

MAUNA LOA AGAIN BELCHING

The Greatest Eruption in Modern Years from the Greatest Volcano in the World

The streams of lava flowing from the great volcano of Mauna Loa are again doing terrible damage not only to existing buildings and plantations, but they also threaten the city of Hilo. Heavy loss of life is reported. The first flow of lava was in the San side, and the stream was to all appearances the largest lava flow ever witnessed on the island. It made rapid progress, and after destroying several plantations and houses, was supposed to have reached the sea. Another flow promises to be still more destructive. It is said to have been within ten miles of Hilo when the last reports reached this country.

peaks higher in air, but they are usually planted on elevated platforms, where they appear as mere cones of greater or less size. Regarding the platforms on which they stand their true bases, the cones themselves and all the lava which have emanated from them never approach the magnitude of Mauna Loa. Captain Dutton goes on to say that while some volcanoes, as those of Iceland, have dispersed at a single outburst, the great altitude to which it attained, in a fiery spray, which made a very distinct clatter on the fiery surface below. When one jet was about half high, another rose so as to keep up the action without intermission, and in the lower part of the fountain two subsidiary curved jets of great volume continually crossed each other.

It is probable that the whole interior of this large dome is fluid, for the eruptions from the summit crater do not proceed from its fluting up, but from the mountain sides being unable to bear the enormous pressure, when they give way, high



A PICTURE MADE FROM A SKETCH TAKEN WHILE CRATERS ARE IN ACTION.

break equal volumes of lava, the eruptions of Mauna Loa are of all great volume, and with average intervals of eight years, any one of which reports more lava than Vesuvius has outpoured since the last days of Pompeii. As Vesuvius, then, a much inferior volcano, buried Pompeii beneath streams of lava and extinguished all life within a certain radius, it is by no means improbable that Mauna Loa, the giant among volcanoes, could belch out sufficient lava to sink or to completely cover the entire island of Hawaii within a certain radius. The lava of the lake was and is in all orders of magnitude, with black blotches of red seum upon it, which were perpetually being devoured. The center of the lake was at white heat, and waves of white hot lava appeared to be wallowing there as in a whirlpool, and from this center the fountain rose, solid at its base, which is estimated at one hundred and fifty feet diameter, but quivering and flittering as it rose into the air, and falling from

or low, and bursting, allow the fiery contents to escape. "Hours passed as I watched the indescribable show of the fire fountain, its beauty of form and its radiant reflection in the precipices, eight hundred feet high, which wall it in, and listened to its surges heaving and ebb and flow of its thunder music. Then a change occurred. The jets, which for long had been playing at a height of three hundred feet, suddenly became quite low, and for a few seconds appeared as cones of fire wallowing in a sea of light; then with a roar like the sound of gathering waters nearly the whole surface of the lake lifted up by the action of some general internal force, and its whole radiant mass rose three times, in one glorious upward burst, to a height, as estimated by the surrounding cliffs, six hundred feet, while the earth trembled, and the moon and stars withdrew, abashed in her face space."

ARE PATIENT AND STEADY.

The Effect of British Military Training on Egyptian Soldiers.

According to the recent army bill passed by congress, native troops are to be organized for the relief of our own in the maintenance of law and order. This begins at once the work of a provincial war department. And the experience of the British occupation of Egypt has furnished many examples of the benefits of the white man's



What an Egg Cooker. A new English invention for boiling eggs consists of a little chamber which can be placed in a pan, which is fitted with a basket to hold half a dozen eggs at a time. A spoon at the ends are properly cooked the apparatus whistles loudly and continues to whistle until taken out of the pan.

KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"What is the matter, Kitty?" he asked, in a grave, kindly tone, when he had looked at her for some minutes. "Nothing," I returned quickly. "Do I look as though something was the matter?" "Yes, very much," he answered quietly, after a moment's pause. "I threw my work away from me, and walked across at my own defiance, desperately with a sudden passionate impulse to pour out in bitter words all my anger and resentment. "Yes, something is the matter!" I exclaimed. "I knew that," he replied, in his quiet, kindly tone. "I looked at him quickly, my breath coming and going in little excited, angry gasps. And in a moment, as I looked, my flush of courage vanished. My heart was beating fast still, but leaving in a frightened, fluttering way. "I ought to understand your mood and by this time, Kitty," he continued gently, "I knew in a moment that something had worried you. Tell me all about it."

"You want to be a governess?" repeated Mr. Mortimer slowly, in a somewhat puzzled tone. "Well, might he be puzzled! Times beyond number had I confided in him by my sister's destination to the post of preceptor—told him I would rather sweep rooms, make match boxes, sell apples at street corners, do anything! Nevertheless, I declared, with steady decision, "I shall love to be a governess!" I exclaimed. "Kitty—my dear, dear Kitty!" expostulated Meg. "I shall love it!" I repeated, with defiance.

CHAPTER IV.

Looking up, I found John Mortimer's eyes still fixed upon me with a steady glance, half puzzled, half troubled. He made a hasty, resolute attempt to change the conversation, and succeeded. In a few minutes Meg was gaily describing our plans for summer holidays in August. She had forgotten me and the pleasure of tormenting me. "We are going to Cornwall," and she sighed. "Cornwall's quiet—that suits me; and Cornwall's cheap—that suits mamma. It doesn't cost us at all. Dora and I hate hills and cliffs, we like promenades and bands and tennis. It's a frivolous thing to confess we don't care! We detest cheap places, and if there's one thing worse than a cheap place, it's a quiet place! Arvon also coming to Cornwall, Mr. Mortimer?" "No, I am going to Brittany, if my present plans hold good."

"I am sure I can not say. Whatever you have heard must have been in her praise—that one may safely affirm!" "Meg made a little gesture of disdain, and then she said to the attendant, "And does she belong to this century?" she asked, after a pause, her blue eyes looking at him seriously. "Yes—she belongs to this century," he said, smiling. "But again, in spite of his smile, it struck me that the conversation vexed him, and that he was impatient, not at ease. I had not spoken a word to him, but he had not asked one question—the same question which indirectly Meg, in her own way, had asked me. "Is she young?" I asked quickly, looking at him. "Not what you would call young," Meg returned gently, in a different tone. "I have not seen much of her these ten years, but I saw her for an hour or two last summer; she was as young as she was at 20. She is one of those women who will never grow old. When she comes to London, Kitty, you must know her. And she will be good friends—I think so."

"I don't envy Kitty," said Meg, in a stage whisper to her pointed toe. "Is she a French girl?" "No—English." "Did she marry a Frenchman?" said Meg. "How horrid! He'll be the Frenchman one sees upon the stage—always rubbing his hands and bowing? Why did she marry him?" "Because she loved him, I suppose. I never asked her." "Then why assume that it was love? Very few people marry for love—except in books—or so mamma says. Not that mamma is wrong, but it's her opinion that our dresses should show two summers, and that the second summer, if we look gray, we should be considered. All that I can do is to marry for love—for instance, I heard today of a person who thinks of marrying for a very different motive."

ATE ROAST BABY.

And It Wasn't So Bad, According to This Ship Captain.

New York Press: Queer things to eat and how they taste had been the topic of conversation for half an hour with a little group of passengers on a down east steamer. The list had gone as far as rats when the captain joined the party, and he listened respectfully to the experiences of those who had nibbled cats and horse flesh in their menu at some period or other. "What was the worst thing you ever had to eat?" some one asked him. "Well, I went to sea at 12 years of age, and for a good many years I didn't have much terrapin or canvasback duck, but that did not do me much good, and I grew to my extent," and the captain, who was a man of fine physique, drew himself up to his full six feet. "But, I think I know one thing that would be good for me not to eat. I therefore attended, and so did another white man, who was literally and figuratively a little bit of a pig. Yes, we ate some of the baby. It was not bad, but I've never hankered after it since." The captain went back to the table, and the talk turned away from things to eat.

STRANGE DEED.

Letters from Buenos Aires give details of a duel which was fought between the famous Italian fencing master, Chevalier Pini, was the hero. Pini recently opened a school of arms, in the Argentine republic, and he had been subjected to some criticism by a local journal, told the scribe in his own plain, pleasant way what he thought of him. Reputation was damaged and pistols were the weapons selected. The conditions of meeting were singular. The adversaries were to be placed back to back, and at the word of command were each to take fifteen steps forward and then turn around and fire simultaneously. On the ground the men were placed as arranged, and at the given signal, began to march forward, one of the seconds counting the steps. Pini had only taken six strides when he heard a report and the whistle of a bullet past his ear. He turned and saw his adversary with the smoking pistol in his hand. Repetition was demanded and he dropped his weapon, rushed at his opponent and gave him a sound thrashing with his fists. The seconds took sides for their respective principals, and a general melee went forward until some gentlemen arrived. Pini's adversary then took to his heels, and has not been seen since.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Hooded Adder.

When Tom Hood was passing his boyhood in the country he killed an adder one day. "Tell your father," he wrote to his wife's sister, in describing the incident, "that they are called adders because two and two together make four."

The Swan a Long-Lived Bird.

Among the birds the swan lives to be the oldest, its extreme age reaching 300 years. The falcon has been known to live over 162 years.



I BOWED MY HEAD LOWER OVER MY WORK.

stood in the middle of the room for a minute, as though hesitating whether to go or stay. She took off her pretty shady straw hat, and shook her hair free into loose, airy, pretty waves and curies, then suddenly she banished the thought of retreating, sat down beside me on the sofa and gave herself up to the pastime of tormenting us. "Bending forward a little, with one elbow on her little pink knee, she could face us both. Now her eyes glanced mischievously into mine, now suddenly, with a swift smile, into his. And how wonderfully pretty she looked all the while! I found myself wondering with a sudden eagerness and a strange quickness of heart, what John Mortimer thought of her prettiness. "Kitty's to leave school, Mr. Mortimer," she told him presently, in an admirably simple, natural tone. "Did you know?" "I bowed my head lower over my work, bending forward a little, with one elbow on her little pink knee, she could face us both. Now her eyes glanced mischievously into mine, now suddenly, with a swift smile, into his. And how wonderfully pretty she looked all the while! I found myself wondering with a sudden eagerness and a strange quickness of heart, what John Mortimer thought of her prettiness. "Kitty's to leave school, Mr. Mortimer," she told him presently, in an admirably simple, natural tone. "Did you know?" "I bowed my head lower over my work, bending forward a little, with one elbow on her little pink knee, she could face us both. Now her eyes glanced mischievously into mine, now suddenly, with a swift smile, into his. And how wonderfully pretty she looked all the while! I found myself wondering with a sudden eagerness and a strange quickness of heart, what John Mortimer thought of her prettiness. "Kitty's to leave school, Mr. Mortimer," she told him presently, in an admirably simple, natural tone. "Did you know?"