MILLIONS TO BE SPENT FOR TROLLEYS

ELECTRIC LINES TO BE GREAT SYSTEMS.

Freight Will Be Handled Half Way Across Continent—Passengers from Chicago to Atlantic.

By James B. Morrow.

A group of young men, creative, aggressive and wealthy, is being noiselessly and rapidly developed in the populous parts of this country, and with them a new problem in transportation which, before long, may call for regulatory and restrictive legislation.

Immense sums of money have already been spent in the construction of trolley lines, joining villages with villages, and cities with cities. Tremendous sums are to be spent in the future, especially in New England and the vast and opulent region between New York and the column of states on the west side of the Mississippi River, including Kansas and Texas.

As has been the practice with steam roads, crooked and rough little lines are to be thrown together and organized into great systems. Freight will be hauled half way across the continent by the mysterious force of electricity. Passengers will travel from Chicago and St. Louis to the Atlantic seaboard without a change of trolley cars, eating and sleeping on the way, and having telephone connections with their homes and offices.

There will be new bonds for investors and new stocks for speculators. Trolley lawyers, perhaps, will be elected to seats in legislatures and in Congress. All in all, electric transportation will repeat the economical and political performances of steam and add not a few of its own.

Trolley promoters, even now, have started their works of defence, behind which they will fight their enemies, single and collective. They early cut the rates of carriage. That was a measure of business as well as tactics. Money is invariably the first human consideration. Next comes health.

The cut in freights—milk and vegetables as well as men—was followed by an argument both medical and social. Trolleys meant easily accessible meadows and forests for city folk. So an electric car was not only a ready means of low priced locomotion, but also a cheap and efficient physician.

Furthermore—and it's a poor doctor that won't work both ways—the wife of the farmer, getting to town regularly in spite of heavy roads or horses needed in the fields for ploughing or harvesting, freshened her tedious and laborious life and reduced her personal danger of going crazy. Indeed, figures have recently been obtained to show that the humble trolley is the best of all discovered preventives of agricultural insanity.

Again, the claim is made that an electric railroad, linking the country with the city, makes the farmer and the merchant, the shepherd and the mechanic, kindred in their views and perceptions and indulgent toward one another. The trolley, therefore, is seriously represented to be not only a mighty good and desirable thing in transportation, but a general harmonizer and equalizer, a national civilizer, and a medical practitioner whose remedies are sunshine and fresh air and whose services are thrown in with each ride.

DOUBLED HIS MONEY IN TWO YEARS.

Among the developers of trolley lines—self-created, geared to one speed, and that two miles to the minute, buoyant and diplomatic, but eagerly combative when it comes to the pinch—none has been more robust and successful than George T. Bishop, the so-called trolley king of America. He built a road in Texas and doubled his money in two years. Previously he had made some small trolley investments in Ohio, where he was born and where he grew up in business under the direct instruction of John Newell, president of the Lake Shore Railroad and father-in-law of James Rudolph Garfield and of Samuel R. Callaway, who at a later day became the executive head of the American Locomotive Company.

When Callaway quit the presidency of the New York Central he said he was tired of working for wages. A partnership and a competence were opened to him in the building of locomotives. Bishop also was weary of wages and wanted the leadership and the profits in an adventure of his own.

It is thirty-four miles from Dallas to Fort Worth, in Texas. Bishop built a modern, high speed electric road between those two cities. Cleveland men supplied the money—Cleveland has always specialized in trolleys. Bishop was gone twenty-four months. When he returned he brought back his capital of $2,000,000 and a dividend for his syndicate of 100 per cent!

The doors of all banks fly open at the mere approach of a successful man. He doesn't have to say anything. Bishop was young, but he had multiplied his funds by two. Since then he has had millions to command. Several months ago he completed an electric road between Baltimore and Washington, with a long spur to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

A railway clerk at the age of eighteen, Bishop is worth a million at forty-four, and a type of the capitalists who are still to produce much new wealth for the public and for themselves, and around whom are soon to be centred questions of vital concern to the people of the United States. William Brown McKinley, of Illinois, a Representative in Congress, also a banker and farmer and the manager of Joseph G. Cannon's recent Presidential boom, also belongs to the trolley plutocracy. He is a type as well as Bishop.

"What part of the country," I asked Mr. Bishop, "has the largest investments in electric roads?"

OHIO LEADS THE COUNTRY.

"Ohio, with 2,300 miles," he replied, "and then Indiana, Michigan and Illinois. There are 36,000 miles of electric railways in this country, 10,000 miles of which are interurban, as against 1,000 miles in Canada. The word interurban, in description of independent electric lines connecting villages or cities, came into use about ten or twelve years ago. Before then city lines extended to near by towns were called suburban roads. I suppose the extension of the city lines in Albany to Troy was really the first suburban road in the country. In 1893 an interurban road was built from Cleveland to the village of Berea, about thirteen miles distant. Two or three years later a road was constructed between Cleveland and the city of Akron. The lines to Berea and Akron, perhaps, were the first interurban roads in the United States."

"How long has electricity been employed as a motive power?"

"Since 1880, when Thomas A. Edison exhibited the working model of an electric road and motor, at Menlo Park, in New Jersey. The first city line to be electrified was at Richmond, Va., in 1881. The motors used were designed by Frank Sprague, of New York. About the same year John B. Henry, of Kansas City, began to operate an electric road with motors made by Van der Poel. Now, twenty-eight years after Edison's crude little model in New Jersey, hundreds of millions of dollars are invested in electric manufacturing establishments and electric railways, and hundreds of millions of new money will find profitable investment in the future.

"Just now Indianapolis is the greatest electric railway centre in the world. I suppose as many as ten interurban lines enter that city. The terminal station looks like the union station of a dozen big steam roads. I recently heard a man say that the people of Indiana had the trolley habit, and that is true. Everybody rides. Five million passengers were taken in and out of Indianapolis last year. Besides, the various roads hauled 100,000 tons of freight, and freight, so far, can be called a mere incident of the business.

"Detroit is another important trolley centre. Conductors on the interurban lines there began carrying little packages as a favor to patrons and acquaintances in the country. Sixteen express cars are now making daily trips out of that city. Last year 167,000 cans of milk were taken into Detroit by trolley. What is being done at Indianapolis and Detroit will be followed with equal success at many other points throughout the country.

"There are two kinds of electric railway propositions—building high speed roads between cities, Washington and Baltimore, for instance, and building shoestring roads between irregular lines of good sized towns and villages. The Indianapolis lines, and I use them simply to illustrate what is being done elsewhere, go through rich agricultural regions, and directly join many prosperous and populous communities with the state capital. Senator James A. Hemenway told me not long ago that the electric roads in central Indiana had not only substantially increased nearly every kind of business at Indianapolis, but had developed the country in all directions and added immensely to the value of farm lands and village property."

ELECTRIC ROADS ARE PROFITABLE.

"Are electric roads profitable, as a rule?"

"I think they are. In early days they were built in the public highways. Small rails and cheap cars were used. The cost of construction was low and the right of way was free for the asking. But hay wagons, cows, sheep and swine prevented the cars from making time. Then there was no regularity as to stations. A man or woman came over the field waving an umbrella, and the car stopped. Time is as important an element to the success of an electric line as to a line operated by steam. So we ceased to build in the public roads and began to buy our rights of way from farmers. Land was cheap and easy to get at first. The trolley, as it was called, was welcomed with open arms and glad acclaim.

GEORGE T. BISHOP.

"Gradually, however, land began to go up. A dead farm, dear at any price, was held at $500 an acre. Once I went into a wretched little village to get a site for a large repair shop. Land had been unsalable at $30 an acre. There hadn't been a transaction for years. Well, the various owners said they would come together and deliberate. When they had agreed on a price they would let me know. In a month or six weeks they sent word that I might have a certain amount of land, but no more, for $1,500 an acre.

"So the cost of a modern electric road runs into money very fast. Heavy steel rails are now used almost universally; the bridges and culverts are of stone or metal, and often, as between Chicago and Kankakee, the ties are set in broken rock. The cars on the Washington and Baltimore line cost $22,000 apiece. We have spent so far $55,000 a mile on the road itself, which means $110,000 a mile, because there is a double track. In Indiana, where the country is level and where there are neither ravines nor ridges, the mile cost, including power and equipment, would not exceed $20,000. Notwithstanding the expense of building, electric roads are often fairly profitable. Of course, many of the old ones, cheap of construction and laid in public highways, had to be reorganized, and in some instances reconstructed."

"What is the ordinary speed of an electric car?"

"I wouldn't attempt to strike an average. On one occasion I rode at a speed of eighty-five miles an hour. I have frequently gone a mile a minute for a considerable distance. We expect to carry passengers from Washington to Baltimore, thirty-six miles, in 55 minutes, but that speed will only be made with our limited cars, which do not stop at small stations."

"Is electric power cheaper than steam?"

WILL USE WATER POWER.

"It may be under certain conditions, but the subject is so complicated and so many things are to be considered that no reliable information as to comparative cost has thus far been obtained. In the hauling of rough freight electricity at present is not so economical as steam. Water is sometimes used to generate electricity, but unless water is available in sufficient quantities throughout the year a steam auxiliary plant is necessary, which, although idle most of the time, represents money invested and an annual charge for interest. I expect to see great power plants, capitalized at $10,000,000 and more, on dependable streams like Niagara River, capable of supplying electric current in all directions for a distance of two hundred miles, and employed in the operation of railways, lighting stations, factories, and so on. There are to be surprising developments in that branch of electrical enterprise. Insulation has reached such a degree of perfection that currents of electricity can now be transmitted without any appreciable loss of power. The New York Central Railroad, in my opinion, will be electrified to Cleveland, and perhaps to Chicago, at no remote day. Other great lines, near rivers which never go dry, will also be operated by electricity."

"Will electric roads become dangerous competitors of steam roads?"

"They will never be dangerous, so far as I can see, but the steam roads will always know there are vigorous and intelligent rivals in the field against them. As a matter of fact, a trolley line almost invariably creates new business. We increased travel between Dallas and Fort Worth some 300 per cent in two years. At the end of that time the steam roads had suffered a loss of only 15 per cent in their own business incident to those two cities. All we did was to get new people into the habit of spending some of their money for personal transportation.

"I don't imagine that electric roads will ever carry much heavy freight, although a road in Southern Michigan is doing so and is making money. On the other hand, I was receiver for a line which did considerable business in coal, lumber and stone at a loss, and there was no steam competition to regulate rates at that. In the main, the freight of an electric road will be milk, fruits, vegetables, eggs and poultry from the country to the terminal cities and goods for merchants and supplies for farmers from the terminal cities to the country.

FREIGHT CARS RUN AT NIGHT.

"Generally, freight cars are now run at night, and there is no delay in deliveries and no loss of time in depots or on side tracks. Berries picked late in the afternoon are on sale in the market twenty-five miles away early the next morning. Village merchants now order from the wholesale dealers by telephone, and their goods reach them on the next express train, or at most in a few hours.

"In many places there are sample rooms for commercial travellers adjoining the trolley stations, an arrangement that does away with long waits for steam railway trains and the hauling of baggage from depots to hotels. In a region well served by electric roads the old methods of doing business have been completely changed. Merchants order more frequently and less at a time, and so their stocks are always fresh. Furthermore, they are in personal and constant touch with the men from whom they buy. If there are any bargains they hear of them right off. The advantage to the wholesale merchant is that the time of his credits is reduced and that more of his transactions are for cash on the spot.

"But the farmer, together with his wife and his children, has been benefited even more than the village business man. He is no longer penned up in his house during a whole winter by bad roads. I know of farmers who now take their families to churches, theatres, concerts and lectures in cities to which they rarely went, and then only on business, before trolley cars passed their doors every hour of the day. And there are no cinders from locomotives and no smoke. Women can dress in their best and ride fifty miles and even further, and their clothing is as clean and fresh as when they started.

"Most farmers in settled regions have telephones. If a mower or reaper breaks down, the farmer orders the part of the machine he needs, and it is sent to him at once, or he boards an electric car and goes to town himself. There is no waiting for a week in a busy season. Meanwhile the farmer has planted berries and fruit trees, because of the opportunity to reach market quickly and cheaply, and thus has turned wheat, oats, or corn into far more profitable crops. Better than all else, however, he has brightened the life of his hard-working wife and minimized her chances of becoming insane through drudgery and isolation."

"What methods are followed in building up the territory between the termini of a trolley line?" I asked.

"Steam railway men assist the farmer who raises livestock or grows coarse crops, like corn, wheat and hay. Some roads haul bulls, stallions, rams and seeds free of cost. We all know what James J. Hill has done in the Northwest and what Benjamin F. Yoakum has done in the Southwest to make business for their great systems of transportation. Officers of electric roads help the fruit grower and the gardener all they can, but passenger travel is what they live on. Accordingly, we try to develop hamlets and to build up towns. We don't engage in the real estate business ourselves, but we encourage others to do so. We often agree to carry prospective purchasers of lots into the country and back again free of charge. Then we help to establish out-of-door places of amusements, especially where there are small lakes and other natural and attractive advantages. Parks, also, are good for our business."

TO INSURE PASSENGERS' SAFETY.

"What is being done to insure the safety of persons who travel by trolley?"

"We are spending $5,000 a mile between Washington and Baltimore on a block system of signals. Towers on steam roads are five miles apart. On an electric line, with service every fifteen minutes, the towers should be two miles apart—one mile would be still better—and should be controlled from a central dispatcher's office. Signal systems are being installed throughout the country, and all lines by and by will be safeguarded in that manner. Then the modern electric car, the machinery of which costs $11,000, has three heavy steel beams under the floor, protected at each end by a half curve of very thick metal. Recently a head-on collision between such cars of the same length and height tore everything loose, but the seventy-eight passengers escaped without serious injury. Solid roadbeds, large rails, and sound bridges are the other elements of safety common to all up-to-date electric roads."

"Will you give me some striking instances of the increase in land values along electric lines?"

"I could give you more than you would care to print. Let me say right here that neither I nor any company in which I am interested ever speculates in land. A farm of one thousand acres near Dallas, Tex., was offered for sale at $40,000. The land was as rich as any in the world and the rainfall was abundant and regular. After the electric road between Dallas and Fort Worth had been completed and put into operation the farm was readily sold for $100,000. Land near Washington and Baltimore has quadrupled in value within a year. Really, the touch of the trolley is golden in any region in the matter of land and small business."

"Has the Interstate Commerce Commission jurisdiction over the electric roads of the country?"

"An effort is being made by the commission, whose authority in the matter is disputed, to compel electric roads to adopt the system of accounting established by law for steam roads and to have a certain percentage of earnings set aside to meet natural depreciation. The investment in a properly managed road is always kept up—cars, power stations, and tracks are maintained at the highest standard of usefulness and service. However, if electric roads are compelled to put aside money for the depreciation of their property, a very large number of them will be driven into bankruptcy."

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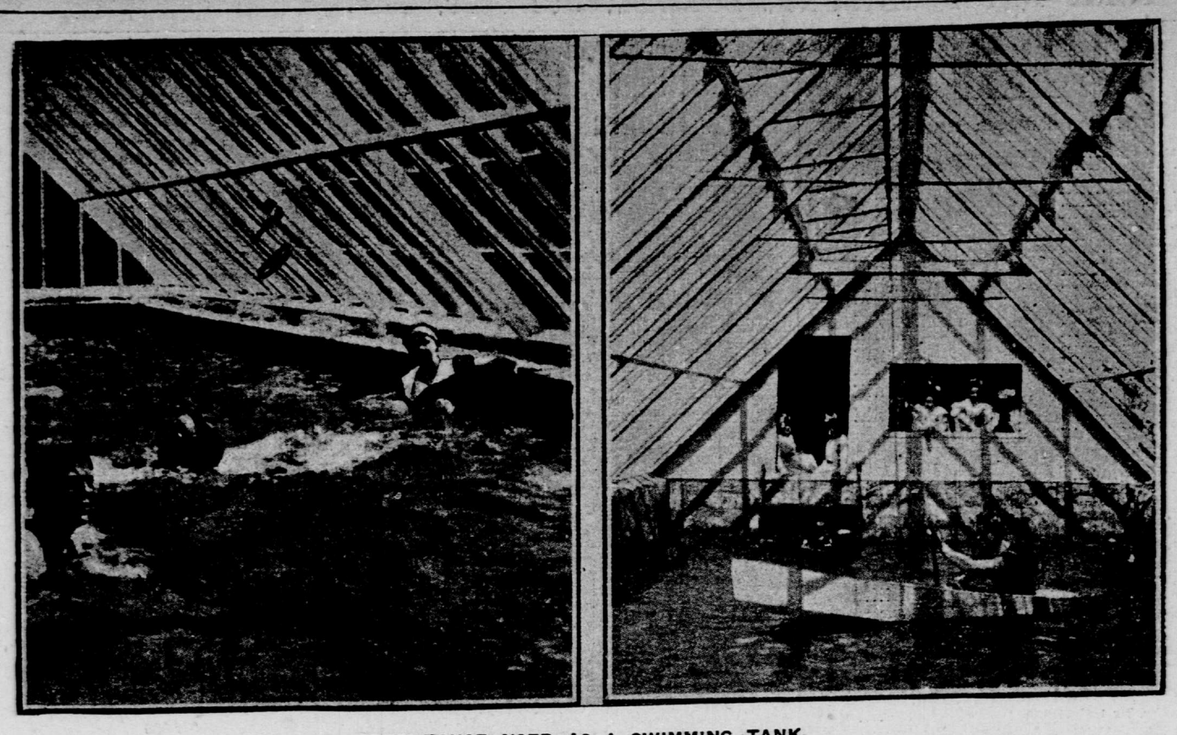

GREENHOUSE USED AS A SWIMMING TANK.

It will be seen that any one possessing a greenhouse of suitable size has no excuse now if he has not a private swimming bath attached to his house. It need hardly be said that the greenhouse here shown was lined with stone in preparation for its new role, and that this stone acted as a foundation for cement and tar paper, brickwork and light tiles. The water is warmed when necessary by the hot water pipes that were in the building as originally constructed. By dint of excavating the bath was given a depth of from four to twelve feet. The spectators' box was once the potting shed. The capacity of the bath is 8,000 cubic feet.

—The Sketch.

THE ERA OF ORATORY.

Father's out campaigning
For the people's pet.
Mother's making speeches, too;
She's a suffragette.

Brother's in the woodshed,
Making efforts great
To improve his voice and style
For the next debate.

Sister is rehearsing
For her commencement trick.
Guess I'll go a-fishin' where
There ain't no rhetoric!

Washington Star.

GOOD SCHEME.

"How did you cure him of rocking the boat?"

"Quite easily. I simply began to toy with an unloaded pistol I happened to have."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A CLOSE SHAVE FOR UNCLE SAM'S BATTLESHIP FLEET: NEPTUNE INITIATES ALL TARS WHO CROSS THE EQUATOR FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Crossing the line on board the Rhode Island: A neophyte describing a curve on entering the tank. When the United States Pacific squadron crosses the line Neptune, accompanied by Amphritrite and a retinue, comes on board and initiates all the sailors who have not before crossed the Equator. The ceremonies are of the usual horrible kind. When the king and queen have taken their seats, the queen smoking cigars, the candidates are mustered by open list, turned over to Neptune's dentists, ducked in an unsavory tank, and then delivered to the barber for the statutory shave. The lather is black and is applied with a paint brush; the razor is a stout oak stick. At the end each initiate receives an illuminated certificate signed "Neptunus Rex."

—Illustrated London News.

CAUGHT SALMON IN NORTH RIVER

EXPLOITS OF FISHERMEN IN COLONIAL DAYS.

Even Then They Told Some "Whoppers," According to Fulton Market Man's Scrapbook.

One of the oldest and best known fishmongers in Fulton Market is the possessor of a large scrapbook, in which are hundreds of paragraphs clipped from old newspapers relating to the exploits of fishermen in and about New York waters and nearby resorts. Many of the clippings are over a hundred years old, and most of them are from newspapers now long extinct. The owner, whose ancestors for generations were fishermen, has refused large sums for the scrapbook, and he intends that it shall remain in the possession of his family for generations to come.

"The New York Minerva" of June 22, 1796, records the following:

"A salmon, weighing twelve pounds two ounces, was caught on Monday by Captain James Deas, of the Marine Society, at Little Sligo, four miles up the North River."

That salmon were plentiful in the Hudson three hundred years ago is attested by an entry in the logbook of Juet, the mate of Hudson in the Half Moon, which sailed up the North River on September 15, 1609. The record says:

"The morning was misty until the sun arose, then it cleared, so we weighed anchor, with the wind at south, and ran up the river twenty leagues, passing by high mountains. We had a very good depth, as six, seven, twelve and thirteen fathoms, and great store of salmon in the river."

DIDN'T HAVE COLD STORAGE.

"The Commercial Advertiser" of August 4, 1812, has the following:

"On Monday 225 fine striped bass were caught in the Hudson River below the dam at the village of Washington. They weighed from five to thirty pounds each."

The editor of the paper above mentioned, on July 3, 1822, gave an experience of his purchase of a stale fish, as follows:

"There was a fine looking stock of sheep-head in the market yesterday, killed and dressed, one of which, soon after we had the misfortune to bring it home, forcibly reminded us of the following anecdote: A colored man was detected smelling a fish, and the fishmonger said indignantly, 'What are you about, you black rascal? Do you smell of my fish?'

"'I no smell him, Massa! I talk to him. I ask him what news from sea!'

"'Well, what did he say?'

"'He say he no been dar dis tree week, Massa!'"

That striped bass was once plentiful off Battery Park is evidenced by a paragraph in "The Press" of October 12, 1816, which says:

"On Saturday afternoon a young gentleman of this city caught, off the Battery, with a hook and line, nearly two hundred striped bass, weighing from a quarter to one pound and a half."

Another paper, on October 17, 1822, records:

"Twelve hundred bass were caught from the Castle Garden bridge yesterday."

It has been urged that "wet bait" is inseparable from the gentle art of fishing, and an article in "The Connecticut Mirror" of June, 1820, would foster this idea. It says:

A SIXTY-POUND BASS.

"A bass weighing between fifty-five and sixty pounds was caught a few days since off Haddam, about twenty miles below this city. Upon opening it there was found a bottle of rum, which it is supposed must have dropped overboard from some vessel or boat and was caught by this tippler of the deep."

In 1818 John Scudder, the proprietor of the New York American Museum, related the following interesting fish story:

In 1802 an Albany sloop, becalmed, drifted through the Highlands and an eagle was observed in the Shrewsbury fluttering its wings in a vain endeavor to rise. Some of the crew rowed to the scene and lassoed the bird, which they hauled aboard. In its talons was a thirty-three-pound bass, which the bird had been unable to discard.

On September 28, 1864, there was caught in the North River at 12th street by a butcher's boy a fluke, from the mouth of which was hanging a gartersnake eighteen inches long. It was assumed that the snake while crossing from the Jersey shore was snapped up by the alert fluke.

"The Post Boy," of London, on March 14, 1765, records that a large pike was caught in the Ouse weighing twenty-eight pounds and sold by the fisherman to a gentleman in the vicinity for a guinea. Upon gutting the fish the cook-maid found a gold watch with a black ribbon and two seals attached. The butler opened the watch and found that it bore the name of the maker, Thomas Greenfield, Burnham, Norfolk.

The article concludes by saying:

"Upon strict inquiry it was learned that the owner of the watch had been drowned six weeks previously, between Cambridge and South Ferry. The watch is now in the possession of Mr. John Roberts, of the Cross Keys, in Littleport, for the inspection of the public."

A VERY AGED PIKE.

"Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise," in recording some notable instances of the longevity of fishes, says:

"A pike was taken in 1754 at Kaiser's Lantern, which had a ring fastened to the gill covers, from which it appeared that the fish was put in the pond of that castle by order of Frederick II, in 1497, a period of 267 years previously. The pike was nineteen feet long and weighed 350 pounds."

"The Commercial Advertiser" of July 28, 1828, under the caption of "Something Curious," says:

"Captain Stetson informs us that on Wednesday last while fishing off Cohasset Rocks he caught a haddock, and, upon opening it for cooking, he found in the stomach $340 in old Continental money—new emission!"

"The Trenton Federalist" relates, many years ago, that a fisherman near Crosswicks, Burlington County, having set a gill net in Crosswicks Creek, on going to examine it found a large hawk seated on the water over the net. Upon closer examination he found a pickerel in the net which had seized one foot of the hawk in his mouth. The pickerel was entangled near the cork line, and it was perceived that the hawk had struck it with one of its talons in the back, whereupon the pickerel had seized the hawk by the other talon and held him prisoner. The fish was small, but the hawk measured three feet nine inches from tip to tip of each wing.

The following incident is reported in "The New York Patriot" of July 17, 1824:

"Captain Josiah Ingersoll was standing in Washington Market on Tuesday morning last when a person employed by one of the hucksters aimed a severe blow at a boy with a seabass. The boy dodged the blow, and it fell on Captain Ingersoll's thigh and many of the back fin bones were left in the flesh. Drs. Mott and Coulter found it necessary to lay open the thigh in order to remove the fish bones."

NORTH RIVER SHAD.

In the spring of 1841 two large shad were caught in the North River and presented by Alfred G. Thompson, a dealer in Washington Market, to Mayor Robert H. Morris. The female shad measured 2 feet 3 inches in length and 18 inches around the middle. It weighed six and one-half pounds. The other shad, a male, measured 2 feet and 3 inches in length and 15 inches around the middle and weighed seven pounds.

"The New York Times" of August 20, 1860, relates an interesting story about the catching of a large muscallonge near Clayton, in the St. Lawrence River. It reads:

"It is not uncommon to see little boys and girls in skiffs rowing about the river trolling. One day last week a small boy was thus engaged in the bay when he 'fastened' to a muscallonge. Being alone in the boat, with no implements to secure him or kill him, and the fish being as heavy as the boy, it was a fair and yet doubtful fight. The lad, however, had the advantage, for while the fish grew weak from struggling, the boy held his own. The boat swayed round and round as the fish struck out right and left, but at last the lad succeeded in getting Mr. Muscallonge's head over the gunwale. With one sudden convulsion the fish fell into the boat. And now the reader may suppose the fight was ended.

"Not so, for the boat sat low upon the water, and the 5-foot fish tried to leap overboard again. The boy let go his line and seized the fish around the body and a rough and tumble fight ensued upon the bottom of the boat, first the boy being uppermost and then the fish. Another fisherman pulled to the boy's assistance and pulled the boat ashore. The fish weighed forty-eight pounds and a half and was purchased by Mr. Johnson, of the Walton House, who sent it to the proprietor of the Everett House, in New York."

In April, 1857, W. M. Rogers, a Fulton Market dealer, sold to the proprietor of the Astor House, to be served at the opening of the restaurant, a muscallonge of forty-six pounds, which when opened was found to contain two large silver or lake suckers, one weighing over three pounds and the other over two pounds.

Peter Vincellette, a Jefferson Market fisherman, in 1857 became possessed of a very fat shad, which weighed eight and a half pounds. It contained neither roes nor milt.

A ROMAN RUBBISH PIT.

Search for Relics on the Site of an Ancient Villa.

It was an ancient beachman, who, like the hooded crow, makes it his business to prowl along the tidemark after every high tide, who brought us the news that "another o' them old wells" had been brought to light by the falling away of the face of a crumbling cliff, says a writer in "The London Globe." We had often heard of those old "wells," and on making inquiries among the fishermen we had been told that they had belonged to old "housen" which had long since disappeared, but a remark made by a learned antiquary who was an authority on Roman sites and Roman roads had caused us to doubt the truth of the fishermen's assertions, and what we saw when we stood on the beach at the foot of the cliff soon convinced us that the antiquary was right and the fishermen were wrong. For there at our feet lay half a Roman patera of plain red ware, and all around it numerous fragments of coarser pottery were strewn; while high up the sloping face of the cliff a perpendicular patch of dark soil in the midst of the undisturbed sand plainly marked the place from which this fragmentary earthenware had fallen. The fishermen had recognized that this patch of dark soil indicated that a hole had been dug in the sand and afterward filled again, and in their opinion a hole twelve feet deep and three feet wide must have been a well; but its contents clearly showed the purpose it had served, and proved that a Roman villa had stood somewhere near it.

It was not easy to climb the cliff, down the face of which little cascades of sand were continually descending, but a borrowed ladder helped to overcome the difficulties, and supplied safe foothold, while we dug away into the dark soil and lowered it in a basket to the beach. From the cottages by the cove our proceedings were watched with much interest, and from time to time a curious fisherman or fisher boy, wearing an air of indifference or abstraction, would saunter toward us along the beach. At first it was believed that we were searching for sand martins' eggs, but when the basket, filled with earth, was seen, the suspicions of nest raiding were abandoned in favor of the idea that we were seeking "hidden money." There is scarcely a country parish without its tradition of buried hoards of gold or silver, and there seems to be some reason for believing that such traditions have come down to the present generation of country folk from unsettled times, when it was customary to bury money in order to save it from raiders, but in this particular instance, although we kept a sharp look-out for coins, we only found a solitary denarius of the reign of Victorinus.

The potsherds and other relics discovered in the pit had the appearance of having been buried in layers; but this, no doubt, was due to earth having been thrown into the pit from time to time, to cover up decomposing animal and vegetable matter. There was an abundance of broken pottery; but most of it was coarse gray ware with little or no ornamentation and only interesting on account of the varied designs of the fragmentary rims, scarcely two of which were moulded on precisely the same lines. A few pieces of Samian ware seemed to have belonged to a fine vessel which had been ornamented with mythological figures, and there were also some bluish fragments with a scroll pattern in white relief. The old beachman who had brought us the news of the discovery of the pit remarked that the people who had broken so much crockery must have been "regular smashers," and he added significantly that he had known of a house where a difference of opinion among the inmates sometimes led to a destruction of the plates and dishes. The character of the occupants of the vanished Roman villa rose in the estimation of this ancient 'longshoreman when we unearthed a large quantity of oyster shells, almost every shell having a little notch in its edge, where it had been opened with a Roman knife.

Several rusty iron nails were found; also some curious iron clamplike objects, which may have been used in constructing some wooden framework. Our hopes of finding trinkets in the shape of beads and brooches were doomed to disappointment, and perhaps it was unreasonable to expect to find such things in a rubbish heap. Pieces of Roman bricks and tiles were met with, one of the former being scored with the zigzag incisions which are supposed to have served to support plaster. The greatest treasure brought to light was, however, an almost undamaged bronze strigil or scraper, which must have been thrown into the pit by accident. It was, in all probability, the only object found which a dealer in antiquities would have pronounced to be of any value. We had hopes of finding other interesting relics, but after two days spent in searching the pit we returned to the spot on the third day, to find that a further landslide had quite obliterated it, while the waves, at high tide, had swept away everything that had fallen to the beach. Since then we have kept a constant look-out for "wells" in the cliff, but, although fragments of Roman pottery have occasionally fallen from the crumbling surface soil, no other rubbish pit has been discovered.

EXPLAINING.

"Aha, Mose! What are you doing with those chickens?"

"Is dem yo' chickens, boss?"

"You got them out of my coop."

"Whut kinda chickens is dey, boss?"

"They are Rhode Island reds. What are you doing with them?"

"Why, boss, I done bought some Rhode Island reds f'm a man yestiddy an' I come ovah to git some o' yo'alls chickens to see ef mine was lak yo'alls. Ah doesn't lak tu git cheated, boss."—Houston Post.