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PORTO RICO'S RICH COFFEE FIELDS.

There Are 100,000 Acres of Them, and There is Money in Them.

FRANK G. CARPENTER, IN ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.

PONCE, July 15.—How would you like to own a Porto Rican plantation? There is big money in some of them, I can tell you. I have met several men who are making from 25 to 50 per cent a year out of them. One coffee planter near Adjuntas cleaned up $100,000 in 1898, and there are sugar men who are doing equally as well. Some of the sugar estates about Ponce produce from 6,000 to 8,000 hogsheads a season, and on the east coast, not far from Humacao, there is a little cocoanut grove which will net its owner an annual income of $20,000. I heard the other day of a Boston man who has invested $50,000 in Porto Rican cattle, and some New England bankers, who are lending money at high rates here in Ponce, have lately bought a plantation of 1,000 acres of sugar lands a few miles up the coast from where I am now writing. There are Florida men here who are enthusiastic over the chances for fortunes in oranges, pineapples and vegetables for our city markets, and I hear every day of some American who has a new position with "millions in it." As to the industrial outlook, and the possibilities of the sugar and fruit lands, I will deal in another letter.

MONEY IN COFFEE.

There is no doubt but that there is money in coffee. Porto Rico already raises enough to give half a pound to every man woman and child among her fellow citizens of the United States. She produces annually more than 50,000,000 pounds, and she could produce at least as much more. So far not one-tenth of the coffee lands have been developed, and those in cultivation are not half cared for.

This is so, although coffee is king in Porto Rico. It is the chief industry of the island, and its sale profits the country more than anything else. The coffee exports are three times as large as the sugar exports. They amount to something like $9,000,000 a year, and go almost altogether to Continental Europe.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

I doubt whether there is a better coffee in the world than that raised in these new coffee fields of Uncle Sam's. If there is, I have not tasted it. Porto Rican coffee has the same flavor as the best Mocha and Java mixed. As prepared by the Porto Ricans it is a drink for the gods—strong, aromatic and delicious.

The best of the coffee is called cafe caracolilla; it has brought right along 25 cents and more at wholesale. It all goes to France, for it is too rich for our American blood, costing so much that our importers have not introduced it into the American markets. They can get Brazilian coffee cheaper, and the profits upon it is greater. The result is that the Porto Rican coffee has been going to Germany, France, Italy, Austria and Spain. France gets the best; Germany Austria and Italy take the second and third grades, and the poorest of all is sold to the Spaniards.

This should and will be changed. There are people in the United States who are now paying 40 cents a pound for so-called Mocha and Java coffee which costs in Santos and Rio Janerio less than 8 cents a pound. They could buy the Porto Rican coffee at a less rate and have a better article.

A PORTO RICAN COFFEE TRUST.

The Porto Rican coffee planters are just beginning to awaken to the possibilities of our market. They have recently formed an association or trust to advance their wares in the United States. They will open business houses in the cities here and in New York, and will try to show our people the varieties of coffee raised on Uncle Sam's new island. The men already included in this trust have plantations to the value of $2,000,000. Some of their estates are mortgaged, but the association expects to clear off the mortgages by money raised in the United States, and also to get such advances as will enable its members to cultivate after modern methods. Among other things they want our Agricultural Department to establish an experimental station here devoted to coffee raising. There is no doubt we should have such farms in all our tropical possessions, and I understand that Secretary Wilson is already planning them.

WHERE THE COFFEE LANDS ARE.

In Brazil the best coffee is raised at an elevation of from 1,500 to 3,000 feet above the sea. It grows on the highlands south of the center of the country and some distance back from the ocean. The coffee pantations of Porto Rico begin almost as soon as you leave the narrow strip of coastal plains which runs about the island. They grow all along the hills, clear to the top of the mountains. In some districts you ride for miles through nothing but coffee, the bushes growing among other trees. This is especially so in the eastern end of the island, where at blossoming time the air is so full of the perfumery of the coffee flowers that it almost overcomes you.

There is a great deal of coffee along the military road and quite a large amount in the western portion of the island. I have been told that coffee will grow anywhere outside the low coast lands, and that there are large areas of coffee lands which are now in grass. There is no doubt that this is true. Porto Rico has in the neighborhood of 2,500,000 acres of land, and there are, it is said, only about 100,000 acres in coffee.

The most of the coffee lands are in comparatively small tracts. It takes money to operate a coffee plantation, and for this reason the ordinary man cannot manage a large crop. The average estate is not over fifty acres, although there are some which are much larger. There is a man named Shroeder, for instance, who has a thousand acres, and who is putting out more every year. He had not a large capital, but he bought cheap land and put in his first trees in 1894. He has already had a profit of $4,000 this year from his plantation, and he has thousands of young trees coming on, and within ten years his income will be $100,000 a year. There is a Dutchman from Java who has just gone into the coffee business here who will soon have a similarity large property, and there are other men who are quietly buying up coffee lands.

PRICES OF LANDS.

And this brings me to the subject of land values. The conditions have been so unsettled that it is hard to say just what they are. I have asked many questions, and have been answered that coffee lands are worth all the way from $25 to $200 per acre. I have heard of some coffee men who want $300 per acre, but this is for rich plantations in bearing.

Some of the cheaper lands are back from the roads, and so situated that it is costly to get the coffee to market. The value of such lands will be greatly increased by the new roads which the Government is contemplating.

Many of the large plantations, both sugar and coffee, are owned by nonresidents. Some are the property of Barcelona Jews and other rich Spaniards. They have been paying well, and it is doubtful whether they can be bought cheap. I am told that the Spaniards consider their land of more value since the Americans have taken possession. Among these is a Spanish officer who commanded in the recent war. He was asked the other day if he was going to sell out his Porto Rican property and go back to Spain. He replied:

"No, I prefer to stay here and give up my pension. The change of Government will increase the value of my property, and I can't afford to let it go."

MORTGAGED ESTATES.

On the other hand, there are many coffee properties which are heavily mortgaged. Interest rates here run from 10 per cent upward, and 1 and 2 per cent a month are common. The war has materially retarded all kinds of business, and at present some of the planters are so cramped that they want to sell. There is a good chance to buy the mortgage notes, and the man who brings his money here and loans it to these Porto Rican coffee men will get high rates of interest, and in time have a chance at the land itself.

No one should come to raise coffee without he has enough to buy his land and to keep himself and his workmen for the first four years. He should have as much as $10,000 to establish almost any kind of plantation, and above that the more the better. He could not take a hundred acres of land and bring it into coffee bearing within five yeaas for much less than $25,000. At the end of that time his profits would come in rapidly, and he would probably be able to make from 15 to 25 per cent on his investment for many years.

HOW COFFEE IS GROWN IN PORTO RICO.

So far as I have seen no well-cultivated coffee plantations in Porto Rico. In Brazil the coffee estates are like gardens. The trees are trimmed. They grow in great bushes in regular rows, which are plowed and hoed and kept free from weeds. The plants are first grown in nurseries and carefully set out. Here most of the plants are from the seeds which fall to the ground. They are set out without order, being shaded for the first year by banana plants and after that by larger trees. The result is they grow tall and spindling, with trunks like pipe stems.

The coffee trees begin to flower in April. Soon green berries take the place of the blossoms, and by October there is a wealth of rich red coffee cherries shining out of the green leaves. The coffee berry is of just the size of a cherry. It grows close to the branch rather on a stem, like the cherry. In each cherry are two of the half round coffee beans of commerce. They are the seeds of the cherry.

The coffee berries do not all ripen at the same time. The trees must be picked over again and again during the season, and coffee-picking forms one of the chief industries of the island. It is in the picking season that the peons make the most of their money. They have to work at this time for from three to four month, and men, women and children are seen among the bushes picking the berries into baskets and carrying them off to the factory on their heads. The little ones pick the berries on the lower stems, while the men and women bend down the taller trees and gather the ones higher up. The picking upon many of the plantations is done by the pound. It takes a good picker to average fifty pounds a day, but as the whole family can work at it the peon does fairly well in the coffee regions at picking time.

IN THE COFFEE FACTORIES.

I find the Porto Rican coffee factories quite different from those of Brazil. The most of them are rude in the extreme. They have not the fine machinery nor the economical methods of the Brazilians.

In Brazil the berries are first mashed to a pulp, which takes of their flesh. The seeds or beans are taken out and dried in the sun, and within a short time are on their way to the market. There the machinery is run by steam. Here oxen and men take the place of machinery, and the methods of preparation for the market are slow and expensive.

The berries are first stored away in the great plantation houses or factory of the planter. The buildings are rude in the extreme. They are usually high up on piles, and so arranged that flat boxes, some of which are as large as a city lot, can be rolled at will in and out from under the floor. These great trays are used for drying the coffee beans after the flesh has been taken off them. It is necessary that the coffee should not be rained upon while drying, and the shoving it under the building protects it from the heavy dews of the night.

In some places the coffee is dried on cement floors, but it requires from two weeks to a month to properly cure it, and such floors have to be covered up at time of rain, and the coffee is often taken in at night.

The getting the seeds out of the berry is interesting. This is done by a wheel or roller which moves over the berries so adjusted that it will mash the berries, but not crush the seeds. As soon as the seeds have been freed from the pulp they are dried. They are still covered with two thin shells which must be removed before they are ready for shipment. This is done in hulling mills, and the beans are polished by running over and through them great wheels faced with tin. The wheels are so adjusted that they do not injure the coffee beans, but by rubbing them over and over burnish them so that they shine as if varnished. In some mills coloring matter is added to give the coffee a blue tint.

Much of the hulling of the coffee is done in great mortars made of wood, men standing before them and letting great pestles drop on the coffee, thus breaking the shells. These wooden mortars are of about the height of your waist. I see them everywhere, and have done not a little coffee hulling myself by experimenting with them.

AMONG THE COFFEE SORTERS.

After the coffee has been dried and cleaned it must be graded. In some of the factories this is done by machinery, the coffee being run over wire screens with meshes of different sizes. The little round beans which form the very best of the product, and which look like Mocha coffee, drops into one bag. The largest of the flat-sided beans go into another, and other grades into other bags.

Machines, however, do not take out the bad grains. This must be done by the coffee sorters. In every large Porto Rican factory you find women picking over the coffee grains and separating the good from the bad. In the smaller factories the picking is done sitting on the floor before a low box covered with cloth. In the larger ones there are long tables cut up into little boxes by many partitions, and before each box sits a Porto Rican girl sits with a pile of green coffee beans before her. She picks them over and over, handling coffee from sunrise to sunset.

During my stay in Porto Rico I visited factories where hundreds of these girls were sorting coffee. I made some photographs of them at work, much to the amusement of all. They are black-eyed, brown-skinned maidens with eyes as laughing as the Italian coffee pickers of Brazil. Not a few show signs of negro blood, and some are quite black. They sing as they work, and are evidently not dissatisfied with their condition. Their wages on the average less than 25 cents a day.

AT THE COFFEE PORTS.

The transportation of the coffee to the seaports is one of the most important factors in the industry. Much of the coffee land is far in the interior, with mountain ranges between it and the places of shipment. Some of it is along the military road. This is shipped upon bullock carts—great two-wheeled affairs drawn by four or five yokes of oxen and carrying enormous loads.

The coffee in the other mountain regions is taken to the coast upon ponies, about 200 pounds being packed on the back of each animal. Often you will see a long file of these ponies thus loaded crawling up and down the mountain road. Sometimes an owner sits on the top of his pony and flogs him along the way.

The packs are often roughly put on so that they rub the skin from the backs of the ponies and when the loads are removed great raw sore patches are to be seen. One of our army officers, who is in charge at the coffee port at Yauco, endeavored to prevent this cruelty. He took the packs off the beasts and fined each driver of a sore horse $5, putting his horse in the pound until cured. This created a great sensation among the farmers, and after a few days the coffee ceased to come in. The business of Yauco fell off and the merchants complained that the officer was hurting the town. Upon investigation it was discovered that the planters were shipping their coffee to the port of Arecibo on the north coast. The officer at Yauco wrote to Arecibo and tried to stop this. He also made a complaint to General Henry, who was then in charge, but his complaint was not noticed and he was forced to allow the cruelty to go on.

At present coffee is brought in this way to all the ports. It is there consigned to the large coffee dealers, who ship it to the markets of Europe.

An exchange asks, what is a dollar anyhow?" The question is easily answered. It is something that newspaper men enjoy more in anticipation than realization. It is the price of a day's labor for some men, and a night's drunk for others. It is the power accredited with the making or unmaking of men. It is the hardest thing to get and the easiest thing to get rid of know to mankind. It is mighty and scarce. No man ever had more than he wanted, and no man ever will have. A dollar is a snare and a delusion, but we will continue to take it on subscriptions just the same.—*Franklin Times.*

ARP ON THE MORMONS.

THEIR MOVEMENTS ARE MYSTERIOUS TO HIM.

Are the Elders Sincere or Are They a Gang of Religious Tramps?

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

These Mormons are a mystery to me—8,000 miles from home they are raising a commotion among our people and I don't understand what they are after. Are they really missionaries sent out from Utah to propagate their religion, or are they religious tramps who find this an easy way to live. They compass sea and land to make a single proselyte and remind us of the far reaching zeal of the Jesuits of the sixteenth century. The Jesuits went to the heathen of all countries who had not heard of Jesus, but these Mormons go to the Protestants in enlightened Christendom and seek covertly to undermine their faith. They work upon the weak minded and fanatical and only make converts by destroying the peace of the family. No wonder that the good people of the communities drive them out and maltreat them. I have no respect for proselyters in a Christian land who would seek to draw their converts from one Christian church to another and sow discord in a family.

I was ruminating about this Mormonism, which is another child born of New England fanaticism, where all the devilish things originate. It is close akin to the doctrine of free love, that originated there half a century ago, and is now pretty generally accepted. If a man doesn't find his affinity when he marries he finds her afterwards, and they keep on swapping around.

Joe Smith came from there and one day pretended to find a Bible under a big stone. It was placed there by an angel and had golden leaves, and he was told to read it for it was the last will of God and he must preach it to the people. He copied the writing and was going to sell the gold but the angel rebuked him and took the golden leaves away. Well, that man found fools enough to start a new departure in religion and because the good people at home made fun of him, he and his followers moved to Pennsylvania, where he had more visions and the angel gave him a pair of magic spectacles and a Urim and Thummim, and talked to him behind a curtain, and John the Baptist visited him and gave him the Holy Ghost and the gift of prophecy and supernatural powers. From there he and his followers went to Palmyra, N. Y., and had the "Book of Mormon" printed, and organized a church with thirty members, and Smith cast a devil out of a man named Knight.

But Palmyra got to hot for them and they moved to Kirtland, Ohio, because the angel said so. But Kirtland got too warm for them and they moved to Missouri and found the city of Zion. Not long after he went back to Kirtland on a visit and they tarred and feathered him, but his persecution gave him strength and followers and they built a church there and called themselves the Latter Day Saints, and started a bank and flooded the country with wildcat money in the name of the Lord. The leaders were arrested and indicted for murder, treason, burglary, arson and larceny, but were allowed to escape from jail and leave Kirtland with their families. From there they went to Illinois, guided by an angel and found the city of Nauvoo.

There they built another church and sent missionaries to England to make converts, and the made them. Nauvoo grew up rapidly and the Saints soon numbered 1,500 men and elected Smith mayor and lieutenant general. In 1842 he was at the very height of his prosperity and took a hand in politics. In 1842 he had another revelation from the angel and was advised to take some spiritual wives. Accordingly he took two married women, the wives of Dr. Foster and William Law, two of his chief supporters. Of course, this raised a rumpus and Foster and Law started a newspaper against him and published the affidavits of sixteen women, who charged Smith and his head man, Rigdon, with impurity and immorality. Smith then destroyed the press and Foster and Law had to fly for their lives. They appealed to the courts and had warrants issued for him and Rigdon and seventeen others. They were arrested and put in jail. The governor visited them and promised protection to them, if they and their families would leave the country, but the people were so exasperated they went that night and broke down the doors and shot Smith and his brother to death.

What kind of a story is that to found the Mormon religion upon. And yet these Mormon elders have the cheek to travel through this southern land to propagate their spurious faith among our people.

But Smith's wife and son Joe never did accept the revelation as to spiritual wives, and the son reorganized Mormonism at Piano, Ill., where he publishes the True Saints *Herald*, is in all that region the acknowledged head of the Saints of the true Mormon church. The polygamists were all expelled, after suffering by whipping and house burning and other penalties by mob violence. They moved in scattered bands to Utah and chose Brigham Young as their leader. He was a zealous advocate of polygamy and showed his faith by his works, for when he died in 1877 he left seventeen wives, sixteen sons and twenty-eight daughters that he acknowledged—besides a a number of others who acknowledged him.

But these Mormons who are sojourning in our land declare that polygamy is now abolished and that they are not proselyting to that faith though it was the faith of Abraham and Jacob and David and Solomon. Well, our people don't want such men fooling around their families and demoralizing weak men and weaker women in every community. A moderate chastisement would have a sanitary influence on all such tramps.

Fanatics and tramps have their nursery in New England. We see that the bones of seven lieutenants of old John Brown have recently been moved to North Elba and are to be reburied with honors, and that McKinley was invited. That shows the animus of that people. They still make a demigod of that old fool John Brown, whom Giddings and Beecher and Garrison made a cat's paw of to incite the slaves of Virginia to insurrection and to provoke them to murder arson and rape. They furnished him with $500 in gold and all the rifles and ammunition he wanted, and so he took up his residence near Harpers Ferry and for two years lived there and planned his bloody and treasonable scheme. Fred Douglas visited him there and advised him to wait for the fruit that was not ripe. But the old fanatic believed the Lord was with him and wouldn't wait any longer, and so one dark night he and his little band of twenty-two deluded followers surprised and overpowered the guards and took the arsenal and then calmly awaited the uprising of the negroes. But the negroes would not rise. Most of them were attached to their masters and their families and would not join the traitors. They soon came to grief. John Brown was wounded, his son was killed and most of his followers. For forty long years the graves of seven of them have been unmolested, but "John Brown's soul, they say, keeps marching on and so it does seem to, with the second and third generations of those who have hated us so long and bitterly. They sent Brown to Kansas during the dark and bloody days and there he and his followers, among other outrages called five leading southerners from their beds one dark night and assassinated them. Brown said it was God's will. For twelve years he never lost sight of his chief aim, which was to start an insurrection in Virginia and let it spread all over the south, until every slaveholder was murdered. And this is what the north made a martyr and a demigod of him for.

Our own Robert E Lee, a United States army officer, officiated at his capture and trial. Jefferson Davis and John M. Mason, of the United States senate, were appointed a committee to make report upon the invasion and declared it of no significance except at showing the animus of the north toward the south.

A friend writes me who wishes to know where he can get a true history of John Brown and his Virginia raid and execution. Nowhere! No southman has written his history. Three have been written from a northern standpoint by enemies of the South. The fairest account will be found in "Appleton's Biographical Encyclopedia," but even this one, which was written by Higginson, is stained with the same old animus that justifies everything an abolitionist ever did against the south. It does look like that forty years of time and the freedom of the negroes ought to have mollified our enemies and retired old John Brown and his followers into oblivion, but it has not, and now they are transferring their bones to a more congenial soil and will have grand ceremonies over their burial.

McKinley has been invited, and as two of the seven were negroes, I reckon he will go. Maybe the devil has got them keeping postoffice somewhere in Hades.

Some Products of Militarism.

Raleigh News and Observer.

A revolution is a very bad thing. It is bad while it lasts and its immediate aftermath. Nevertheless there are some things worse, and some for which there is no other remedy. It is doubtful that a state of society which can produce the Dreyfus infamy is not one of the things that is worse than a revolution. Anyway it takes a good deal of physic for France, and the revolutions seems to have been about the only medicine sufficiently drastic to give that unhappy country a period of even tolerably good health.

At present it has a deep-seated case of military dry rot, a disease that seems to manifest itself in much windy prating of honor, together with a tendency to commit forgery, murder, perjury, assassination. The soldier is everything, the citizen nothing. The army that was to defend France has become the greatest menace—the history of militarism everywhere and always.

Of course nobody believes that a Dreyfus incident can ever be a possibility in this country; but we are not quite spotless in army matters. And if our Capt. Carters can steal a million and a half and go unpunished; if our Algers can poison the soldiers with rotten beef and only be dismissed as a political expedient; if our Eagans can disgrace the uniform and retire on extra pay—all this under present conditions—who shall say what we may come to when militarism is a fixed condition with us?

We don't want any Paty du Clams, and Esterhazys, and Merciers, and all the rest of it in this country. The Capt. Carters, and the Eagans and Algers are quite enough in that line. And we don't want any of the militarism that breeds such cattle.

"NATURE'S FRUGAL PRODUCE."

The Georgia Watermelon Furnishes the Subject For Brave Poem.

Colonel Henry Watterson in Courier-Journal.

One item that appeared in the current news of the past week should have aroused more than a passing impression upon the mind of even the careless reader. It was a statement to the effect that the crop of Georgia melons this year, though not an unusually large one, was a drug upon the markets.

No better proofs of racial degeneration could be adducted than this statement that the watermelon is no longer the eager desire of the palate.

The appetites implanted in man in the Garden of Eden, where the watermelon undoubtedly had its origin, have been sadly perverted if this is so.

The watermelon is the Ariel of the garden. It is the child of the sun, the heir of the fountain. Its flavor is like the perfume of the rose, a rare and exquisite property that clings voluptuously upon the palate and yet that cannot clog in its unspeakable richness.

That watermelon can no longer be sold with profit in city markets is a deplorable proof of what has come over the race that with

"Blinded crabbits poring over miserable books,"

and with stomachs stuffed with mysterious condiments has come to disregard the choicest gift that nature has prepare for her children's appetites.

What are we to think of the pervert who turns from the queen of all the garden tribe? Undoubtedly his morals are as questionable as his appetite, and his judgement and intellect must be equally gone astray.

We want none of them. Away with the man who does not respond to the sight of a Georgia melon wherever it may be—whether in the small "patch," where in the early morning it lies glistening among the flowers and the dew pure as Apheodite arising from the sea, or served in the delicious dish composed of its own green and white rind, or even heaped by hundreds in the market houses, or alluringly cut and sliced and displayed in blocks of ice on the street corners.

Wherever it is, so long as it is ripe and perfect, the watermelon is a thing of beauty. It should be a joy forever, and the Georgia planter who supplies us with this glory of early summer ought to be made rich.

He is a public benefactor and he should be encouraged to continue in his work even if it is necessary to grant him a government subvention. The man who adds as much as he to the joys of life deserves a pension as much as the soldier who does his best to increase its horrors.

A Popular Husband.

Burlington News.

Quite a strange incident occurred at the depot at this place Sunday. Last Saturday a colored woman, who resides in this city, received a telegram telling her to meet the 9 o'clock train, as the remains of her husband, who had been working in Asheville and had died there, would be down on that train. She went sadly to receive the last remains of a departed husband. Soon after her arrival there another colored woman with a baby in her arms came in and sadly took a seat, holding a handkerchief to her eyes. The first woman being occupied with her own grief did not inquire into the cause of the others sorrow, but through an overheard conversation she learned that she was there to meet the remains of a deceased husband. Well, the train came and with it the coffin containing the dead husband. But as the train stopped another colored woman, carrying a baby in her arms, stepped off the train. All three, each without noticing the other, marched up to the coffin and there, 'mid the noise usual to a passenger depot, their hearts gave vent to their feelings over the loss of a true husband.

Mum's the Word.

Wilson News.

Secretary of State Cy. Thompson was here last night. He was on his way back to Raleigh from a visit to his home in Onslow. When questioned as to his position on the amendment to the constitution he would not commit himself, but said that the report that he aspired to the governor was wholly without foundation. The Doctor knows how to keep mum in 47 languages.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

The True Story of the Original of De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe."

Scottish American.

In the July *Century*, in an article entitled "The Making of 'Robinson Crusoe,'" J. Cuthbert Hadden tells the story of Alexander Selkirk—a story once very familiar, but of which all that we remember is that there was a castaway of that name on the island of Juan Fernandez, whose experience suggested Defoe's great story. He was a very real person, it seems, and intimate memorials of him are not lacking.

Large, sluggish and sleepy as it must then have been, could hardly be so dull as Juan Fernandez; yet there is some reason for believing that Selkirk found it too lively for his tastes. He created a sort of cave dwelling in his father's back garden, and when he was not "meditating" there he was in the woods or walking moodily by the shore. People evidently fought shy of him as of some uncanny creature who had been in league with Satan's invisible world. The parish minister of the town, writing in 1798, refers to an old Largo man who remembered having, when a boy, slept with him for one night after his return. He could not be persuaded to do it a second time, being "terrified at the uncommon whiteness of his linen and the hairiness of his body." Imagination truly does go a long way! To the unmarried females of Largo Selkirk had, however, a roman side; and one fine day it was discovered that the eccentric exile had closed with one Sophia Bruce, who had succumbed to the charm of the white linen and the interest of the island story. There should have been an elopement it would have been difficult to make out, but it not afterward appeared that the union was of that sailor type not likely to be sanctioned by the rigid rules of Largo kirk. The pair were traced to London, where Sophia was found alone Selkirk having gone back to sea.

Before he thus dared the "perils" of the deep he made a will in her favor—this was in January, 1717—in which he describes her as his "loving friend, Sophia Bruce, of the Pall Mall, London spinster," and bequeaths her a house at Largo, which had come to him from his father. But the sailor's affections are unstable, and poor Sophia, being out of sight, was soon out of mind. Before 1720 Selkirk had yielded to the blandishments of a certain widow named Frances Candis and the old will was revoked. At this time the worthy seaman as we learn from the will, was "mate of His Majesty's ship Weymouth." That is practically the last we hear of him, for he died on board the vessel before December of the following year. On the strength of her connection with him the Sophia of the elopement afterwards applied for charity to a Dissenting minister in Westminister; and the much-marrying widow—she took a third husband immediately after Selkirk's death—proved her right in the Scotch courts to the house at Largo.

There is a statue of him at Largo, and such of his many personal effects as were associated with his island existence have naturally been guarded as interesting heirlooms by all his collateral descendants. There is the gun, there is the chest, and there is the drinking-cup. The chest, a clumsy-looking affair made of cedarwood, bears the exile's initials on the lid, with certain other rude carvings—the practical result, no doubt, of hours of ennui on the island. The drinking-cup was made by Selkirk himself out of a cocoanut-shell. At one time it had silver foot and stem, but these seem to have been disposed of by some distressed descendant. The present mountings have to be placed to the credit of Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter heard of the relics at Largo, and one day he set off to see them, in company with Constable, the publisher. He took the cup back to Edinburgh with him, and had a silver rim and a new rosewood stem added to it; Constable, not to be outdone in enthusiasm, carried away the old parish records containing the already-mentioned entries relating to Selkirk, and had them handsomely bound for preservation. Such are some of the Selkirk relics still to be seen in Scotland. And Juan Fernandez has its memorial, too. Two thousand feet above the sea-level, on the height which Selkirk called his "Lookout," a handsome tablet commemorates him.

Thus, while Defoe himself remains undistinguished by statue or mark of public favour of any kind, the humble hero, whose fame he created, is memorialized in two widely-separated corners of the glob.

Home From Manila.

Charlotte News.

The family of Herschell Young, the young Shelbyite now in the Philippines as a member of the U. S. Volunteer Signal Corps, has been notified that he will sail for San Francisco on the next transport leaving Manila, the *Star* says: The many friends of this gallant young soldier who has distinguished himself so signally in the faraway Philippines, will be glad to welcome him on his return. Some of Mr. Young's statements concerning the war in that country are similar to those made by other returning soldiers, that the warfare conducted by the Americans reflects no credit on our arms, but on the contrary will always be a blot on the fair page of our history.

Chadbourn has been turned down and out as postmaster at Wilmington and Miss Mary C. Darby appointed instead. Chadbourn, though efficient and a Republican had incurred the enmity of Russell and Pritchard, and Russell got the office for his lady friend, who was a money order clerk under Chadbourn.
