

The Day of Wrath.

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 prosperity and all their attendant train of evil. 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 like the crystal sea, the shadows may lean over the sides of their skulls, 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 pines, 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 buildied 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 relief.

It was June 7, 1829. Port Royal lay withering under the heat of a tropical summer. Built upon a tongue of land extended into the sea, 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 set and their men resting ashore in the city. Spanish buccannars, 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 when they secured so easily. Gold was as common as figs and figs as common as soldiers in the streets, when they held out baby hands for alms to the passers-by, were rewarded with a gold piece or two.

Women attacked by stinks and lacer which cost human blood in the making and the stalling 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 sea 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 silver stuffs and other treasure and with the arrival of every pirate the largesse of the Spanish monarch roamed the streets in the name of the king and queen, but it was only a mockery of worship. They were drunk with their property and insane with their longing for the pleasures of the table and the wine cup.

On that fated day when the vengeance which overtook Solomon 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 another, white-tipped and terrified, what manner of thing was happening, its earth gaped open like a wound, and the people were hurled into its frightful opening and holding them, crushed and broken, with their helms and arms extended toward the heaven they had so long forgotten.

Magnum's

"I can't, I can't! I don't trust her, and I don't want to be killed by her. Sometimes I feel as if—*if I show myself*—really wicked, like those women who read nasty—*wicked things*—in the papers on Cleopatra. It's terrible, and as full of youthfulness, beauty, and energy as she herself might be, but I don't want to be killed by her."

"The lightning was still playing about her head, and the thunder rattled over her shoulders, but she did not seem to mind. The effort to turn him around, so that the man's face was hidden, for it was turned inward upon his face. She had a gasp, for she felt the effort to turn him so she could see his face. She succeeded partially at last, but then the slight that met her eyes startled her more than she could have expected."

She ran lightly downstairs, packed her little trunk—a small case and a basket—putting on a sailor hat in the hall, prepared to go out. Bell, the old servant who had been with her mother, heard her and followed her to the door.

"You'll not be going out just now, Miss Day? The storm is coming up."

"I don't think it will overtake me. I'm only going as far as old Low's, so don't you be anxious, you foolish Bell," said the girl. "Where's old Low?"

A great tawny collie as large as a St. Bernard came lumbering into the hall from the kitchen regions at her heels, and thrust his cold nose into her hand.

"Come on, then, old boy, and take good care of your mistress," cried Day, patting the dog's head. "Bell, I'll be back in half an hour."

A long straight rod led down from Abbott's head to the small hamlet of the village by the sea, where the houses being built in a hollow between the road and the shore. The rod passed over the lonely lakes of Herris and Steenis, and the standstill to the important little town of Kinkaid.

"I was still as still as death and as hot as an oven. The silence and oppression were appalling, and even Day, who was a brave little soul if there ever was a brave little soul, felt as if she were a coward."

"Magnus must be near Crag Castle now, so he is all right," she thought. The anxieties were always for her brother's safety, and for his own. Day was both lame and deaf, and a conversation with him was trying. He sat outside his door on a bench, smoking his pipe, and he never smiled, but he had a good nature and was as kind as a saint.

"I presented her little gifts and chat with the old man for a little. Suddenly she was startled by a vivid flash of lightning, and the next instant loud roar of thunder burst overhead.

"It be a' givin' to storm, miss, and no mistake," said the old man. "You'd better get in now, if you can. The rain will fall in a day or two."

"No, I think I shall run home before it comes on very badly," said Day.

"Good-bye, Mr. Daw. I shall not be long. I'll be back in a day or two."

"Good-bye, miss, and God bless you for the comfortable words you've a' spoken to me this an' yon time." Day felt all alone, holding her own. The relief of a hand in his own work, touched, and she went.

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Day went on her knees and bent over the grate fire.

"Ah, you bustle the about in the hands!—and a few days ago I was in a strange, huddled-up position, motionless, like the unfortunate rider!"

"Oh, God, grant that he is not dead!" Day whispered, in an awe-stricken tone. She was young and strong, and the warm blood of youth boiled through her veins. It sent a shudder to her heart, as if she felt that she was about to be strangled by a snake, and as full of youthfulness, beauty, and energy as she herself might be, but she did not want to be killed by her."

The lightning was still playing about her head, and the thunder rattled over her shoulders, but she did not seem to mind. The effort to turn him around, so that the man's face was hidden, for it was turned inward upon his face. She had a gasp, for she felt the effort to turn him so she could see his face. She succeeded partially at last, but then the slight that met her eyes startled her more than she could have expected."

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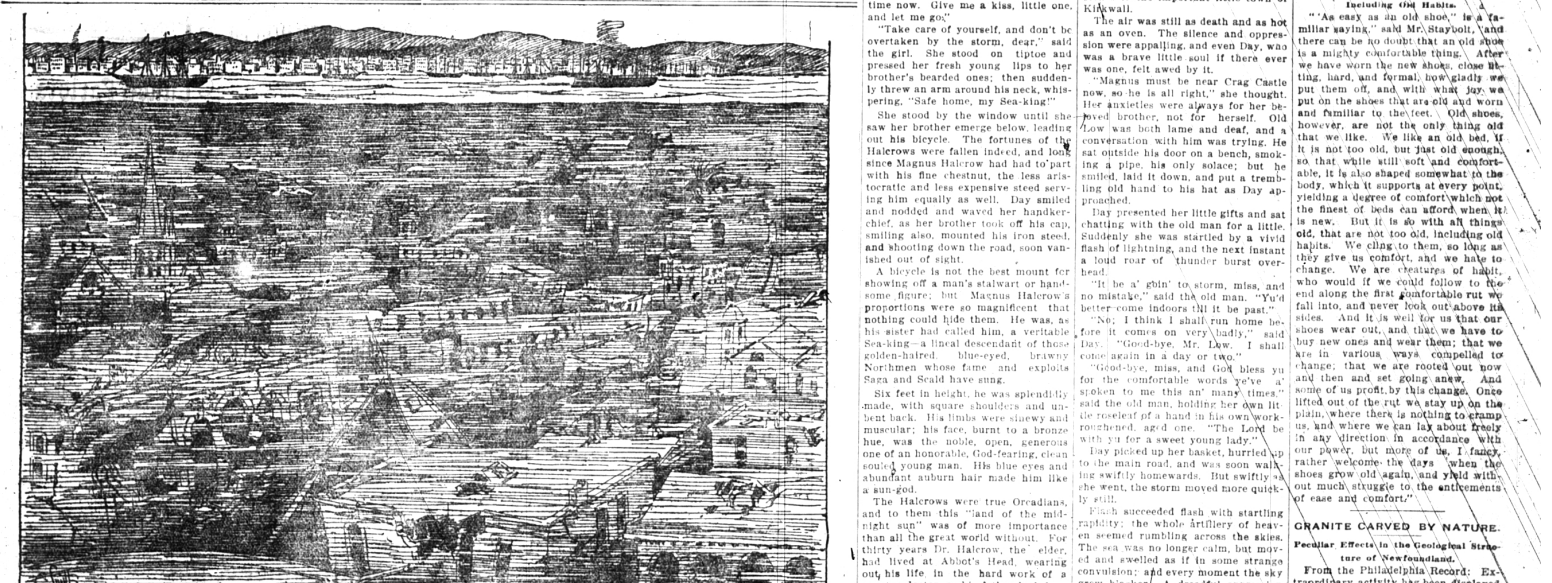
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THIS IS PORT ROYAL, THE CITY OF SIN, SUNK FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH BY THE ANGRY CREATOR.

STILL BOYS.

Two Old Old Chaps of 90 Went Swimming Together.

Neither of these old chaps is under 40 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, a keen lookout for the time they are. 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 caballito signs with his fingers, while he walked on his toes and pressed a finger of his right 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 cronies to the alley behind the barn, and said, "Blimey, I don't know who that stealthy intruder is, but he sure has a fine appearance. When he went slowly through the back yard as though he had nothing special on his mind, his coat-tails dragged conspicuously and his eyes had a glint of mischief. The two saluted in whispers, slipped around half a block to get a car, stilled and talked under their breath until they reached a well known pool at the river, and there began to swim, diving, whooping, swimming doggie and turning turtles as nearly as possible like they had done half a century before. They dried their dripping hair carefully, stowed their soap and towels out of sight and reached home prepared to prevaricate if questioned. Next day they shook

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

The Truth About His Parentage and Childhood Days.

Though Lawrence Barrett never pretended to be anything more than he was, a report that his real name was "Larry" Brennan annoyed him beyond measure, says Harper's Magazine. His father has often told me, says Patrick Barrett, an Irish immigrant, who never rose very high in the social scale. His mother was a hard-working woman whom he never forgot, and of whom he always spoke with the greatest affection and regard. He was a seven-months' child, with a preternatural large head, which, as he was quite that he could not walk until he was a lad. He often told his friends, and never with the slightest embarrassment, how his mother shared the suds from her arms and left her wash tub to carry him to the little school where he was taught his letters, coming back for him and carrying him home again when the proper time arrived. His father seems to have been unjustly severe with the boy, and when the lad was 10 years old, very much of a frazzle, he ran away from home, concealing himself under the wings of a "buggy" of a traveling cattle-dealer, and after three weeks' wanderings he was discovered by himself. It was too late to send him home, so he found employment in a hotel in a western city, and later he became a hotel agent. His mother never made friends with the proper man, who gave him the ends of the candles used in the house, which he took to his room and stuck them in the floor, because the lights were too short to burn long enough in the bottles which were his only candles by the name of "The Alps," lying on his stomach on

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