

sketches of life. His tales had both style and promise, and considering the fact that all of his work had been done in four years his career was remarkable. He went south as correspondent for the *Bachelor Syndicate* and met the fate of most Americans who venture into the tropical reaches of Colombia."

The following explains itself:

"TURBO, GULF OF DARIEN,
COLOMBIA,
October 25, 1897.

HON. CLIFFORD SMYTH,
American Consul,
Carthagená.

SIR :

I have the honor to report that, in compliance with your request, I have visited the burial place of the late Mr. Frederic Russell, in the cemetery at Turbo.

Mr. Russell's grave is in the village cemetery, about a quarter of a mile from the main street. It lies in what is, perhaps, the place of honor in the cemetery, and is marked by a plain wooden cross, the cross-piece of which is bound to the shaft by a strong tendril cut from a near-by vine. The cross was apparently cut from a small green tree, and the bark was left on. The wood has now dried, and it will, I think, last for several years.

By some strange coincidence, which one might almost regard as an intelligent sympathy in nature, a slender, clinging vine has sprung from the earth at the foot of the cross, and has twined itself about the shaft in regulated spirals until its top waves a few inches above the top of the cross. A bud is growing on the vine near the arm of the cross, and probably it will blossom in due time. The unconscious sympathy of this little vine, in this quiet, tropical forest, in a far-away land, affected me more than I can put into words, especially as I had known and esteemed Mr. Russell in life. The influence of the little vine was perhaps more marked by reason of the fact that no other grave in the cemetery had this token of remembrance.

There are several other graves in line with Mr. Russell's,