

WHO KNOWS?

BY GEORGE MILLARDE AMBRIDGE.

Who knows, who knows,
O, dainty rose,
What fairy wings
Have brushed thy cheek?
Whose message, when the south wind blows,
Is told these?
Would that thou couldst speak!

What gentle whispers
From the birds
Are wafted to thee?
O'er the flowers,
O, lovely rose; oh! fresh pink rose,
What tale is told
When the wind blows,
When the breeze comes from foreign bowers.

Is it a tale of love, untold?
Is it the song of some happy maid?
Is it grave schemes and plots for gold?
Or is it the wall of a trust betrayed?
Tell me, sweet wild briar rose;
But echo answers me:
Who knows?

LIMESTONE GAP.

BY HENRY DALE.

"Hello, Old Cyclone, what's the matter now?"

"Matter? Ef yer want ter keep ther ha'r on yer heards ye'd better stop that ere squallin' thar an' saddle up."

"Injuns?"

"Yer bet, thicker'n grasshoppers in Kansas, sand burrs in Texas, sage brush in Dakota, an' liars in Denver."

"Boys, Old Cy don't talk fur nuthin. Better be saddlin' up an' prepa'r ter run or fight, an' may be both."

"That's jest the size o' it," growled the rough-visaged frontiersman known as Old Cyclone, drawing in his panting steed, and casting furtive glances down the valley in the direction he had come.

The scenery about the little camp was wild and picturesque in the extreme. Rugged mountains, some barren and others dotted with verdure to their very summits, rose on every hand. Below them was a lovely valley with a stream like a thread of silver winding through it.

The camp itself was on a bit of table land, and there was from it an excellent view of the valley for several miles below.

Three hardy mustangs were grazing a short distance from the camp fire, and three men were seated about it, when the fourth, whom we have introduced by the appellation by which he was known all over the West—Old Cyclone—came up on his horse.

Two of the men seated at the camp fire were rough, bronze-cheeked frontiersmen, like Old Cyclone, but the third was little more than a boy. His fair cheek and tender-looking hands were evidence against his having been long on the frontier. The three were finishing their dinner, and Bill Murphy, one of the frontier scouts, had been entertaining his companions with a song, which drew forth from Cyclone the remark that he had better stop his squallin'.

"How far ar' they, Cy?" asked old Zach, the third frontiersman.

"Bout two miles."

"Great grizzlies, boys, we'd like ter been tuk right in by the ternal varmints!"

The three mustangs were saddled in as many seconds, and while this operation was going on Old Cyclone leaped from his saddle and began stamping the fire into the earth, thus putting it out.

"Wall, I s'wore, Tenderfoot, yer gettin' purty handy w' leather. Ther way ye sitched yer broncho 'ud do credit to a regular broncho buster. Mount, boys; we've got ter hit the flat an' overtake that wagin' train afore it strikes the mountains, or we'll hev the pesky theevin' red-skins er skalpin' every man, woman, an' child among 'em."

The face of the youth, who was called Tenderfoot among his companions because he had been on the plains only a short time, turned deathly pale. His father, mother, younger brothers, and sisters were with that train, and in danger of being massacred by the Apaches.

The youth, whose name was Charley Myrtle, was a brave lad, and he gripped his rifle, while his teeth were set with an air of firmness and determination, though his cheek was considerably paler than usual.

"How far do you think the wagon train is from the mountains?" he asked of Old Cyclone.

"Dun know, Tenderfoot, but its more'n likely they're in 'em now. They've hed time to come to 'em by this time, but ef they ain't crossed the river they kin git back to the flat (prairie) afore the Apaches come up ter 'em."

"Can we defend ourselves better on the prairie than on the mountain?"

"Yer jist bet we kin, Tenderfoot. Here, fellers, jump yer cayuse an' less be makin' tracks fur Limestun Gap."

The men were in their saddles and soon galloping at a break-neck speed along the plateau, and then entered a narrow, deep defile which brought them out into a sort of a wide canyon.

Charley Myrtle, who was unaccustomed to horseback riding, was stiff and sore, and scarcely able to ride, yet the recollection that his parents and brothers and sisters were in danger seemed to give him new life.

"Are the Apaches mounted or on foot?" Charley asked Old Cyclone, who rode at his side.

"Mounted? Why, Tenderfoot, they never ride, specially ef they're in a hurry. No, sir, they're on foot."

"Then we can outtravel them?"

"Wall, now, I don't know so well about that, youngster," said the old scout. "Them air pesky red-skins when they git it inter their head to go kin jist git over ground about as fast as the next one. In these ere mountings they kin outrun a hoas. Why, they run deers down sometimes."

"Then they may overtake us?"

"Yes, they will ef they come onter our trail unless we mend our gait."

"Did they see you?"

"No."

"Then they may not find us."

"Yas, ef they turn off some other way, but they war comin' right toward us."

"How many?"

"Dun know exactly, but thar war at least a hundred o' 'em."

They now came to where the valley was wider, and the sides became bluffs a hundred feet in height.

Two ranges of mountains converged about a mile further up, in what was known as Limestone Gap. The valley or canyon from the point they had now reached, gradually grew narrower until they came to the gap, which was so narrow that two could scarcely ride abreast through it.

At every few rods Old Cyclone dropped to the rear, and looked back down the valley and along the tops of the bluffs on either side.

"Thar aint a red nigger in sight yit, boys," he at last said, galloping up to where the others were hurrying their mustangs

over the stony ground. "I think we'll git ter the gap all right."

The ponies thundered along over the stony earth, and the ring of boots echoed along the canyon until Charley began to fear they would reach the ears of the pursuing savages.

"Thar it is, thar it is," cried Old Cyclone, who had forced his horse ahead of the others, "thar's the gap; now, we'll soon be out beyond it."

They urged their horses forward at the top of their speed, and were soon through the pass.

"Hello, who's yer?" cried Old Cyclone, who was some distance ahead of the others.

In a moment every one drew rein. Coming toward them was a white man mounted on a horse considerably jaded. The horseman saw them and motioning his hand for them to halt, they drew rein, and he galloped up to them.

"It is Tom Long, one of the teamsters," said Charley.

So it proved.

"Wall, Tom, what yer want?" asked Cyclone.

"The Apaches are down the valley."

"Thunderation—we know that. Whar's the train?"

"That's jist what I come to tell ye about."

"Wall, go ahead an' tell it."

"Yes, yes," put in Charley Myrtle, his face growing still paler as his anxiety increased. "Where is the wagon train? Has it crossed the river?"

"Yes, an' is on the way across the mountain range above here."

"Great Scott!" gasped Old Cyclone, "the pesky varmints 'll overhaul 'em sure afore they kin git across."

"The Captain said they would, and sent me on to tell ye to hold Limestone Gap agin 'em fur three hours."

"Three hours! why we'll hev a hundred to fight."

"Can't help it," said the teamster, "it's got to be done."

For a moment the veteran frontiersman, the hero of a hundred battles, sat on his pony voraciously chewing the huge quid of tobacco in his month. At last he said:

"Wall, boys, ef it's got ter be done thar aint no use o' whinin'; now all I've got ter say is ef the thing kin be did, we kin do it. But, say, Tenderfoot, ye'd better jist keep right on ter the train."

"Why?"

"Thar's goin' to be a scrimmage."

"Well, what if there is?" said Charley, bravely. "My parents are with that train, and I'm going to help defend 'em."

"Pluck, boys, by jemany," growled Old Cyclone.

"Isn't there some way that the Apaches could go around this pass, flank us, and get to the train?"

"No, not if they're across the river. They've got to git through Limestun Gap, or they can't tack the train."

"Some one must go back to the train," said Tom Long. "They want word sent 'em."

"Ye'd better go, Tenderfoot," said Cyclone.

"No, sir; all whom I have are with that train, and I shall stay here to defend them," said Charley, proudly and bravely.

"Wall, youngster, I admire ye," said Old Cyclone, "but ye don't know what's a comin'! There's goin' ter be blood shed. Ye've never smelt powder an' heerd bullets screech; yer don't know what it is. The men who stay here three hours hev jist about got a free pass inter eternity."

"I will lose my life, if necessary, defending my parents, brothers, and sisters," said the brave boy.

"Then, Tom, ye'd better go back yerself," said the old scout.

Tom was rather inclined to stay at the Gap, but as Old Cyclone had some information to send to the captain of the train in regard to the number of the Apaches, and the place where they would be safe from them, he had to go.

"Hev ye plenty o' cartridges?" asked Tom.

"I dun know. Leave yer gun an' all yer got," said Cyclone. "We'll want 'em afore we're through w' this."

Tom did so, and galloped away toward the train.

The four horsemen rode back to the pass not over a hundred yards away, and Old Cyclone examined it and the surrounding hills with an experienced eye. He saw at a glance the strong and weak points in the defense of the gap. The narrow pass lay between two tall bluffs, one of which was twenty feet higher than the other.

A short distance back these heights could be reached, as the ground was sloping enough to ride the horses up to them. Old Cyclone then wheeled about again, with his followers at his heels, and galloped to these points, and Old Zach and Charley went up one side, while he and Bill Murphy ascended to the other.

These elevations were so near that the scouts could converse with each other without speaking much above a conversational tone. In addition to his own Winchester, Old Cyclone had the gun of Tom Long.

"Dismount, boys, an' lay down on the edge o' the cliff," said Old Cyclone, "then ye kin pick 'em off without bein' seen."

They sprang from their horses, and, leaving them a little way back, so as not to be in the range of bullets from below, crept to the edge of the bluffs which overlooked the pass.

At Old Cyclone's direction each man placed a large number of heavy stones on the edge of the bluff, which might be available to hurl down upon the heads of the enemy.

"Remember if they get through the pass," continued Old Cyclone, "it aint fur they'll hev ter go till they kin git up here on the bluff an' lift our ha'r."

Every one understood the importance of allowing no one to go through the pass.

"Lay low, they aint far away," said Old Cyclone.

Charley, with his rifle ready, crept to the edge of the bluff where he could sweep the pass and expose but very little of his person.

The others had secured favorable positions.

Only a few moments elapsed, when Charley saw a dark form flitting up toward the pass not more than four or five hundred yards away. Another, another, and another came around the bend until fully fifty were in sight, and then in a solid mass, silently but swiftly they advanced toward the pass.

Old Cyclone leveled his rifle, and when they had come to within two hundred paces of the gap, he bawled out to the foremost among the Apaches:

"Hold on thar, ye pesky red varmint; yer won't then here goes." And Old Cyclone's rifle belched forth fire and smoke.

Charley, who watched with no little interest the effect of the shot, saw the Apache leap into the air and fall back upon the rocks.

A whoop which seemed to make the canyon tremble now rose from the Indians, and the air shook with the rapid discharge of Apache guns.

The bullets whistled like rain about the four men, but they were hard marks to hit in their position.

Charley found his nerves a good deal steadier than he had expected after the first volley.

He took aim at the advancing band of savages, and pulled the trigger at the same moment. Old Zach's rifle cracked, while on the other side of the plateau, where Old Cyclone and Bill Murphy lay, a perfect fusillade was kept up all the time.

"They're fallin'," cried old Zach.

"Gin it to 'em," roared Cyclone, who, having emptied his own rifle, seized the gun of Tom Long.

Charley Myrtle's rifle was a repeating Winchester, and no sooner had he fired one shot than he threw another cartridge into the chamber and discharged that also.

"Don't shoot too fast, Tenderfoot," cautioned old Jack, who was kneeling behind a rock not far from Charley's side. "Take good aim, an' don't yer pull a trigger till yer sure o' er nigger."

"But the smoke is too thick; I can see no one."

"Then wait till yer kin."

The constant discharge of guns down the canyon concealed the savages from view, but at last the canopy lifted a little, and Charley discovered a tall, powerful Apache urging the warriors on.

In a moment his rifle was aimed at his breast, and with a hand that did not tremble and an eye true as the deadly rifle, he took but a moment in leveling the gun and pulled the trigger.

Crash! A yell followed the shot, and through the aerial rifts of smoke he saw the Apache stagger forward and plunge face foremost among some rocks.

"Yer plugged him, by jingo, Tenderfoot!" cried old Zach, "and he's a chief, too."

"Look out thar," roared Old Cyclone; "don't yer see 'em comin'?"

With a desperate yell, the Apaches, now re-enforced, made a dash for the pass.

Rifles from the bluffs above cracked so rapidly that one could not have counted the shots. Bullets fell like hail among the savages, and they lost men at every step. Yet, determined to avenge the death of their leader, they gave utterance to death-dealing yells and pressed on.

Old Cyclone had emptied both his rifles, and then, with a revolver in each hand, he lay upon the edge of the bluff and rained death and destruction down among the enemy below.

Twice were the Apaches compelled to clear away the barriers made by their fallen braves, but knowing full well that when once through the pass the white men would be at their mercy, they, with more determination than ever, crowded into the gap.

Despite all they could do the gap was reached.

"Now's yer time; over with the rocks," roared Old Cyclone, and he immediately began kicking heavy stones over the edge of the bluff, onto the heads of the Indians who were jammed crowded and wedged into the pass.

His companions heard him, and followed his example. It seemed for a few moments as if it was raining stones upon the Apaches. They were panic-stricken, and throwing down their arms, those who were uninjured fled in every direction.

Three had in some way eluded the stones and bullets, and made their way through the gap.

"Tend ter them chaps down in ther canyon," roared Old Cyclone, "an' I'll fix these ere three chaps."

In three or four seconds he had thrust as many cartridges into his rifle, and as Charley turned to fire once more at the retreating savages, he heard the crack of a gun behind him. The shot was followed by two or three others in quick succession.

Then Old Cyclone came back to his place. The Apaches made one or two weak and ineffectual efforts to force the pass, but they could not long withstand the deadly marksmanship of the riflemen on the bluff. Before two hours had passed they retreated down the canyon, taking with them all their fallen companions they could get at.

The sun was down and twilight had begun to spread her sable mantle over the earth when they quitted Limestone Gap. Three dark, ghastly forms lay in the bushes, and they passed near enough to see them.

Charley shuddered as he passed them, and remembered how many more there were in the canyon. He reached the train and was embraced by his mother, who called him her brave boy; but his glory was dimmed by a fever which for weeks threatened his life. He was delirious when the train reached Tombstone. The great mental and physical strain was too much for him, and resulted in brain fever. His mother, father, and sisters nursed him through his long weeks of illness. At last he began to recover, and it was when he was able to go about that the author met in Tombstone a pale, emaciated youth on the street, who was pointed out to him as one of the "Defenders of Limestone Gap."

The Art of Falling.

A party of bicyclists were traveling along the macadamized road beyond Carondelet, when they met a funeral procession. They separated, some going on one and some on the other side of the hearse. The horses became frightened and shied to one side. In so doing the pole of the hearse swung into the bicycle of a rider, and, lifting machine and rider, carried them against a fence at the side of the road to which the horses had run. The bicyclist was not injured, nor was his machine broken. However, I must say that bicycle riders are very seldom hurt, although they sometimes have hard falls. They seem to learn how to fall, after having taken a few headers, so as to light on the ground easily. After a man has fallen once or twice he learns how to gather himself before he reaches a landing.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A New Kind of Nail.

A new kind of nail, for attaching moldings and other light lumber, which leaves no nail-holes, is made with a point at each end and with an outwardly projecting head or shoulder midway between the points. The nail is first driven into the wood by means of a punch, which straddles the protruding point and bears on the head. When enough have been driven in the molding is placed over the nails and driven down.

TRAIN ROBBERS IN TEXAS.

A Dozen Desperadoes Make a Big Haul on the Southern Pacific Road.

The Job Quickly Accomplished in Genuine Jesse James Style.

Three Masked Men with Drawn Revolvers Stop and Rob a Missouri Stage Coach.

[Houston (Texas) special.]

The arrival here of the east-bound express and passenger train on the Southern Pacific Railway brought the news of a train robbery which for clearness of conception and boldness of execution is the counterpart of the most daring piece of highway work that has ever occurred in the Southwest. The fullest and at the same time the most satisfactory and intelligible account of the affair is obtained by relating in a connected way what was gathered from those on board of the train—both trainmen and passengers—and then by giving the expressions of individuals. As the train was pulling out from Flatonia, 130 miles west of this city, at 12:34 Saturday morning, two men mounted the engine, and with drawn revolvers ordered the engineer to pull out faster. The engineer, Ben Pickren, in the face of such persuasive argument, did as he was told at a lively rate. When about two miles distant from Flatonia the robbers ordered the engineer to bring the train to a stand. When the train had slowed up it was found that the engine was standing on a trestle over a creek. The engineer was then commanded to pull up, so that the engine and express-car should be on the embankment, while the passenger-coaches were left on the trestle. This was the spot which had been selected for the robbery, as a bright camp-fire was burning a short distance from the track, around which were grouped the mysterious figures of ten or a dozen stalwart men. The engineer and firemen were then taken off the engine and placed under a guard of four men. The rest of the robbers then crowded around the combination baggage and express car and demanded that the door be opened. In the meantime Express Messenger M. E. Folger, of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, had not been idle, but had been busy concealing what valuables he could. When the train first stopped over the trestle the conductor, Jesse K. Lyons, put his head out of the window of the car nearest the engine and calling to the engineer inquired: "What is the matter, Ben?" The engineer replied that he was in the hands of robbers, and that they had ordered the train stopped. When the robbers demanded entrance to the express car Messenger Folger at first refused to open the door, but after holding a consultation with Baggage-master Hart he concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and opened the door. The robbers then jumped in the car with drawn revolvers, and commanded that the safe be opened. The messenger was somewhat dilatory about complying, when one of the robbers commenced to belabor him over the head with a six-shooter. This had the desired effect, and the robbers proceeded to appropriate what valuables were in the safe. While they were going through the safe the express messenger attempted resistance, when he was hit on the head with a six-shooter and knocked senseless, and they then proceeded with their work unmolested. When the safe had finally been finished up they turned their attention to the mail-pouches. On this train there is no local distribution of mail matter, and consequently no mail agent, but through pouches are carried, and they are in charge of the baggage-master. The robbers cut the pouches and took what they wanted, but it is not thought that they got any valuable letters, as no registered mail was on this train at all. The robbers then proceeded to the day-car, and with presented revolvers ordered everybody to throw up their hands. It is useless to say that everybody's hands went up, including the conductor's, who was in the car. Their method of procedure was to place two armed men at each end of the car, while the man whom the rest addressed as "Captain" and another went through the car and robbed the passengers.

In the meantime Conductor Jesse K. Lyons, having discovered what was up, notified the passengers in the day-coach, and set them an example by concealing most of the money in his possession. Nearly all the passengers did the same, and when the robbers entered the car they obtained from the passengers and conductor not more than from \$2 to \$20 each. J. H. Mitchell, of Tombstone, Ari., saved in this way \$300; Pamaroux, of San Francisco, \$160; and L. Lasker, a New York drummer, \$100. Walter Gregory, of San Antonio, Cal., gave up all he had, \$20, and the robbers gave him back \$2.50.

The highwaymen then entered the Pullman sleeper and went from berth to berth exacting money. Lou Meyer, a Cincinnati traveling man, resisted and was struck with the butt of a pistol. Mr. Newbarger, a New York drummer, was severely beaten because he was slow in delivering his property. From Newbarger the thieves took \$70 in cash and \$1,000 worth of diamonds. Col. Quintos and a Lieutenant of the Mexican army were robbed of \$400. Col. Quintos proposed to open fire on the depredators, but yielded to the entreaties of a woman and refrained. Before the rascals had completed the round of the sleeper the conductor informed them that the west-bound train was due, and they allowed the train to go on to prevent a collision. Three passengers thus escaped molestation. Some of the passengers in the sleeper managed to save considerable property by concealing it.

It is estimated that the robbers secured from \$18,000 to \$75,000. It is not thought they got much from the mail bags. Officers and bloodhounds are pursuing the thieves. Most of the robbers were masked and otherwise disguised. The leader wore no disguise. He is described as a little above medium height, of stout build, and apparently about 40 years old. He wore a fierce-looking sandy mustache; his eyes were keen gray and his complexion was florid almost to redness. His clothes were rough and manner uncouth and his language vulgar.

INCIDENTS OF THE ROBBERY.

When the robbers entered the Pullman sleeper the lights were all out, and the

conductor was ordered to take up his lantern and go with them. The conductor with his lantern, sandwiched between the captain, who carried a deadly looking six-shooter, and another robber with a Winchester in his hand, they went through the sleeper in a very systematic manner. The conductor was made to pull the curtains back and arouse the sleeping passengers, while the captain and his murderous-looking weapon explained the object of the meeting. The first man who was aroused in this manner was Lou Meyer, a traveling man from Cincinnati. He occupied the first berth on the right side of the car. Mr. Meyer did not at first take in the situation, and proceeded to give his disturbers a blowing-up, but a blow from the robber's pistol on the head and the emphatic request for "Your money, and that d— quick!" brought out all the money he had—\$40. The robbers then proceeded to the berth just across the aisle of the car, in which Mr. M. B. Meers, an insurance man of Galveston, was sleeping, and demanded his money. He handed them \$5, and told the leader that that was all he had. The robbers insisted that he had more, and made him take an oath that this amount was all he had. He at first put up his left hand to take the oath, but the robbers commanded him to put up his other hand. R. L. Armistead, a traveling man from New York, next contributed \$15, and saved \$40 by concealing it under his bed. They then proceeded to the next berth on the left side of the car and ordered Mr. Newbarger, a drummer from New York, to give up all the money he had. He was somewhat slow in complying with the order, and the captain of the robbers hit him several severe blows over the head, which caused the blood to flow freely. From this gentleman the robbers made a valuable haul. They got \$70 in cash, four diamond scarf-pins, one collar-button with a diamond set, one diamond ring, and one diamond stud; the estimated value of the whole lot is \$1,000.

TWENTY-TWO VICTIMS.

More than a Score of Persons Lost by the Burning of the Champlain.

The Steamer Wrapped in Flames with Almost Incredible Rapidity—Narratives of Survivors.

Heroic Conduct of the Captain and Crew—Complete List of Those Who Perished.

[Charlevoix (Mich.) special.]

There were fifty-nine persons, passengers and crew, on the Champlain, and of those but thirty-eight were known to be saved. A full and complete list of the victims is as follows: Ella Smith, of Charlevoix; Robert Wilks, of Charlevoix; Geo. Wrisley, of Charlevoix; Mrs. M. Kehoe, of Chicago; Harry Brennan, of Chicago; one fireman, the second cook, Jack Hartley, Steward Lee Boe's two children, J. K. Rogers, the United States Hospital Surgeon of Fort Mackinac, and his son; Ed Wilkins, cabin boy, of Madison, Wis.; Capt. Lucas, of Petoskey; C. H. Russell, of Jackson, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Falk, of Harbor Springs; Mrs. Schaub, Wisconsin; four Indians, deck hands. Twenty-two lives are lost in all and thirty-eight were saved. The bodies of Mrs. Smith, Capt. Lucas, Rogers, Russell, Brennan, Hartley, Wilkins, Wilks, Wrisley, and the fireman have been recovered. Capt. Casey is much complimented for his coolness and bravery in the trying ordeal to which he was subjected. When the fire broke out he headed the boat for Little Island, two miles distant, but she struck a reef and could go no farther. The crew behaved gallantly. All that is yet known of the origin of the fire is that it broke out near the boiler. A large amount of freight and four valuable horses were lost. The bodies of the dead have been packed in ice here and await the orders of friends.

The captain and other officers of the boat seem to have performed their duty bravely, and many instances of individual coolness are related by which lives were saved. It seems that if the boats could have been reached after the steamer struck the bar no lives would have been lost.

Among those who acted with conspicuous coolness was Miss Mary Wakefield, of Charlevoix, who saved herself and the little daughter of Mrs. Kehoe of Chicago, by holding the little girl on a fender and pushing it ahead of her. The mother drowned soon after striking the water, and before Miss Wakefield could get the fender to her.

Mrs. Ingalls of Petoskey, got on the boat at Elk Rapids, and had lain down. When the alarm of fire was given first she coolly put on her bonnet and secured a life-preserver, which had a broken string, so that she was compelled to hold it together in front. She remained on board until driven to the water by the heat, and then dropped, and managed to secure a fender and worked toward the shore.

Soon a young man came for the fender, and Mrs. Ingalls infused some of her courage into him and prayed with him, and finally brought him safely to shore, where she divided her garments with him to keep him from dying from exposure.

The clerk, Mr. Brennan, reached the shore alive, as also did Mr. Russell, the commercial traveler from Jackson, but both died from exhaustion. Mrs. Ella Smith also died from exhaustion. Her sister, Mrs. Bedford, was taken in charge by a young man and towed to shore.

Captain Casey makes the following statement: "We were about three miles northwest of Fisherman's Island at 11:40, when my first engineer came running up to the bow of the boat and shouted that the boat was on fire. His clothes were all in flames, and I told him to climb to the upper deck and get into the water-tank, which he did. I then had the boat headed for the shore, and got the boats ready for use. It was impossible to lower them, however, while the boat was under full headway, and as it was impossible to get up to the engine to stop it, nothing could be done until we ran ashore on the reef extending out from the land. I then jumped overboard and swam to the shore for help, as it was near Smithson's camp, and a vessel was lying there. I met two boats coming to the rescue, and we then turned to and saved all that was possible. I don't know personally how the fire originated. It was dark and foggy and raining hard, but there was little wind."