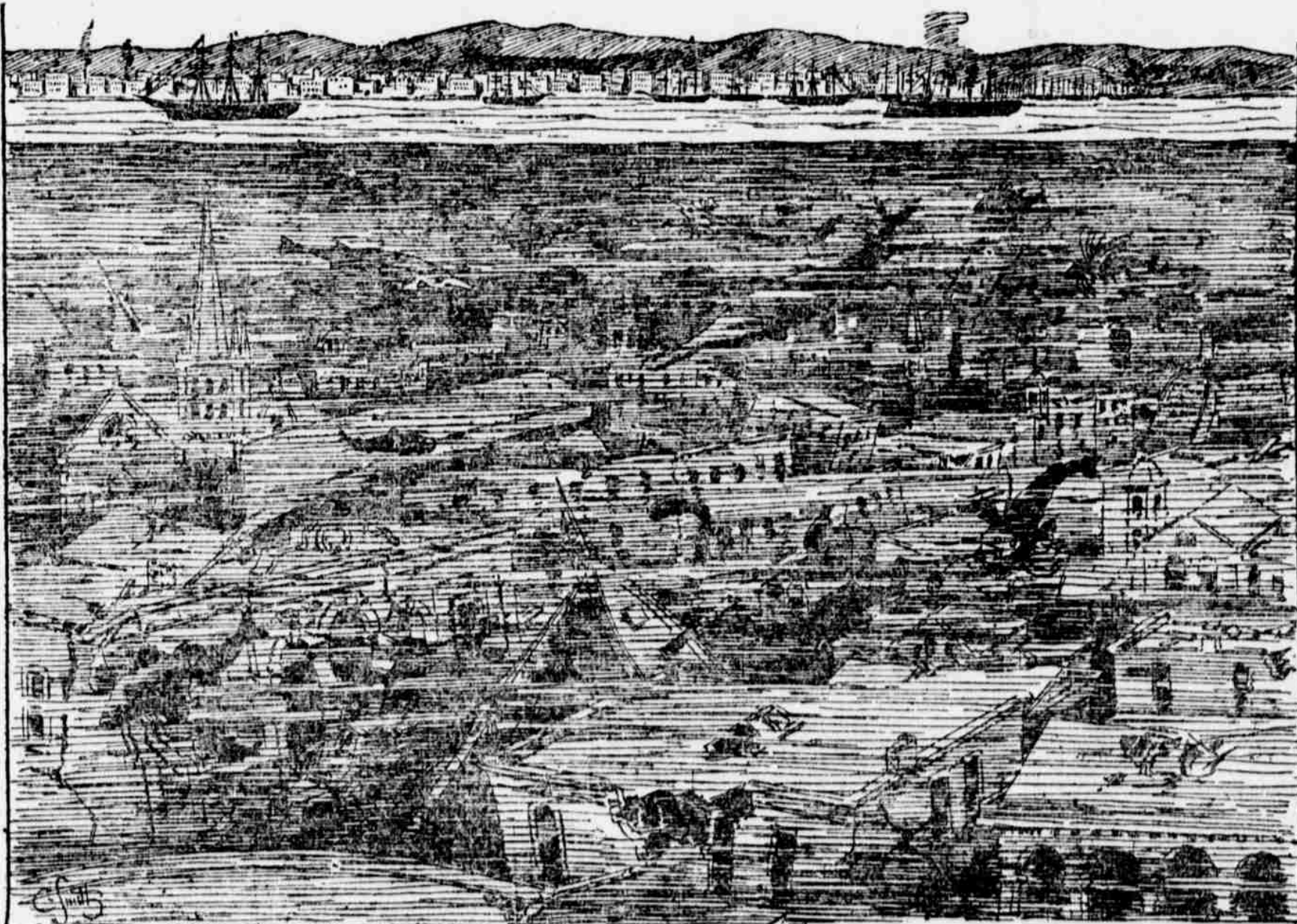
"Our footsteps sounded loud and drear as we walked across the porch and Jim opened the door. Jim tramped along the hall shouting and laughing and asking if the place were deserted."

"Then his mother, bent and gray and her once beautiful face furrowed with lines, came softly toward us. She fell into Jim's arms, sobbing as she did so."

"It was thoughtless for me to come without telling you beforehand," he said. "I might have known it would upset you."

"She but sobbed the more and could not speak. Then she took Jim's hand, and I following, led us to an upstairs room and gently pushed the door ajar. 'She died but an hour ago,' the mother said, but I heard as if in a dream. Then going to a table she took up some letters, and, trembling and sobbing, handed them to me, saying as she did so: 'Lucy left these. She said there was one for you.'"

"There was but one sheet and on it but a line or two—simply: 'I did not forget, and I have waited patiently. I love you, dear.'—Chicago News.



THIS IS PORT ROYAL, THE CITY OF SIN, SUNK FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH BY THE ANGRY CREATOR.

STILL BOYS.

Two Six Old Chaps of 60 Went Swimming Together.

Neither of these old chaps is under 60, yet each is a living example of the fact that men are only boys grown tall, says the Detroit Free Press. They live a few blocks apart on Brush street and have been chums ever since they were toddlers. The other evening, just after sunset, the one living farther out came strolling by the house of the other, keeping a keen lookout from the corner of his eye for his comrade. When he was sighted, trying to keep cool in a hammock stretched under an apple tree, the man on the sidewalk held up his hand and began making cabalistic signs with his fingers, while he walked on his toes and pressed a finger of his other hand on his lips to enjoin silence. The old gentleman under the tree was puzzled for a minute. Then he sprang from his hammock with youthful agility, gave a sweep of his arm that motioned his comrade to the alley behind the barn, and said: "Blamed if I don't," as he stealthily entered the house by the kitchen door.

When he went slowly through the back yard as though he had nothing special on his mind, his coat-tails bulged suspiciously and his eyes had a glint of mischief. The two saluted in whispers, slipped around half a block to get a car, giggled and talked under their breaths until they reached a well known point up the river, and there went in swimming, diving, whooping, swimming doggie and turning turtles as nearly possible like they had done half a century before. They dried their scant hair carefully, stowed the soap and towels out of sight and reached home prepared to prevaricate if questioned. Next day they shook hands, carried themselves more erect and congratulated each other that they still knew their boyish tricks.

A Bird's Foot.

Birds cannot open the foot when the leg is bent; that is the reason they do not fall off their perches. If you watch a hen walking, you will notice that it closes its toes as it raises its foot, and opens them as it touches the ground.

An Adventure in the Jungle.

The moon has a curious trick of changing objects into something quite unlike themselves in appearance. In one instance such a transformation nearly cost the life of a British soldier. He thus relates the incident: My company had been ordered into the Deshur district to break up the Dacoits, who had become very troublesome. We arrived there in the night, stormed a band of the robbers by moonlight, killed or captured a round dozen of them, and chased the rest into the jungle. Some of us followed on foot among the reeds and bushes, but soon got tired of this useless business, and were quite willing to stop and turn back at the sound of the recall. Our hospital steward, a native, and a good one, was by my side. My canteen had been emptied on the march, and I was parched with the thirst that follows fighting. Something among the bushes glistening on the ground like water, caught my eye. "It's a stagnant pool left by the rains, but it will serve to wet my throat," I said, and was for throwing myself on the ground to

drink, but the steward pulled me back. "Nay, sahib, stay! Lend me your sword for a moment!" he said. He took my sword, and lightly stirred the pool with its point. From the middle of the pool a cobra's hooded head arose, and there came the sound of its hateful hiss. With a sweep of the sword the steward cut the reptile's head off, and at once what had seemed to me a water pool became the writhing coils of a serpent that had been fully six feet in length. "That was your pool, sahib," the steward gravely said: "It is well that you paused before attempting to drink from it."

One Way of Looking at It.

"It has been openly asserted," exclaimed one citizen, "that that politician accepts money for his influence." "Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "he isn't to blame for that. If people choose to advertise his business for nothing he can't help it."—Washington Star.

Three pints of liquid a day are sufficient for the average adult.