

THE VESUVIAN TERROR.

Vivid Description of Great Eruption Which Rivals Pompeii's Destruction.

The Famous Italian Novelist, Marion Crawford, Tells of the Terrors of the Big Volcano—History of Former Eruptions.

The whole world looked on, awestruck, at the recent fierce outbreak of stupendous and devastating force in the Bay of Naples.

The eruption of Mount Vesuvius is believed to be the most destructive since the days of Pompeii, A. D. 79.

The whole story of the eruption of 1906 is a sorrowful tale of stricken victims, devastated vineyards, ruined homes and terror-stricken, flying people.

Pliny, the noted ancient historian, described the eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79, in a series of letters to Tacitus.

Those who have read the letters of Pliny find similarity in the description written by the noted novelist, Marion Crawford.



VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

life, customs and mannerisms of the Italian have been pictured by him in stories which have made him famous.

In his cabled description to the New York Times Crawford stated that the recent eruption of Vesuvius had been grumbling for many weeks before the outbreak which did the incalculable damage.

Smoke Two-Miles High.

An enormous volume of black smoke rises to a height of two miles above the crater," he wrote. "Incandescent masses of stone are thrown up 3,000 feet.

Fissures have opened far below the cone, emitting many streams of lava, one of which has completely destroyed the town of Boscotrecase, which had 15,000 inhabitants.

The great cone of Vesuvius collapsed with awful thundering and flames, and the cable railway, the observatory and the large hotel near it were all totally destroyed.

"At one point we found a great pine tree, torn up by its roots and turned to black charcoal; the air was almost unbreathable; the heat intense.

Feeble Attempts of Man Useless.

"When the stream of fire threatened Boscotrecase soldiers dug a wide ditch across its path in the hope of diverting its course, but the molten stream advanced like a colossal serpent of fire, turning its head to the right and left as a snake does, but keeping its general direction toward the fated town.

"I saw men, women and children, and infants whose mothers carried them at the breast or in their aprons. Dogs, too, and cats were on the carts, and sometimes even chickens, tied together by the legs, and piles of mattresses and pillows, all white with dust under the lurid glare.

This dispatch corresponds exactly in detail to Pliny's letters. The same flaming mountain and shaking earth, the same stifling smoke and ashes, the same terrifying darkness and the same helpless, distracted crowd stretching vain hands to their gods for succor.

In prehistoric days Vesuvius was probably twice as high, the top having been blown off centuries before the eruption that destroyed Pompeii.

Vesuvius is one of a group of similar mountains in the Mediterranean Sea, its comrades being Etna, Stromboli and Vultano, which last gave the name to all mountains of this kind.

Nature soon heals her scars. Already, we are told in dispatches, spots of green have appeared on the blackened sides of Mount Pelee.

For twenty-two years longer, no attempt seems to have been made by the padres to restore the church edifice, and it and its adjoining buildings and cloisters have remained to this day an imposing and beautiful ruin.

Beneath the outflung branches of a mighty oak tree, a giant who had stood sentinel in that lonely dip on the woods for twice three hundred years, two men were standing.

An aged man was Zachary Doy, his back bent by years of hard labor such as few of the modern generation of laborers know.

TO RENEW OLD MISSION.

San Juan Capistrano Will Live Again After Long Years of Silence.

All who have heard of the picturesque old Franciscan Missions of California will be interested to learn that San Juan Capistrano, the most poetic of all these ruined structures, which contribute so much to the foreign look of "our Italy," is soon again to be made the centre of religious activity.

This mission is on the railway line between Los Angeles and San Diego, and by reason of being visible from the railroad is to Eastern travelers perhaps the best known of all California missions, except Santa Barbara and San Gabriel, which are among the regulation sights for visitors to Southern California.

The first year of the American Independence saw work begun upon this ancient edifice in what was then a vast wilderness, inhabited only by Indians.



THE QUADRANGLE OF THE MISSION.

ley, which, beginning back in the canyons of the coast range, winds among grassy knolls and great treeless hills out to the Pacific, upon which it opens, three miles west of the mission.

Originally Vesuvius was in the form of a single cone. Later eruptions have broken down the northern side of the original crater, leaving the northern semi-circle, which is called Monte Somma. A smaller central cone had grown up within the ancient ruin.

Destroyed by an Earthquake

On the morning of December 8, 1812, all without warning, came a great catastrophe. While the church was crowded with kneeling worshippers a shock of earthquake visited the valley and toppled the great stone tower over upon the roof, crashing through which it buried the congregation beneath the wreckage of beams, tiles and stones.



THE OLD WELL IN THE COURTYARD.

Another figure had appeared upon the scene—the figure of a woman, clad in a cloak of fur that hid the contour of her form. "Damaris!" The word fell from the young man's lips like a caress.

THE LOVE OF ALARIC.

When he ceased she broke into quick speech. "It seems incredible," she murmured, "that you, a Kingscote, of the same race, the same blood as ourselves, should be forced to toil like this—like a common laborer."

"Damaris Kingscote," he said, steadily enough, "let us be frank one with the other. What are the facts? I am the poor relation—the blot on the family 'scutcheon' of the squire, your father. He resents my proximity; loathes the very idea of our love; therefore he has brought his batteries to bear upon me and mine. All that he could do to ruin me he has done, and heaven knows that he has been successful enough."

The girl's eyes brimmed over with tears. Alaric was quick to note her ready sympathy and, he gripped his axe anew, the silence vibrating once more with the ringing cadence of his rhythmic blows.

Finally, after long and weary toil, the end came. With a cry to the girl, Alaric flung down his axe and leaped backward. His hand sought hers. Side by side drawn apart from the tottering giant, they stood as though spellbound, the only spectators of the end of so many hundred years of silent, strenuous majesty.

And even as the mighty tree went shuddering to its tremendous fall, a crack as of a pistol shot, foreshadowed its overthrow. The noise came from the one rotten bough that the tree had possessed a huge limb some half-way up its stem, which now detaching first from its parent crashed down at the very feet of the wondering couple.

Nor was that all. A metallic tinkle accompanied the crash. Damaris was the first to recognize the solution of the puzzle.

It was a metal canister—a long, time-stained box of rusted tin, closed at both ends—a thing of mystery, of untold possibilities. She picked it up, and as she did so one end fell away. The canister contained nothing but a stained yellow piece of parchment, upon which something was written in a close and crabbed calligraphy, archaic, hard to decipher.

"What is it, Damaris?" he asked breathlessly. Slowly, laboriously, the girl read out the following amazing declaration: "Mayhap a day will come when that which I, Nigel Kingscote, do set down here in writing, in the year of Grace, 1647, and do hide in the hole of the Kingscote Oak, may be set out in the clear light of day. And even as Euan of old did sell his birthright, so do I, Nigel Kingscote, head of the house of Kingscote, renounce my right and the right of those who come after me to be the true and lawful possessors of the faire lands of Kingscote Manor."

"Yet not voluntarily do I this, but for the life of him, my son. Know, then, that I must see the country. Cromwell, the regicide, hath dared that I shall die. Therefore, have I

so many years. He never once looked back. For a few seconds Alaric Kingscote stood looking after him, then, with a strangely fierce gesture, the young fellow flung off his rough tweed coat, removed the Cardigan waistcoat that covered the breadth of his chest, and turned up the sleeves of his coarse flannel shirt.

At the foot of the oak lay the woodman's huge axe that was to be the instrument of death, that was to cut short the growth of centuries.

Alaric Kingscote swung the great weapon aloft, and the cold starlight ran along the shining steel. Like some Viking warrior of old—like the re-embodiment of one of his Saxon forebears, Alaric brought down the tool of destruction with a blow that gashed deep into the corrugated skin of the oak. The doom of the Kingscote Oak had been proclaimed.

As he stood braced up for the second stroke, the bulging sinews of his forearm responding to the generous rise of chest and thigh muscles, a curious sound from behind him caused him to swing round with a faint cry. Then he lowered the axe with amazing gentleness.

"So you've come," he said softly. "You see I am as good as my word. The Kingscote Oak must go. It is the last link between me and the workhouse—for it almost comes to that."

TO RENOVATE WICKER CHAIRS.

To renovate a shabby wicker chair first cleanse the wicker thoroughly, using a scrubbing brush and plenty of soap and water. When dry, the chair can be varnished, or it can be greatly improved with a coating of two of green stain.

For the seat make a cushion of green linen or a pretty greenish cretonne. Another cushion for the back may be liked, and is easily made. Make it of the same material as the seat cushion and of bag shape, longer than wide. It may be fastened to the chair by means of tapes sewed at the top and bottom.

If a loose cushion be preferred, a pretty yellow linen would look nice and contrast well with the green. Make the case slip fashion, so that it can be easily washed. An unbleached calico bag will be good enough for the down with which the cushions are filled.

A search light is being erected at Montreux, France, which will have a brilliancy of 30,000,000 candle power and will project its rays fifty miles.

given my infant son to my younger brother James, who will bring up my son as his own.

"Thus it may come to pass that the descendants of Nigel, my son, may be passed over in the right of succession by the descendants of Richard, the eldest son of my younger brother James, who stands well in the eyes of Cromwell the regicide and renegade."

"And that this be true, and that Nigel, supposed younger son of James Kingscote, of Kingscote Manor, be really the eldest son of Nigel Kingscote, eldest son of Alaric Kingscote, father of Nigel and James and therefore heir to the Manor of Kingscote, its hereditaments, messuages, and all that do thereto appertain, and his seed hereafter male, and his seed should be any, I do most solemnly swear and protest in the presence of witnesses. To which I do set, my hand and seal this sixteenth day of March, one thousand six hundred and forty-seven.

Signed: Nigel Kingscote, in the presence of Rupert Mainwaring, Knight Banneret of Malawarsing Hall, in the County of Berkshire, and Anselm Wolf, Priest."

The parchment fluttered crisply from the girl's nerveless hands. "Damaris," cried Alaric hoarsely—"Damaris!" Coherent speech he could not find.

The girl raised her head. "It is true—it is true!" she said brokenly. "We, father and I, are the usurpers! Kingscote Manor is yours, and we are—paupers!"

"Not paupers, dearest, but partners," answered Alaric, and in his eyes there was that which told her how Kingscote love stood wind and weather as steadily as Kingscote Oak.

Squire Kingscote now sleeps with his fathers in the little Berkshire churchyard. But ere he died his declining years were brightened by the generous forgiveness of "the undesirable poor relation."

A young and sturdy sapling oak now flourishes on the spot where stood the ancient tree—a true symbol of the lasting power of Kingscote luck and Kingscote love.—Answers.

TO RENOVATE WICKER CHAIRS.

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