

DICK RODNEY;

or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

The wild boars that lurked in the woods baffled our efforts for a long time. By the edge of the hatchet I fashioned for myself a kind of spear, about six feet long, hewn out of a piece of the teak wood, which I found upon the bowing of the trunk. This weapon I made and pointed with great care, and armed with it frequently lay in wait for the sea-lions, but without success.

On the shore, at this season, when the sunshine was reflected from the sloping faces of the volcanic rocks from the surface of the sea, the heat was beyond all description—intense, breathless and suffocating, so that the lungs would collapse painfully in the difficulty of respiration.

To breathe was like attempting it at the mouth of a newly-opened furnace, and so I usually retired to the deep thickets, or wandered through groves of solemn, impressive-looking trees; for some were there so old that they must have cast the shadows of their foliage on Alfonso Albuquerque, or Tristan da Cunha and their bearded followers.

How many ocean storms had swept their leaves into the waste of waters since then? We had now been five days on the island without a sail being seen, though more than half our provisions were spent in watching the horizon, and so Tom Lambourne's old shirt still waved in vain from the boom-end on the mountain-top.

On the fifth day, however, to our surprise, the signal was no longer visible, so we supposed that a gale of wind had overturned it. Tom Lambourne, Carlton and Probat started for the mountain-top to restore it, while Hislop and I remained in the woods, where we had a view of the whining sea to the westward. The waves came in long rollers, as there was a fresh breeze blowing from the west, and the foam rose white and high on the tremendous bluffs of the inaccessible isles, as we named them. All the water between them was a sheet of sparkling and snowy froth, amid which, had we been near, we should doubtless have seen the black heads of the sea-lions, as they sported in the spray and sunshine.

We were going Hislop how far he thought we were from the continents of Africa and South America, he replied, without hesitation:

"We are about fifteen hundred miles from the mouth of the Nile on the west, on the westward, and twelve hundred odd from the Cape of Good Hope on the east; but there is land nearer to us."

"Land nearer?" I reiterated.

"There are the three Isles of Tristan da Cunha, and about five hundred miles southwest of us a double chain of rocks of the Isle of Diego Alvarez; and fortunate it is indeed for us that we were not cast away there, as the only seals or sea-elephants may be seen upon the reefs about it. But, Dick Rodney, does it not make you shudder to think of those rocky isles? Do you remember Homer's description of the curling waves?" And without waiting my reply he began to recite from the Iliad with wonderful facility:

"As on the hoarse, resounding shore, when blows the stormy west, The billowy tide comes surging on, from ocean's dark blue breast; First in mid-sea 'tis born, then swells and races madly on shore, And dapping on with snowy break, comes thundering near the shore; Then rears its crest, firm and sublime, and with tumultuous roar, smites the grim front of the rugged rock, and spits the briny spray."

How far Hislop, in his classical enthusiasm might have pursued his free translation, till we had all the dew of Agamemnon and others on that tremendous day before the walls of Troy, I cannot say, but he really did recite in the adjacent thicket roared and alarmed us.

We started up and had just time to conceal ourselves behind the trunk of a tree when a herd of seven wild boars came plunging out of the thicket to drink or to drink which flowed toward the sea.

They were unlike any of the swinish race we had ever seen before, and, besides, their eyes were flashing and blue, and their skins were all clean, as if washed for a show of prize pigs.

This flanked, active and strong, they began to grunt and gambol, and splash up the glittering water, till suddenly they caught sight of us, and all fled, save one, a fierce old boar, which, after tearing up the grass with his hind feet, came resolutely forward, showing a pair of tusks that made me tremble for the safety of my legs. I ventured to run off, and still more for those of poor Hislop, who was alike unable to escape or confront him. Fortunately I had my teakwood spear.

While keeping a tree between me and the boar, he prepared for the offensive by whistling his terrible tusks

making an exploration of it, or raising in waiting all around.

The circumference of the largest lake is only four leagues, but its shores are so steep and rocky in some places that traversing them proved a most arduous task.

On the eastern side we found a great cascade pouring from a brow of rock upon the beach. The latter was covered almost everywhere by a mass of seaweed, the dark and slimy tendrils of which were several yards in length and were termed by Hislop "the gigantic."

So day after day passed, and amid our various means of procuring food, we never failed to keep a keen lookout upon the beach, for the appearance of some one came out that lonely isle of the southern sea.

One morning I found there had drifted ashore near us, but a most mysterious substance, the origin of which has puzzled so many naturalists—ambergris. It must have weighed more than five hundred pounds, and when we threw some of it into the fire it melted and diffused around it most agreeable perfume. This marine product, which is only to be found in the sea or on the shores of Africa and Brazil, is alleged by some to be a concretion formed in the stomach of the sperm whale, which is thought to be a favorite home for puppets shows and pantomimes. It had appeared in England in Shadwell's play, called "The Libertine," and later on Byron took possession of the name, saying:

"I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan."

We all have seen him in the pantomime. Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time."

But his hero is by no means a resurrection of him of the Spanish legend; he is only a peg on which to hang another and no better story. Finally Mozart and his librettist, Abbé Da Ponte, took it up, eliminated some of its most repugnant features, and gave us the opera of "Don Giovanni"—Poet Lore.

THE WINDOW OYSTER.
Queer Shell That Serves as Substitute for Glass in Manila.

In Manila, where there is an interesting field open to the naturalist, the natives have a queer substitute for glass. It is a bivalve shell of about nine inches of surface, so transparent that it can readily be seen through it, and admitting a mellow light into the room where it is used as window glass. The shell is an attractive object, perfectly straight, and in appearance resembles a window pane. One could almost imagine that it was some skillful invention of the natives, could the growth really be so readily obtained. The outer side of the shell is perceptibly rough, while the interior is perfectly glazed over, and in the light has the nearly serene form in many of the thinnest crystal-like or malachite larks of the tropics. The shell is the placenta placenta of science, and is well known in China by the common name of the Chinese window oyster.

It is employed there also for window glass, and used in lanterns. The Chinese artists up to the point and make from it the silver paint so common for their water colors. The bivalve is very common in the Philippines, and forms a very good and cheap substitute for glass. It is one of the most ingenious and suggestive of the value of shells.

No More "Ordinary" Sleepers.
First Tenor—I'm afraid our manager has a skeleton in his closet. Prima Donna—But that won't do you a gram as much harm in the long run as will come to him on account of the skeletons he has in the chorus.

THE MOONSHINER EXPLAINED.
A Georgia revenue man had a novel experience recently with a moonshiner who had been charged with the sale of moonshine.

Early one morning he discovered an old man standing near a grave in the mountain region. He was the man who had been charged with the sale of moonshine. He had observed smoke issuing from the place where the headboard should have been. He surprised the old man, who immediately feigned great sorrow, explaining his presence there by the statement that his brother was buried there.

At the mention of his brother he feigned great grief and said he "never would get over it—such a hard dispensation of Providence."

"But isn't it peculiar," said the revenue man, "that I see a stovepipe at the head of the grave, and smoke issuing from it?"

"Stranger," replied the weeping moonshiner, "he died in sin, and his pit's opinion they're a-roastin' of him down below."—Atlanta Constitution.

Density in Philippines.
Americans can hardly realize how densely some of the Philippine possessions are peopled. Malolos is less than thirty miles from Manila, yet day after day the American columns advance through towns and cities from 1,000 to 10,000 population. The fact is, as shown by the latest census, that the population of the whole island of Luzon exceeds more than the square mile than many parts of the United States.

By the census of 1890, Illinois had sixty-eight persons to the square mile and Massachusetts had twenty-eight. Luzon, by the census of 1888, had seventy-nine. There are parts of Luzon which are mountainous and almost uninhabited. The population is concentrated largely in the richer portions. In many provinces the population exceeds 200 to the square mile, and the density is greater in some of the standard cases than is found in any state of this country except Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Luzon is not nearly so thickly populated as the island of Cebu. The entire island of Cebu averages 210 people to the square mile, while Bohol has 188 and Panay has 165.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Many a man will spend five times the amount in a day for drinks and cigars when he can get the same for two cents for an extravaganza.

LEGEND OF DON JUAN.
Where Byron Got the Theme for His Most Famous Poem.

The simplest form of the story, according to M. Antoine Latour, who hunted this "belie legende" to its source in 1855, seems to be that Don Juan was visited by the Comendador Ulioa, whose daughter he had stolen away. The Comendador was buried in the chapel of the Franciscan convent. Don Juan, enticed him within their walls—whence he never came forth. The idea of the "talking statue" was first utilized by Lopez de Vega, who lived near to the time of Don Juan; next, Arias de Molina gives the complete legend in his play entitled "El Burlador de Sevilla," or "El Convidado de Peñora" (The Mocker of Seville, or, the Marble Guest). A century later Antonio Zamora uses it again in a play translated "All Debts Must Be Paid." Voltaire presents it in "Le Festin de Pierre," laying the scene in Sicily, however, and improving the character of Don Juan so little that his audiences were shocked and his play prohibited and forgotten. His Don Juan was more a citizen of the world than a Spaniard and the legend had become familiarly known all over Europe and flourished as a favorite theme for puppet shows and pantomimes. It had appeared in England in Shadwell's play, called "The Libertine," and later on Byron took possession of the name, saying:

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RELY ON PE-RU-NA.
W. H. B. Williams, publisher of The Farmers' Industrial Union, in a recent letter to Dr. Hartman says: "I have used Pe-Ru-NA as a family medicine for several years. I find it of special use for myself. I have had several attacks of rheumatism, and before using Pe-Ru-NA I had tried several attacks of the same disease."

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WOMEN are assailed at every turn by troubles peculiar to their sex. Every mysterious ache or pain is a symptom. These distressing sensations will keep on coming unless properly treated. The history of prolegit is written in the worn faces and wasted figures of nine-tenths of our women.

Every one of whom may receive the invaluable advice of Mrs. Pinkham, without charge, by writing to her at Lynn, Mass.

MISS LUCY EVANS, of Parkersburg, Iowa, writes of her recovery as follows:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I had been a constant sufferer for nearly three years. Had inflammation of the womb, leucorrhoea, heart trouble, nervousness, headache, ached all over, and at times could hardly stand on my feet. My heart trouble was so bad that some nights I was compelled to sit up in bed or get up and walk the floor, for it seemed as though I should smother. I had been obliged to have the doctor visit me in the middle of the night. He was also very nervous and fretful. I was utterly discouraged. One day I thought I would write and see if you could do anything for me. I followed your advice and now I feel like a new woman. All these dreadful troubles I have more, and I have found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash a sure cure for leucorrhoea. I am very thankful for your good advice and medicine."

DEERING POPULARITY. YOU CAN'T KEEP IT IN.

As old proverb says: "It is easier to keep the secret of the great Deering Harvesting Machine than to keep the secret of the great Deering's way of doing it." Deering's way is the common sense way.

Deering Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Rakes and Corn Harvesters return the favor of popularity by steadily, with absolute satisfaction, work in the harvest. Deering makes the first successful application of his famous Deering's way of doing it. Deering's way is the common sense way.

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