DICK RODNEY:

or. The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XV The Water-Spout

As the sun increased in heat, notwithstanding the season of the year, I dark woolen or broadcloth, as the latter absorbs, and the former repels, the rays of the sun

Marc Hislop illustrated this to me by igniting paper with a burningprinted letters, they were instantly away in the distant sea.

We ran along the coast of Hispaniowe sighted Tortuga, a rocky island covered with palm trees and sandalwood, but surrounded by reefs and shoals; and, rounding Cape St. Nicholas, stood to the southward between the great islands of Jamaica and Cuba, but without seeing either of them at that

For three days we had dark and cloudy weather.

About 3 o'clock p. m. on the 24th of January a small speck, which appeared to the westward on our weather beam, grew rapidly into a gloomy cloud, and swiftly, as if on the wings of a destroying angel, it traversed the thickening air and the agitated sea, which darkened beneath its shadow; and so this speck came on, until it grew an awful thunder-cloud.

"Bear a hand fore and aft! Hurry, my lads!-make all snug before the tempest breaks!" were the cheering orders of Weston, Hislop and Lambourne as the brig was prepared to encounter a heavy squall.

The rain soon fell in torrents, impeding the men at their work of close reefing, furling and stowing away some of the heavier canvas, and in tightly belaying the running rigging, for when loose ropes are flying about in a tempest, and eracking in men's faces like coach-whips, they become sufficiently bewildering to impede the working of

Uder the lower edge of the approaching cloud, when about twelve miles distant, we beheld an object which filled us with wonder and awe.

It was a tremendous spout, or column, of water, connected with the cloud above and the sea below (the sea, from which a circular wind had sucked it upward), that was now visi-

This column was like a solid mass of breakers, approaching with incredible speed over waves that began to rise in short and pyramidal peaks.

Hislop was too busy clewing up canvas, sending yards down from aloft, belaying and ordering, and so lost a famous opportunity for expatiating-as no doubt he would have done -on the theory of these spouts, for this phenomenon filled us with the greatest alarm, lest it might swoop down upon the Eugenie, dismast and destroy her like a child's toy ship.

Atonio el Cubano, being the most powerful and muscular man on board, was ordered to the wheel.

Across the sea this column seemed to pass with the cloud, boiling, foaming and with the sound of a mighty cascade pouring into a deep valley, but yet maintaining a position quite perpendicular. Around its base the waves seemed in dreadful commotion, rising and falling, seething and glittering in the lightning which shot at times from the gloomy bosom, of the cloud that floated over them.

As this terrible phenomenon approached from the westward, Captain Weston conceived that we might escape its influence by altering the brig's course, and so passing it. I have heard of water-spouts being dissipated by the effect of heavily shotted guns, but we had no such appliances-at least we had no shot on board.

The breeze, which was blowing fresh and had not as yet become a gale (to us at least), veered northwesterly; so we shook the reefs out of our topsails and trimmed sharp by the wind.

"Luff, luff-keep your !uff-keep her to," were the incessant orders of Weston, and the Eugenie flew through the water like a race horse; held by the powerful hands of Antonio, she never yawed an inch, and by especial Providence she got to the windward of that dreadful phenomenon, which passed us, cloud and all, about six miles astern, when, as it changed color from grayish green to white, it presented a scene so sublime and terrible that "the boldest held his breath for a time," and Antonio, who was blanched white with terror, though he had frequently seen such spouts as these in his native seas, assured me, with chattering teeth, that he had never beheld one of such magnitude, and it was long before he could be certain of our safety, and ceased to mutter:

"O mala ventura-mala ventura!"

(literally, bad luck.) From white the water-spout became dusky purple, when a gleam of the sun fell on it, and the waves at its base glittered in all the colors of the rainbow.

"Thank heaven! that is past," said Weston.

"Ay, sir," said old Roberts, the mano'-war's man; "it is enough to make shaded its time-worn walls. one's hair stand on end for a week." "Had we been twenty minutes' sail astern, we could not have escaped it!"

said Hislop; "but we have handled the

***************** brig beautifully. That ugly Spaniard at the wheel was worth his weight in gold just now!"

For nearly an hour the sea was was soon sensible of the comfort of greatly agitated; but as the Eugenic, white clothing, when contrasted with still braced sharp to the wind, flew from one long roller to another, we rapidly got into smooth water. The barometer rose quickly; the vapors dispersed; and when the setting sun gave us a parting smile from the far horiglass; whenever the focus was brought | zon the storm-cloud and its water-spout to bear upon dark places, such as had disappeared together or melted

The little eddies of wind which on a fine summer morning may be seen la, and saw the wavy ridges of its whirling up the dust and dry leaves mountains that tower into the clouds; in circles on a road are exactly on the same principle as those mighty phenomena which become tornadoes, cyclones, and water-spouts when they reach the ocean, where they may easily dismast and perhaps sink the largest line-of-battle ship.

These spouts rise from the sea exactly like the moving pillars of sand which the whirlwinds sweep from the hot and arid deserts of Africa and Arabia.

About six bells (i. e., 7 o'clock p. m.) this escape was followed by a dead calm, which lasted till midnight, and during that time we talked of nothing but the skill with which we had got the weathergage of that column of foam. As the sun set, with a rapidity peculiar to these latitudes, the brilliant tints he shed on sea and sky changed with equal speed from gold to saffron, from that to vivid purple, and from thence to the hue of sap-

The sensation of loneliness which the departure of the sun excites in the breast of a landsman at sea is peculiar; but this was soon changed from mine by the splendor of the rising moon, which changed the sapphire tints of sea and sky to liquid silver and the clearest blue.

Above, no cloud nor even the tiniest shred of vapor was visible. Sea blended with sky at the horizon, and seemed to melt into each other, so that no line was traceable. Save a planet or two, twinkling with less light than usual, there seemed to be no stars in heaven, for the glory of the full-orbed moon eclipsed them all; her light fell brightly on the white sails of the Eugenie, and in it the features of our faces were distinct as at noonday, and now it was the noon of night.

About 12 o'clock a fresh breeze sprang up, and the ship's course was resumed.

"By keeping the weathergage, and beyond the circle of the spout's attraction, we escaped without shipping a drop of water!" said Weston, for the twentieth time. "Let me see how you enter all this in the log, Hislop."

"It is no uncommon thing for a craft at sea to be deluged by a spout of fresh water, which the whirlwind has torn up from an inland lake," said Hislop; "and houses, far in-shore, have in the same fashion been deluged by salt water absorbed from the sea-and hence the showers of dried herrings, of which we have heard so much at times. Now, Rodney, you will perhaps be surprised when I tell you that it is the winds which produce a calm like that we have had tonight."

"The winds!" I reiterated, surprised at such a paradox from our theorist.

"Yes. The opposition of the winds will at times produce a perfect calm, and then when rain falls it is always gentle and equable; but when clouds seem to move against the lower winds, or when streams of air denote a variety of the aerial current, and consequently the approach of rain-

"What strange sound is that ahead or, at least, forward?" said Weston, interrupting Hislop, who would perhaps have theorized for an hour.

"It is Antonio, groaning in his sleep in the forecastle," said Ned Carlton. who was at the wheel.

"I wish the ship were rid of him and his dreams," added Hislop, testily. "Well, as I was saying, when the adverse movements of the clouds seem to denote-

"Light ahead!" cried a voice from the bow.

"Is that you, Roberts?" asked Weston, while Hislop stamped with vexation at the second interruption. "Yes, sir."

"How does it bear?"

"East-north-east." "Then it is Cape St. Antonio light, the most western point of Cuba," said Weston. "I thought I could smell the land with the first cat's paw, before the breeze freshened.

The light, dim and distant, like a star, was now seen to twinkle among the waves at the horizon.

For more than an hour I remained on deck, with my eyes fixed upon that feeble but increasing beacon, which indicated a foreign shore; then I went below and turned in, with a sigh of pleasure that the voyage was nearly over, and a hope that when I traversed those waves again I should be on my return home-home to my father and mother, to Sybil and Dotto the old rectory, with its shady oak grove, its green lawn and the masses of ivy, woodbine and honeysuckle that

CHAPTER XVI.

Cuba When day dawned we had rounded year.

and an analysis and an anison of the control of the along the northern shore of Cuba,

I was up early, by eight bells, or a little after 4 a, m., and with deep interest I surveyed the coast of that beautiful island, the first and now the last portion of that vast empire beyond the seas which Columbus queathed to Castile and Leon.

"Dat is my country, senor," said Antonio, who was at the wheel, and this remark, with the repulsive aspect of the Spaniard and his mysterious character, served to dissipate by momentary enthusiasm.

"That is Caybo Buena Vista-and the breakers on the weather-bow," he continued; "mark the Collorados, a long reef of rocks. The blue sharks are as thick there as the stars in the

We were now in the Gulf of Flor-

The sky was cloudless and blue, and now it seemed as if the welkin above and the almost waveless sea below were endeavoring to outvie each other in calmness, in beauty and in the glory of their azure depths. The wind was off the land and rather ahead, but the salls were trimmed to perfection, and we ran through the gulf on a taut bow-

I have so much more to narrate than my limited space permits me to give in full detail that I must compress into one chapterr all that relates to my visit to Matanzas.

Our run through the gulf was delightful, and on the 29th of January, just as a rosy tint was stealing over the sea and the rocky shore of Cuba, after the sun had set beyond the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, we saw Havana light, bearing south by west, and distant about fourteen miles. So we passed in the night the wealthy capital of Cuba, so famed in the annals of our victories-La Habana, or the harbor-of which, from our being so far to seaward, we could see nothing but the the great revolving light which burns so brightly on the high rock of the Morro, or Castello de los Santos Reyes; and before dawn we descried the light of Santa Cruz on our water-

Weston drew my attention to it, adding, "That is the beacon which so scared me when it shone through the stern windows of the empty polacea

Next day, after encountering a head wind, against which we tacked frequently between the Pan de Matanzas and the wooded point of Sumberella, at 10 o'clock in the morning a Spanish mulatto pilot came on board and took the brig in charge.

We ran safely into the harbor, and by 11 o'clock came to anchor at a place recommended by Antonio, half a cable's length from the castle of St. Severino. In half an hour after the sails were all unbent and stowed below, and preparations were made for "breaking bulk"-to unload the vessel, whose cargo, I have stated consisted of steam machinery and coals for the sugar and coffee mills.

Gangs of Spanish mulattoes, negro porters and jumpers, in red shirts and white drawers, with broad straw hats, and nearly all with rings in their ears. came on board in quest of employment, and then all was confusion, garlic, dirt, jabbering in Spanish and Congo. singing, swearing and smoking cigar-

I was now at liberty to go ashore, and after the first bustle was over Weston left Hislop in charge of the brig and accompanied me. Matanzas presented nothing new to him, but I surveyed with interest, not unmixed with wonder, the new world in which I found myself.

The city of Don Carlos de Matanzas occupies a gentle eminence between the Rivers San Juan and Yumuri, which roll into the bay from the mountainous ridge that traverses all Cuba. Its name, Matanzas, signifies the place of murder, because in that bay some of the Spaniards of Columbus were slain by the native Indians.

(To be continued.)

A LUCKY ACCIDENT.

How the Art of Printing from Stone Was Discovered.

One of the greatest discoveries ever

made was the result of pure accident, It was in the year 1796. The citizens of Munich had just witnessed the first performance of Mozart's opera, "Don Juan." The theater was deserted by all except one man, Alois Sennefelder, who, after making a round of inspection in the building to see that there was no danger of fire, went to his room to stamp the tickets of admission for the following day. When he entered his room he had three things in his hand-a polished whetstone, which he had bought for sharpening his razor; a ticket-stamp, still moistened with printing ink, and a check on the treasurer of the theater for his weekly salary. As he placed the latter on the table a gust of wind swept it high up in his room, and then deposited it in a basin of water. Sennefelder dried the paper as well as he could, and then weighted it down with the whetstone, upon which he had carelessly placed the printing stamp. When he returned to his room the following

It is estimated that 40,000 tons of cucumbers are raised and eaten within the limits of the United States every

morning, he was astonished at seeing

the letters printed upon the dampen-

ed paper. A thought came to him. He

wondered whether by some such means

he could not simplify his work of con-

tinually copying the songs of the

chorus. He went out and purchased a

large stone, commenced making ex-

periments, and, as we all know, final-

ly discovered the art of printing from

stone-lithography.

POLLY.

"Dear Margaret: I am sorry to grieve you, but I cannot marry John Murray. He is too plain and pokey and would never suit me at all, and I am going to marry the man I love. He is not your style, and knowing you will not approve I am taking French leave, and you will never be bothered with me again. Hoping that in time you may forgive me, I must now say farewell.

Your loving sister. Polly." On reaching Polly's room to assist her in dressing for her wedding Margaret found this note upon the table. The girl had managed very adroitly to get her clothes out of the house without exciting suspicion, and left at the last minute. So there was no wedding at the little flat that night, and when the guests arrived they were quietly dismissed.

All her life Margaret Maguire had scrimped and saved and sacrificed, practicing every form of self-denial for her younger sister. At 14 she entered the shop that her small earnings might be added to the family store. Earnestly desiring an education, she went to night school and determined that Polly should not be deprived of the advantages of the day school, she denied herself almost the necessities of life to keep her out of the shop. All her ambition was for Polly, the sunshine of her life, and she sat up late plying her needle that she might have a gay little dress for school. Her own was patched and darned, her coat was threadbare, her shoes were mended, but so long as Polly had a ribbon for her hair and was bright and happy Margaret was satisfied

Polly danced and sang, accepting all without a thought of her sister's sacrifices. She grew up to be a beauty, and finally graduated from the public school, much to Margaret's delight.

The younger boys now began to get places to work, and the strain was not quite so great. Margaret obtained a situation in a dry goods store, and they moved into a better flat, and had more of the comforts of life.

"Why, how pleased you look!" exclaimed Polly one evening when she opened the door for her sister. "Got a raise?"

"No, indeed," laughed Margaret. "I wish I had!"

She did not tell that John Murray, the floorwalker in her section, had walked to the car with her and asked if he might call the next night,

He came, and Margaret received him with fluttering heart, for she had never attracted any man's attention before. After a few minutes Polly came in, and



IT WAS POLLY HE CAME TO SEE. from that moment the world was changed for John Murray,

Polly, pretty Polly, with her vivacious conversation, her coquettish airs. and ravishing dimple, completely fascinated him. Margaret saw it all. She sat with the lines gradually deepening in her face, and wished she had not been so foolish as to crimp her hair. Such frivolous things were for Polly, and she was rightly punished.

John Murray came often after that, but it was plain that it was Polly he came to see. They became engaged, and after a while he obtained a position in a wholesale store and there was no excuse for delaying the marriage.

Margaret worked early and late that Polly might have pretty things for her wedding. The day was set and a small company invited. Then she found the little note-and Polly was gone. Not a word of thanks to the sister for her self-denial-never a kind word for the man she had treated so cruelly.

Two years dragged slowly on and nothing was heard of Polly. They made no effort to find her, and did not even know the name of the man she married. She dropped as completely out of their lives as if she had died. John Murray continued to call at the

little home-they had a common sorrow, but Polly's name was never men-One night, when Margaret seemed

more depressed than usual, he said: "Margaret, you must not grieve so much. Come, get on your things, and let us go to some place of amusement,

and see the lighter side of life." They went to one of the music halls, and there they saw Polly. She came out upon the stage with penciled evebrows, painted cheeks, and scant attire, and sang a coarse song with many suggestive winks and smirks. The look of innocence had left her face, and when she performed a series of high kicks Margaret was so shocked she al-

most fainted. John sat as if turned to stone, and realized as never before the contrast how he could ever have loved Polly. | Press.

"Shall we go now?" he asked, when Polly's turn was done.

"Yes," she said, and they left the hall and went to the stage entrance and waited.

At last Polly came out. "Polly!" said Margaret, stepping for-

ward with outstretched hands. Polly gave a start at the familiar sound and stared in astonishment at

the two before her, "Polly, come home with me, and give up this horrible life!" said Margaret,

with tears in her eyes. "No, no," she answered; "don't ask me, don't come near me. I am not fit!" She waved her off and ran so fast down the street they could not follow, and disappeared around a cor-

Sadly they went home, and John drew Margaret's head to his breast and told her to have a good cry. Then he asked the right to comfort her always.

Next morning she received a letter from Polly:

"I know just how you felt when you saw me at the show tonight, and how much I shocked you. Necessity forced me into the business. The man that I chose in preference to honest John Murray deserted me after a few months and I discovered that he had another wife living and I was not his wife at all. Not wishing to come back to you in my disgrace, I went from bad to worse, and drifted to the vaudeville stage. Never again will I be seen there, for tonight shall end it all. Good-by, my dear sister. May you and John be as happy as you deserveis the last wish of your loving

"Polly." The morning papers contained an account of the death of another musichall singer-from an overdose of morphine.—Buffalo Times.

Mexico's Cigarette-Smoking Bats. Henry Adams of Wichita, Kas., has just returned from Old Mexico, and tells this story of the favorite amusement of Americans at the clubs in the City of Mexico. Frequently in the evenings the vampires, or blood-sucking bats, fly into the open windows of the club rooms. The Americans then close the doors and catch the bat by throwing a shawl over it. One of the men lights a cigarette, opens the bat's mouth and inserts the cigarette therein. The creature is then turned lose. Its soft mouth contracting closely, the cigarette is immediately selzed firmly. Every time the bat breathes it draws in the smoke and then exhales it. Thus, flying around the room, smoking the cigarette wildly and puffing out clouds of smoke, it presents a strange

"SCRAPS."

smoked up.

appearance. The smoke generally kills

Japan has a new lighthouse, made of | for by customers. bamboo, which is said to resist the better than any kind of wood.

The wool on the back of a sheep is a shepherd's barometer. The curlier the wool the finer will be the weather. Queen Margherita of Italy speaks German fluently, and generally uses that language when she meets German artists.

The island of Malta has a population of 157,736. The number of deaths there last year was 5,547, including eight victims of leprosy.

In a family in Kirwin, Kan., one son is a doctor, another an undertaker, and a third a tombstone-maker, whose wife

is a registered pharmacist. Among the 3,405 newspapers printed in Germany sixty-eight are in foreign languages, including thirty-nine Polish, nineteen Danish and seven French journals.

When Thomas A. Edison was a newsboy on a train passing near the handsome houses of East Orange, N. J., he said to a friend. "I shall live in one of those places some day.' And he does.

Senator Depew says that President Garfield once advised him "to stop telling jokes from that day, for I have studied the American public carefully, and it will not place confidence in the man who says humorous things."

Pierre Loti's plans for the future include trips to Asia Minor, Persia, the Himalayas and the plains of India, It is said that he never reads books, but finds all the mental aliment he wants in change of surroundings.

The winter has been a phenomenal one in England, with abnormally warm days and then sudden periods of frost. As a consequence the death rate has gone up noticeably in nearly all the towns, and the outbreak and sudden increase of influenza shows in all the reports.

"What!" exclaimed the surprised traveler in Florida, "you want me to pay \$3 for riding half a mile in your old carriage?" "Certainly," replied the native, with eyes wide open, "yer don't think I'm like you other jaysdown here for my health, do yer?"-Yonkers Statesman,

At this time of the year when the bicycle is brought out from its winter bed it will be noticed that the outer cover of the tires is very hard and stiff and closed to the rim parched and cracked. The best method to get the rubber pliable again is to deflate the tires and rub well with ordinary soft soap.-Chicago News,

"Hoot, mon!" shouted the Scotch contractor who is putting up a fine house in the suburbs, "I canna manage wl' ye. Gang hame, mon." "What for?" "Dinna I tell 't ye to take the hurlbarro an' trun'le thae stanes doon there, an' ye stude an' glower't at me? between the painted woman on the I canna manage wi' ye when ye dinna stage and Margaret, and wondered understan' English."-Detroit Free

THE WHOLE SYSTEM

May Become Invaded by Catarrh-General Lewis' Case.

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"JAMES LEWIS." Wherever the catarrh is, there is sure to be a waste of mucus. The mucus is as precious as blood. It is blood, in fact. It is blood plasma-blood with the corpuscles removed. To stop this waste, you must stop this catarrh. A course of treatment with Pe-ru-na never fails to do this.

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A man can lay claims to greatness when his private affairs begin to interest the public.

United States Patent Office Business. Four hundred and twenty-nine patents were issued this week. In the list en are for Iowa inventors.

Five thousand nine hundred and wenty-seven applications are awaiting action by the examiners. Applications prepared and prosecuted by us and allowed within the last

eight days, but not yet issued, are as follows: To W. S. Armstrong of Ruthren, Ia., for a detachable awning, for windows and doors, that overcomes the difficulties of fastening and adjusting the frames as required for use in summer and taking them off to store in winter. To L. E. King of Marshalltown, for a machine for praying strains of old the bat before the eigarette is all carpet as required to prepare them for

weaving rugs therewith. To R. G. Whitlock, commercial traveler, for a grocers' cabinet for displaying and withdrawing therefrom pounds and half pounds of coffee, etc., as called

To J. R. Hoit, of Des Moines, for a Duplex curling iron heater in the form of a spirit lamp that has two pivoted, tubular handles to admit irons. Consultations and valuable printed

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The man who said the only good Indian is a dead Indian was wrong. There are the wooden ones.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LSS.

LUCAS COUNTY,
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. (SEAL)

A. W. GLEASON.

Notary Public.

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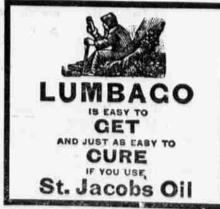
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