Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11 1893

Doctor J. T. Boyd, of Indianapolis, has added his voice to that of Lieutenant Totten, and declares that the end of the world is at hand. In support of his theory, he says that the British Chronological Society, composed of noted scientific men, has arrived at the same conclusions as those reached by Lieutenant Totten and himself, and that all prophecy points to 1899 as the date of final smashup.

Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the largest elm he ever saw was in Oxford, England, and measured twenty-five feet in circumference. There was an elm of about the same size in Springfield, Mass., some years ago. The Doctor estimates the life of the American elm at between 200 and 300 years. If any survive to be 300 years, he thinks, it is as wrecks, liable to go to pieces in the first heavy storm.

Life insurance companies are becoming the holders of enormous masses of capital, notes the New York Tribune. Statistics made public at the last meeting of the National Association of Life Underwriters show that the companies taking no account of assessment corporations and societies, hold assets to the value of $850,000,000, that they receive from policy holders about $175,000,000 a year, that their gross income is nearly $220,000,000 annually, and that they pay about $100,000,000 annually to the insured in the form of death losses, surrenders and dividends.

Though most people are equipped with thirty-two teeth only, the Shah of Persia appears to be more amply provided for, as we are told that he has just had his fortieth molar extracted. The phenomenon is thus explained. The first time his Eastern Majesty suffered from a decayed tooth and had to have it removed his loyal subjects offered him as a solatium a number of presents amounting in all to ten thousand gold sequins. Having thus discovered a new source of supply for his privy purse, the Shah, whenever he feels the want of those little presents that help to maintain the glow of friendship, causes the fact of his having another bad tooth to be proclaimed by a flourish of trumpets in all parts of his empire, and the presents begin to pour in.

Great Britain has undertaken another great enterprise in Africa, which will probably have an immense effect in the extension of its empire and the civilization of the dark continent. It is to erect a telegraph line from Alexandia, in Egypt, directly through the heart of the continent to Cape Town. The preliminary surveys have already been made. The line will traverse Egypt, the Soudan, the region of the great lakes, and the East Africa Company's territory, German East Africa, the Portuguese possessions, Mashonaland, Khama's country, Bechuanaland, the Transvaal, the Orange Free State and Cape Colony. Contracts have already beer signed for constructing the line for more than half the distance, and work is being rapidly pushed, so that the whole is expected to be in working order early next year.

The Atlanta Constitution says: Congressman Brosius, of Pennsylvania, is a man who has a vivid recollection of his experiences during the war. He came near losing his life in the fight with Pickett's forces at Green Plains. He was one of the 300 men who charged across a wheat-field, a third of a mile in width upon a Confederate rifle pit and of the number only 125 came out alive. The Confederates waited until the storming party was within twenty-five yards of the pit and then they opened deadly fire, he tells. Brosius, who was a boy of nineteen, stopped to pick up a wounded comrade, and as he did so a rifle ball pierced his shoulder, shattering the blade and making him a cripple for life. He still carries a mememto of that day in the shape of a pocket diary, which he wore in his vest. There is the mark of a bullet in it that would have gone through the young soldier's heart if it had not been stopped by the book.

A DARK SECRET.

The Story of a Tragic Life Drama.

BY E. M. DAVY.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"Further concealment is becoming almost impossible. It is incredible to me how the secret has been kept so long. Surely your husband must have some suspicion, he must have seen——"

"He has not the slightest idea, I tell you. If I thought he had, I'd—I'd kill myself."

"No, no; not that. There is another alternative, my poor child—a better one—the plan I was suggesting to you just now. You will trust yourself to me——" His emotion seemed to choke him.

"I am thinking about it. Whether I can bring myself to promise——"

I dropped my bag lightly on the ground. I wanted both hands free—free to grapple with him—to shake the truth from him, if I could get at it no other way.

"But you seemed to consent! Tell me again that you consent!" he exclaimed, eagerly.

"Yes. When the time arrives, you have but to say, 'Come' and I will go with you when and where you please." She spoke with strange composure, considering the terrible import of her words.

"If I could feel quite sure——" he began, hesitatingly.

"Do you mistrust me? Do you fear I shall change my mind?" she asked, with a laugh that sounded hysterical. "Shall I write it?"

"A good thought. But I will write and you shall sign," he answered. "It will help you to remember, and may be of use should any difficulty arise."

They were far too much absorbed to notice that I changed my position so that I could now see as well as hear.

Gascoigne wrote in his pocketbook, then he handed it and the pencil he had used to Georgie.

"Your signature is sufficient," he said.

She wrote, and, as he replaced the book in his pocket, he added, "It would take more self-possession than I feel quite master of to face your husband to-night."

"Then you must fly—quickly, for even a slow one-horse cab"—and she laughed lightly as she said it—"should be here by this time. Will you go out through the stable yard?" They knew of my return! Then they had had me watched.

"No," said he, firmly. "I came in by the front entrance. I will leave by it."

I crept cautiously away. I believed I knew their secret now. It was a vulgar one enough—only the old story of a false friend and an unfaithful wife. But, oh my God, how I had been befooled!

CHAPTER XVII.

MY OWN TRUE LOVE.

Leaving my place of concealment, I walked swiftly down the carriage drive and took up my position near the gates. I had not long to wait. I heard Gascoigne's quick military tread upon the gravel before he came in sight. When he was within a couple of yards or so I stepped out into the moonlight, right in front of him.

"Ha, Dudley!" he exclaimed, with the old hearty ring in his voice, as he held out his hand.

I made no attempt to take it. For a few seconds we looked at each other thus.

"What is the matter with you, Jack?" He put the question with the most innocent air imaginable.

"You've come from my house?" I said, significantly.

"Yes."

"You've seen my wife?"

"I have."

"You don't deny it, then?"

"No," he answered, fixing his eyes on me with a look that I interpreted as one of cool defiance. "And now, perhaps, you'll let me pass," he added.

The quiet scornfulness of his manner exasperated me past endurance.

"You're a devil!" I cried, with concentrated fury, and struck at him—I struck fair and full at his mocking face.

He parried the blow, however, and before I could help myself his arms were around me. It was a hand-to-hand struggle. I was the taller, but he the more muscular of the two, and with shame I felt that, although the aggressor, I should be conquered. He flung me from him with a force that sent me reeling across the roadway.

"Jack Dudley," said he "go home. I require no explanation from you to-night. To-morrow I'll come and demand one."

His assurance petrified me. With a muttered imprecation, giddy and still reeling, I turned toward the house.

For hours I walked up and down before the house that contained the false woman whom I once believed I loved.

If not as yet guilty in act, my wife was at least morally guilty. Her words had proved it. I had heard her own lips say she was ready to leave me and go with Gascoigne when and where he wished. He had only to come to her, she said. The villain had got her written promise, too.

The lights were extinguished, the moon and stars grew dim, a biting wind began to blow.

I stepped in, closed the window and approached the hearth, where a fire was still burning.

Weary, miserable, and faint—I had not tasted food all day—I cast myself upon the couch, and closed my eyes. I could afford to rest. I knew the worst now. In an hour or two's time I would leave my home forever.

A slight sound, a sigh quite near, roused me, and the soft touch of a hand upon my shoulder thrilled me as could the touch of only one woman's hand on earth. Looking up, I saw Edna Lynton bending over me and holding toward me a glass of wine. Her sweet eyes were full of tenderness and pity. An angel had come to minister to me, whose very presence calmed the tempest of my soul and brought me peace. She looked gentle, sweet, and timorous as a dove.

I drank the wine gratefully, gave back the empty glass, and, at a sign from her, lay down again upon the couch. She turned the shaded lamp upon the table, stirred the fire, then moved toward the door. "I must go now and say you have come in. I will return," she said, in answer to the unspoken question of my eyes. I know not the length of time that intervened. When she came again, I extended my hand to her, mutely imploring sympathy.

She understood. She sat down and slid her hand in mine. At first it trembled just a little, like the fluttering of a frightened bird, then it lay still. I strove to conceal the rapture with which this voluntary act of hers inspired me, and closed my eyes lest she should read in them the truth. My heart was beating so that my one fear was that she should hear it. I could have lain thus for hours, for years, for all eternity, it seemed to me. I had no intention of deceiving her, but I know that she believed I slept.

"Poor Jack," she murmured. And the very sound of the words was in itself a caress.

When I thought I could sufficiently control my feelings to look calmly at her, I opened my eyes.

"Are you rested? Can you listen to something I have to say?" she asked with the same tender intonation with which she had said "Poor Jack!"

I pressed her hand; I still would not trust myself to speak. She continued:

"I want you to be very quiet, very calm, and answer me some questions. For more than four hours you have been wandering about outside. With Mrs. Dudley's knowledge I waited for you here. Tell me, why did you not come in on your return from the station?"

"Surely, what I heard in Leicestershire was sufficient to account for that! I wished to delay as long as possible the moment when I should have to face—my wife."

"But you knew that sooner or later that time must come. What did you gain by the delay?"

"What did I gain?" I repeated with a bitter laugh that it was impossible to disguise. "The certain knowledge that the woman who is called my wife is no longer worthy to bear my name. I will never look on her false face again."

"You have discovered something—something since you came home?" she asked, in a nervous, startled manner.

I strove my very utmost to be calm, for she trembled and was pale as death.

"By accident I overheard their talk—hers and Gascoigne's. She, the guilty wife; he, the false friend."

"No, no, no! It is not so. She is not guilty, nor he false. I am sure, am certain, this can be proved. But first tell me all that you saw and heard."

Edna was standing now. I, too, had risen. Her hands were clasped in supplication. Her eyes brimful of tears. She was trembling in every fiber of her body. As simply as I could I related all that had occurred, making no further comment.

When I had ended—she had turned her face away till then—she looked at me, as though a weight were taken off her mind. "Thank you," she said; "I know now that it can be explained."

"Explain it, then," said I, incredulously.

"I will, to-morrow."

I glanced toward the window. She also looked in the same direction. Daylight was peeping through the half-closed shades.

"To-day. A few hours hence——" she began.

"Within this hour I shall have left my home forever."

"But what do you mean to do? Where would you go?"

"I can tell you nothing—for I know nothing—except that I shall leave England and everything for which I sold myself. I shall go away free, penniless, and—I think—alone."

"Not without first seeing your wife? Not without giving her a chance to clear herself from this terrible——"

"It is as useless as it is painful to say more. Nothing can shake my determination——"

But I broke off suddenly. The look in her eyes as they met mine positively frightened me.

"Will you not stay—at least till noon?" she faltered.

I shook my head.

"Not for my—for my sake—Jack?" Her voice sank to piteous entreaty as she spoke the last words.

There is a limit to self-restraint. I went a step nearer to her, and the next moment she was in my arms.

She hid her suddenly flushed face against my shoulder. I did not speak, but caressed her hot cheek. She moved a little closer to me, kissing the hand that was caressing her.

I took her sweet face between my hands and raising it whispered: "Look at me."

Her eyes, with the lovelight in them, met mine. It was enough. I knew then with what love she loved me. God keep her and bless her and help her to bear the burden of it, I prayed. Our lips met. It was a moment when silence was more exquisitely eloquent than words.

By a supreme effort I relaxed my hold, and slowly and gently she withdrew.

"At noon—in the library," she said, as she left the room.

I bent my head in token of assent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TRAGEDY.

I was alone. I looked at my watch. It was 6 o'clock. I pulled back the shades to let in the daylight. It was a wild March morning; clouds scudding before the wind, and now and again the pattering of sudden rain-showers against the panes. I went to my dressing-room, packed my portmanteau, then threw myself into a chair to wait. For Edna's sake—and for hers only—I postponed my departure until noon.

Once a knock came to the door. It was a servant bringing me some breakfast. I signed to him to set it down and begone quickly, and locked the door against further intrusion. It mattered little or nothing now what the household might choose to think of my self-imposed seclusion.

I sat near a window that commanded a magnificent view of hill and dale and winding river. The lights and shadows seemed chasing one another—ever chasing; and as I watched them the principal events of my life during the last few months passed before my mental vision like the phantasmagoria of a disturbing dream. Nothing seemed real except the blessed truth that Edna loved me. I repeated to myself a thousand times, "She loves me—loves me—my darling loves me."

A few minutes before twelve I went downstairs to keep my appointment.

The library was a dull, dark room, with painted windows, through which no sunlight ever penetrated. The walls were lined with well-filled book-shelves from the floor to five feet upward. Above, dingy tapestry reached to the low oak beams of the ceiling. I had never liked the room. There was a ghostliness about it that would have impressed even the stanchest disbeliever in the supernatural. I could only imagine that Edna's reason for appointing to meet me there must be that, as it was the least frequented room in the house, we were the less likely to be disturbed.

There was a sliding panel behind the tapestry in one part, which had been pointed out to me on my first coming to the Orange, but I had only noticed it casually, for, as I have said, I did not like the room, and only entered it in search of books, which I invariably carried away to read elsewhere.

A cheerful fire was this morning burning in the low, old-fashioned grate, but instead of going toward it, some strange, unaccountable attraction seemed to draw my thoughts toward that part of the faded tapestry which hid the sliding panel.

The desire to investigate it took such strong hold of me that I almost laughed aloud at the absurdity of the idea. What could fifty sliding panels or secret doors matter to me now? Why should they even interest me, when in another half hour I should have left Langdale Grange forever?

Nevertheless, I walked resolutely toward the spot. Another moment and I should have reached it, but the door behind me opened and Edna Lynton entered.

The sight of her sweet, sad face, the consciousness of her dear presence, changed the whole current of my thoughts. She advanced slowly, I might almost say solemnly, toward me. After one swift, searching glance her downcast eyes refused to encounter mine. By a slight gesture she declined the straight-backed oak chair I had pulled forward. We stood, perhaps, a yard apart. Her lips moved as though she strove to speak, but no sound came.

"You have come to tell me——" I said the words suggestingly, to help her.

"Yes, but I am in great trouble," she answered, almost in a whisper. "Your wife refuses me permission to explain."

"You felt bound to ask her first?"

"Yes. I was bound."

"Then let the matter rest. I want no explanation. I have seen and I know enough."

"But Dr. Gascoigne says the time has come when the truth can no longer be concealed," she said, looking at me sadly and wistfully, but speaking in a firmer voice. "He is here now, and if you will not listen to me he insists on explaining everything himself."

"In that case I will hear you," I said, constrainedly.

And she went on:

"On the morning of the day she died, Mrs. Hargreave confided to me a secret, little suspecting I already knew it. To prevent your discovering it I went, at your wife's request, in the same train as you to Leicestershire. I—I was disguised. You could not recognize me. I followed you to Tom Little's, and arrived only just in time to make him break off his story——"

"He told me how Mr. Hargreave had come by his death."

"Not quite. He did not tell you what he had once before told me. He kept back by my desire the fact that when that terrible catastrophe took place Miss Hargreave was——that, alas, for years, she had been at times——"

"For heaven's sake, don't seek to spare me; I begin to see pretty clearly that I was tricked into marrying a mad woman. I can bear anything now save seeing you suffer thus. What Gascoigne had to do——"

"I should tell you that Mrs. Hargreave took Dr. Gascoigne into her confidence from the first. When he saw Miss Hargreave arrive at Glendale House he was struck with her resemblance to the girl he had loved many a year ago; a girl who suffered in the same way as your wife—whose engagement to him was broken off on that account. He was interested in Miss Hargreave for the sake of that resemblance, but still more deeply when he discovered she was the daughter of the woman he had loved. He has always hoped she might be cured, and considered that the great dread and shame she entertained lest you should discover the sad truth made that hope almost a certainty. But lately she has baffled all our efforts for her good.

"Last night Dr. Gascoigne found her in a most unsatisfactory state, but she yielded to his entreaty that—under certain circumstances—he might send her to some 'home' where maladies like hers are treated. You see now how you misinterpreted their words! Alas, she requires the closest watching. That box marked 'books' that you conveyed to her, contained—— There are different kinds of madness," Edna said, and, sinking her voice almost to a whisper, added, "hers is dipsomania—periodic drunkenness—inherited from——"

"Traitress!" cried a voice that rang through the room.

At the same moment there was a sharp report, a smoke, a low stifled cry, and Edna sank forward against my shoulder.

The arras was raised at the very spot I had been so near investigating, and in the shadow of it stood my wife, the [illegible] just fired still smoking in her hand. With an expression of terrible malignity on her face, she held it pointed in the same direction. Her finger was on the trigger. She was about to discharge a second barrel.

I wound my arms round Edna. Bending over her, I strove to cover her with my body. Thus shielding her—my fascinated gaze fixed on the pistol—I saw my wife suddenly alter the position of her weapon. She put the muzzle to her own forehead, fired, and fell like a log upon the floor.

Georgie, my wife, lay dead. Edna, my love, had sunk fainting in my arms——

And here—so far, at least, as I feel bound to make it public—the tragic drama of my life is ended.

[THE END.]

Fatal Wreck.

READING, Pa., Oct. 9.—In a coal train wreck at Exeter station yesterday Edward F. Corcoran of Schuylkill Haven was instantly killed and engineer Captain Daniel Flannery of Palo Alto, severely scalded.

Wine clarifiers in France use more than 80,000,000 eggs a year.

MULTITUDES OF CRYSTALS.

Perfectly Transparent, They Cover a Wonderful Mound Discovered in Utah.

Those who are at all interested in the study of rocks and stones have probably observed some of the peculiar secretions or nodules which frequently occur in certain kinds of stratified rock. These structures are usually round; some of them, indeed, are almost perfect spheres, and many are hollow, having their inner walls covered with beautiful crystals. Such a hollow nodule, whether possessing a crystalline lining or not, is known as a geode. Now, I wish to tell you of a geode which in form and appearance, and probably also in process of formation, is very much like those referred to, but of mammoth proportions. It is composed of pure gypsum or selenite, and many of the single crystals are of gigantic size. This wonderful formation was discovered within a few miles of the majestic Henry Mountains in southern Utah. It is situated in a small tributary of the Fremont canon; and this in turn leads to the Grand Canon of the Colorado. The crystals occur in a cave, which is enclosed in a shell of gypsum; and this mound-like structure stands on the side of a sandstone hill. This is the geode which we have come to see. What a contrast with the hand specimens we have been accustomed to examine. From without the mound appears to be roughly egg-shaped; it is almost twenty-five feet long, ten feet wide and averages twenty feet from the ground on the lower side of the top. It is composed entirely of selenite, even the outside exhibiting a multitude of crystal faces, which sparkle in the sunlight with a brilliancy that commands admiration from a distance of miles. On the east end an opening occurs large enough to admit a man without discomfort; within one may make his way backward about twenty-five feet, and by exercising care he may clamber up between the crystals to a height of fifteen feet.

The inner walls bear a multitude of huge crystals, which project into the cavern from either side, a few extending completely across like immense beams. Several of the crystals which have been sawed from the walls are even larger and heavier than the body of a full-grown man. Perfect prisms of selenite five feet in length are found; one of the finest to be seen is fifty-one inches long, and attached to one of its faces are nineteen smaller crystals. Twin crystals in great variety are common, and groups, each containing many beautiful prisms, also occur. We took from the floor of the cavern a very large group, weighing over 600 pounds, containing numerous individual crystals. Many of the crystals are of perfect transparency; others are covered with a thin layer of sand and clay, which must be removed that the luster and purity of the substance may be rendered apparent. A few feet below the floor, which is made up mostly of sand driven in by the wind, we found that the gypsum shell closes in, forming, therefore, a perfect nodule, or geode.—[Popular Science News.

TRACING ONE'S ANCESTRY.

Something About Descent on the Female Side.

A conversation among a group of people the other day, all of whom were of good New England families, brought out some curious admissions. Only one of the party could trace his descent, in the line of mothers, farther than to his grandmother, though several could trace it very much farther in the paternal line, and even in what they called the "maternal line," which meant, of course, the mother's father's family. All present could tell the maiden name of their mother's mother, but only one could tell the maiden name of her mother. Of course, many in New England among those genealogically careful people who can tell you the names of all their sixteen great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers can do this; but those are comparatively few. And those who cannot carry back the line of mothers more than three generations include the representatives of some of the most aristocratic families in New England, whose line of paternal descent is unbroken to the settlement and beyond.

Let us think for a moment what this question involves. Suppose you write down your own name. Then write down on one line just above it the names of your father and mother—the father's name on the left, the mother's second on the right. You perceive that these two people had an equal interest in your being. There is at least a chance that you are like your mother in important physical and mental respects. Now, set down on a line above these two names the names of your grandfathers and grandmothers, beginning with your father's father and ending with your mother's mother. These two couples, again, had as much interest in your father and your mother as your father and mother had in you; and there is in you as much of your mother's mother as there is of your father's father. Now above this line write down the names of your eight great-grandparents—which you should surely be able to do if you are a Yankee. Each one of these eight had an equal interest in you. Now you perceive that you have a pyramid standing on its apex. You are the apex. The left-hand edge of it is your line of fathers, and on the right-hand of it is your line of mothers. In all likelihood you derive rather more of the characteristics from the right-hand edge of the pyramid than you do from the left; and while, in all probability, if you are from a good New England family, you can go stretching out the left-hand edge of the inverted pyramid, you cannot go on with the right-hand edge any farther, and this means that your genealogy is a one-sided and partial thing.—[Boston Transcript.

SUNDAY'S SER[MON]

ONE OF DR. T. DEWITT T[ALMAGE'S] STIRRING DISCOUR[SES]

Subject: "Pompeii and Its [...]

TEXT: "Thou hast made of a [city a heap; of a defenced city a] ruin."—Isaiah xxv., 2.

A flash on the night sky greet[ed us as we] left the rail train at Naples, Italy[. What is] the strange illumination? It wa[s ...] of many centuries—Vesuvius. [...] an earthquake. Intoxicated [...] Italy. Father of many conste[llations ...] volcano, burning so long, and y[et ...] burning until, perhaps, it may [be the] torch that will kindle the last c[onflagration] and set all the world on fire. [...] violence of behavior Cotopaxi a[nd] Stromboli and Krakatoa. Aw[ful ...] Funeral pyre of dead cities. [...] paroxysm of mountains. It s[eems the] chimney of hell. It roars with [...] iscence of what it has done and [...] of worse things that it may yet d[o ...] not live in one of the villages at [...] present of all Italy.

On a day in December, 1631 [...] ashes that floated away hundre[ds and hun]dreds of miles and dropped in [...] ple, and in the Adriatic sea, [...] Apennines, as well as tramplin[g ...] own foot the lives of 18,000 p[eople ...] logists have tried to fathom its [...] the heat consumed the iron instr[uments ...] drove back the scorched and [...] plorers from the cindery and [...] brink. It seems like the asylum [...] elements.

At one time far back its to[p was a] fortress, where Spartacus foug[ht ...] surrounded and would have bee[n ...] had it not been for the grap[evines that] clothed the mountainside from [...] and laying hold of them he c[...] under hand to safety in the valle[y ...] centuries it has kept its furnace[...] we saw it that night on our arriv[al ...] ber of 1889.

Of course the next day we sta[rted to see] some of the work wrought by t[he ...] mountain. "All out for Pomp[eii!" ...] cry of the conductor. And now [...] the corpse of that dead city. As [...] the gate and passed between the [...] off my hat, as one naturally doe[s in the pres]ence of some imposing obsequie[s ...] had been at one time a capital o[f ...] pomp. The home of grand arch[itecture, ex]quisite painting, enchanting scu[lpture, un]strained carousal and rapt ass[emblage ...] high wall twenty feet thick, thr[...] it still visible, encircled the cit[y ...] walls, at a distance of only 10[0 ...] each other, towers rose for arm[...] watched the city. The streets [...] angles and from wall to wall, or [...] excepted.

In the days of the city's p[...] towers glittered in the sun; [...] gates for ingress and egress; [...] Seashore, Gate of Herculaneu[m ...] Vesuvius being perhaps the mo[st ...] Yonder stood the Temple of Jup[iter ...] at an imposing elevation, and [...] corinthian columns of immense [...] stood like carved icebergs shim[mering in the] light. There stands the Te[mple of the] Twelve Gods. Yonder see th[e ...] Hercules and the Temple of M[...] altars of marble and bas-relie[f ...] enough to astound all succeedin[g ...] and the Temple of Æsculapius, [...] sculpture and gorgeous with pa[...]

Yonder are the theatres, pa[...] surrounding hills, and glorifi[...] tured walls, and entered under [...] posing masonry, and with room [...] vated and applaudatory audienc[e ...] standing in vast semi-circle. Yo[nder ...] costly and immense public baths [...] with more than the modern in[...] Carlsbad. Notice the warmth [...] cient tepidariums, with hover[...] of roof, and the vapor of those [...] with decorated alcoves, and the [...] their frigidariums, with floors o[f ...] ceilings of all skilfully interm[...] and walls upholstered with all t[...] the setting sun, and sofas on wh[...] for slumber after the plunge.

Yonder are the barracks of t[he] gladiators. Yonder is the sum[mer ...] Sallust, the Roman historian a[...] the architecture as elaborate a[...] ter was corrupt. There is the [...] the poet Pansa, with a compr[...] and Luxembourg within his wa[lls ...] the home of Lucretius, with vase[...] ties enough to turn the head o[f ...] Yonder see the Forum, at the [...] in the city. It is entered by t[...] arches. It is bounded on th[...] doric columns.

Yonder, in the suburbs of th[e city, the] home of Arrius Diomed, the [...] suburbs, terraced residence o[f ...] dom, gardens, fountained, st[...] naded, the cellar of that villa fi[lled with bot]tles of rarest wine, a few dr[...] were found 1800 years afterwar[d ...] streets of the city are men o[f ...] women of beauty formed int[...] many centuries had no power t[o ...] tle scenes on walls in colors w[...] cannot efface. Great city of E[...] Seneca and Tacitus and Cicero [...] it.

Stand with me on its walls th[...] August 23, A. D. 79. See the [...] ing up and down in Tyrian pu[rple ...] dles of arabesque, and necks en[...] precious stones, proud official [...] toga meeting the slave carrying [...] with goblets and a smoke w[...] from paddock and sea, and mo[...] over the degradation of the tim[es ...] profligate doing his best to mak[e ...] Hark to the clatter and rataplan [...] on the streets paved with bloc[ks ...] See the verdured and flowered [...] ing into the most beautiful b[...] earth—the bay of Naples.

Listen to the rumbling char[iots ...] convivial occupants to halls [...] masquerade and carousal. H[...] dash of fountains amid the scu[lpture ...] nymphs. Notice the weird, sol[...] ing hum and din and roar of [...] close of a summer day. Let [...] well to-night, for it is the last n[...] ful slumber before she falls [...] slumber of many long centuries [...] ing of the 24th of August, A. [D. 79, ar]rived, and the days roll on, and [...] in the afternoon. "Look!" [...] standing on this wall, as the s[...] said to him, the Roman essay[ist ...] commander, on the day of wh[...] she pointed him in the directi[on ...] point you.

There is a peculiar cloud o[...] spotted cloud, now white, now [...] Vesuvius is awful and [...] Now the smoke and [...] black monster throat [...] my gesture, I now [...] great column of fiery [...] higher, and then [...] branches of a tree [...] wrapped in its [...] Now the [...] pumice stone and [...] [...] and suffocating [...] and west [...] mammoth [...]